

**REFERENCE
MATERIAL**

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PSALM ONE HUNDRED

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord,
all ye lands. Serve the Lord with glad-
ness: come before his presence with sing-
ing. Know ye that the Lord he is God:
it is he that hath made us, and not we
ourselves; we are his people, and the
sheep of his pasture. Enter into his
gates with thanksgiving, and into his
courts with praise: be thankful unto him,
and bless his name. For the Lord is
good: his mercy is everlasting; and his
truth endureth to all generations.

Paul Mann



V.10-11
1966-67

THE

ON THE OPENING OF
SCHOOL

BLACKBOARD

BULLETIN

ZUG MEMORIAL LIBRARY
ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE
ELIZABETHTOWN, PENNA

AUGUST, 1966

VOLUME 10; NUMBER 1

Oh, bless our children, Lord, we pray,
As out the door they go
To start another year at school
With much to learn and know.

Temptations, tests, and trials, too,
Continually to face;
Oh, keep them true to Thee, dear Lord,
And give them of Thy grace.

Protect them as they go by bus,
And as they cross the street;
Protect them as they play at school--
What dangers they may meet!

And may they always choose the right,
And to the wrong say no--
Oh, bless our children, Lord, we pray,
As off to school they go.

—Gospel Banner.

HELP IN THE KITCHEN

- By Jessie Rice Sandberg

Do you ever get occasional impulses to go on a campaign to teach your children independence and self-reliance?

Once in a while I see a child so coddled and protected and dependent that it really upsets me. Somehow, it seems rather pathetic for a teenage girl to depend on her mother to do all the cooking and cleaning and to take care of all the laundry. And I have always felt it was inexcusable for a boy not to learn to make his own bed and hang up his own clothes.

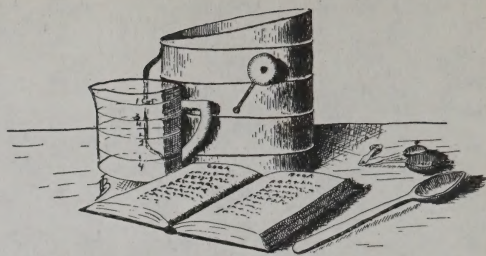
Because of my convictions about children learning to take some responsibility, I was pleased when our eight-year-old Carol asked if she could cook "the whole supper" by herself the other evening.

"Don't tell me what to do, Mommy," she said. "Just write all the instructions down and then I can do it all alone."

The first meal I had cooked by myself as a girl had included salmon patties, I remembered, and that seemed like a simple enough dish for Carol to prepare. I was in the process of writing down the instructions for mixing the patties when the three little boys invaded the kitchen and insisted they wanted to help too. Carol agreed that if she could prepare the main course alone, her little brothers could prepare the rest of the meal.

What a time we had, deciding what we would serve and who would fix what! Finally, we came to the conclusion that Jimmy would make apple crisp (from a can of prepared pie filling), Donny would cook the frozen corn and Mark would make a fruit salad (from lettuce and fruit which I had already gotten ready.) When all the little hands were scrubbed, each child began his work. I tried hard not to notice the cracker crumbs Carol occasionally spilled on my just-cleaned floor and I deliberately looked the other way when Donnie dropped frozen corn kernels on the floor and casually picked them up and put them in the pan to be cooked. I resisted the impulse to help Carol break her eggs and to help Jimmy spread his butter crumbs.

When dinner was finally ready for the table the kitchen was a mess. But, my, how the children ate! Carol's salmon patties, though a bit crumbly, really were delicious, and Mark declared that Donnie's corn was the best he had ever tasted. (I had to smile. How many boxes



of frozen corn I have fixed for the family without ever a comment about how good it was!) Our children have always loved fruit and so Mark's salad was quickly devoured. Jimmy's apple dessert was more limp than crisp but it tasted just fine. Daddy declared the meal to be a complete success!

It was true that I had not prepared the meal, but somehow I was busy every minute and of course the dinner had taken twice as long to fix. Furthermore, the cleaning up was a long and tedious job I could have avoided had I done the cooking. But the children were happy with the results and so that made the extra inconvenience and work worthwhile.

Later, I wondered if the Lord doesn't sometimes get rather discouraged with the immaturity and limited abilities of His children in doing the work of His Kingdom. Surely, the angels could do a better job of telling the good news of the Gospel than poor, ignorant, faltering human beings. But God gives that blessed privilege to us. No doubt the praise of God could be sung with sweeter sounds by the seraphims and cherubims of Heaven than by our voices; yet somehow God delights to hear our weak voices lifted in His praise. No service we could render is equal to what He could do Himself, but because we are His children, He lets us do His work, knowing that He will have to "clean up the messes" made by our ignorance and spiritual clumsiness.

What joy and delight there ought to be, then, for the Christian, in the sweet privilege of doing His service. Surely the Lord Jesus would not allow us to do what He could handle better Himself, if it were not for our own greatest happiness!

"I delight to do thy will, O my God: Yea thy law is within my heart." — Psalm 40:8.

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"Train up a child
in the way he should go:
and when he is old,
he will not depart from it."
- Proverbs 22:6



EDITORIAL

HIS EYES LOOK FOR TRUTH

"O, Lord, do not thy eyes look for truth?"
Jeremiah 5:3

Louis was a boy who got bossed around a good bit. This, of course, was largely his own fault. His teacher had to "call him down" almost every day in school. And many of his lessons were sternly marked in red ink, "Be neat, Louis! This paper is very sloppy."

Unconsciously the teacher fell into the habit of nagging Louis. The same thing happened at home. Mom and Dad, it seemed, were always finding fault with what Louis did.

Louis tried to let the nagging run off his head the way water runs off a duck's feathers. But in this he failed. The nagging did hurt.

At last, in a moment of resolution, he decided to turn over a new leaf. He would behave himself, and he would be neat!

Sadly enough, he had so long been careless that being good was an awkward thing for him at first. But he persisted, doggedly. And wistfully he looked for the first word of praise, the word of encouragement from his teacher.

But none came. Louis's teacher was a little sleepy that day, and ordered Louis around in as commanding tones as usual.

Blinking back tears at first, Louis's face gradually set into a grim firmness. All right, he would show them. If they treated him like a bad boy, a bad boy he would be.

The teacher had good intentions, but he failed to catch the spark of reform and repentance, and it died out.

But this article is not directed at teachers, though there might be a good lesson in it for them. Instead, it is directed at the Louises. I've been reading in the book of Jeremiah, and I'm impressed how similar the people of Israel were to our school boy, Louis. They were badly in trouble, too,—with God, their Teacher. However, I'm afraid they did not try to turn over a "new leaf" as Louis did. At least not in Jeremiah's time.

For the prophet tells us God is not like the teacher in our story. In a question that is really a statement he says,

"O Lord, do not thy eyes look for truth?"

How the Lord desired that Israel and Judah would repent! But they did not. He was willing to come more than half way, to accept the least evidence of repentance, so that He might pardon,

"Run to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem... Search her squares to see if you can find a man, one who does justice and seeks truth; that I may pardon her."

Ancient Sodom perished because it did not have ten righteous persons, but this was infinitely worse. In the heart of Israel's domain, the stronghold of God's people, He searched the streets for a righteous man.

But the answer came back,

"...they refused to take correction. They have made their faces harder than rock; they have refused to repent."

In vain God waited for repentance. Gladly would He have extended full and free pardon, but it was impossible.

"How can I pardon you?"

"Your children have forsaken me, and have sworn by those who are no gods.

"When I fed them to the full, they committed adultery and trooped to the house of harlots

"They were well-fed lusty stallions, each neighing for his neighbor's wife.

"Shall I not punish them for these things?"

Yea, rest assured, God must punish if He cannot pardon.

And while all around us crime rates soar, a "new morality" takes over, and people live for lust and pleasure, we must wonder how America's churches compare with Jerusalem's people. We too are fed to the full with material benefits, and are forgetting God in the pleasure of the moment.

Surely, it is time for repentance in America, and in our plain churches, wherever ungodliness and worldliness have eaten their cancerous way. God's eyes are still looking for truth; let us pray that He may find it.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

1. From Mary Weaver, Fredericksburg, Ohio, "I wish you would run a notice of those Vapona Strips. I don't think many schools have tried them yet and I think they are just wonderful for the job."

Many schools have a problem of fly control during the fall months. Though we ourselves haven't tried these Strips yet, we hope they're as good as they sound. But they are hardly a substitute for good window screens.

Unfortunately, though, screens are not everything. We all know that a fly doesn't have to stand in line very long to get in the school house door during recesses.

2. As usual, we plan a directory of Amish schools and teachers for the October issue. Last year we appointed someone in each of the three big states—Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana—to gather this information for us. This is a lot of work, and sharing helps. We haven't written to anyone yet, and it's too late now, so we'll take a chance and give the names of last year's correspondents, hoping they'll take the task again this year.

Ohio
Mary W. Weaver
R.2, Box 34, Fredericksburg
44627

Pennsylvania
Lydia F. Beiler
Box 16, Ronks 17572

Indiana
Martha Helmuth
R.4, Kokomo, Indiana
(after school starts)

All other states are to send information directly to the Bulletin office at Aylmer.

- The information we will be listing is
- A. The name of the school
 - B. Teacher's name
 - C. Teacher's address
 - D. Enrollment

All teachers should try to have this information in to the respective places no later than September 10. Why not send it in the first day of school?

3. Also this year we would like reports on all new schools, perhaps in the November issue. Or we may break these up and run half of them in November and half in December.

4. At this writing, July 29, we know of some schools that have not yet found a teacher. Time is running out and teachers are in short supply.

The latter part of June we had a letter from the school board of Woodland School between Apple Creek and Fredericksburg, Ohio, asking if we knew of a teacher. Perhaps they have found one by now.

5. A letter about the Press-n-Print duplicators, from Calvin E. Anderson, R. 2, Box 255, Orrville, Ohio, says the price has gone up \$10.00 this summer, from \$19.95, to \$29.95.

However, Calvin says he will be selling them regularly at \$28.00, with a 10 % discount to teachers.

During August and September he will be running a school teachers' special, at \$24.00. Ohio residents must add 3% sales tax.

6. About the time this issue will be mailed (D.V.), the Amish teachers' meeting in Lancaster County will be in session. As there was no meeting last year, attendance is likely to be good.

In this issue we have reports of two directors' meetings this past summer. Watch the September Bulletin for a full report of the teachers' gathering.

7. We still have some copies of THE CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD left. The new and enlarged edition is in preparation and should be ready by late fall. The new book will be one-third larger, clothbound, with a jacket, and will sell for \$3.00 or slightly higher.

If you would like a copy of the old edition at \$2.00 ea. (3 for \$5.00), order now. There are only a few left.

8. To our writers, please note:

A. Our deadline is the 25th. of each month for the next month's issue. Special news or announcements will be accepted up to the first of the month.

B. Sign your name! Your name will be withheld from publication upon request, but the editor must know the source. This summer we got a nice original poem from an Ephrata, Penna. writer, but there was no name attached. We can't use it that way.

C. Try to write in a clear, easy-to-be-understood style. Cull out unnecessary words. Short sentences and short words are best. Rewrite till you've done your best. Anything worth doing is worth doing right. So use your head, your dictionary, and that stack of writing paper.

D. Typewritten, double-space, please us best. But when this is not possible, a good handwriting is quite all right. Leaving ample right and left margins, and writing on every other line only, does make it easier to copy your work. Thank you.

- J.S.

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PATHWAY READERS PLANNED

Work got underway this summer on a set of Christian readers for our parochial schools. Pathway Publishing Co. will be preparing these textbooks, and they will likely be called the PATHWAY READERS.

At the present time the books for the four upper grades are in preparation, and it is hoped these can be ready in time for the 1967-68 school term.

The basis for these readers will be selections from older readers of fifty and a hundred years ago. In addition, we would like to include some historical incidents and accounts of our forefathers in the faith, perhaps some selections from Martyrs' Mirror and similar books.

We have already searched through forty or fifty old school readers, plus a number of other sources, yet have barely 200 selections that we feel meet our specifications. There will likely be 100-125 selections for each grade.

So, if any Bulletin subscribers have school readers they could loan to us, we would be glad to have them. Write to us first, though, to avoid duplication. Or, if you know of any other books, stories, or poems you think would be suitable, let us know, soon.

Our plans are to type all the material on stencils at this time, and then to run 25 copies through the duplicator, to be sent to teachers, ministers, and school leaders for their approval and comment. Any selection that these "proofreaders" reject can be dropped from the list. This proofreading will be spread over a period of months, and anyone who is interested in helping out with this should notify us at once. (This is to pass judgment on the contents, not to edit it.)

After the selections have been checked by the "proofreaders", the approved ones will be arranged for the actual printing. The books are to be clothbound, and the work will be done for Pathway by a large printer.

Following each story or poem will be study helps—questions, comments, and exercises.

We contacted a number of school leaders this

summer about this project, and there is widespread agreement that in the future we will need to prepare more textbooks for our schools. This is a major undertaking, and we ask for your help and prayers, that the material may be morally-upbuilding for our children, while at the same time have a sound educational basis.

- Joseph Stoll

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THE VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

- By Lydia F. Beiler

I sometimes wonder why so few articles are written on the vocational school, for to me they are very important. I have now taught three full terms and had finished another one, besides having had vocational pupils with my regular classes for two years. I can truly say I have enjoyed the work immensely.

Oh, yes, there are problems, and in a way the separate class is different from regular school. One reason is that going to school for only a half day a week is hardly enough to keep one's interest, unless a pupil is 100% pupil and loves school. This spring one of the girls asked me how many times we still have school. I said, "Three times." Immediately two of the girls said, "Oh, I'm glad when it's over." Another two said, "I'm not. I just love to go to school." (Secretly I wondered, "Might those two who love school be some of our future teachers?")

Another difference is that there are usually as many families as there are pupils. (Not so last year, though, in my school, as I had two sets of twins.) That makes more families to deal with, but should be no hindrance to control. For some reason, it does take more tact to control this vocational class than the regular five-day pupils. The main reason for this, again, is that they don't come often enough. Some will say, "Oh, they're just that age." Maybe they are, but this is also a wonderful age to get into the habit of doing what's right. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" James 4:17. Let's not discourage them in this important age.

Another thing that's different is a new group each year, but that also makes it more interesting. Another matter is the way the enrollment varies, as they attend vocational school only from the time they have passed the eighth grade and are 14, until they are 15. Some come one full term, others part of one term and part of another, and still others come only part of

one term, the time varying from a few weeks to a few months, to nearly a full term. A term consists of 36 weeks. Because of this variation, we here in Leacock Township usually start with a full house of from 35 to 40 pupils (sometimes more), but end with fewer than 20.

But, as is the case with the other school, I find a full house is just as easy to control, in a way, as a smaller group. For that small group of ten gets the attitude that, "It doesn't matter, there are only a few of us."

What do we teach in these schools? For the benefit of those who do not know, I will explain our program. We have Arithmetic in Agriculture, English and German spelling, German reading and singing and memory work in German. But the most important part of this school is diary writing. Their work at home is part of their education, and they have to give a report of it, the boys working on the farm and the girls learning homemaking.

One way that these schools are the same as the others is that visitors are always welcome. But, as usual, so many don't have the time, or at least they don't take the time. Others are not interested; still others say they are too bashful or too humble to come (That's the hardest one to figure out!) But most of them enjoy it when they do come, so why not come?

All in all, I can repeat that I love the work and I wish all people concerned could realize the importance of these one-half-day-a-week pupils. I fear some may just be taking advantage of the privilege, as they would have to send their children full time if they were not enrolled in the vocational program. Many of the pupils come from public schools, but I find that most of these do not surpass the parochial pupils.

One thing I particularly admire in this school is the fine co-operation of the committee, which consists of one man from each church district. In Leacock Township there are eleven districts represented, either whole or part, so there are eleven committeemen, and every week or nearly every week, at least one of them is present. This is a big source of help. Even though it may make no difference in discipline whether someone is there or not, still, it gives one a feeling of security to have them present, even if they just sit there and read, or even sleep.

I think we have seven or eight such schools in Lancaster County, besides a few vocational pupils enrolled in regular schools.

The fall term is again fast approaching, and my thoughts go to the new and inexperienced teachers in the regular schools. I know how big the job appears to be, and as the time draws

nearer it seems to get bigger and bigger and the teacher gets smaller and smaller. But a lot of it could be imagination. A few weeks in the classroom gives one a different feeling, even though the responsibility stays just as great, and becomes greater as the years go by.

My advice is to put on a bold front, even though you are shaking inside. Isn't that also the way the ministers feel, standing in front of their audience? And, the same as they do, we must trust in a Higher Hand to guide us from day to day, and He will and does work wonders beyond our expectation. The times we slip and fall could result from leaning too much on our own understanding. Still, we must do our part, for the proverb, "God helps those who help themselves," is very true in the classroom.

Give those lower grades a good foundation. It will save a lot of trouble later, for yourself or someone else. (One nice thing about teaching eight grades is that you have the result of your own teaching.) Explain lessons thoroughly, and it will save a lot of time and trouble.

A nice habit for a beginning teacher to get into (something I failed to do, to my regret) is to keep a diary. Not exactly of every day, but just little happenings as you go along. It's surprising how soon your first year is history, and how interesting it is to look back over these little memory gems that otherwise might be forgotten.

I have always kept a record of the progress of the first and second graders, how many words they learned the first week, the second week, and so on for six or seven weeks. Also, the dates when they got their new books, or how fast they learn to know their numbers, when they start to add little sums, etc. It's interesting the next year to see how well your class compares with the year before, for it will not always be the same.

And now comes the all-important subject, discipline. Be firm, but fair and kind. Have rules and stand by them as much as possible, but also give suggestions rather than too many cold, cut rules. A teacher can make a lot of her own problems. I once came across this statement, "To know how to suggest is the great art of teaching. To attain it we must be able to guess what will interest; we must learn to read the childish soul as we might a piece of music. We all react quickly to suggestions.

"Try to prevent discipline. Punishing without preventing is like pumping water without fixing the leak. We should know when to delay action or when to use immediate action. Delays are often good. Never let a child blow off and

get away with it."

But the time is at hand when I should be practicing what I preach, for as the poet says:

"In all the ways and walks of life

Be careful what you teach,

For to make your speech effective

You must practice what you preach."

- Box 16, Ronks, Penna. 17572

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MONTGOMERY, INDIANA

July 19, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ, who shed His innocent blood in our guilty stead. What will become of those who reject such a salvation? My wish is that all who read this have found grace and forgiveness of sins.

The summer vacation is rapidly coming to an end, and by the time this comes before the readers, some of the schools may already be in session.

There will again be a number of new schools. When there are more schools, there will need to be new teachers. The only way we can add to anything is to add something new. Even if requirements remained the same, there would be a need for replacements as old things wear out.

What can we do to encourage people to teach? Are there any rewards that teachers can look forward to? Usually when we think of doing something, we think of the rewards, but doesn't responsibility come before the reward, in importance?

Yes, I say teaching is a great responsibility, but let's not flinch too much at responsibility. Unless we accomplish our duties according to His will, we will never receive the Great Reward.

In Phil. 2:12, 13, we read, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." We can work with fear and trembling to make a success in teaching (and in many other things, too) but unless we do it willingly, according to His will, all our fear and trembling will be in vain. We want to be as Paul said, not looking for rewards, but they will be here for us just the same.

The question was asked of a young school teacher, "What is your greatest reward in teaching?" She seemed to be quite overtaken by the question. I hope she felt too humble to receive a reward.

Do we as parents have any compliments for

our teachers. Praise is better than complaint. Do we teach our children to be honorable before their teachers, and to compliment them when they deserve it. Or do we feel they don't deserve any, that they may take it to their own glory? Chances are, if we have these feelings, that is what we would do if we were complimented.

We need teachers who are willing to do His good pleasure, we need board members and parents the same, or should we say, God wants them? If we have this kind of schools, we will have children who, as they grow into accountability, will want to do His good pleasure, too.

Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap life everlasting. Pray for us.

- Jerome Raber

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BELLEVILLE, PA. 17004

R. D. 1, Box 301

July 18, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Reading the letters of the Bulletin is very interesting to me. Why? Because I also am a teacher, and know what the teachers write about. I enjoy reading of other teachers' experiences, so want to share some of my own.

I have taught two years. The first year was interesting, but the second was more so. I'm learning some ways of teaching and how pupils learn. I'm learning to know and understand the pupils better, though at times quite puzzling situations arise.

When others write of the problems and heartaches of teaching, I know what they mean. Yes, with teaching there are people to work with, boys and girls who sometimes get ideas of their own. Could they but look into the future as older people can, they likely would do much differently.

And again, when teachers write of the joys and rewards, yes, I surely know what they mean! It thrills my heart when I see the boys and girls all quietly working; when each learns his lessons well; to see them learn day by day; to see the look of interest on their faces; to see their smiles personally for me. Another point I highly value is their friendship outside of school. Yes, teaching has great rewards!

But how am I going to teach these boys and girls I have learned to respect and appreciate? I can think back to my own school days, realizing how I and the other pupils acted and felt. But being out of school, and having had more

experiences, presents another angle from which to work. Some day they, too, will be out of school.

Before teaching, I was wishing for something to do which would take what I have, something which would continually make me look to God for wisdom and guidance to keep going. I was wishing for something challenging, something worthwhile to throw myself into. And that is just what I find in teaching. With all my heart I must think, work, and pray as I go about the teaching duties.

Last winter several things happened that made me think. Are we willing to accept the great challenges of teaching in the different areas of life? It will take a lot of thought, effort, and prayer on our part.

One morning while getting ready for school I noticed in the daily paper a pitiful story written by a mother. Her teen-age son was doing well in school, was loved and respected by the pupils, teachers, and all who knew him. He appeared to be happy, but he took his own life. By checking his writings, they decided that he must have been mentally disturbed about something. His mother went on to write that she wished that such people would say, "I need help." Then maybe something could be done to help them.

Here was a boy who needed help mentally. This presents a great challenge to us as teachers, parents, and many others. Many people may have problems, thoughts, and struggles that trouble them, all unknown to others. Their minds may be busy. They may be searching. They may be watching others to find the answers. But many may not say, "I need help." If they would, could we give the necessary help? If they do not ask for help, can we sense their problems? Can we realize the stages in life they are going through? Do we care enough to try to help?

That day at school when practicing for the Christmas program, I had the pupils practice quite a bit to brush up on the final touches. The pupils were getting their parts, so I was beginning to relax and enjoy their songs and poems. Suddenly there was a commotion in the group. A girl fainted and fell on the floor.

Here was a girl who needed help physically, but she didn't say, "I need help." Not everyone is going to say when they need help. Can we learn to know and understand people, so we can see when they need help? Are we willing to forget ourselves, and think of others?

The next day I went home for Christmas. In the evening I went with the young folks to deliver our Christmas gifts to needy and older folks.

The group I was with went to a family who were on welfare. The family came to the door where we gave each member his gift. As we were turning to leave, the father started asking questions about going to church. He wanted to go straight. We soon went indoors. We could see right away that the man was in earnest. He knew he was a sinner. He had tears in his eyes. One of the boys went with the man into the living room where they talked in privacy. In a little while we were called into the room. The man had realized his sinful condition, wanted to change, and being told the way of salvation, he received Christ as his Saviour.

Here was a man with a spiritual need, but he said, "I need help." Not just anyone would ask help of a stranger along this line. Here is a great challenge. Can we realize that the pupils are growing up? Yes, if pupils have some knowledge of God, they may have more questions along this line than we realize. They are growing up. Their minds are developing. God is beginning to speak to them. Are we going to help them learn about God? They have spiritual needs which need to be supplied. What are we going to do about it?

Here are the three areas where people need food and help; mentally, physically, and spiritually. Can we help those with whom we come in contact? As teachers, we need to live in such a way that the pupils can be helped.

In our own strength we will be helpless to supply all these needs. We need to look to God. We need to keep in very close touch with Him. We need to pray, pray, and pray some more. Can I do it? Can you?

Sincerely,

Lena King

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ARTHUR, ILLINOIS

July 17, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's holy name.

I am a reader of the Bulletin, and I find it very interesting. We have five small children, and I know of no better subject than that to write about. One daughter goes to school. Our new parochial school is being built, and if it is the Lord's will, we want to have it finished by the first of September. We had a meeting here some time ago, and the question was discussed what we would do if persecution came. If God be for us, who can be against us? God gave us these children, and He will provide a way for us to teach them.

I am reminded of what a preacher said in his

sermon. This is the way I remember it. A woman was preparing her house for her Lord and Master, who was coming to visit her. Soon a little girl came and wanted help with her dolly, and the woman said, "No, I can't help you. I'm busy getting ready for my Lord. He is coming to see me." Then she went on about her work. Before long a man knocked on the door, and wanted something to eat. She said, "I'm sorry. I'm busy getting ready for my Lord and Master."

At length she was ready, so she sat down to wait for Him. A voice startled her, "I was here twice and you were too busy, so I will not come again."

"And whoso shall receive one such child in my name receiveth me." Matt. 18:5

Sincerely,

- Mrs. Edwin Schrock

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MILLMONT, PENNSYLVANIA
July 20, 1966

We folks here in Union County are erecting a new school, the second one for this district. It's not that the first school was overcrowded, but some families are just too far away. The two schools are about three miles apart.

We have all the books we need to begin the term except two, which we need quite badly. They are the answer books for Understanding Arithmetic, grades 5 and 7. We have written to the Laidlaw Publishing Company, but they have none left. So if anyone has these to spare, let us know. Also, make your price.

But before sending the books, drop me a card, or I may have too many answer books. Perhaps if we can't find any, someone would be willing to copy the answers for us.

"Now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him." I Cor. 12:18. The following poem is selected:

Just where you stand in the conflict,
There is your place.
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think! He has chosen you for it;
Work loyally.

Gird on your armor! Be faithful
At toil or rest.
Whate'er it be, never doubting
God's way is best.
Out in the fight or on picket,

Stand firm and true.
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do.

A humble teacher,
- Nora Zimmerman

* * * * *

LIVING AND PRAYING

- Author Unknown

I knelt to pray when day was done,
And prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone;
Lift from each saddened heart the pain,
And let the sick be well again.

And then I woke another day
And carelessly went on my way.
The whole long day I did not try
To wipe a tear from any eye;

I did not try to share the load
Of my brother on my road;
I did not even go to see
The sick man just next door to me.

Yet once again when day was done
I prayed, "O Lord, bless everyone."
But as I prayed, into my ear
There came a voice that whispered clear,

"Pause, hypocrite, before you pray;
Whom have you tried to bless today?
God's sweetest blessings always go,
By hands that serve Him here below."

And then I hid my face and cried,
"Forgive me, Lord, for I have lied.
Let me but see another day
And I will live the way I pray."

- Selected

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THESE LITTLE ONES

- By Enos Yoder

We read much in the Bible about children - the great passion Jesus had for them, the instructions on bringing them up, the blessedness of children, and how we should be like them.

Also in Matt. 18:6 we read about the curse if we offend and cause a child to go astray. They are a gift of God, to be brought up and taught to love and serve God.

In the light of all this, dare we send those young souls out into the world for their educa

tion?

We should be most thankful for the privilege to have parochial schools. But! Let us also be greatly concerned that they are Christian schools or it will be only a waste of time and money. Only what is done for Christ will last.

Are we doing our duty, as Christians, toward "these little ones?" in the home? in the school? in the church? Or could it be said of us, "it were better that a millstone were hanged on your neck and you were drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matt. 18:6).

Jesus loved "these little ones", for He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark 10:14). In verse 16, it says, "And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

In Phil. 2:5, we read, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Our concern for "these little ones" would then be great.

Who are "these little ones"? Are they necessarily all young in years? In Matt. 10:42, — "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water... shall in no wise lose his reward." Also in Matt. 25, we read that what we have done to the least of these we have done unto Him, and what we didn't do we didn't do to him. And those that didn't minister unto the least of these shall go away unto everlasting punishment.

Could "these little ones" be also those weak in faith, of which in Romans 14:1 we read, "Receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations." Also Romans 15:1; I Thess. 5:14. He is powerful in the weak (II Cor. 12:9), and according to I Cor. 12:22, the weak are also necessary.

"But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours becomes a stumbling block to them that are weak" (I Cor. 8:9). And verse 12, "But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ."

The new-born babes mentioned in I Peter 2:2, were hardly all young in years, but young and weak in faith.

Let us then be careful that we do not reject the least, the weak, the children, the babes, "these little ones". Rather let us help them learn and understand the true ways of God, being very careful not to be a stumbling block or offence, for great is our punishment if we are found guilty of such.

If we are as little children and the love of God is deep in our hearts, can we look down on the least, for whom Christ died? No, we will look up. If we love not the brethren, the love

of the Father is not in us. Let us not become so righteous (???) that we have no use for the least, these little ones.

- Oak Hill, Ohio 45656

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THE BEST MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
True joys and hearts to love you.

- Selected

* * * * *

AS I SEE IT...

Wego to church to hear and receive the Word of God. Then we should take it home and think and talk it over.

I believe the same method could be used in the schools. The teacher can explain the sermon to the child, in a child's language, then teach him to apply it in everyday living. (Editor's note: This is the parents' responsibility, first of all, of course). In this manner the child will learn not just to hear, but also to practice it.

Many people know their Bible, but they do not apply it to their everyday living.

I believe the most important thing in teaching a child is to get the child to want to learn.

- Maryland

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BEATITUDES FOR TEACHERS

Blessed are the teachers who strive for orderliness and beauty in the classroom, for these teachers shall see less tension and more security in the lives of their pupils.

Blessed are the wise and energetic teachers who inspire their pupils to read good Christian literature, for they shall behold the effects in the character of those whom they teach.

Blessed are the teachers who will take the time really to know their pupils, for then, and only then, shall their teaching become effective.

Blessed are the teachers who make each class session varied and interesting, for their reward shall be found in the interest and regular attendance of their pupils.

Blessed are those noble and valiant teachers who dare to allow the class session to belong to the children, for their reward lies in the development and discoveries of the children.

Blessed are those dedicated teachers who make a way to visit in the homes of their pupils, for their reward is an excellent one known as "the growth of the church".

Blessed are the teachers who go out of their way to help the individual pupil, for great is their reward in the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are the teachers who, even though they fall into a rut, are able to recognize their trouble and get out, for they shall find their reward in building their class and helping to change lives.

Blessed are those teachers who are young at heart and can accept new ways, for their reward shall be found in the enrichment of their own personality.

Blessed are those patient teachers who are able to use repetition in a creative way to store Bible verses in the minds of young children, for their reward shall be in the satisfaction of a job well done.

Blessed are the teachers who dare to venture out and practice new skills, for these men and women shall become known as outstanding teachers.

Blessed are those teachers who will give their best no matter how small the group, for he who is faithful over a little shall be made ruler over much.

Blessed are those understanding teachers who can see the potentials of every pupil and keep these potentials in mind as they teach, for verily the fruits of this teaching will be found in the lives of the pupils.

- Selected by Susan Stoltzfus, Leola, Penna.

SENATOR TO FIGHT FOR SCHOOL PRAYERS

Everett M. Dirksen, the leading Republican Senator in Washington, D.C., says he is going to battle with the Supreme Court over the issue of public school prayers.

"I do not intend to let nine men tell 190 million Americans, including children, where and when they can worship." The immediate cause of Senator Dirksen's wrath was the court's action last Dec. 13 rejecting an appeal from a group of parents in the New York City borough of Queens. The case was the first involving voluntary prayer to reach court since 1962 and 1963 decisions holding that prayers specifically prescribed by public school officials are unconstitutional.

Dirksen cited the FBI's annual crime report and said: "It is interesting to note that as prayer goes down, crime goes up." He refused to divulge the strategy by which he hopes to upset the court's decision. A constitutional amendment seems the most likely avenue.

-News and Notes-This Present World. P.E.

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GRAMMAR IN RHYME

Author Unknown

A noun is the name of anything,
As school or garden, hoop or swing.
Adjectives tell the kind of noun,
As great, small, pretty, white or brown.
Instead of nouns, the pronouns stand,
John's head, his face, your arm, my hand.
Verbs tell of something being done,
As read, write, spell, sing, jump, or run.
How things are done the adverbs tell,
As slowly, quickly, ill, or well.
They also tell us where and when,
As here and there, now and then.
A preposition stands before
A noun, as in or through a door.
Conjunctions sentences unite,
As kittens scratch and puppies bite.
The interjections show surprise,
As "Oh! how pretty!" "Ah, how wise!"

- Selected by Mrs. Jacob Miller, Jr.
Norristown, Penna.

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Weigh your words not with a scale but with your thoughts. Are they worth hearing?

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Jonas Nisley of R.1, Baltic, Ohio 43804 has sent us sample sheets of the Read, Write, and Color notebooks he is duplicating, and which he will have for sale to other schools, or for home use.

These notebooks consist of 160 sheets (320 pages) of 8 1/2 x 11 paper, complete with a three-ring binder. We understand the probable price will be \$2.00 each. They will be advertised in the Budget.

The material is largely a reproduction of the work done by the upper grades of Knob View School last year. We saw these notebooks last winter when we visited this school, and were greatly impressed, especially by the art work done by these pupils.

Every second page has a drawing, to be colored with color pencils or paints. Many of the pictures are scenes of nature, and there is one

series to illustrate the 23rd. Psalm. All are free-hand drawings, many of them done by the pupils.

On the alternate pages there is first of all an illustrated study of trees at the top. I didn't know there were so many varieties of trees! Below this are several departments—Events, Stories, The Teacher Says—each continued from one day's lesson to the next if space requires it. All is very interesting and original.

There are a few errors in spelling and grammar. Also, it is not clear for which grades the book is intended. But the originality and high interest content offset any imperfections it may have. Teachers and school boards should write to Jonas Nisley at once for more information and sample sheets.

— J.S.

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(Sample of art-work; 1/2 page, reduced)

TOMORROW'S BURDEN

I watched my neighbor climb the hill,
Bent beneath a load;
He struggled, faltered, finally fell,
On the steep and dusty road.
I pondered for I knew full well
He had climbed that hill before,

With a burden on his back, and so
I asked, "Are you sick and sore?"
He answered, "I am well and strong
As any yesterdays,
But I took tomorrow's burden
And added to today's!"

BIBLE QUESTIONS # 5

1. What seven year old boy was made King?
2. What dream did Jacob have?
3. What woman became leprous when she desired to be a leader like one of her brothers?
4. How many virgins went out to meet the bridegroom?
5. What is the fifth commandment?
6. What young woman left her homeland to live with her mother-in-law?
7. What Jewish girl saved the lives of her people after she became a queen?
8. To what country did Mary and Joseph flee with the baby Jesus?
9. What man died for touching the Ark of God?
10. What did Jesus use to drive the buyers and sellers from the temple?

Answers to # 5-

1. Josiah. 2. Of a ladder reaching to heaven. 3. Miriam (Moses' sister). 4. Five. 5. Hone-our thy father and thy mother. 6. Ruth. 7. Esther. 8. Egypt. 9. Uzzah. 10. Whip of cords.

When the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

* * * * *

Humility is the trademark of real greatness.

* * * * *

So-called innocent amusements of the world are only contrivances to forget God.

- D. C. Dutton

YOUR TEACHERS SPEAK

QUESTION: What is a typical monthly attendance percentage?

Answer:

I think our average would be 98%. It has always been good here which we thank God for.

- Ohio

Answer:

About 97%.

- Penna.

Answer:

96 1/2% to 98 1/2%.

- Ohio

I KNOW SOMETHING GOOD ABOUT YOU

- Author Unknown

Wouldn't this old world be better
If the folks we meet would say,
"I know something good about you!"
And then treat us just that way?

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy
If each handclasp warm and true
Carried with it this assurance,
"I know something good about you!"

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If the good that's in us all
Were the only thing about us
That folks bothered to recall?

Wouldn't life be lots more happy,
If we praised the good we see?—
For there's such a lot of goodness
In the worst of you and me.

Wouldn't it be nice to practice
That fine way of thinking, too?—
You know something good about me!
I know something good about you!

- Selected by a Reader

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When thou prayest, rather let thy heart be without words than thy words without heart. Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer. Pray often, for prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.—Bunyan

(We asked several teachers to answer some questions for us. Because of the nature of some of the questions, the teachers' names will be omitted. In the following paragraphs are some of the questions and the answers we received.)

Answer:

Yes, we keep attendance records. A typical percentage is from 96% to 98%. At present ours is exceptionally low, 93%.

- Indiana

Answer:

Lowest: 97.50%. Highest: 99.49%.

- Indiana

Answer:

90% to 95%.

- Penna.

QUESTION: Do you have any trouble with tardi-

ness?

Answer:

Some. It is a family whose father is on the board, so what can I do? - Indiana

Answer:

Most of our children come with the school bus. Sometimes children may miss the bus and then are tardy. This happened rather frequently in one family. Another family, next door to the school, has a number of tardies. So far, not much has been done about it. - Indiana

Answer:

Sometimes. Send home excuse slips. If the problem persists, the board is notified and they take measures as they see fit. This seems to work. - Ohio

Answer:

We have had some. Usually a reminder at a P. T. A. meeting will perk things up. One time we wrote the number of tardies on the blackboard for the school board to see. That took care of it that time. We have also encouraged the pupils to try and hurry some with their work at home in order to be here in time for devotions. - Ohio

Answer:

We have had trouble with tardiness. However, it has improved. Usually all I do is urge the pupils to get there earlier. - Ontario

Answer:

Yes. A talk with the parents usually reveals that the children are mostly at fault. Making up for lost time at recess will usually help. - Indiana

Are You Robbing Your Child of a Conscience?

By Franklin Ash

Eight-year-old Billy burst into his mother's kitchen, all aglow with excitement.

"Mom, Dad just sold Sorrel!"

"That's fine, Billy," his mother said. Then she turned to her husband, who was behind Billy. "How much did she bring, Cal?"

Cal smiled, proudly. "About 50 dollars more than she was worth! I hope our new neighbor, Dawson, knows more about farming than he does about horses. If he doesn't, the Erskine place will be up for sale again soon."

Billy, who had witnessed the entire transaction, was not to be left out of the conversation. "My Dawson didn't want to pay so much," he explained, "but Dad told him Sorrel was only five years old."

"I did no such thing," his father corrected him sharply. "I only said that it was a good price for a five year old."

"It is," Cal's wife agreed. "But didn't you tell him that she is at least twice that age?"

"Of course not," Cal retorted. "He didn't ask."

Cal is not a dishonest man. He has a reputation as a hard-working farmer, a good neighbor and a fine father. The rules of conduct he lays down for his small son must be obeyed to the letter.

But he also has a reputation for being a shrewd business man. Had Dawson asked the age of the mare he was buying, Cal would have

been compelled to give him an honest answer. But he felt no obligation to volunteer information that might cost him a sale or cut his profits.

One day Billy's teacher called at his home. After she had left, a disappointed father demanded that Billy explain why he had lied about being kept home to help on the farm.

Billy insisted that he hadn't lied. He admitted, reluctantly, that he had been absent several times, but he hadn't lied. All he had said was that he couldn't go to school and help out at home at the same time. His teacher had taken the rest for granted—as Mr. Dawson had done when he bought Sorrel.

What had seemed to be simply "good business" to Billy's father appeared in a totally different light when he saw it reflected in the behavior of his small son. What was even more startling was the fact that Billy had managed to imitate his father's misbehavior to perfection.

Like so many parents, Billy's father had failed to realize that children are born mimics. They are constantly endeavoring to make their own actions conform, as nearly as possible, to those of the adults who inhabit their small world.

"Of all the fateful and determining influences of childhood," warns Dr. Carl Binger of Cornell Medical College, "the relationship of a child with his parents comes first. This is his very lifeline, through which he establishes his relationship—for better or worse—with the rest of

the world.".....

Your child's conscience is a fragile thing. Like the child himself, it hasn't yet had a chance to mature, to acquire solidity and substance. You need only a few thoughtless words or a

careless act to destroy it completely. But fortunately you can also, by example, help it to grow.

- From "The Family Herald."

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THE STORY OF THE PAINTING OF THE LAST SUPPER

The story of the painting of The Last Supper is extremely interesting and instructive, and two incidents connected with it afford a most convincing lesson on the effects of right thinking or wrong thinking of a boy or girl, or of a man or woman.

The Last Supper was painted by Leonardo Da Vinci, a noted Italian artist; and the time engaged for its completion was seven years. The figures representing the twelve apostles and Christ Himself were painted from living persons. The life-model for the painting of the figure of Jesus was chosen first.

When it was decided that Da Vinci would paint this great picture, hundreds and hundreds of young men were carefully viewed in an endeavor to find a face and personality exhibiting innocence and beauty, free from the scars and signs of dissipation caused by sin.

Finally, after weeks of laborious search, a young man 19 years of age was selected as a model for the portrayal of Christ. For six months Da Vinci worked on the production of this leading character of his famous painting.

During the next six years Da Vinci continued his labors on this sublime work of art. One by one fitting persons were chosen to represent each of the eleven Apostles; space being left for the painting of the figure representing Judas Iscariot as the final task of this masterpiece. This was the Apostle, you remember, who betrayed his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, worth in our present day currency about \$16.96.

For weeks Da Vinci searched for a man with a hard, callous face, with a countenance marked by scars of avarice, deceit, hypocrisy, and crime; a face that would delineate a character who would betray his best friend.

After many discouraging experiences in searching for the type of person required to represent Judas, word came to Da Vinci that a man whose appearance fully met his requirements had been found in a dungeon in Rome, sentenced to die for a life of crime and murder.

Da Vinci made the trip to Rome at once, and this man was brought out from his imprisonment in the dungeon and led out into the light of the sun. There Da Vinci saw before him a

dark, swarthy man, his long shaggy and unkempt hair sprawled over his face which betrayed a character of viciousness and complete ruin. At last the famous painter had found the person he wanted to represent the character of Judas in his painting.

By special permission from the king, this prisoner was carried to Milan, Italy where the picture was being painted; and for months he sat before Da Vinci at appointed hours each day as the gifted artist diligently continued his task of transmitting to his painting this base character in the picture representing the traitor and betrayer of our Saviour. As he finished his last stroke, he turned to the guards and said, "I have finished. You may take the prisoner away."

As the guards were leading their prisoner away, he suddenly broke loose from their control and rushed up to Da Vinci, crying as he did so, "O, Da Vinci, look at me! Do you not know who I am?"

Da Vinci, with the trained eyes of a great character student, carefully scrutinized the man upon whose face he had constantly gazed for six months and replied, "No, I have never seen you in my life until you were brought before me out of the dungeon in Rome."

Then, lifting his eyes toward heaven, the prisoner cried, "Oh, God, have I fallen so low?" Then turning his face to the painter he cried, "Leonardo Da Vinci! Look at me again for I am the same man you painted just seven years ago as the figure of Christ."

This is the true story of the painting of The Last Supper that teaches so strongly the lesson of the effects of right or wrong thinking on the life of an individual. Here was a young man whose character was so pure, unspoiled by the sins of the world, that he presented a countenance of innocence and beauty fit to be used for the painting of a representation of Christ, but within seven years, following the thoughts of sin and a life of crime, he was changed into a perfect picture of the most traitorous character ever known in the history of the world.

- Copied from the Hertel Blue Ribbon Bible, and submitted by Elmer L. Hochstetler, Nappanee, Ind.

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REPORT ON THE PENNSYLVANIA DIRECTORS' MEETING

- Elam H. Beiler

The tenth annual Pennsylvania Amish schools directors' meeting was held at Samuel Lapps, R. 1, Ronks, on Friday, June 3, 1966. Attendance was very good.

The meeting was opened by Bishop Dan E. Stoltzfus, followed by the reading of the minutes of the 1965 meeting. The chairman, A.S. Kinsinger, gave a report of the progress of our schools during the past year, and emphasized very much how we should appreciate the privilege we have to operate our own schools. We should be thankful that at present the officials seem to be well satisfied with our set-up. He also praised the teachers for their efforts and co-operation. In the last year or so many of our teachers have received letters, some in the form of questionnaires, which were to be filled out and returned to certain officials. The teachers were advised not to complete these forms until they had consulted their board members, and if there was any question, they in turn were to check with the chairman and the executive committee.

The question of more education for our teachers was brought up and discussed, but it was not encouraged in that we feel it is not necessary or desired for our way of life. Sincerity in teaching was highly stressed, and this should apply to parents as well as pupils and teachers.

Means of interesting more people in teaching were thoroughly discussed. It was agreed upon to give the teachers here in Lancaster County a raise in salary of \$1.00 a day, in all brackets, and to give all beginning teachers the privilege of taking instructions under an experienced teacher, for one week at the beginning of the term, and this with pay. This would mean that the beginning teacher's school would need to open a week later, and in order to have 180 days of school, close a week later in the spring.

Teaching German was again very much encouraged.

An explanation was also given that the pupil must be fourteen years old, and have legally passed the eighth grade before he is eligible for promotion to the vocational class. The importance of applying for work permits at the age of 15 was emphasized, in the townships where they are demanded.

If pupils are eligible for advancement in grades, it must be done before they reach the seventh grade.

No unnecessary advantage should be taken of the public school buses, and those who walk

should be more respectful and show better conduct along the roads.

A session of questions and answers was held and the meeting closed by prayer, led by Bishop Amos Miller of Indiana.

A vote was taken to see where the majority want to have next year's meeting, and the choice was Adams County, Pennsylvania.

Nearly all the counties in the State having Amish schools in operation were represented. There was also a load of directors from Indiana.

We feel these meetings are very educational and worthwhile in gaining unity and harmony in our Amish school system, and we hope to keep on improving it as we strive to more earnestly work together.

We thank you all for your support.

- R. 1, Paradise, Penna.

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GUIDE ME, LORD

- By a Teen-ager

First, I ask Thee, Heavenly Father,
As before Thee now I stand,
Teach me things Thou would'st show me,
Guide me with Thine helping hand.
Give me meekness. Humble me,
Help me my duty to see.
When I'm tempted keep me strong,
Help me as I journey on.

For I see there are others coming
Looking up and watching me;
How I do my daily duties,
And the example I will be.
Help me, Lord, that I don't fail them
By things I do, or what I say.
I sorely need the strength Thou giveth
Lest by my deeds I'd lead astray.

And for the future I'll not worry,
For I know that Thou doth give
The best to us if we only
Trust, then leave the choice with Thee.
All I ask is, "Dear Lord, daily
Give me grace to do my best,
Till at the end of this my journey,
By thy grace I'll find sweet rest.

- Pennsylvania

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OF PERSEVERANCE AND OTHER THINGS

- By Mary Weaver

"Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" Galatians 6:9.

Failure has been the pathway to nearly every great success. It all depends how we handle our failures. Let them be our teachers!

We call George Washington the father of our country, and recall how he defeated the British armies. We forget that during the French and Indian War he surrendered to the French.

Once when Thomas Edison had failed ninety-nine times with an experiment, he said, "Now we know ninety-nine ways in which this thing can't be done."

A baseball player struck out 1330 times at bat. Why, that's a record of failures! But the failures of this man are not remembered. He is remembered because he batted 714 home runs! His name was "Babe" Ruth.

Should not these "heroes" challenge us to "Try, try again" when we fail, even though we cannot approve of all they did? Those who have tried teaching but are discouraged to the point of quitting because of what they term failure, should bear in mind that the road to success has many gates to pass through. Let's shut the gates as we pass through them. Shut the gate on old hurts, old griefs, old blunders, old insults—they are gone! Let them go. One learns to shut out the past by letting in the future. The

Master of life may transform these failures to bring a better tomorrow.

By the time this is in print, thoughts will be school-centered. Most children will be longingly awaiting opening day with happiness equal to that of closing day last spring. Teachers are prone to day-dreaming of measures to improve their teaching. Directors have repairs on the school grounds in mind. A few may still be desperately seeking for teachers. Parents have some fall jobs to do in the few remaining weeks before school opens, and have clothes and lunch boxes in mind. And all are hoping for a successful school year. If we have co-operation, it is quite certain we will have success, too. United we stand; separated we fall.

As school opens, those pesky flies all head for the house of education. With some windows minus screens (and even with screens, those flies will get in!), the flies become annoying to the children. It is hard to concentrate on lessons with flies buzzing around the room. Above all, they are a health hazard. I have used spray, bait, ribbons, and what not. All efforts were of little avail until Vapona Strips were used. This brought results. Two strips are enough for an average size school room for one season. These strips are sold at Shell Service stations. I hope more Vapona Strips will be hung this fall as the classrooms are being readied.

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.

- Fredericksburg, Ohio

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REPORT ON THIRD ANNUAL SCHOOL MEETING, STATE OF INDIANA

- By Jerome Raber

This year's Amish school meeting of Indiana was held June 24 at Parson's Amish School, Daviess County, Indiana. About ninety-five from other communities throughout the State attended. Also Andy S. Kinsinger, John F. Beiler, Benuel K. Stoltzfus, Israel E. Stoltzfus, And Aaron K. Lapp from Pennsylvania; Menno Diener, John E. Otto, Ezra Plank, and Benj. Gingerich from Arthur, Illinois; Lester B. Miller and Inez Kauffman of Kalona, Iowa; and Joe Stoll of Aylmer, Ontario, Canada. With the attendance from this community, the total came to about two hundred.

The meeting was opened by Bish. Fred Knepp of the home community, with admonition and prayer. Committee chairman David Schwartz read the minutes of the second meeting, which was held June 25, 1965 at the home of Dan A.

Hochstetler, near Topeka, Indiana, LaGrange County. He then gave an interesting talk on the necessity of having our own schools, and expressed a concern that the schools should be more uniform throughout the State. Also, a uniformity in the textbooks to be used.

Secretary John M. Bontrager then expressed himself on these same subjects. At times we may think our schools cost a lot, he said, but when we think of the unnecessary things we buy in a year's time, we should be glad to support our schools.

The treasurer, Joni Gingerich, gave his opinion that children are our greatest treasure. He said we cannot take our money along to heaven, but ~~our~~ children we can. He gave a financial report, and explained what had been collected for the Statewide fund decided upon in

1965.

Sharing the expenses of building new schools was discussed. We were advised not to look at it as receiving, but as a plan whereby we can share with those who are less fortunate than we are. The decision was made to raise the amount to collect from each church member to \$5.00. Anyone desiring to give more may do so. The amount thus collected will probably not be enough to cover the cost of the large number of new schools being built, but whatever is collected will be divided, percentage-wise, to all schools.

We feel thankful to the Pennsylvania folks who attended, and gave talks on subjects related to Amish schools. Andy S. Kinsinger told us how necessary it is to be united, for "united we stand, divided we fall". If we are united with the bonds of love, this evil world around us will have less effect upon us.

Can we picture in our minds a group of people with a strong band around them for protection? Even the people of the world can see this band and dare not bother it. But if this band becomes thin or even breaks, we are in serious trouble. We need some new fresh bands around us today.

Joe Stoll, editor of the Blackboard Bulletin, expressed his thankfulness for the privilege of attending the meeting. He then told of plans at Pathway Publishing Corp. to publish new readers for our parochial schools. He said this would take time, and asked for help from all who know of readers with stories of value that could be used in the new books.

The afternoon seemed short. Time was given for questions from the group, and the privilege to discuss them. There were no objections to the plans which had been offered. The meeting was closed with a prayer by Min. Andy A. Hershberger of Kokomo, Indiana.

A vote was taken where to hold the meeting next year. The majority voted for Nappanee, Indiana, to be held there, D.V., the last Friday in June.

The need for the committee to gather again sometime this fall was evident, and it was decided to do so in October, in Allen County. Others beside the committee are also welcome. The collections for the treasury should be made by then, so that some figuring can be done.

There are some brethren who are opposed to these annual meetings. It is right that we should be careful, and not accept all things that come up in our time, but to my thinking, these meetings can be a help to strengthen our faith. On the other hand, if we come together for the enjoyment, as to a "picnic", it is without a

doubt not upbuilding.

Lunch was served in the school basement, as nearly everyone arrived in the forenoon, several hours before the meeting was to begin. Also, supper was served to those who intended to journey home again the same evening. We must have food to nourish our bodies. We read in the Bible that Abraham told his wife to prepare a meal for the strangers who came to see him one day. Also, Jesus fed the multitude before they started home, so they would not faint on the way.

Let's try, though, to do these things with simplicity, remembering how our forefathers came together in times of persecution. They were in great earnest to gather, to strengthen each other's faith and remain steadfast unto death. If we do not gather for the same reason, I am afraid we would not stand the test if we were called to do so.

In Indiana at present we are privileged to have our own schools without too much opposition from the public. What if we were forbidden to continue with our schools? I feel we should examine ourselves how much faith we have, or are we only sending our children to parochial schools because others do? In Hebrews we read that we should not forsake the assembling of ourselves together, but to exhort one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching.

United we stand; divided we fall.

- Montgomery, Indiana

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EVERY IDLE WORD

Dear Bulletin Readers,

I have long been thinking of writing an article for the Bulletin, but always thought, "Let someone more gifted do it." But if we all did this there would be no Bulletin, which would mean some very good reading material "not available".

There is a certain subject that has been a burden to me for some time, and as it would be well for us to learn this lesson while young, I hope it will be fitting for this paper. Just recently I witnessed a scene where our local truck driver had come to see about business matters, and the father and mother and most of the children were out by the road talking. A buggy with three girls drove up. This trucker always has some wise crack or joke to say, just to make someone laugh. Should not we Christians be careful lest we encourage such things? Surely it is not proper that we should laugh so loudly as to be heard from quite a distance.

The Bible says that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. And it also says

that where there are many words, sin is not wanting. Fathers, mothers, if you have children entrusted to your care, teach them at a tender age to weigh their words, for we must give account for every idle word that we speak. Teach them by example.

Let us think of each day as if it could be our last, for who knows as we rise in the morning whether we shall see the evening or even the noon hour? Many a soul has been ushered into eternity in the blinking of an eye. Have we thought of death, or come close to it? If so, then we would do well to remember that we will have enough to hinder our passing from this world to the next without a host of words rushing into our minds that had better never been spoken.

I write this fully conscious of my own weakness in these matters. Pray for us. And let us all remember our teachers who are training our loved ones, that they may lead these little lambs in the right way.

- A Bulletin Reader

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SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA
July 21, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love. The summer has again rolled around so far, and in another few weeks the time will be here to open the schoolhouses for the happy and carefree youngsters. Yes, they will be looking forward to the first day of school just like they were looking forward to the last day of school in the spring. Our children looked and waited a few extra weeks this past spring, and they were not too happy about the proposition of having nine months of school. We had only eight months in previous years.

This change came about when our local school officials asked us to toe the line of the law, which had been enacted in 1961. Our attendance officer said that different lengths of terms have been experimented with, and that nine months is the best for the children. When we told him our school days are a half hour longer than many public schools, he thought this was too much; you can overdo it. Now, that is just the way we feel about the extra month in the spring. It's not that we couldn't conform, and get used to it, and make out all right. But we feel that with our own schools and our way of life, the longer summer vacation is an important item.

We were impressed and reminded again this summer how much idle time school children have if they do not live on a farm. A thirteen-year-old cousin to our children was here with

us a turn. He helped cultivate, mow and put up hay. There were the banties, the kittens, the calves, and the pigs to tend, the cows to milk, horses to feed, and then one day they had a round of fishing, too. He said farm work is harder, but he likes it better. At home he doesn't know what to do. (The work was probably more exciting here than at home, too.)

Well, we've been thinking about this for years as we knew it was law, and in places they were enforcing it. We'd get together and counsel about it, and we all felt our reasons were so good we should certainly be able to convince them! But, of course, they've done the convincing so far! In the spring of 1965, when Elkhart County enforced the nine-month-school-term on our schools there (it was our own people, still sending to public schools, that put on the pressure; they didn't see why they must go nine months when the parochials don't!), the following reasons were submitted in a paper to the local officials.

To Our Public School Officials of Elkhart County

We, the church and school officials and patrons of the Amish Parochial schools near Middlebury, come to you with a plea regarding the length of our school term.

First of all, we wish to acknowledge with sincere appreciation the consideration and help and co-operation that has been extended to us by the public school officials of our county throughout these 18 years that we have operated our own schools. We feel the Lord has been good to us. After having school for a number of years at what was formerly the Sanitary School, the need for more room arose. In 1957 we built a new school just over the line in LaGrange County, near Cass Lake. Each of these schools has an enrollment of approximately 45. For a number of years now, each has been staffed by two competent, and we feel qualified, teachers.

Now this last year we have added a new venture, our vocational school for the pupils who have satisfactorily passed the eighth grade and are not yet 16. We appreciate your help and co-operation in this. These schools are open for your inspection.

Throughout these years we have had the privilege of an eight-month school term, which we think fits in very well and adequately for our needs.

First: although we appreciate having our own schools and teachers of our choice, we feel this still does not quite come up to having our children together as a family unit under the influence of the parents. Having one more month of

Fifth: We feel that farming with tractors is not only impractical financially on most of our

Neither we nor our school system is perfect, but it is our aim to raise and educate our children to be not only good Christian stewards, faithful to God and our church, but also to be useful citizens of our community. For this privilege we are willing to continue supporting the public schools through our taxes, and to assume the financial responsibility ourselves of educating our children.

Here's wishing a good school year to one and all; one that's pleasing to our Lord and Master. And let's not forget the editor of the Blackboard Bulletin. August material is usually scarce, while May material is plentiful.

- John M. Bontrager

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WALL ALPHABET SETS FOR PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

have mentioned these sets in the Bulletin, and a number of schools now have them. The size of each section is 2' x 4', and there are five sections for the letters and one section for numbers. The price is \$18.00 for the letters, and \$4.00 for the numbers, if this section is wanted.

The Blackboard Bulletin

ARTHUR, ILLINOIS
July 17, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to all in the Saviour's name.

I'll write some more school news. I read where some others find it hard to write for the paper, and have to give it the second try. I would sooner write about school than talk to people, as paper doesn't talk back the way people do. Oh, yes, I like to have the other side of the story, too.

In my last letter I said our school will be a brick school. Sure enough, it's a block and brick building. So I'd better write again to get enough "bricks" to finish building it. We are up to the basement windows now. The people are helping well, with labor and money.

The reason for a block and brick building is to conform to the State safety code and other requirements. The law says the building is to be fireproof as nearly as possible.

On June 21 a school meeting for the ten church districts was held at Jonas Schrock's, and we had people come from all ten districts. Jonas was asked, "Do you have benches for everyone who is coming?" They came from four directions, and over ninety were here.

The Plain View standards were read, and a vote was taken to build a school.

I was glad for what Mrs. Levi Miller wrote about bonnets in school (May issue). I have seen the same thing happen with the prayer cap, or covering. One family had a girl who went to a school in town, and when she went out to play she took off her cap and apron. When Sunday came, she could not wear the cap either to go outside. Some of the other girls wanted to take off their caps and aprons, too.

There were girls there who went to a parochial school. They weren't used to throwing off their caps and aprons to play, and they didn't. Here's what happened. The other girls said, "We don't want to play with you old bears," and ran away.

Which of these girls will help build the future church?

Here's another one. We had an Amish girl from Indiana come to our church without a cap. Her boyfriend's mother told her before she left, "You're welcome to come back, but next time wear a cap." Later the girl's father asked an Illinois friend, "What do people think of my girl's friend there in Illinois?" He was told what the boy's mother had said to his daughter.

The truth is the truth. Are we ashamed to tell it? Can we parents find out when our chil-

dren misbehave if no one tells us? And when someone tells us, do we have a thank you for them? Are we willing to listen?

I'll close. Wishing you all God's blessings.

- J.M.S.

* * * * *

BALTIC, OHIO
July 22, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

We greet you one and all in Jesus' holy name.

A new school term is not far off. And the Bulletin letters for the August issue must soon be in. I have not forgotten the deadline date, so I am letting go of the mimeograph machine handle long enough to jot down a few thoughts. (We have a "Read, Color, and Write" pad in the making here.)

The weather is dry, but there are heavy morning dews. Wheat harvesting is at hand, and we plan to thresh our golden grain this afternoon. What have we farmers in mind with our wheat crop, anyhow? Are we looking forward to it as a cash crop, selling it through some marketing outlet, and then buying back white flour in 25 lb. bags, and bakery bread at 25¢ a pound? And think that because everybody else is doing it, it must certainly be wise. If we could follow a bushel of wheat through all the handling processes and chemical treatments, and see what a small part of the kernel is actually used in flour, wouldn't we shun the finished product, and be thankful for our wheat as it comes from the threshing machine?

Whenever I think of the modern way of doing things, my mind wanders to "that stern and rockbound coast, on the wild New England shore", of the women getting out of the trusty "Mayflower" and washing their clothes by the seaside, while the men rowed up and down the coast looking for a better site on which to settle. I have to think of the long hard winter, and the graves that were filled before spring came, and how the Indians helped them with planting. Our story could go on and on, but what I'm concerned about is the sad way our food is prepared compared to the example set by our forefathers.

Here in our simple print shop we are pretty close to nature. This was formerly a chicken house on the main floor of the barn, and the haymow is overhead. A family of barn swallows were the only occupants of the chicken house when we moved in several weeks ago. Five little birds hatched from the eggs and in a short time they had had enough nourishment to give their now-feathered bodies strength to fly. What happy parents the elder swallows seemed to be!

The other morning, as I sat here alone, two swallows flitted in and chattered about. Finally they settled back on the old nest. But soon they left and have not come back since. So it's hard telling whether they were thinking of brooding another family before fall, or what.

The baby purple martins are chirping in their tiny rooms, reaching out and begging for another bug the whole day through.

Our children are in and out much of the time to keep me company, and to satisfy their curiosity. The older school girls, too, are here one and two at a time to help along with the drawing of the pictures. If we get the work done that we have started, we will have 160 pages to read, and 160 pages to color. The cover will be a 3-ring Note Book binder. A child would have his book read and colored by doing one page of each a day, for those who have 160 days to the school year. The reading part is made up of various things I gave the children last year for writing lessons. There is also room for a little writing lesson every other page. The pictures are ordinary scenes of nature, and many of them should have some meaning and lasting value for the growing mind.

On Wednesday evening some of our neighbors and their families, and several neighboring teachers enjoyed the evening here with us in singing. This event was held in honor of Lavina and Martha Hershberger of Buchanan County, Iowa. They are sisters and teachers, enroute to the Pennsylvania Teachers' meeting in August.

Good-bye. We like to be remembered in your prayers, and hope to do likewise in our weakness.

A friend,
Jonas Nisley

* * * * *

FAIRBANKS, IOWA
July 28, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of Christian love and best wishes to all who may read this.

In the early hours of the morning I find myself seated to write a few lines for the Bulletin, as requested by the editor. This finds my sister Martha and I visiting in Aylmer, Ontario, Canada. This is the third week of our north-eastern trip, in which we expect to spend two more weeks. Our destination is the teachers' meeting in Lancaster on Aug. 11-12.

We arrived at the David Wagler home yesterday in time to join in on an appetizing dinner. The afternoon was enjoyed in the Pathway Bookstore, where I could present an order in person, and where we met Bertha Kauffman, who is

assigned to filling orders. Bertha is also a circle pal of mine.

At Jacob Eichers a delicious supper was prepared. After supper Jacob showed us how the Bulletin and Ambassador of Peace are printed. This was a "high light" of our trip. The evening was then spent in singing hymns. Alvin and Elmer Stoll of Arkansas also took part.

Today we want to visit at the Joe Stoll home, and the Lord willing I might present this letter in time for the August issue which is now being prepared.

We left home July 11 and spent the week in Nappanee and Topeka, Indiana. An evening of school discussions was enjoyed at Edwin Kuhn's home, and again at the Amos Borkholders, where several of us teachers tackled some arithmetic problems. At Topeka a few teachers gathered at Cottonwood Grove School on Sunday and sang songs.

Our second week was spent in Holmes County, Ashland, and Geauga County, Ohio. At the Jonas Nisley home in Holmes County, friends and neighbors and teachers spent the evening singing. Jonas was on the job printing his school workbooks, which include his writing lessons used in past years, and many pictures drawn free-hand by the pupils. I would heartily recommend it for all teachers and pupils.

We hope to continue on to Niagara Falls this afternoon. We plan to venture on to Grantsville, Maryland, Staunton, Virginia, Dover, Delaware, Lancaster and Meyersdale, Penna. before returning home.

Time passes so swiftly. The past three years of teaching have passed by faster than in any job I've done. My mistakes have been many, but trust they have been forgiven, and ask God to lead me.

When I was a child I never realized the impression I left on my teacher. Many are the things I'd change could I do them over again.

What a blessed joy to start with a child who is young, and spiritually occupy his mind before it reaches the age where it will not "bend". Do we pass through this world so fast that we take no heed what goes on among our own people? Surely we have the courage and strength to start in fresh once more, and to try to walk the narrow path more truly.

I thank all my friends and the many relatives for all they did for us. You are invited to come visit us. Here's wishing you all the blessings of God.

In Christian love, I remain
- Miss Lavina Hershberger

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The Blackboard Bulletin

ALL HANDS TO THE PLOW

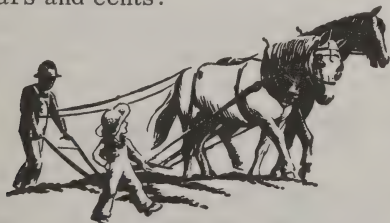
- David Wagler

School is almost here. Remember a few months ago when spring was just around the corner? It was so hard to wait for the time when shoes could be left behind and the day could be spent walking behind the plow or listening to the frogs chirp.

But now the summer has come, hot dry and dusty, and the autumn will soon be here. With September's cooler nights will come the morning when the school bells will be heard over the land. Once more children will rush to the school house, just as eagerly as they left it a few months earlier.

That's the way it ought to be. The seasons come and the seasons go. If it were spring all year round, or summer, or winter, we would soon be wanting a change. In the spring we are anxious for the open fields, but in the fall we look forward to school and its opportunity for learning.

Think how life would be if we couldn't read or write or figure! It would be a dull world indeed and almost impossible to get along. What's it worth to be able to read and understand what we are reading, or write so others will know what we mean? Certainly it can not be measured in dollars and cents.



That's why teachers are so anxious that their pupils study, for if they waste their time, they are losing a lot. They are losing not only dollars and cents but the opportunity to get something which will be useful throughout life.

Education is a good thing if it's used rightly. If it's not, it's dangerous. Our forefathers lived the simple life and kept the simple faith. They taught their children to read and to write for this purpose. They believed in separation of church and state as well as in separation of church and world.

The wisdom of this world is foolishness before God. If that is what we want, and get involved in all the complicated philosophy and theological arguments, then we will end up with a faith like this world, or rather a lack of faith like the world and many of the so-called

churches who are little more than social organizations.

We want to avoid the books which are misleading, but even so, the books that we do have may be unsound in one or more points. That is why it is necessary to prove all things with the Word of God.



AUGUST SPECIAL—FLEXIBLE COVER GERMAN-ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT. Now ready for immediate shipment. \$2.00 each.

OTHER OUTSTANDING VALUES—Challenge of The Child, \$2.00; Reformers and Their Stepchildren, \$5.00; Eusebius, History of the Church, \$1.85; Four Translation New Testament, \$8.50; Key to Better Memory, \$1.00; Knots and Splices, \$1.00; The Thunderstorm, (weather) 60¢; The Flood, \$2.00; How to Write, Speak and Think More Effectively, 75¢; Speak Better—Write Better English, 60¢; Roget's Thesaurus, 75¢; See It, Say It German, 50¢; Halley's Bible Handbook, \$3.50; Zondervan Pictorial Bible Dictionary, \$8.00; Why We Believe in Creation, \$3.25; The Home Beautiful, \$3.50; Sacred Selections, (hymnal) \$1.75; Worth Dying For, \$3.00, paperback \$2.00; The Lord is My Shepherd, \$2.75; Mighty Whirlwind, \$3.00; Language of the Deathbed, \$3.00; Man in Bearskin, \$2.50; Dying Testimonies of Saved and Unsaved, \$2.50; Cassells Compact German-English Dictionary, \$1.50;

Postpaid on orders of \$2.00 or more. American funds or equivalent. Free catalog on request. PATHWAY BOOKSTORE, AYLMEER, ONTARIO

HOW TO MANAGE BOYS

A young teacher who has great success with a class of little "ragamuffins" in the worst quarter of a large city, was asked at a school-teachers' meeting to tell something of the method by which she had transformed the lawless street urchins into respectable little citizens in so many cases.

"I haven't any method, really," said the young woman, modestly. "It is only that I try to make the boys like me, and I say 'don't' just as seldom as I possibly can in my work with them. They had learned to lie, steal, and fight; but

truth, honesty, and courtesy were unknown to us.

So I began by telling them a story every morning about some boy who had done a brave, honest, or kind thing, and held him up for their admiration. And after a while I asked them to 'come up' good things they had seen or done to tell at these morning talks. Their eagerness and pride when I was pleased with their little incidents showed me they were being helped.

There was just one boy who seemed to be hopeless. He was apparently indifferent to everything, sat for weeks, during the morning talks, with a stolid expression, and never contributed anything to the conversation. I had begun to feel really discouraged about him, when one morning he raised his hand as soon as it was time for the talk to begin.

Well, Jim, what is it you have to tell us?"

**Be thou an Example in word,
in conversation, in love, in
spirit, in faith, in purity.**

* * * * *

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AYLMER, ONT.



I asked, encouragingly.

"Man's hat blew off as I was comin' to school. I ran an' picked it up for him," he jerked out in evident embarrassment at finding all eyes fastened on him.

"And what did the man say?" I asked, hoping that a "thank you" had rewarded his first attempt in the right direction.

"You young scamp, you'd have run off with that if I hadn't kept my eye on you!" said the boy in the same jerky fashion.

"And what did you do then?" I asked in fear and trembling.

"Didn't do nothin' but jest come along to school," said the boy, soberly. "I reckon he didn't know no better, prob'ly he hadn't had sec' teachin' as I've got," and he lapsed into silence with an air of perfect satisfaction.

"I think he had a pretty severe rebuff, but he has told a great many pleasant things since that day, so you see he was not disheartened.

Some people would say, I know, that I ought to tell them how bad stealing and lying and fighting are; and yet as long as they will listen to me while I say, "Do be honest, do be truthful, do be kind, I shall not keep the other things before their minds."

The young teacher sat down as modestly as she had risen. It was unanimously voted that whatever might be said for other methods, hers—which she did not even call a method—had recommended itself.

- Words of Cheer, 1908

* * * * *

I DO NOT NEED THE MONKEY

I do not need the monkey
To explain my family tree,
For I feel God knows better
Just how I came to be!

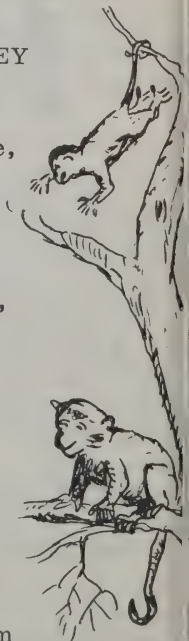
I do not need a theory
To explain how life began,
I simply start in Genesis
When God created man!

I do not need a tiny germ
That slowly grows to be
A living, breathing specimen
Of someone just like me!

So you may keep the monkey
Upon your family tree,
But mine will start with Adam
Whose likeness I can see!

- Pelela Ferris

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

VOL. 10, NUMBER 2

SEPTEMBER, 1966



THE CHILDREN

- By Charles Dickenson

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed—
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go:
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild!
Oh! there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant as others have done,
But that life may have enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would come back to myself;
Ah, a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Oh, how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door,
I shall miss the goodnights and the kisses,
And the gust of their innocent glee;
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morning and evening,
 Their song in the school and the street;
 I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
 And the tramp of their delicate feet.
 When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
 And death says "The school is dismissed,"
 May the little ones gather around me
 To bid me good-night and be kissed.

- Selected by a Reader

* * * * *

"ACH, MOM, ICH WILL NET!"

- By Annie King

While I am keeping house, I often think of my childhood days. There comes to my mind a happening in the old farmhouse, thirty miles away. I do not know exactly how old I was at the time, but I was still a school girl.

One day Mother had me sit on a stool beside her rocker. She gave me a nightgown to mend. I was to sew a patch of material onto the body by hand. I can still hear myself unhappily saying, "Ach, Mom, ich will net."

But wise Mother did not give up. I had no way out of it. I let on I was starting, but reminded Mother how much easier it would be for her to do it on the sewing machine, and how much sooner it would be finished. But finishing it fast was not what she wanted. She wanted me to learn how, and she would not give up.

An unhappy girl I was, in low spirits, as I started making the needle go, back and forth, until I had a few stitches. Oh, well, that was not so bad after all! I made some more, and soon learned I could do it quite well. By the time I got around to the second corner, I believed I was going to enjoy it. Why, I could do that just as well as I could sew pin cushions.

The wise mother was busy with her sewing but kept an eye on me. She would not leave the spot, even though it was going good. Soon I had sewed the last corner, and it was finished already! Then I said, "Mom, don't you have another nightgown to sew?"

Twenty-five years have passed since then, and I still thank God for a wise mother who did not give up to a childish cry, "Ach, Mom, ich will net." Had she given up then, I would never have learned to love to use a needle and thread as I learned it that day.

How I wish that more mothers would, with God's help, learn to be wise and not give up so easily to a childish plea, "Ach, Mom, ich will aber net!" Perhaps more children would then learn a lesson not to be forgotten, like I did.

- Myerstown, Penna.

* * * * *

SCHOOL THOUGHTS

- By a Reader

'Twas a beautiful sunny morning
 On September seventh, nineteen sixty-five,
 I unlocked the door of a parochial school
 And encountered an entirely different life.

It was teaching I was attempting—
 I looked for help and guidance from above,
 For with teaching and reprimanding
 We have to know the Father's love.

Often times I'd feel so humble
 As I tried to lead the pupils on;
 Many times my thoughts were in a jumble
 But the dear Lord helped along.

Oh, how often I would wonder
 Just why I ever started my new goal,
 Many, many times I had to ponder
 While I was on the way to school.

May I have been a guide to the souls
 Whose dear faces I now will miss,
 As this is May twenty-third
 And my school I have dismissed.

When I was standing on the porch
 Watching them on their journey home,
 I hoped the dear Lord will bless them
 As they through life will roam.

- Ephrata, Pennsylvania

* * * * *

THE TEACHER'S CREED

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women
 of tomorrow.

I believe in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others.

I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book, in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head, in everything that makes life large and lovely.

I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in daily life, and in out-of-doors.

I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on.

I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises, and in the divine joy of living.

- Edwin Grover

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SEPTEMBER

1966



EDITORIAL

THE POLICE CAME!

(This article with the exception of the June, 1935 entry, was read at the teachers' meeting, Aug. 11. The account of the Mennonites of Ak-Mechet, Russia has since been supplied by the editor's brother, Elmo Stoll.)

MAY 6, 1576 -

The scene is a quiet street in the city of Antwerp, Belgium. The evening shadows lengthen as the sun sinks in the west, and darkness begins to fall.

In this house lives Hans Bret, twenty-one years old, and recently become one of "Menno's people". Two months ago he was baptized. Hans studies the Bible every morning and evening, and on Sundays he meets with other new converts to discuss the Scriptures.

Hans works for a Christian merchant who has a bake shop and grocery store, and it is in his house that he lives. On this evening, May 6, 1576, Hans' master and the family are eating when there is a loud knock at the door. Hans gets up to answer it.

The bailiff of Antwerp has come with many servants and soldiers to capture the entire family, for they have been betrayed.

"Who's there?" Hans asks.

"Open! We come to buy."

Hans hesitated. He heard the men outside insert a bar and begin to force the door. Quickly he ran to his master and warned him. They all rushed to the rear door, thinking to escape that way, but guards are there to greet them, and Hans is taken.

In Martyrs' Mirror we read a number of letters that Hans Bret wrote from prison. He remained true to his faith, and died a martyr at the stake.

MARCH 12, 1643 -

Under this date a Catholic priest of Alsace was writing to a friend, also a priest. He was alarmed because the valleys nearby were being rapidly filled by Anabaptist emigrants from Switzerland.

Back home in Canton Berne, persecution continued strong. The Anabaptists met in caves and woods in secret, often at night and sometimes during storms when they knew their enemies would not be out looking for them.

Now many of them were moving to Alsace. Among the families were the names Liechty, Eicher, Wittmer, Stauffer, Luthy, Lehmann, Mueller, Graber, Kauffman, Joder, and Stoll.

In this new home they were still far from secure. For a time they gathered in an old barn in the thick woods near Selestat. They could not know when the police might come.

JANUARY, 1659 -

A meeting was in progress. Perhaps the minister, Ulli Baumgartner, was preaching. We do not know. Perhaps the Anabaptist congregation was singing from the Ausbund, already nearly a hundred years old.

This we do know—Anabaptist hunters broke suddenly into the meeting. While the startled

worshippers watched, the "Täuferjäger" quickly tied the hands of the minister and three of the leading members, and led them away to prison.

APRIL 24, 1714 -

The years rolled on, but persecution in Switzerland did not cease. In 1702 there was a grand Anabaptist hunt in the Emmental, but with very little success. The Anabaptists had many friends, and as the hunters started up the valley there was such a shooting and shouting and tooting of horns as is seldom heard, and the Anabaptists had plenty of time to hide.

One time the hunters chased three women across the border into the next canton and caught them, but they got into a lot of legal trouble because of it.

The rewards paid by the Bermese authorities were—

\$2000 for an Anabaptist minister,

\$1000 for a deacon,

\$500 for a male member, and

\$250 for a female member.

With these inducements the prisons did fill up. But on April 24, 1714, a mob of friendly neighbors descended upon the town jail of Summiswald, and freed between sixty and seventy Anabaptists.

JUNE, 1935 -

Two centuries later and a continent eastward, the police came again. Ak-Mechet is a small village in Asiatic Russia. Here twenty-five Mennonite families settled in 1884. They lived undisturbed for fifty-five years. But governments changed, and under Soviet rule they were asked to form a collective. When they refused, the minister and nine other men were arrested as counter-revolutionaries. They stood firm, and bravely testified of their faith in God.

They were tried before a public court but there was to be neither justice nor mercy for them. All ten men were sentenced to be shot, and their families exiled.

The very next day trucks arrived at Ak-Mechet. GPU agents set about loading the ten families into trucks. There was no resistance, and no fighting or shooting. Except for the sobbing of women and the crying of children, the job was done swiftly and silently.

But suddenly the weeping women and children began to move with a purpose. They seemed to be everywhere and more were coming. They clustered around the trucks and refused to move. "Take all of us, or none of us," they pleaded. They piled in front of the wheels.

The agents were visibly disturbed. Finally they left the trucks and walked the eight miles back to Khiva.

But the end was not yet. Several days later more trucks appeared in Ak-Mechet. This time there were enough trucks for everyone. The entire group of Mennonites was loaded up and the trucks roared off.

They were driven miles into desert country. Finally, deep in uninhabitable wasteland they were dumped off and told, "This is your new home."

Whether any of them survived is not known. They have not been heard from since.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1965 -

We skip back over Europe to another continent, North America. Here the descendants of the Anabaptists had lived two hundred and fifty years—years of prosperity and religious freedom.

But on Friday morning, September 19, 1965, a large yellow school bus rolled out of Oelwein, Iowa, headed for the Amish community north of town. Aboard the bus were school officials and a nurse. The county attorney and the sheriff met them as the bus pulled to a stop in front of a one-room white building.

The officials peeped in the school windows. Was some criminal hiding there? The sher-

iff entered and soon came out, followed by thirteen Amish boys and girls of school age. He led them toward the road and the bus, but suddenly the group panicked and ran pell-mell for the safety of a corn field.

The deputy-sheriff grabbed one of the biggest boys and led him to the car. After lunch the bus was back, and this time the school children were persuaded to board the vehicle.

It was against the law for our forefathers to meet for church services. Is it against the law in our time for our children to meet at a school each day, there peacefully to get an education as the church sees fit to give it?

(I would like to stop here. I have given six spot pictures of persecution and police action, — not for crimes that we or our fathers have committed, but for the faith we would not deny. But there is one more spot picture—and it is hard to relate it without tears, or a pain in the heart. It is the most recent of all, for the date is...

JULY 31, 1966 - not quite two weeks ago.)

The scene this time is in the Midwest, in Indiana, in an average-size Amish community. Church services had been held in several nearby districts that Sunday forenoon. An hour or two before dark, buggies loaded with gay and laughing young men and women began to gather at an Amish home. An occasional car drove in, until there were nearly two hundred young people at the "crowd".

(Not all the Amish young people of the community were there. Perhaps a fourth of the total number were at another home, singing hymns.) But at the larger gathering, the "fun" began in earnest. There must have been some drinking, as before long the premises sounded with shouts and cries of laughter. Someone began tossing a few beer bottles around, just for fun, you know. Suddenly there was a shout, "The sheriff! Police! Police!" The merry-makers ran. Over a hundred of them made it to a corn field, and safety. Again a big yellow bus drove up, and forty-five young folks—27 girls and 18 boys—were loaded up and taken to jail. There were charges of "disorderly conduct" and "disturbing the peace". Some were drunk, and they were minors at that.

The police had come in Antwerp, and it cost the life of a devout Christian. They came again many times, in the Emmental and Alsace and Strasburg and Zurich and Amsterdam. Each time men and women witnessed for their faith victoriously—and were burned or beheaded, banished or beaten. The police came to Ak-Mechet, and brought tragedy to a peaceful Mennonite settlement. The police came once again, to a quiet Amish school in Iowa, but the parents refused to compromise their faith. But the last time, yes, the police came... We hang our heads in shame!

* * * * *

- J. S.

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Last year the Bulletin arranged a plan for schools to exchange papers. This proved very interesting, and we hope to have more school papers in the program this year. But we almost forgot about it. Any school that would like to join this year should send the following information to the Blackboard Bulletin, Aylmer, Ontario before Oct. 1.

- 1. Name of school, and mailing address (important!)

- 2. Name of paper
- 3. Frequency of issue, and subscription rate, if any.

We will duplicate copies of this information and then send them to the participating schools. You agree to send your paper to each of the other schools, and in return you receive copies of each of their papers. There is no charge for this service.

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Teachers, don't forget to send your directory

information at once, if you have not already done so. We need the name of your school, the teacher's name and teacher's address, and your enrollment. See the August issue for full details.

In this issue we are printing an article, "The Nurture of Children", written by a Mennonite minister of the 1800's. There is some very good advice for parents in this writing!

We have not seen the completed books yet, but we understand Jonas Nisley has his Read-Write-Color workbooks finished now. The price is \$2.00 each, and they are guaranteed. Order from Jonas Nisley, R.1, Baltic, Ohio.

The past two years we have been saving a hundred unbound copies of the Bulletin each issue. We had these bound in a good cloth binding this summer. This is volumes 8 and 9, from August, 1964 to May, 1966, inclusive.

We have a limited number of these books for sale, at \$5.00, which is barely cost.

To new teachers: Have you read the book, The Challenge of the Child? This is a must reading for teachers, the cream of the Bulletin, 1957-63. Only a few copies of the old printing left at \$2.00 each; three for \$5.00. Order from the Bulletin now.

Are all Bulletin subscribers also subscribers to the second Pathway paper, The Ambassador of Peace? The September issue has 28 pages—with the story of Doris Dean, the lost girl of the Blue Ridges, who was found by C. P. S. workers; and an article "C. P. S. for Today?" plus many others. \$2.00 a year, or send for a sample copy if you have not seen the Ambassador.

On Monday, August 22, William C. Lindholm, a Lutheran minister from E. Tawas, Michigan, stopped for a few hours at the Bulletin office. Mr. Lindholm has been helping the Amish in their school troubles in Iowa and Kansas.

He has prepared a writing, "Religious Liberty Defined", which he has distributed to educational and religious leaders throughout the U.S.A. It is an able defense of the right of the Amish to educate their own children.

Incidentally, Minister Lindholm is a nephew to Iowa Superintendent of Education, Paul Johnson. He was accompanied by his family.

The following day C. Richard (Dick) Beam stopped in for a "Bsuch". He is working on a Pennsylvania Dutch dictionary, and he had not talked very long (in Pennsylvania Dutch, of course) before our respect for dictionary-makers moved up several notches. What a task!

But Dick does not despair just because the task appears endless. He spoke of a dictionary in Germany that was forty years in the making. "I'm not going to work that long, but it may take me ten years," he said.

He would like more regional co-workers to answer his questionnaires on pronunciation and word usage. If interested, write to him at 56 Forney Drive, Lititz, Penna. 17543.

Born to the editor and wife, our sixth child, a son named Christian, on August 13. This was one good reason I could not attend the teachers' meeting in Lancaster County.

The meeting is now history, and we have several reports and letters on it this issue. From what we have been able to learn, this get-together was an exceptionally well-planned success. We trust it could be to the honor and glory of God.

As this month's editorial, we are reprinting a writing we got together at the last minute for the teachers' meeting—"The Police Came". Sources of information are as follows: 1576 - The Martyrs' Mirror by Van Braght; 1643, 1659, and 1714 - Bernese Anabaptists by Delbert Gratz, and Mennonites in Europe by John Horsch; 1935 - Mennonite Encyclopedia and For Conscience Sake by Sanford C. Yoder; 1965 - Liberty Magazine; and 1966 - Letters and personal reports.

- J.S.

PRAYER

Almighty God, the Giver of Wisdom, without whose help resolutions are vain, without whose blessing study is ineffectual, enable me, if it be Thy will, to attain such knowledge as may qualify me to direct the doubtful and instruct the ignorant, to prevent wrongs, and terminate contentions; and grant that I may use that knowledge which I shall attain, to Thy glory and my own salvation.

- Samuel Johnson

The test of a Christian lies in deeds and actions, not in words. Moody said, "A lighthouse is supposed to shine, not blow horns."

REPORT ON THE 1966 TEACHERS' MEETING

It was a lovely morning on August 11, 1966, when the people started coming from the north and south, east and west, and from near and far to the home of Samuel S. Lapps, located at a crossroad in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. It makes you feel good to see so many people interested in schools and coming to attend the annual teachers' meeting. By noon there was quite a crowd, approximately 200 people, including 79 teachers. (2 teachers came in the afternoon, making a total of 81 teachers, with 20 beginners.) Benches were set up in the yard where people could sit down to visit and get acquainted, while kind neighbors and friends prepared dinner in the house.

After dinner a short walk was taken to Clear View School, where Elizabeth Esh and Saloma Lapp taught last term and expect to give it another try this year. When this schoolhouse was built ten years ago, they made a basement which was used only for the vocational classes until the fall of 1965. The main schoolroom was becoming more crowded every year, so plans were made to put several grades in the basement, with Elizabeth as the new teacher. We had a total of 69 pupils last year and expect 80 or more this term. Remember us in prayer.

To get back to the subject that I started with—the schoolroom was soon filled to capacity, a few were standing, and some were on the porch or outside the side door. After singing a few songs, talks were given by school leaders. Some good advice was given to teachers, also to directors and parents. If we all work together and with the help of God, our schools will surely be a success.

About the middle of the afternoon the sky became very black and soon it started raining. We also had some thunder. Those on the outside sought entrance which was granted, as some had left to prepare supper, and seems there is always room for one more when the need arises. The afternoon passed all too quickly and soon it was time to go back for supper. All ate supper under cover of barn or house as it was still raining a little.

In the evening more people arrived. Soon the barn floor was about filled. A couple hours were spent in singing praises to the Lord. Then it automatically turned to visiting when some started leaving. Each wanted a word or so yet with the other before they must part for the night. Soon the place seemed to be deserted after all the activity of the day.

The day of August 12 was spent at Black Rock Retreat, where we went for a hike through the woods in the forenoon. After dinner came the best time of all for the teachers. We sat in circles with our leaders in the middle.

A few talks were given, then questions (submitted by teachers) were picked out of a box. Anyone could help to answer them. As usual the afternoon seemed entirely too short, and the time to part was soon here. We trust all could go home feeling refreshed and encouraged, ready to give it another try.

"Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit; and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints." (Ephesians 6:10, 11, 18).

Thanks to all who helped to make the meeting interesting and successful.

Best Wishes,
- Saloma F. Lapp

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A LIST OF TEACHERS WHO ATTENDED

(INDIANA)

John Zehr		Grabill,
Simon A. Borkholder		Nappanee,
Edwin L. Kuhns,		Bremen,
Lester Marner	R. 2,	Loogootee,
Martha Helmuth,		Nappanee,
Martha Farmwald,		Bremen,
Magdalena Otto,		Nappanee,
Alma Kauffman,		Bremen,
Joan Raber,		Montgomery,
Verna Knepp,		Montgomery,
Carrie Kuhns,		Bremen,
Mary H. Hochstetler	R. 4,	LaGrange,
Wilma Miller	R. 4,	Kokomo,
Mary Ann Eicher		Grabill,
Lydia Schwartz		Spencerville,
Sylvia Raber,		Montgomery,
Katie Schrock,	R. 4,	LaGrange
Miriam Gingerich,	R. 2,	Middlebury,

(OHIO)

Monroe R. Schmucker	Burton,
Peter E. Miller,	Middlefield,
Eli E. Weaver,	Dundee,
Elizabeth Miller,	Millersburg,

Katie Miller,	Millersburg,
Ella Swartzentruber,	Fredericksburg,
Barbara Yoder,	Chardon,
Ella Miller,	Fredericksburg,
Katie Weaver,	Middlefield,
Emma Miller,	Middlefield,
Ada Miller,	Huntsburg,
Mrs. Atlee Yoder,	Dundee,
Lavina Nissley,	Millersburg,

(MISSOURI)

Lydia Mae Borntrager,	Jamesport,
Lydia C. Borntrager,	Clark,
Winifred Beachy	Clark,

(IOWA)

Martha M. Hershberger	Fairbank,
Lavina Hershberger,	Fairbank,

(MICHIGAN)

Katie D. Borntrager,	Centreville,
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(MARYLAND)

Annie M. Yoder,	Oakland
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(ONTARIO)

Magdalena Eicher,	Aylmer
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(PENNSYLVANIA)

John F. Esh,	Littlestown,
Isaac J. Yoder,	Middlebury,
Nancy N. Brenneman,	Springs,
Mollie E. Renno,	Mifflintown,
Hettie Mary Peachy,	Belleville,
Lena King,	Belleville,
Catherine M. Swarey,	Belleville,
Mary Stoltzfus,	Myerstown,
Susie Lapp,	Myerstown,
Lizzie Peachy,	Mifflintown,
Miriam B. Peachy,	Selinsgrove,
Martha M. Nolt,	Leola,
Lydia M. Nolt,	Leola,
Emma Martin,	New Holland,
Elizabeth Fox,	New Holland,
Alta Hoover,	New Holland,
Mary S. Zimmerman,	East Earl,
Lydia S. Beiler,	Bird-in-Hand,
Susie S. King,	Ronks,
Lavina Peachy,	Gordonville,
Elizabeth Stoltzfus,	Christiana,
Annie Stoltzfoos,	Kinzers,

Susie L. Petersheim,	Gordonville,
Rachel K. Stoltzfus,	Narvon,
Rebecca B. King,	Christiana,
Rebecca S. Fisher,	Gordonville,
Rachel S. Beiler,	Gordonville,
Rebecca B. Zook,	Kinzers,
Mary F. Huyard,	New Holland,
Elizabeth S. Esh,	Gordonville,
Hannah L. Stoltzfus,	Kirkwood,
Lydia S. Beiler,	Leola,
Rachel Petersheim,	Lancaster,
Lydia F. Beiler,	Ronks,
Lydia Fisher,	Honey Brook,
Rebecca K. Stoltzfus,	Oxford,
Nancy Esh,	Lancaster,
Sarah Beiler,	Ronks,
Mary H. Fisher,	Ronks,
Rebecca B. Fisher,	Ronks,
Saloma F. Lapp,	Ronks,
Emma Esh,	Gordonville,

* * * * *

THE 1966 TEACHERS' MEETING

- By Lydia F. Beiler

The twelfth Amish Teachers' Meeting was held at the home of Samuel S. Lapp, near Gordonville, Pennsylvania on August 11, 1966. Around 200 people were there for dinner. This number included 79 teachers and a few ex-teachers. People came from such distant places as Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, Missouri, Iowa, Michigan, Canada, and from different counties of Pennsylvania.

The afternoon was spent at Clearview School, adjoining the Lapp farm. This school is taught by Saloma Lapp and Elizabeth Esh. The basement is also used for Vocational Classes on Saturdays.

Those who were interested gathered at the schoolhouse soon after 12:00 o'clock, E. S. T. The teachers were seated in groups according to the State or county from which they came. After all were seated, a short introductory was given by Sam Lapp, the host, followed by the opening by Bishop Joe Kauffman of Nappanee, Indiana. After a few words of admonition and silent prayer, C. G. Esh gave a short talk on education. Elam H. Beiler, our "moderator" for the day, now took over.

Three songs were sung by the whole group, then followed in order this program:

No. 1 - Andy Kinsinger, Gordonville, Penna. on "Why We Have Our Own Schools"

A few thoughts brought out were: We have our own schools because we feel we cannot go

along with the worldly trends which exist in today's modern public schools which have even gone so far as to take Bible reading and the Lord's Prayer out of the classroom, and teach evolution. We do want an education, but that is not half. What we put into our school children is what our future church is likely to be.

No. 2 - John F. Beiler, Paradise, Penna., on "Co-operation"

First, the question was asked, "What is co-operation?" "It's the act of working jointly together, first with God and then with our fellowmen. Children are usually not hard to work with, for they listen when you talk to them. Older folks are different; their thoughts may wander out this way and that way. But in our particular group this afternoon, everyone seems to be attentive, so I trust we are all co-operative." John also mentioned that from good schools come good church members, and that if we have convictions we should not be afraid to stand alone. It is better to sacrifice than to compromise.

No. 3 - Benue! Stoltzfus, Gordonville, Penna. on "What is the Old Order Book Society?"

Those who are on its committee are these three men (the first three speakers), who have charge over the parochial school system and see that decent books are available for our schools.

No. 4 - Groups of teachers stood up by turns to introduce themselves, and to say a few words about their schools. Then each group sang a song.

The groups were:

- I. Lancaster and Lebanon Counties, Penna.
- II. The rest of Penna., which included Mifflin, Snyder, Juniata, Adams, and Sommerset, Counties.
- III. Geauga County
- IV. Daviess County, Indiana and Canada
- V. The rest of Indiana - LaGrange, Elkhart, Allen, Marshall and Howard Counties, and also Michigan.
- VI. Iowa, Missouri, and Maryland
- VII. Old Order Mennonites of Pennsylvania

No. 5 - Short Talks by some of the teachers

- I. Lydia Fisher, Penna., on "Why Children go to School"
- II. Lydia F. Beiler, Penna., on "Discipline"
- III. Elam H. Beiler read a letter from Uria R. Byler on "Ten Rules for Teaching" (Reprinted in this issue).
- IV. Rachel Petersheim, Penna., on "An Actual Happening"
- V. Martha Helmuth, Indiana, on "The Joy of Teaching"

We are asked, "Do you like to teach school?" Answer: "Why would we keep on teaching if we didn't like it?" Some joys of teaching are the children meeting you with a smile, not just in school, but elsewhere; when pupils try so hard to please you; when you try so hard to teach them something for a long time and all at once they learn.

VI. Joe Beiler, Gordonville, Penna., on "A Parent's View"

Private or parochial schools are not new. They are as old as the New Testament. Teaching the good should start in the home, and schools should not lessen the responsibility of the parents. This does not necessarily mean we should teach the 3 R's at home, but teach them, first of all, Bible truths, as well as neatness, cleanliness, thrift, and to be respectful to authority; also to be industrious. All these taught at home would greatly lessen a teacher's problems.

VII. Crist M. Hershberger, Ohio, on "An Ex-Teacher Talks"

He talked on the importance of parents visiting school, and how he thought when he quit teaching he'd do much more of it, but, like the rest, he doesn't get much of it done. To the beginning teachers he said, "I know you probably think, 'Oh, I hope they (the parents), won't come,' but just wait; after a while you'll be wishing they would."

VIII. Ike Yoder, Selinsgrove, Penna. spoke a few words on his experiences.

IX. Edwin Kuhns, Ind., on "How I Like Teaching"

To answer the title, sometimes "Yes," sometimes "No." That which you have a talent for, you will probably like. Some of the worst things to deal with are lying, cheating, or getting lazy ones to work. One boy told his mother he got a licking that day and he didn't do anything. When the parents investigated they found out it was the truth. He got a licking for doing nothing!

Edwin also wrote a letter on deferments for teachers.

No. 6 - Christian Esh now read a letter from Joe Stoll on "The Police Came" (See editorial in this issue).

No. 7 - Dave Wagler, Ontario, Can., now talked on the Blackboard Bulletin and the Pathway Readers which are being prepared at the

present time.

No. 8 - Some of the school directors from a distance mentioned a number of topics. They were:

Jerome Raber, Montgomery, Ind.

Freeman Yoder, Middlebury, Ind.

Jake Graber, Grabill, Ind.

No. 9 - Lovina Hershberger, the Iowa teacher, told the story of the persecution that took place in her school last fall when the authorities tried to force the children to go to public schools.

The meeting was closed by singing the hymn, "Lebt Friedsam, Sprach Christus der Herr."

An invitation to come to Canada for next year's meeting was also given.

Supper was served at Lapps, and there was a well-attended singing at the same place that evening.

SECOND DAY, AUGUST 12

Over a hundred people boarded two buses, two cars, and a few wagons for Black Rock Retreat, which is a private park in the woods, located between Kirkwood and Quarryville. A few went on hikes through the woods in the A.M., after which dinner was served at the Pavilion.

After dinner we found a quiet place among the trees where there were log benches arranged in a circle. Here another school discussion took place. Our moderator today was Christian G. Esh.

The meeting was opened by a silent prayer and a talk by C.G. Esh on "A School Day". The question was asked, "When does a school day begin?" and he answered it himself by saying, "It begins as soon as you wake up in the morning." Our first thoughts should be the words of the Psalmist, "Lobe den Herrn, meine Seele, und was in mir ist, seinen heiligen Namen!", or thoughts of praise similar to this.

As you turn the key of the schoolhouse door, think of it as the key to education, and the door opens for the children to learn. Yes, learn they will, either good or bad, but they will learn!

When the bell rings, everything should be quiet. Children should immediately go to their seats, in an orderly manner. The teacher should be prepared for the day.

Children should be sent to school with a prayer, and not just to have them out of the way at home. After Bible reading, the Lord's Prayer, and a few songs, the classes usually start. Lessons should be explained thoroughly so that a child understands.

Education starts in school by such simple

things as making a ring or lines and coloring. By doing that they are learning, and this is education.

Next, Elam H. Beiler stressed the importance of promptness, especially in going in when the bell rings. He also talked of the importance of singing, especially hymns.

C.M. Hershberger likewise stressed singing. He also spoke of getting the children to like their lessons. "But, first," he said, "the teacher must like the lessons himself." How can we expect a child to like what we do not like ourselves? The saying goes, "As the father, so the son," and "As the teacher, so the pupil."

Four songs were sung by the group, after which Dick Beam, Lititz, Penna. spoke of his work in preparing a Pennsylvania Dutch dictionary. He would appreciate help from interested people.

Next, Mary Huyard, Penna., gave a short talk on "Why I Teach School." She said someone has to do it, and it should be someone who is interested. So if you are interested, don't hesitate because you feel unqualified, for we all do, more or less. Stand before your group as if you felt capable of the job, and the children will think you are.

Sarah Beiler gave us some thoughts on "Parent Support." All of us teachers realize how much we need it. How can we get it? It helps a lot if parents can be persuaded to visit school. In her school, the parents took turns last year to visit school, one every week. She never knew who would come or when. P.T.A. meetings also help, though they may have some disadvantages.

Sarah Lapp, Penna., spoke next, on "How an Ex-Teacher Feels."

Then the question-box was opened and each question read separately, and an open discussion held on it. The final answer was written on the back. The questions had been gathered the day before. A.S. Kinsinger may print a booklet with these questions and answers, if requested.

Elam H. Beiler read a letter from Uria R. Byler about the experiences of two daring boys.

Jonas Nisley's workbooks (See August issue) were displayed and explained.

Next, nineteen beginning teachers sang the song, "Beautiful Life", which was very fitting. C.G. Esh admonished them somewhat, and ended by saying he wouldn't exchange his six years teaching for any money.

Elam Beiler thanked the group for the good attendance, the attentiveness, and finally for the seeming success of the meeting, after which

the whole group sang, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

Andy Kinsinger and John Beiler now gave their views on the meeting, and we went back to the buses, the strangers leaving for various places for the night. Most of them left for home the next morning.

Now, my views on the meeting; first of all, I feel thankful to the Giver of all good gifts for His many blessings, His protection and care, for the attendance, the interest shown, and for the final success of the meeting.

Last but not least, I want to thank our two moderators who so faithfully performed their duties, and who tried so hard to make the meeting worthwhile, even though they expressed themselves many times as unfitted and unworthy of the task. But with all their feeling of inability, they still stood before us as a teacher does before her pupils, and I'm confident we all thought they did very well.

- Box 16, Ronks, Penna.

* * * * *

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

With August here, summer will soon be past,
And school days are approaching fast.
This year it will again take a few days
To get accustomed to school and its ways.

Teaching together, Sister Amanda and I,
Doing our best is what we aim to try.
On my side many mistakes are made,
And easily noticed once it's too late.

Maple Grove is the name of our school,
Where we play together and practice the rules.
Teaching by example is a good way, too,
For others to see and likewise to do.

It's surprising how much help a pupil is,
If he stays in place—I've noticed this,
And that smaller ones follow in that way,
Though in bad habits, too, I'm sorry to say.

We'll have a few more pupils the coming term,
With seven beginners in their seats to squirm.
To them the experience will be quite new,
And we trust they'll try their best to do.

Of the following things I like to tell—
Pupils' prompt appearance when hearing the bell,
Changing to books from sports. How nice
If they obey without being told twice.

Their "good mornings" are cherished sweet,
Coming through the door in clothes so neat;
Smiles on their faces as soon as in sight—
That helps to start the day off right!

Last year many a visitor came;
I'm hoping this year they'll do the same:
Parents, friends, we enjoyed them all,
As they joined in song, or helped play ball.

Last year records of attendance showed well,
And was appreciated more than words can tell.
The pupil's presence, if possible, every day
Helps a teacher in more than one way.

In our work we need the help from Above;
Asking for forgiveness, patience, and love.
Now my poem I will bring to an end.
Best wishes for the coming term, I'll send.

Sincerely,
Lovina Nisley

* * * * *

I TRUST HER HEART TO THEE

- Author Unknown

I wash the dirt from little feet,
and as I wash I pray,
"Lord, keep them ever pure and true
to walk the narrow way."

I wash the dirt from little hands,
and earnestly I ask,
"Lord, may they ever yielded be
to do the humblest task."

I wash the dirt from little knees, ..
and pray, "Lord may they be,
The place where victories are won,
and orders sought from Thee."

I scrub the clothes that soil so soon,
and pray, "Lord may their clothes,
Throughout eternal ages be,
the robe of righteousness."

E'er many hours shall pass, I know
I'll wash these hands again.
And there'll be dirt upon her dress
before the day shall end.

But as she journeys on through life
and learns of want and pain.
Lord, keep her precious little heart
cleansed from all sin and stain.

For soap and water cannot reach,
where Thou alone canst see,
Her hands and feet, these I can wash—
I trust her heart to thee.

- Selected by Mrs. E.N.S.

* * * * *



THE BOOKSHELF

SEPTEMBER SPECIAL- GREAT LAKES SHIP-WRECKS AND SURVIVALS, a big book full of human interest stories of the Lakes, of boats and of storms and disasters, a \$6.00 value. Now only \$5.00

OTHER OUTSTANDING VALUES: Flexible cover German-English New Testament, \$2.00; Cassell's Compact German-English Dictionary, \$1.50; KIDNAP, the Lindberg Case, a \$6.95 value, only \$3.50; THE LONG CRY, a novel of the time of Jeremiah, \$3.00; Jacob Have I Loved, \$2.75; HUTTERITE WAY, \$6.00; All Things Common, \$5.00; Conscientious Objectors in Civil War, \$1.95; The Long Winter, \$3.50; Hurlbut's Bible Story, \$5.00, paperback, 95¢; Husbands and Pregnancy, 75¢; None of These Diseases, \$2.95, paperback 65¢; Sanctity of Sex, cloth, \$2.95; The Thunderstorm (weather) 60¢; Four Translations New Testament, \$8.50; Bremers Handkonkordanz, \$6.00; Wahres Christenthum, (Beiler), \$1.50; Josephus \$6.50, paperback \$4.50; Clarke's Commentary, 4 vol. \$24.50; Young's Analytical concordance, \$11.00.

American Funds, postpaid. Pathway Bookstore, Aylmer, Ontario.

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FRANKLIN'S FIRST JOB IN LONDON

When (Benjamin) Franklin was nineteen years old, he visited London. He was in search of work, and having learned the printer's trade, he went straight to a printing office and made known his errand. The foreman was rather disdainful.

"Ah, a lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

Young Franklin stepped to one of the cases and set up these words from the 1st chapter of John's Gospel: "Nathanael said unto him, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Philip said unto him "Come and see." The text conveyed such a delicate rebuke, and the work was done so quickly and accurately that a position was granted him at once. — Exchange.

* * * * *

Leading Lambs Astray

'Twas a Sheep not a Lamb that strayed away,
In the parable Jesus told;
A grown-up Sheep that wandered away
From the ninety and nine in the fold.

Out on the hillside, out in the cold
'Twas a Sheep the good Shepherd sought;
And back to the flock, safe into the fold,
'Twas a Sheep the good Shepherd brought.

And why for the Sheep should we anxiously long,
And as anxiously hope and pray?
Because there is danger if they go wrong
They will lead the Lambs astray.

For the Lambs will follow the Sheep, you know,
Wherever the Sheep may stray;
If the Sheep go wrong it will not be long
Till the Lambs are as wrong as they.

And so with the Sheep we earnestly plead
For the sake of the Lambs to-day;
If the Lambs are lost what terrible cost
Some Sheep will have to pay. —Selected.

MY NEIGHBORS

— E. E. Johnson

When the God of creation came down to earth,
He taught us how we could be our worth;
That each man's goal from the day of his birth
Is to be a good neighbor.

He may be different and hard to understand,
He may be a thousand miles away over sea or land,
But if he is, he needs a helping hand—
He's my neighbor.

He may be cantankerous and his temper may be ill,
And when I'm wrong he'll correct me with a will;
But with all his faults, I love him still,
He's my neighbor.

He may be slow to return and quick to borrow,
And if I ask for a loan he'll say "Tomorrow".

But he's right there to comfort if I'm in sorrow,
He's a good neighbor.

THE PARENT'S TASK

I may not earn fame as I travel this way,
Or make a fortune while here I stay,
But when my name is mentioned, I hope they'll
say,

Give to your children a home wherein
Love's fires are lit and never grow dim.
A place where the children may know
That they with their pleasures and troubles
may go.

"He was a good neighbor."

Now this rhyming may be bad and the meter not
so good,
But if its meaning is understood,
We'll unite in the spirit of brotherhood
And all be good neighbors!

The place may be small with scanty board,
Or rich with the wealth of Croesus stored.
It matters not where the house may sit,
For the home is just what we make of it.

- Selected

* * * * *

TEMPER

When I have lost my temper, I have lost my
reason, too;
I am never proud of anything, which I angrily
do.

Help your child build a memory chest
Where all that is noble, all that is best,
Can be stored away for the time when he
Needs help and guidance away from thee...
Sometime when he needs must stand alone,
When no longer little, not yet hardly grown...
When back to his memory chest he'll go,
And find there the things that he needs to know.

When I have talked in anger, and my cheeks are
flaming red,
I have always uttered something, which I wish
I had not said.

Teach him these truths lest he should fall;
That a loving Father is over all;
There's a time and a place for everything,
And virtue its own reward will bring;
That if he the flames of kindness would fan
He must live in peace with his fellowman;
That life must be lived both clean and pure,
And God will take care of the rest, I am sure.

In anger I have never done a kindly deed or
wise,

- Author Unknown

But many things for which I felt I should
apologize.

* * * * *

In looking back across my life and all I've lost
or made,

THOMAS EDISON

I can't recall a single time when my fury ever
paid.

During the short time that he attended school,
Thomas A. Edison was nearly always at the
foot of his class. On one occasion a teacher
remarked to the inspector that the boy was
"addled" and that trying to tutor him was a
mere waste of time.

So I struggle to be patient for I've reached a
wiser age;

The youth overheard the remark. He re-
peated it to his mother, who promptly took the
child back to the school and told the teacher he
did not know what he was talking about and that
the lad had more brains than the teacher.

I do not want to do a thing or speak a word in
rage.

Referring to this critical period of his ex-
istence, Mr. Edison once said:

I have learned by sad experience that when my
temper flies

"Had it not been for my mother's apprecia-
tion and faith in me, I should very likely never
have been an inventor. She was so true, so
sure of me, that I felt that I had someone to
live for; someone I must not disappoint. The
memory of her will always be a blessing to
me."

I never do a worthy deed; a decent deed or wise.

- Selected

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* * * * *

Someone asked a farmer how he was able to
produce such beautiful sheep. His reply was a
classic for parents: "I take care of the lambs!"
Taking care of lambs involves more than merely
feeding them day by day. Every shepherd real-
izes that certain disciplinary processes need to
be pursued if his lambs are to become the kind
of sheep he desires.

- Selected

A DAILY DOZEN

1. Believe in yourself, for you are marvelously endowed.
2. Believe in your job, for all honest work is precious.
3. Believe in this day, for every minute contains an opportunity to do good.
4. Believe in your family, and create harmony by trust and cooperation.
5. Believe in your neighbor, for the more friends you can make the happier you will be.
6. Believe in uprightness, for you cannot go wrong doing right.
7. Believe in your decisions; consult God first, then go ahead.
8. Believe in your health, stop taking your pulse.
9. Believe in your church; you encourage others to attend by attending yourself.
10. Believe in the now; yesterday is past recall and tomorrow may never come.
11. Believe in God's promises; He means it when He says, "I am with you always."

12. Believe in God's mercy; if God forgives you, forgive yourself—and try again tomorrow.

— Alstair Mac Odium

* * * * *

THE OLD MCGUFFEY READER

It was just an old McGuffey reader... In an antique bookshop I chanced to see... As I leafed through its worn pages... It brought sweet memories back to me... The dim old-fashioned writing... To the reader gave a clue... Of the little girl that owned it... And wrote her name when it was new... I can see her by the open firelight... When her weary eyes could no longer look... She had memorized her reading lessons... From the old McGuffey book... For this old McGuffey Reader... With stories and verse of inspiring lines... Molded beautiful virtues in trusting young hearts... Where thirst for knowledge vines... These bygone days of study... That gave principles to many a leader... I shall always hold near and dear to my heart... The old McGuffey Reader.

— Mary I. Stockwell

* * * * *

To All Parents

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of Mine," He said,
"For you to love the while she lives and mourn for when she's dead.
It may be six or less years, or twenty-two or three,
But will you, till I call her back, take care of her for me?
She'll bring her smiles to gladden you, and should her stay be brief,
You'll have her lovely memories as solace for your grief."

"I cannot promise she will stay, since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there I want this child to learn.
I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true
And from the throngs that crowd life's lanes I have selected you.
Now will you give her all your love, nor think the labor vain,
Nor hate me when I come to call to take her back again?"

I fancied that I heard them say, "Dear Lord, Thy will be done!
For all the joy Thy child shall bring, the risk of grief we'll run.
We'll shelter her with tenderness, we'll love her while we may,
And for the happiness we've known, forever grateful stay;
But shall the angels call for her much sooner than we've planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand."

—Edgar A Guest.

HOLD FAST TO THE RIGHT

(May be sung to the tune of "Hold Fast to the Right")

God gave you to us in your cradle, my child,
For it was the best that He knew.
And as long as His mercy permits us to live
We will never cease praying for you.

We're sending you to a parochial school,
And we hope that God there can rule;
There you'll read from the books that we think
are the best,
Which we've chosen from all the rest.

When noon time comes and you all run and play,
We don't want to hear anyone say,
"I don't care to play with you today",
For that is no Christian way.

Now in our school where God can rule,
We learn of Matthew Seven-Twelve,
"Do unto others as ye would have them do,"
And esteem them better than yourselves.

If all the dear parents who send to the school
Will help us abide by that Rule,
We can have a Christian school which God can
bless,
And for what more should we ask?

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right,
Wherever your footsteps may roam;
Oh, forsake not the way of salvation, my child,
That you learned from your teacher in school.

- By a bashful poet
(submitted by Jonas M. Schrock)

* * * * *

TEN RULES FOR TEACHING

- By Uria R. Byler

1. Be patient. An impatient teacher sows confusion and nervousness among the pupils, especially if they are a little slow. Patience will sooner or later pay off big dividends, and the pupils will always remember and appreciate it. (We are talking of patience in teaching, and not in discipline. That's a horse of another color. We are all prone to have too much patience here.)

2. Love children. If children make you nervous, forget completely about school teaching, but remember what a wise man once said, "A man is never so tall as when he stoops to help a child."

3. Be kind, but firm, in discipline. No matter how well-educated or talented a teacher may be, if that teacher has poor discipline he (or she) is headed for a hard fall. Never make any rules or regulations that you are not prepared to enforce. Children will love and respect you more if you quietly and firmly enforce the rules.

4. Be willing to learn new methods and techniques. During the summer it will pay you well to think up new ideas and methods. Also, in your spare time brush up on your course of study for the coming term. Study some math, English, history, to maintain that margin of knowledge between you and the pupils.

5. Have the courage to take criticism without

striking back. You will be criticized—make no mistake about that. The teacher who never made a mistake and was criticized, how rightly or wrongly, is as extinct as a dodo bird. If deserved, take it gracefully and try to improve. If groundless, ignore it, but remember, "if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

6. Be as fair as humanly possible. The teacher probably never lived who has never been accused of having pets, somewhere or sometime. Try to be fair and also ignore this.

7. Be a friend to the pupils, but not a chum. I hope I can fully explain this. You can't be a teacher during study hours and act like a pupil at other times. We all, at times, would like to let our hair down, get into the group and mix with the pupils in playing and bantering, but it does not work. Playing games with them—yes. Joining in childish bantering and jokes and childish pranks—no. A teacher should show a certain apartness. Otherwise, you are inviting trouble.

8. Don't try to convert the pupils. Your primary duty is to educate. The duty of conversion lies with the parents. Instead of trying to convert your pupils, first be sure that your school is run in such a mannerly way that a well-behaved child of good parentage and upbringing will not lose that and fall into some degrading environment in your school. Don't spoil what the parents have built up, spiritually

speaking. (Instead, a good school will protect and strengthen what the parents have built up. Ed.)

9. Be co-operative and friendly at all times with the public. This is sometimes overlooked. We should have nothing to hide from anyone, public or others. When public visitors come, welcome them in and be friendly. And above all, don't let the children giggle and gawk and stare. That leaves a bad taste for any visitors.

10. Don't be afraid to admit mistakes. You

will make them, and the pupils will admire and respect you if you have the gumption to openly admit and correct them. Before the entire school on the first day, tell your pupils that they should not expect you not to make any mistakes, but that you will appreciate it if they tell you when they see any in assignments, and so on.

May God bless and be with all of you as you "stoop to help the child."

- R. 1, Box 53A

Middlefield, Ohio 44062

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THE NURTURE OF CHILDREN

Because children are born in our care, God demands that we devote to Him those entrusted to us. The fruit of our bodies belongs to God. When young men and women enter wedlock, they should consider well the choice they make, and marry such as are of like faith, that there be no division in the nurture of their children.

When father and mother disagree in faith and live in discord, they cannot sow the seed of peace in their children. Whatever seed is sown grows. When husband and wife argue and quarrel about something, the children usually are divided, too. Some take the side of the father, the others the side of the mother. Thus the enemy destroys the nurture of the children. O, what great misery can be found in many households.

...We should be careful concerning the conversation of our children. Faithful fathers will admonish their children when they gossip about other children or neighbors. They should not talk about such things because they do more harm than good.

A person should also investigate whether they speak the truth and whether they have understood correctly or not. A parent should be careful not to put too much confidence in what the children say; he may thereby get into trouble himself, and strengthen the children in their misunderstanding. Children should be carefully watched that they do not purposely lie about the neighbors or their children. Much discord has originated from the false tales of children.

Oh, fathers, seek to keep peace and therefore try your children in everything, that they may not be instigators of discord. When they get into trouble with other children, take heed that because of your love for them, you do not become partial and support them in their wrong.

If something happens that you cannot judge truthfully, then do not judge at all. For if you accuse your children of something they did not do, they will lose their confidence in you. You wrong them and sin by making a wrong decision.

Parents should start disciplining their children and never give in to their stubbornness, but begin at the cradle to teach them to respect their parents. They should also seek to build up their children's confidence from childhood on, to build up trust in the parents' word.

To gain their confidence, everything should be told exactly as it is, and they should not be disappointed. Following is an example which may seem unimportant to many. Our child is sick and we are to give him medicine. On his refusal we tell him to take it, for it is good. The child believes our word but is deceived, for the medicine is very bitter. Here the confidence is undermined and weakened, so the next time the child will doubt our word and rightfully so, for we have deceived him. But if we tell children the truth in all circumstances, we build up their confidence in us so that they believe whatever we say.

Children should be taught to work diligently that they may know from their youth how to manage material affairs. "Idleness is the devil's workshop." Teach them to work for the glory of God, and to be liberal in almsgiving. ...Every father will find it difficult to implant order and love in his children, particularly in such as have an indifferent nature; but he must not give up nor get tired of continually working at it. At times he will be encouraged because the children will improve and at other times he will be grieved because the children will be so forgetful and indifferent.

...Whoever does not discipline his children when they sin honors the children more than God. God demands that we bring up our chil-

dren in the fear and admonition of the Lord, and when we look at them through our fingers, then we honor them more than we honor the Lord. We love them more carnally than we love God spiritually.

Now the question arises how we shall discipline the children. Children have different natures and therefore require various methods of training. If with words you can keep a child obedient and in good behaviour, it is unnecessary to use the rod. If this is not possible and you let the children continue in sin, you do not give them real child nurture.

Study your children from infancy and then choose the best method of breaking their self-will. Some children can be punished when they have been naughty by holding them and not letting them go until they give in, thus breaking their self-will. Some will obey more readily in this way than if the rod is used. Others, however, have to have their self-will broken with the rod.

If we do all we can from the cradle on to train the children in behaviour and discipline, we will still find enough work when they grow up, especially as long as they are unconverted. Brethren, we can not train a child well enough that it does not have to see its lost condition, repent, and receive Christ as Saviour, even if the child has been obedient to parents. For all humans have first to see their lost condition before they can rise with Christ Jesus in newness of life. Parents can be a great help to lead children to God, but they can also be a great hindrance if they do not do their duty.

There are some people who say you should not be too strict with a child. This is very true, but it is more often the other way—parents think their children have never done anything wrong and need not be punished, and let them grow up self-willed and stiffnecked. Parents, such children can look back in later years and say rightfully, "Father and mother, you did not do your duty in raising up your children." We can find more examples in which child nurture is taken too lightly than too severely.

As soon as the rod works more harm than good, then disciplining should be defined to awakening the conscience and planting conviction. When children are disobedient after they have outgrown physical chastisement, we need to pray and admonish them if we wish to accomplish the desired results. They must be able to see and feel that it grieves and troubles us very much when they are disobedient. If this does not bring the desired results, we should pray to God that we may become more broken and humiliated and admonish the children in such a spirit that they

become brokenhearted, converted, and obedient because of love. But if this does not influence the children, then we should seek God's face with fasting and prayer to see where the mistake is, whether it is with us, whether the children willfully do not become converted, or whether there is any other stumbling block in the way.

Paul says, "Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." Col. 3:21. If we thus seek to train our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, we will be free before God, even if our children are disobedient, however, if we embitter and intimidate them when they are disobedient, a great guilt rests upon us. Oh, how carefully we should live before our children, that we might be found blameless before God on that day.

The world is so corrupt that a person hardly knows how to escape all the snares. The carnalities are so great and the allurements many. Many schools are so corrupt that we should carefully consider before we send our children there, and if we send them, we should investigate how they are faring.

Paul says, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." Eph. 6:1-3. "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is pleasing unto the Lord." Col. 3:20. Oh, children, you have a wonderful promise if you obey your parents, but if you are disobedient, the Scripture promises punishment.

Oh, children, consider your condition before it is eternally too late. I believe that if children have been correctly taught, disobedience to the parents is usually the first sin which condemns the children. But if they obey, this is the first commandment with a promise.

There are children who readily threaten to leave home if they cannot have their carnal liberties, but that is a defiant and evil spirit. Even if parents have not fulfilled their duty in all things, it is still a shame to leave your parents. Such a child makes its disobedience known wherever it goes.

A faithful child stays at home with father and mother until the parents give permission to go. Children may think that if they are faithful in their work they are obedient; evangelically, children of believers can only be obedient when they are converted and born again, for believing parents admonish their children from their youth to become converted, and if children don't do this they are therein disobedient.

I will admonish parents and children in another way. God has entrusted the children to us

as a gift and will require them at that day. Therefore, we should be diligent to train them for Him, who gave them to us. If we neglect our duty and our children are lost, we are to blame and their blood will be required at our hands, and we may be lost with them. Then in everlasting torment we will have to blame ourselves for not having done our duty and our children will blame us.

Oh, who desires to appear before the judgment seat of Christ with his ungodly children on whom he has failed to discharge his duty! Fear and trembling, weeping and gnashing of teeth will be the result of neglected duties.

But if we are so fortunate that we can present our children before God as holy fruit of our labor, then they will be our crown of joy; yes, they will honor us and we will have eternal pleasure in them and they in us.

May God richly bless this article that it will bring much fruit, that will last unto eternal life. Amen.

- From Mirror of Truth,
reprinted in "The Narrow Way"

* * * * *

WE GO TO THE MEETING!

I was curious to see what this teacher's meeting was like. I had only once had the privilege of attending and that was 8 years ago when it was in our locality. But at that time it was a relatively small affair. Apparently, the parochial school movement has doubled and redoubled several times during the last eight years. At that time the Blackboard Bulletin had about 200 subscribers. Since then it has doubled itself about four times.

Since we are in the book publishing business, we have noticed that the parochial schools show a lively interest in good reading material. We believe this is an encouraging sign and it was plain that someone was responsible for this. We suspected all along it was either the teachers or the parents.

But the teachers' meeting was to be held in Lancaster County which would be a long ways off. It would take a lot of time and money (we have not much of either) so we did not seriously consider the possibility of going, much as we would have liked to.

But things sometimes have a way of working out that you can hardly help yourself. At any rate, on the morning of August 11th, we found ourselves at Sam Lapps near Gordonville. There were rows and rows of benches in the yard and

they were all filled with people. They kept on coming and by the time dinner was ready, there were groups from many different states.

A nice dinner was served cafeteria-style, and as soon as it was over we were taken to the nearby schoolhouse for the afternoon program. It was a good-sized schoolhouse and by the time the group was all in, it was pretty well packed. There were teachers, ex-teachers and would-be teachers. There were school directors, parents and ministers.

When I saw the crowd, the thought came to me, "Here are a lot of people who are interested in the school movement. I hope the program will give us something worthwhile." I must say I was not disappointed. In fact, I was pleasantly surprised at the scope and the variation of the program.

We heard ministers point out how necessary the teaching program is to the welfare of the church. Parents and board members, some with tears in their eyes, reminded us how important it is to cooperate with our teachers. We heard teachers and ex-teachers tell of their experiences and of the things that made an impression on their minds over the years.

Some of the speakers were a bit nervous. The person beside me asked while waiting his turn, "What can I do to make my knees quit shaking?" This stage fright is something that is hard to explain. One of the teachers said, "It doesn't bother me at all to stand before a whole schoolhouse full of children all day, but when I get up before a bunch like this—that's different."

It's hard to give advice on something you haven't mastered altogether yet yourself. On the other hand, someone who has never experienced nervousness, would not be in a position either. I had to think of what an experienced teacher said (in the August Bulletin) "Put on a bold front,—even though you are shaking inside!"

We know that if a meeting like this is to be worthwhile, then each one must do his part. If we have a job that needs to be done, then the thing to do is do it.

Too often if we have something to say before a group we get nervous and fidgety. "How will I look? What should I say? What will they think? Where will I put my hands? etc., etc." A good speaker will have something to say, and usually he gets so taken up with what he has to say that he will forget himself.

If we stop and think, there is no one in the crowd who is going to do us any bodily harm. They are our friends, and they came because they want to learn something. Everybody knows

we are not perfect and if we make a few mistakes, that is quite natural.

We ought to be willing to do what we can and use our talent which God has given us, whether it be much or little.

I feel that the afternoon was well spent. We were made to realize the seriousness of the situation we have before us. It was good to see so many people working together in unity in a common cause.

- David Wagler

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MONTGOMERY, INDIANA
August 22, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth!" Romans 10:4.

Another school term has begun. Where did the vacation go? Yet we welcome back the privilege of once more going into the classroom.

Our school started August 19 with an enrollment of 85. Verna Knepp has the lower grades with 38 and I have the upper grades with 47. The first full day was today. There were several new faces, as we have families who are sending their pupils for the first time. We welcome them, but the rooms are rather congested with seats.

The teachers of this area: Lester Marner, Verna Knepp, Joan Raber, and I, attended the Pennsylvania teachers' meeting. We extended our trip through Hicksville, Ohio, Niagara Falls, Fort Wayne, Ind., Detroit, Michigan, Aylmer, Ont., Canada, Lancaster, Pa., Stark Co., Ohio, and Washington, D.C.

In Canada Joe Stoll took out time from his busy schedule and we had teachers' school for a day and a half. This proved very interesting and educational.

We traveled on to the Welland Locks and saw the man-made wonders of the locks, which was great but not to be compared with Niagara Falls which was created by God and is one of the seven wonders of the world.

The Senate and the House of Representatives were in session as we visited the Capitol in Washington, D.C. We sat in on both sessions. Washington D.C. is a beautiful city with landscaping and zoning being very well-planned. We toured the Bureau of Printing and Engraving and watched the making of our paper money. We also visited Kennedy's grave.

We attended the meeting at Sam Lapps in Lancaster on August 11. The meeting was well-planned and enjoyed by all in our group. I think most teachers would agree they enjoyed the

second day the most as we had a chance to talk to one another more freely and discuss the teacher's problems.

We enjoyed visiting the various schools and seeing the teachers, although in all the schools the most important item (the pupils) was missing.

We wish to thank each and every one for the hospitality shown us while visiting and extend a welcome to visitors.

Remember us in prayer.

- Sylvia M. Raber

* * * * *

THOUGHTS

WHILE PLOWING



My, it seems the summer flew by very fast! To think that school is starting again. The older one gets the faster time goes. There comes a buggy now—sure enough, it turns in at the school house and there comes another group walking. They're a little early, not? But, oh well, that's natural, the first day of school. Most of them are probably so eager and happy to be back they don't want to be late the first day.

At least, they should be glad to be back. Wouldn't it be great going to school again? Just for awhile...maybe put myself back in the fifth grade, or even the eighth grade...but that's all just wishful thinking. School days are gone, and won't come back for me. Hardly seems possible, though, that it's two years already since I was with that group that walked to school that first day. Those were good times indeed! Oh, sure, there were also problem days when everything was dull and dreary and things wouldn't go right. Some pupils longed to be out of school, but didn't they notice the pleasant days, too? Those far overshadowed the dark ones, to my way of thinking. Just as if there weren't any problems to cope with after one gets out of school!

There comes another group of little fellows laughing and talking. Can they ever scamper! Must be happy. Lucky chaps! They don't realize how nice they—"Oops! Whoa!" Here's the corner. Better mind my business, for the corner's crooked enough the way it is.

"Haw, now. Haw, gid-ap, Tom.—Whoa, let's rest awhile. Aw, Dick, you needn't puff like that. It isn't so hot."

Quite a group there already, I see. Yes, the

boys have the balls and bats out and are going for it. Wouldn't that be fun, playing ball again? Maybe I could run over and help while I let the horses rest. But that would look kind of silly, too. Me, supposed to be a big boy!

Wonder where the girls all are? Don't see many of them. Inside, very likely, helping the teacher. Probably already trying to see who can talk the most.

Now, just who's that buggy? Oh, it's Mr. _____ with his small son Sammy who is starting his first year in school. I suppose he's scared! Probably has no idea what it is like and has to learn as he goes. Doesn't even have any older brothers or sisters to go with him and tell him what it is like. Poor fellow! He's to be pitied, and I think I know exactly how he feels. Ten years ago I was in the same shoes. I still remember—that day was pretty hard. Dad took me to school and at first I even felt a little proud having my own pencil box and books. But when we came to the schoolhouse where there were a lot of children and an English man for a teacher, my spirits ebbed. Hadn't quite expected that. And my being so timid and shy didn't help anything either. Dad stayed until I had a seat, then he said he'd go home and that I'd have to stay here and come home with the bus.

All at once I felt very little and afraid and the tears started pressing rather hard, and, well, I guess I did shed a few. Can't recall anymore what all happened that day, but I do know I liked school after that, when I had become adjusted. Sure hope Sammy enjoys it, but undoubtedly the first few days will be pretty rough. He's lucky, though, to be going to a parochial school and having one of our own teachers. Won't be like stepping into a completely different world, and he'll probably get adjusted pretty easily, and if I am not mistaken he'll soon be a regular "corker" and will like school. At least, I hope he likes it. First thing he knows he'll be my age and then—oh, well, I guess there are things to look forward to in life after one gets out of school.

"Gid-dap, time to go. Get up there, Dick. Queen! Come on!" Hark! What was that? The bell? Yes, indeed, the children are all scurrying toward the school house. The teacher is probably inside getting things organized. I can just picture the scene. There's something about the atmosphere that's appealing. Everything is bright and clean. The children look cheerful and sort of mischievous. All are wearing clean new clothes. There is the smell of new books. The teacher is all smiles and so are the children, except some of the first graders. They

are sitting in their seats like wooden Indians, their heads propped on their hands, staring blankly out the window. They're hoping for the best and trying to figure out what in the world happened to father. He never acted like that before.

The teacher gives an opening speech. She'll probably say how good it is to be back again and see them all, and how they are going to have another fine school year. Yes, and then there will be the hikes and picnics and all those other things, but for me, unlucky guy, those days are past and I can do nothing but look on. Oh, well—

"Dick! You slowpoke, get up there!"

— L.

LaGrange, Indiana

* * * * *

NAPPANEE, INDIANA

August 23, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' Name.

After the interesting discussions we enjoyed at the meeting at Lancaster, my thoughts have often wandered to some of the things I have gleaned over the past years. How much we can learn from watching children and associating with them!

One afternoon just after school was dismissed one boy asked, "Martha, was something wrong this morning? When I walked in you looked as if you really had the blues."

I was somewhat stunned. How often I'd thought I could tell if he, or others, would be good that day when they walked into the classroom, little realizing that they probably read me as well as I read them.

How important it is that we greet these children with a smile. Yes, breathe a prayer, push yesterday's troubles into the background, and greet them as if none of them had ever caused us any cares. Yet, we teachers are as human as anyone else. How much a smile and a cheery greeting from the students mean to us. What dampens the spirits quicker than when a greeting is not returned?

The teacher's attitude, inner calms, battles, peace, or frustrations greatly influence the school day. There are those days when things seem to go all wrong and the children are restless. We look at the sky and wonder what weather is brewing. Perhaps a storm is on its way, but shouldn't we also take a good look at ourselves and see if possibly it might be some inner storm rather than high atmospheric pressure. When we become impatient with the children they will probably become more confused

and try our patience still more. In short, instead of becoming more impatient we need to be more patient. Sometimes we may have one eye on the clock and try to rush through classes in an effort to beat it. What happens? The nerves become a little more on edge, the children don't really understand because of too-hurried classes, they ask for more individual help, you eye the clock again, begin to lose patience, children become more confused, and the clock seems to tick away laughingly for it's winning another race! You ring the bell for recess, tired and unhappy, telling yourself you'll try to avoid this in the future.

Then at another time you may feel extra good. The arithmetic problems are your favorite and explanations come easily. We'll have a few minutes time to let the children practice on the board. How they enjoy seeing who can finish first! Somehow they were easy for them to understand today.

Later in the day we're ready for our geography class. How I enjoy our new book The American Continents, especially since I have a teacher's edition. I just wish I'd have time to do all the things that are suggested there. The children enjoy it too, especially if I can tell them about my own visits to some of the places they're studying about. I'll have to watch myself so that I don't spend too much time just visiting again. I see a few other children have dropped their work to listen. They really don't have time to be idle so you remind them to keep busy, and yet you're secretly pleased. The classes must be interesting if they want to listen in too.

What made the difference, the weather or more lesson preparation, sincere interest, and quiet communion with God?

Then there's discipline, that age-old problem of teachers. How easy that becomes when we can work well with the parents and directors! We teachers should at all times try to do what is right and enforce the rules we have made. Yes, at times it may seem easier to let things go than to enforce our rules, especially when children want to resist. Children, in general, will do anything you let them get by with, in spite of the rules you may have made. Some may be more so than others. Still, children usually respect you more if you enforce rules and maintain order. While they may not always admit it, they prefer an orderly classroom. Yes, we've seen where children did things they didn't really enjoy just because they could get by with it and were actually happier when things were in order again. It will be necessary to

use force at times, but when children know you will use force when the need arises, the need becomes less frequent. Be sure that love for the children and concern for their future motivates your actions.

As I take up my post at Millerview Parochial, Kokomo, Indiana, I feel a great responsibility on my shoulders. If only I can remember these and other lessons I have learned when the time comes to put them into practice. Little do we know what this term may hold for us. May we, as teachers and parents, strive to make this a successful school year, one that may be pleasing to God. We covet your prayers.

Sincerely,

Martha Helmuth
(School address: R. 4, Kokomo, Indiana 46901)

* * * * *

BURTON, OHIO
August 24, 1966

Christian greetings to all. We have so much to be thankful for; wonderful rains which broke the long dry spell; another healthy baby boy; our health which is priceless; and many more blessings for which I feel as the Psalmist wrote, "Danket dem Herren; denn Er ist freundlich, und Seine Güte währet ewiglich."

As most of us know, there was a meeting of teachers, directors, ministers and in general, school-minded people, at Samuel S. Lapps in Lancaster County, Pa., on Aug. 11. On the 12th two bus loads went to Black Rock Retreat, a Mennonite Park, for a most wonderful picnic and program.

There were 8 of us there from Geauga. We traveled by bus mostly. The airlines were on strike. Now don't get ideas! The bus lines surely felt the influence of the strike, as crowded as they were.

I want to leave the step-by-step description of the meeting for someone else to write as I noticed several pens were busily jotting down details.

As the teachers were asked to stand up one at a time to introduce themselves, one thing in particular impressed me. Each one asked to be remembered to the Almighty Giver of all good gifts, so as to be able to teach according to His will and have their influence be for the good. It reminded me of another passage in the Bible, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth..."

One of the beginners present was my pupil for four years and, well, I had to swallow kind of hard several times.

I'm no longer teaching, I'm no director, so why do I go to the meetings? The answer is

simply this: once you get the bug it's hard to get rid of it, and to be truthful. I'm not trying to get rid of it.

I believe these meetings have done more to create a better understanding of school matters than anything else. Many new and lasting friendships have been formed through them. How little we realized when we started them that they'd ever reach their present size. It must be about 14 years ago that a group of us in a teacher's circle letter decided it would be nice to meet each other. The first meeting was at Noah Keims in Erie, Pa. There were about 8 there. Two years later it was held in Geauga County, Ohio. It was at this meeting that I got acquainted with Joe Stoll, now editor of the

Bulletin. The following year we met in Selinsgrove, Pa., then in Canada, and so on. And so we could go on and on, but I think it's high time for this pedagogue to end his story and get to work.

Let's all be ever looking up for His help and sustenance. His mercy is so great, if we plead to Him daily He surely will answer our prayers. My prayers have always been answered so far, but often with "No." He wants me to keep asking and not falter. Let's not forget to do as Jesus commands in Matt. 7:12. Let's strive to go hand in hand into the Eternal Fatherland. Please pray for us.

- Crist M. Hershberger

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PUSHING FOR BETTER SCHOOLS

- By Uria R. Byler

Now that fall has come once more and with it the ringing of school bells across the countryside, the mind goes back to a certain day some fourteen autumns ago. I do not remember exactly what time I awoke, or what I had for breakfast, but I do remember that this was my first day of school teaching and that everything was new—schoolhouse, pupils and teachers alike. Somehow we made out that day and many days since. There have been days we'll always like to remember, and those that we are trying to forget and hope others will, too.

Let's take stock of the growth of Amish schools here in Geauga County since the year before that first day at Pleasant Valley, when Parkman Parochial broke the ice in 1951, if I'm not wrong on the date. Pleasant Valley was built in 1952 and Meadowlark in 1953. The following year three schools, Fox Run, Bundysburg and South Hayes started. After a lapse of several years Troy Parochial was organized and was followed by Nauvoo, Newcomb and Hosmer. In the last few years Valley View, Nash Road and Meadow Glow rounded out the present 13 schools in Geauga.

This is not a big number of schools compared to Lancaster, Pa., or Holmes—Wayne in Ohio, but it does show a healthy growth in interest in our own schools during the last decade. I was reminded of this a few weeks ago when I attended a school meeting at Meadowlark, the school which is still very close to the heart, although it's been eight years since the last of our children attended school there, and we have moved out of the district since.

Meadowlark is a small, insignificant build-

ing situated on a lonely road far removed from the mainstream of traffic. In 1953 the nearest house was about one-half mile away. Cow pasture, brush and woods border it on three sides and a narrow gravel road on the other.

My memories often go back to that fall of 1953. The preceding year the children in our neighborhood attended Pleasant Valley, but it was too far for convenience, so a small group decided to have a school of our own in our neighborhood. Levi A. Miller, now of Cashton, Wis. donated the acre of land and on August 2, we started digging. Later we found out from an old-timer that many years ago this was the same site on which a small public school had stood which had been called the "Egypt District." The cornerstones and old apple trees still are there. By the middle of September the classes started.

For various reasons the enrollment remained small for a few years, ranging from about 15 to 25 pupils. Daughter Lydia began teaching the fall after her eighth grade graduation, was off the next year, then taught again until she married after three terms.

In appearance, Meadowlark never will win any prizes. Because of limited finances it was built as economically as possible. It's had its ups and downs, its trials and dark days, but to those who have been with it since its start, and have tried to coach a teacher-daughter through her troubles while having some of the same, it is a very sentimental and personable thing.

All these memories always come back when I attend their meetings but the last one was

more so than ever. There was a time when only the school board and teacher would show up for the monthly meetings, but on this night there were about seven or eight mothers and a dozen or so fathers there discussing school, and incidentally, planning a twenty-foot addition to take care of an expected 50-plus enrollment.

On the way home, I felt like kicking myself for feeling discouraged sometimes about our Amish schools. Surely, I told myself, there is still a lot of interest in these schools, and I felt rather guilty for having such idle thoughts.

Of all the non-profitable things the Amish have ever been involved in, money-wise, building and running their own schools probably tops them all in sacrifice of time, effort and hard cash. At the same time, however, we can feel quite sure that if these schools are run right, there is no way in which the time and money is as well-spent, and the profit is not in that almighty dollar, but in something more lasting and valuable than all the world's riches.

As an example of how expensive these schools are, listen to this: we had a county-wide board meeting recently where each treasurer read off the total expense of each school for the 1965-66 school term. In teachers' salaries and running expenses, the people of this community had paid out in hard cash \$24,087.21 for 13 schools. Of this, probably 75% was paid by the parents in tuition alone.

Amish parochial schools have been growing by leaps and bounds in recent years, and Geauga County, or little Meadowlark, is no exception by any means, so let's stop and see what it takes to make the school systems grow. One thing we may be sure: schools don't just grow like ragweeds or quack grass, or Topsy. They must be worked at, "pushed for," money must be raised, and more "push" to keep it going.

We have mentioned the sacrifices it takes to build and operate schools. First, the school board spends a lot of time in planning the building and all the little odds and ends that go along. Teachers must be found and someone must sometimes hit the road to follow the trails of prospective teachers. Finally, school starts and there is no end to what is needed before there is the finished product. But even then, old school or new school, the board is held responsible for the needs of the teacher in equipment and books during every term. A man who does not have the time, or is unwilling to donate a lot of time and energy, is unsuited for school board duty. He should be a "pusher".

Co-operative parents of course, never flinch when the call comes to help in frolics and bees

for the school, if it is at all possible to help, and to me it sometimes seems as if the parents' part in running a school is overlooked. Here in Geauga we have seen tuition costs go as high as \$18.00 per month and this hits some parents quite hard. Although we are living in prosperous times for some, there are others who are struggling along not so prosperously, and paying the high tuition costs uncomplainingly. They need a pat on the back.

So, rather than be discouraged about what you hear and see of schools, it may be a good idea to stop and ask ourselves what we are doing to help matters, or are we sitting back and letting "George do it?" It is only human nature to be like a team we once had. Both were willing and got along fine: Jim was willing to pull most of the load and Jack was entirely willing to let him.

Schools have also come a long ways since that first day of teaching at Pleasant Valley, in ways other than numbers. For example, duplicators were only for public schools as were workbooks and phonics teaching with flash cards and games. Now all thirteen schools have duplicators and we wonder how we ever got along without them. Spoiled teachers? Well, how did the farmers get along without manure spreaders or hay loaders years ago?

No school can progress without some "pushers" on the board who are willing and alert to the needs of a teacher. We should never be content to sit back and feel satisfied. No school is perfect to the extent that the board can afford to relax its search for improvement. We only have to sit back and congratulate ourselves on our "good" school and we can be sure that something is lacking in our attitude toward the school.

How then can we help?

A teacher tells how a board member, a born "pusher", often stops in on the way to town to ask if anything is needed. That is a priceless boost for any teacher's morale. Another member drops in quite often just to see how things are going and offer advice. At a board meeting the president, after conducting the meeting in a business-like way, asks for any advice from the parents on what can be done to improve the school. Although none of these know it, they are pushers, unconsciously doing the little things that should be done.

So let's gather fresh hope, energy and faith in our schools for the coming year. We have a good thing going if we keep pushing, and something else if we let George push. Each one of us has a part, a duty to fulfil, however small it may seem, but it may contribute to the good

of the Amish schools if we do it to the honor of God, and to the benefit of our children and grandchildren.

The schools are exactly what we make them —no more and no less.

- R. 1, Box 53A
Middlefield, Ohio

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R.R. 4, Box 233
KOKOMO, INDIANA
August 24, 1966

Dear Readers of the Bulletin,
Greetings in Jesus' name.

Since receiving a request from our editor for printing material I have been tossing the idea back and forth in my mind. However, where there are growing children and consequently plenty of work, writing can easily be pushed into the background. But, reading to-day's Bulletin brought renewed inspiration.

Some years ago (while I was yet single) I went into a neighboring community to work for my uncle whose barn had burned. While visiting one Sunday in the home of one of my new girlfriends we discovered a mutual interest in teaching. However, we both wanted to teach

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R. 4, AYLMER, ONT., CAN.

upper grade levels. The following fall found her at various household duties but I had been granted a position at the local school. Not long afterwards I informed her that now we'd be ready for teaching together as by then my interests were more with the younger students. Yes, we'd really have liked teaching together. But, as is often the case with man, our plans did not formulate. Instead she went to a neighboring state and I to another community to teach.

She was fairly well prepared for teaching as she had studied at home, had substituted under various instructors, and had close contact with several different active teachers.

Throughout the next two years we were both enjoying our respective posts and we kept good contact with each other through letters. Our fourth-grade English classes wrote to each other and we went on several educational trips together.

But time goes on and brings its changes and I am no longer a school teacher, taking other people's children into the classroom for instruction and training. Instead of receiving the students I am now sending them. After teaching in a parochial school it was not without many misgivings that I saw our children board a school bus every morning to be hauled away to consolidated public schools. Meanwhile my friend was still teaching but we did not see each other so often anymore and letters were rather rare.

Suddenly, this too has changed and very frequently the mailman carries a message back and forth for us. Why? Our community has built a school and in seeking an experienced teacher for an inexperienced group and through divine guidance has contacted and hired my friend of earlier years. No, we're not teaching together as we'd dreamed of in those initial years of our teaching career. How little we could have visualized the present situation.

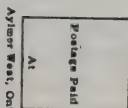
May God grant our teacher wisdom and understanding as she works with our small group of children who come from five or six different schools and have attended consolidated systems all of their school years. It is a new venture for the parents also. It is our wish that all can work together to the honor and glory of our Creator, realizing that each has his own weaknesses, yet each also has his individual strengths and thus we can strive for the betterment of the community and the church. We do need our own and your prayers in this.

May His blessings and guidance be with all parents, teachers, school directors, and students throughout the coming school year.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Allen A. Bontrager

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

VOL. 10; NO. 3

OCTOBER, 1966

COLONIAL SCHOOLS

The Pilgrims and the later colonists were determined their children should not grow up unlettered, as they called it. The very first schools were held in the cabins. The good women who taught the children, being like all these brave pioneer mothers, thrifty, time-saving women, often went on with their housework while the children did their sums or recited their lessons. There were so few pupils, and so little to be learned, why shouldn't they? Certainly they saw no reason why they should not, so long as one eye was kept on the mischievous little ones at work.

But by and by the colonies grew larger, and teachers were hired by the people. Little schoolhouses were built, and the children gathered together a few months in the year to get a schooling. Sometimes the teacher was a woman—especially in the summer time, when the big boys were at work in the field, and only the girls and the little boys could attend.

To these schools the girls carried their work-boxes and learned to sew, while the boys did hard sums in the big arithmetic. There was no need for girls to learn very much, these early people thought. A little reading and writing, and a great deal of spinning and sewing, was what was best for them.

And as the teacher herself did not know very much, she, of course, could teach the boys only

while they were quite small.

Their letters, their songs and their verses, they learned from an odd little book, called The New England Primer. It was illustrated with small woodcuts, one for every letter of the alphabet. These were placed up and down the pages, each with its couplet at the right. All the children in all the colonies used the same book. Here are some of the pages from which they learned their letters:



In Adam's Fall
We finned all.

Thy Life to mend,
This Book attend.

The Cat doth play,
And after flay.

A Dog will bite
A Thief at Night.

An Eagle' flight
Is out of fight.

The idle Fool
Is whipt at School.

The teachers in those days believed in punishing children when they did wrong. One teacher, Mistress Tileston, who taught in Boston long, long ago, would go up and down the aisles in her little schoolroom, tapping sharply the heads of idle boys with a rough steel thimble she always wore.

Mrs. Diaz, who has written much about her own early school days says, "Mistress Leonard had a faculty for contriving punishments. For example, when little Sethy Cushing tied his scarf around a kitten and hung it on the clothes-line, she tied the scarf on little Sethy, and hung him on the crane in her great kitchen fireplace, which was not at that time in use.

Scholars who told lies had mustard put on their tongues. When a little girl stole a box of candy from one of the other children, Mistress Leonard held that little girl's fingers over the red hot coals.

"This teacher had other ways, too, of helping us to avoid evil and turn to the good. She had always a little thin oval locket marked, 'Best Scholar', which she allowed us to wear when we earned it. She also had bows of ribbon, blue, red, and pink,—and black! All good children went home with the bright colored bows pinned upon their shoulders. The child that had behaved very bad wore home the black bow.

"I must not forget our Catechism—or Catechise as Mistress Leonard called it. 'Stand up and say your Catechise!' was Mistress Leonard's first order in the morning. At that we all stood in a straight line, our toes exactly on a crack in the floor.

"The questions were put in a high-pitched voice, very fast, and we were expected to answer equally fast.

"The 'Catechise' contained one hundred and seven questions, their answers, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and the Creed. Some of the scholars knew the book through, and the Primer besides."

Once in a great while the committee men would visit the school. When they did it was a great day. If the President of the United States and all the Governors should enter your schoolroom, you would not be as awe-struck as were those little schoolboys and girls of so long ago.

The committee men always heard the children read. They looked over the writing books, frowning severely at the blots if there were any; then taking the spelling book in their hands, they heard the children spell. The bigger the words they could spell, the better scholars were they supposed to be.

"Ahem, ahem!" the committee man would



AN OLD DISTRICT SCHOOLHOUSE

say, straightening up very tall and looking very wise, "Spell intercolonial."

"I-n in, t-e-r ter inter, c-o-l col intercol, i i intercoloni, a-l al intercolonial," the pupil would answer in a very shrill, high pitched voice. For this is the way children were taught to spell, and to pronounce their syllables in 'ye olden tyme."

"Ahem, very good," the committee man would say in a patronizing tone.

On the very last page of the spelling book were columns of hard words—words with silent letters. Happy was the child that could spell that page for the committee men. Such a child's standard of scholarship was settled forever.

"Can you spell phitistic?" the committee man always asked when the school had been "spelled down" on all common words.

"Ph-th-is-ic," some child would answer, jerking the letters to keep the rhythm.

"And Mississippi?"

"Mis-sis-sip-pi," was the answer in the same jerky tone.

If the children passed on spelling, and then could tell how much a herring and a half at a cent and a half apiece would cost, that school was believed to be a success; and in the town reports, that teacher was said to have "kept a good school."

But the men teachers. It would never do to pass them by.

I wonder if you have ever heard that old hymn called "Federal Street"? You will find it in the church hymn books; and a grand old hymn it is. This was written by one of Boston's old citizens, H. K. Oliver. This man, too, once gave an address on "Early Boston Schools," in which he says, "Master Haystop kept school on the corner of Franklin and Washington streets.

"The building was a very old one—one of the early colonial buildings. The walls were time-stained; the door was old; the staircase was old; and it led up to an old room on the second floor,

where we were taught by a teacher that was also very old.

"His dress was very odd. He wore a tabby velvet coat, the tails of which stood sometimes straight out. His knee breeches of velvet, like his coat, were finished at the knee by large and shining silver buckles; with these, in lustre, vied two more silver buckles which rested upon the tops of his clumsy shoes.

"Around his neck was wound, just once and a half, a stiffly ironed stock, which helped to keep his head stiff and straight, as became a

teacher in his day. But above all, his crowning glory was the wig—the white powdered wig, combed straight back from his forehead and hanging always in a nicely braided queue behind."

Now, to be sure, these schools that Mrs. Diaz and Mr. Oliver have told us about were schools of the nineteenth century; still you must remember that they were exactly like those of the very early colonial times.

- From the book, Stories of Colonial Children, 1894

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1966

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Please, writers, sharpen your pencils. We need more material. Why don't more of the teachers write now, instead of waiting until next spring, and then all of you writing at the same time? Now is the time to share your experiences; next spring it will be too late to give advice.

And parents, we'd be glad to hear from you, too.

Perhaps half of our writers start their letters with an apology for not writing sooner, and then explain their writing now with, "If no one wrote, there wouldn't be any BULLETIN." Though we've read this so often it's wearing thin, it's still as true as true. If no one wrote, we wouldn't have a BULLETIN. So write right now.

Thanks to all the faithful writers who have not neglected us.

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Subscription rates since March 1, 1966 have been \$1.75 per year, or \$3.00 for two years. We still get the occasional subscription at the old price.

We have some requests about the costs of gift subscriptions since the price has raised. If you send in five or more 1-year gift subscriptions, the price is \$1.50 each. Introduce the BULLETIN to your friends and relatives. We have had a lot of nice letters of appreciation from readers who received the paper as a gift, and most of them become regular subscribers.

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Did your subscription expire this fall? We appreciate the many prompt renewals, and thank those who include a note saying how they like the paper. I don't think you can realize how much little things like this mean to us (or to your teachers). We're very human and sometimes think we make more than our share of mistakes. It's the same as in any other work—there are "blue" days when we wonder if it's worth it, but on just such days, it seems, the mailman brings a few words of encouragement from some faraway subscriber, "Here's \$3.00 for a renewal to the B.B. Please send the Sept. issue, as we don't want to miss any. . . . We wouldn't want to be without the paper., etc. etc."

We get the other kind, too, but not so often, and letters like the above have a way of healing things again.

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A reminder to the readers: We have the booklet, "Who Shall Educate Our Children?" still available. If you can use any of these, order at the below-cost price of 25¢ each; \$2.00 a dozen; or \$10.00 a hundred. 80 pages.

Also, we have several boxes of reprints of two articles lying on the shelf, gathering dust. The articles are (1) An Imaginary Parent-Teacher Conversation. (2) How To Grow Mountains, and How to Kill Molehills.

We had some requests for these reprints several years ago, so we printed a thousand copies of each, with fond hopes they would be read. To clear our shelves, we offer to give

these FREE to anyone who can use them. Of course, if you want to pay the postage, that's all right. But we'd rather pay it, too, than see these papers grow yellow on the shelf.

Also "on the shelf" are extra copies of some of last year's BULLETINS. If you'd like these for samples, we offer them at 5¢ each, delivered. You can pass them out to your friends or send us a list of names, and we'll mail them direct.

Still a few copies of Challenge of the Child left, at \$2.00 each.

Other items you might be interested in that are published by PATHWAY and can be ordered from PATHWAY BOOKSTORE, or purchased from your local bookstore, are the following:

- . "The Problems of Our Youth", 25 pages; 15¢ each; 10 for \$1.00; \$7.50 per 100.
- . "Tobacco, A Burning Issue", 40¢ doz., sample free. \$2.00 per 100.
- . "Are All Things Lawful?" (About the automobile)- 15¢ ea.; 10 for \$1.00
- . "Unsound Doctrine Exposed" (Jehovah's Witnesses)- 15¢ ea.; 10 for \$1.00
- . Bound volumes 8-9, BLACKBOARD BULLETIN, - \$5.00 each.

Notice: The full text of the writing, "How To Eliminate the Amish Without Really Trying" by Prof. Erickson will be printed in booklet form by Pathway Publishing Corporation, along with other writings touching on parochial school problems. It is hoped that this booklet will be of special value for distribution to the public school officials. See the article by David Wagler in this issue.

We had planned the annual directory of schools and teachers for this issue, but some of the information did not make the deadline, so it will be held over until November.

The number of new schools is greater this year than ever before. We are planning a brief report and description of each one, to appear in the November and December BULLETINS.

- J. S.

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"Our parents love us very much,
And give us gifts to please us,
But God must love us better still,
Because He gave us Jesus."

- Selected

FROM THE MAILBOX:

"Your request for an article and my letter for the BULLETIN must have crossed in the mail. Quite a coincidence! Like a child, I was rather glad I had done my duty before I was told to do it!"

- From an Indiana writer

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"First, let me say how we enjoy and appreciate the BLACKBOARD BULLETIN, even though we are not having any scholars, but have plenty of grandchildren in school. I am sorry that we didn't have access to such a periodical at the time we were sending our own to school, as I feel if the admonitions it contains are heeded, a greater harmony will result between teachers and parents.

- A Grandmother

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"Striking it is, and sad, to read of some of the subtle influences which children in public schools are under. As an example, I will quote what I read in the book, None Dare Call It Treason, in the chapter on "Education". I thought it might be of interest to you, if you have not already read it. I will quote:

"Indoctrination in the availability and rightness of the free handout is not limited to high school students. The brainwashing starts today in the first grade. Recall the story, if you are old enough, in the first grade readers about the hard-working little squirrel who gathered and stored nuts for the winter. The story had a moral: Work hard and save wisely for uncertain days ahead.

"For today's six-year-old, that story has been rewritten. The new version is entitled: 'Ask For It'. In it, a little squirrel named Bobby, ate nuts from a tree during the summer. Other squirrels suggested that Bobby put some nuts away for the winter. As Bobby didn't like to work, he ignored the advice.

"Winter came and one morning Bobby awakened to find the whole world covered with snow and all the nuts were gone from the tree. He got awfully hungry but remembered that a boy who lived in a white house had taken some of the nuts from his tree during the summer. Bobby went to the white house and gave a squirrel call. A door opened and a fine brown nut rolled out. Bobby Squirrel learned his lesson.

"The story concludes, 'I know how to get my dinner. All I have to do is ask for it.'

"This story is in the first grade reader, Our New Friends, published by Scott, Foresman and Company in 1956. . . . It is approved for use in most states." End of quote.

- A brother, Gordonville, Penna.



HOW THE BOOKS HAVE CHANGED!

These past few months we have examined several hundred school readers, some ten years old and others a hundred and ten, in our search for material for the new PATHWAY series, grades 5-8. A person would need to be either blind or less than honest if he could not see how reading texts have gone "morally downhill" in the last century. This is not to say that all books today are equally bad, or that all books long ago were good. But the overall picture is startling.

The real break came after the First World

War, and things have been headed steadily downward ever since. Many of the recent literature books we examined contained not one selection we considered adapted for our use!

The stories today are quite a contrast to the time when the Bible was the main textbook, and all the lessons were based squarely on its teachings. In this issue we are reprinting a page from the famous New England Primer. This is how Colonial children learned the alphabet and how to read. Note that every little couplet has a Bible lesson or a good moral.

To better show BULLETIN subscribers the difference between great-grandfather's readers and the readers our children are using today, we will reprint selections from Willson's Second Reader, 1860, in one column, and in the column by its side some excerpts from modern readers.

1860

NEVER TELL A LIE

No, do not tell a lie. Tell the truth at all times, and be kind and good to all, and then all will love you, and you will be happy.

Do you know that it is wicked to tell lies? Yes, you have often been told so. The Bible also says so, and the Bible tells the truth. It is very mean, as well as very wicked, to tell lies.

If you tell lies, God will be angry with you; all good men will despise you; and all good boys and girls will shun you. Then what would you gain by telling lies? You would not gain anything, but you would lose much.

"A child that lies, no one will trust,

Though he should speak the thing that's true;

And he that does one wrong at first,

And lies to hide it, makes it two."

If you tell lies, you will also feel badly yourself. You will know that you have done wrong; and when you are wicked you can not help feeling badly. A bad boy can not be happy.

Then be a good and honest child, so that all can love you. If you have been careless, and have broken a window, or torn a nice book, or lost a door key, or upset the ink on the table, go to your father or mother or teacher and confess it.

Yes, that is the best way. That is the right way. That is the honest way. Would you like to be happy? Then be an honest child, and never, never tell a lie. Do you wish to be a child of

-To next page, column 1

1960's

SECOND HELPINGS

...Everyone began eating and drinking. Soon Mrs. Smart asked, "Is everyone ready for my apple-and-nut cake?"

"Oh, dear! Not I," said Mr. Bell. "I've eaten too much now."

"So have I," Mr. Small said. "I have eaten too much, and I've been drinking too much milk. I really can't eat cake."

"Now!" said Mr. Gay. "We can use what I brought to this party. I brought my fiddle. Surely you men can eat cake if you do a little dancing first. I'll play my fiddle while you dance. It's time I did something to earn my dinner. I'll earn it with my fiddle."

Soon merry sounds filled the park.

Mrs. Smart picked up a pan and used it for a drum. She drummed and drummed. Mr. Gay fiddled and fiddled and fiddled. The other two men went dancing around the table with Tommy and his sister.

At last Mrs. Smart said, "You have fiddled and drummed and danced enough. You can eat cake now! Mr. Gay has earned his cake by this time."

She cut some cake for each neighbor. She gave Mr. Gay the biggest helping because he had earned it. After the people had eaten their cake, they washed their hands in the pond. As they came back from the boat pond, Mr. Bell said, "That was the best cake I've ever eaten. What kind was it?"

-To next page, column 2

God? Then speak the truth.

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GOD IS NEAR

It is God who made all things. He made the earth, and He made the sun, and the moon, and the stars also.

God made the beasts that roam over the earth, the birds that fly in the air, and the fish that swim in the rivers, the lakes, and the great sea. He made man also.

God makes the tender herbs and the grass to grow, as well as the tall trees of the forest; and He sends the rain and the dew to water them, and the sun to warm them.

He gives us all our food; for if He did not take care of the beasts, and the birds, and the fish, and the grain that we sow, and the seeds that we plant, all of them would die, and then we should die also.

But God not only takes care of us, and all things around us, but He is also near us at all times. He sees us now. He sees all that we do, and He knows all our thoughts. He knows all things.

We should thank God for all His goodness to us. We should pray to Him often, and ask Him to keep us from sin, and to bless us.

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"WHOM DID YOU CHEAT?"

On his face was a grin that turned into a smirk, "I cheated," he said, "And you had to work." Thus spake two boys as they walked by the way. "And besides," the lad mocked, "You needn't look so shocked. My grades were as good as yours any day."

Then answered the other with shoulders square, "I can tell you if you cheated you were being unfair,

Not to your teacher, or schoolmate or brother." "For if you cheated,"

He slowly repeated,

"You cheated yourself much more than another!"
- Elmo Stoll

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HE KNOWS WHAT IS BEST

"I asked for things when I was small
That I should not have had at all.
But Dad and Mother understood
And gave me only what was good.

"Upside-down cake," said Mrs. Smart. "Why are you walking on your hands?"

Mr. Bell asked in surprise, "Me? Walking on my hands? So I am!"

"So are the others!" cried Mrs. Smart. "Their feet almost touch the branches of the trees. Tell me why you are all walking on your hands?"....¹

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FIVE LITTLE PIGS

...Fat old Grandfather Pig called the children into the house. He and the five little pigs sat down to look at Happy Clown on TV.

"It's easy to look after the children this way," thought Grandfather Pig.

When the clown show was over, a woman began to tell a story. It was a very long story, and Grandfather Pig got very sleepy. Soon he went to sleep.²

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THE FIRST WOODPECKER

...The man gave a sudden great stamp on the floor. Then the woman became smaller and smaller and smaller.

The man gave another great stamp, and wings grew out of the woman's back. At the third stamp her apron and cap and dress changed to feathers. The mean and sly old woman had been changed to a bird. It had white feathers for an apron and red feathers for a cap.

The bird lifted its wings and flew off.

That was long, long ago. Ever since that long-ago time, there have been birds with red caps and white aprons. These birds are called woodpeckers. They find their food in the bark of trees. Their loud cries are heard in the forest, even to this day.³

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1 Page 148, The New More Friends and Neighbors.

2 Page 162, More Fun With Our Friends

3 Page 227, The New More Friends and Neighbors

* * * * * - J.S.

A MAN OF GOD IN THE SCHOOLROOM

- Lester E. Showalter



In the days before Alice and Jerry books, teacher's manuals, and achievement tests, Christopher Dock pioneered in the field of Christian education. So pronounced was his success as a school master that a Philadelphia printer begged him to write a book about his methods. The book he wrote, called Schulordnung (School Management), has within recent years caught the attention of leading Christian educators. Reprints and translations from the German have been made, and authorities are saying: That Mennonite pioneer in Christian education, that "pious school master," as he was called, represented and practiced ideals which we have somehow failed to put in the proper perspective due to our twisted roots in the secular school system.

Here was a man struggling with the same problems two hundred years ago that those of us who are concerned about the Christian day school movement are seeking solutions for today. However, unlike Christopher Dock, we are greatly handicapped by the defective philosophy upon which the secular school system has been operating and under whose influence we have all received our education. Our concept of school may be largely secular. We are tempted to judge the way our children are taught by the way we were taught. We find ourselves in a position similar to that of a professional who is asked to complete a job which an amateur has bungled. A mason knows how difficult it is to build a good concrete-block wall on top of a poor foundation. It would be easier to tear it down and start with professional methods.

The Christian day school movement, in continuing where public schools left off, has added a Bible class and morning devotions and calls the entire program Christian education. We all agree that secular education is not producing the fruits we want to see from our children's education, but a look at current Christian college and high school trends makes us wonder just how Christ-oriented our school program really is. Maybe we are only building on top of the already crumbling philosophy of secular education.

Therefore, it is a privilege to be able to look at Christian education and the teaching profession through the eyes of one who successfully

found his way during the infancy of this country. Christopher Dock came to this country from the old world in 1714 and settled in Penn's Woods just north of Philadelphia. He started a grade school at Skippack in 1718. By looking into Dock's book, School Management, we can get a picture of the personal qualities and teaching methods that make him so outstanding.

When the Philadelphia publisher, Christopher Saur, asked Christopher Dock to write a book about his methods, Dock was not eager for the task. He did not want to do something that would call attention to himself. He finally consented after Saur promised not to publish the book until after his death. However, after the manuscript had lain around for a couple of years, publisher Saur did convince him to allow it to be published in 1770. The next autumn Dock died. He was humble about his accomplishments. He felt unworthy, and was careful to "thank God for helping me do as much as I did."

Dock clearly saw the big responsibilities of the teaching profession. He faced "the world as it exists" and "early discovered that if I wished to accomplish good among children I must daily with David, lift up my eyes to the mountains for help." He understood children, for he writes of them: "It takes them long to learn to speak, and having learned they are loath to give up the privilege. But nothing more edifying can be taught than that there is a time to speak and a time to keep silent, and none more difficult to instill."

Of the duties of a teacher he writes: "When I considered the duties of the profession, and firmly determined to carry out all these duties, I also saw the degenerate condition of youth, and the many wrongs of this world by which the adults spoil and distress youth. And I saw... my own unworthiness... It would take too long to enumerate all the duties of a schoolmaster. But it would take still longer to enumerate his troubles."

But Dock was not discouraged by the problems and troubles that faced him. Rather, he was encouraged to think that God had called him to such a great work. He writes, "The souls put into our keeping are very precious. We will

be called to account for them by our God..." He also recognized that God gave him the qualities for working with children when he writes, "I owe God particular thanks, because besides calling me to this profession He has given me an extreme love of children."

After opening the Skippack school in 1718, Dock taught for ten years and then closed it. The next ten years of his life were devoted to farming. After this he returned to teaching for the remainder of his life. We sense the deep feeling of Dock for his calling as he writes of those ten years of farming:

"I neglected that profession (teaching) for ten years, for which I often felt the smiting hand of God, which before then had served me well. May the Lord graciously overlook my neglect of the youth during that time."

O that God would bless the Church with many humble, loving, dedicated, God-fearing teachers like Christopher Dock!

These qualities can be seen to influence every area of Dock's school. He and his students started the day with God in song and prayer. "As much as they can understand of the Lord's prayer and the Ten Commandments (according to the gift God has given them), I exhort and admonish them accordingly."

The reading curriculum was designed to teach the students to read the Bible. A beginning student was taught the alphabet, then letter combinations, and then words. The final class was called the Testament class. A typical reading class is described thus:

"Those who can read their Testament sit together on one bench; but the girls and boys occupy separate benches. They are given a chapter which they read at sight consecutively. Those who fail have to sit at the end of the bench. This process continues... The last one left on the bench is a lazy pupil."

Student motivation is one of the problems that face the teacher; Dock gave it a Christian emphasis. Not only did he promote group disapproval by having the "lazy pupil" so called by the entire class speaking in unison, but he also had the students called "diligent" if they learned their lesson well. As a reward for special attainment Dock gave the students colorfully decorated mottoes expressing Christian goals and ideals. These mottoes were so well done that they are today finding their way into museums and being passed along as heirlooms. The students were also motivated in the area of writing through correspondence with students of another school. These letters often included "a short rhyme, or a passage from Scripture, and

...something of their school exercises..."

Especially can we see Dock's Christian approach and dedication to helping children in the matter of discipline and character education. His great love for children and his insistence on order and high moral standards combine to produce a system of discipline which made him both loved and feared by the students. It was said of him:

"He loved his pupils as if they all were his own children. They, in turn, loved him dearly. Whenever he was obliged to reprove the children for ill-behavior, he did so with grievous words coming from his wounded heart, so that he frequently softened their hearts; and when they were about to cry, tears crept into his eyes. He studied out many plans so that he might not need to resort to the rod."

Although Dock did use the rod in case of willful disobedience, he sought rather to motivate his children "to do things from a love of doing." He said, "The slap with the hand, the hazel switch, and the birch rod are all means to prevent the breaking forth of the evil, but they are no means to change the depraved heart." If two children were caught quarreling, "Each one's fault is pointed out... Thereupon they are placed together on the punishment seat... until they are willing to make up; if not, deserved punishment will follow. But it rarely happens that they are put on the punishment seat. They prefer shaking hands, and then the case is adjusted."

Christopher Dock compiled A Hundred Necessary Rules of Conduct for Children. These give admonition ranging from "When you wash your face and hands, do not splash water about the room," to "Dear child, in meeting or church think of the sacred presence of God, and remember that you shall be judged according to the Word you have heard that day." Other areas covered by these rules for children include such Christian principles as modesty, orderliness, courtesy, and clean speech.

When speaking of accomplishing these difficult goals in the education of children, he writes, "It is my opinion that the first and most important means is to pray for God's help." Besides his feeling of unworthiness, his dedication to his calling, his unrelenting stand for holiness and piety, and his great love for children, Christopher Dock was a man of prayer.

It was his custom each evening after dismissing his pupils to remain in his schoolroom to pray. With the roll of his pupils spread before him, he would kneel and ask God to forgive him for any act of injustice or of neglect toward any pupil in his school that day. He also asked,

as he pronounced each pupil's name, that God would help him on the morrow to do the best things for each one.

"One evening in the autumn of 1771, he did not return from his school at the usual time. A search was made and he was found in his school room on his knees—dead. Thus ended in prayer for his pupils a life singularly sweet and unselfishly given to the welfare of those whom he believed God had divinely appointed him to teach."

—Greencastle, Penna.

— From "The Fellowship Messenger"

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BELLEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
September 20, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

Over the country is again heard that sweet familiar sound, school bells ringing. Happy children are seen walking to school, swinging their lunch buckets, gaily chatting as they go, or some may be seen at the end of the lane jumping and skipping, hardly able to wait till the big yellow bus arrives to pick them up and take them to school.

The Waynesburg School opened its door to begin a new school term on August 29. We have 32 pupils—22 girls and 10 boys in grades 1-8. The largest grades have 5 pupils, so we feel we have a rather small, but a nice-sized group. At least we have enough to keep us busy. We have five little girls in first grade; three of them are the first in the family to start to school. They didn't know as much when beginning school as beginners often do, but they are so willing to learn and have already learned a lot.

Many pupils and teachers are again enjoying school together. Why do teachers enjoy school? How could anyone enjoy teaching children lessons from books? Or explaining the same things again and again? There are the 3 R's to teach, and whether they should add, subtract, multiply, or divide. Then there is geography, history, and English which all seem like very important subjects.

These are not the most important things to be taught. Teaching the Golden Rule, honesty, thriftiness, cleanliness and teaching them to be willing to work with mind and hands are also very important things which should be taught. Then there are scratches and bruises to be taken care of, little quarrels to be settled, spills to be cleaned up, toothaches, headaches, upset stomachs to be nursed.

How could anyone enjoy a day of this? A teacher will enjoy this because she loves the

pupils. She is concerned about the younger generation, and is willing to help them gain a natural and spiritual education.

Teaching also has many rewards: a child's friendly smile, a cheery good morning, thank you's and neat papers. And the child who tries and is willing even though he doesn't succeed. All these will go deep into the heart of a teacher, and she will feel well paid for the task she is undertaking.

Why shouldn't there be someone willing to undertake this task which has so many joys? It is not a simple task. No; but what task is always simple and easy? Teaching is a pleasant task with many responsibilities, molding and building these little children into honest, truthful boys and girls. It is like building a house, a task one can't do alone. First of all it takes help from our Heavenly Father above, Who does all things well. It also takes the co-operation of parents and directors. With good co-operation and help from God, we should be able to have a school which will be of benefit to the children.

We wish all teachers and pupils a happy school year.

Remember us in your prayers.

— Catherine Swarey

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BULLETIN BOOKSHELF

"TITUS, A COMRADE OF THE CROSS", Our special for October. A book you and your whole family will want to read. A story of the time of Christ. Hard cover, \$3.00 each.

"NOT REGINA" a new printing of one of Christmas Carol Kauffman's best books. A story with an Anabaptist setting. With new design cover featuring the Swiss Alps. Hard cover \$3.00. MATTHEW HENRY COMMENTARY, 6-volume set, Special price for October, \$30.00. LITTLE BIBLES, small booklets with select Bible verses, 50¢ dozen. Cruden's Popular Concordance 2.95; Four-Translations New Testament \$8.50; Halley's Bible Handbook 3.50; Unger's Bible Dictionary \$8.00; Pilgrim's Progress, Modern English 3.75; UNGER'S BIBLE HANDBOOK (New book, special price) \$3.50. Nave's Topical Bible \$8.95; Indian Lore, \$3.00; Lost Sister Among the Miamis \$2.00. Great Lakes Shipwrecks and Survivals, \$5.00; Happy Life Stories (Third Grade) \$2.25; Stories I Like to Read, (Second Grade) \$2.15; Living Gospels \$3.50, paperback \$2.10; All prices prepaid, American Funds. Send to Pathway Bookstore, Aylmer, Ontario.

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HOW TO EXTERMINATE THE AMISH WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

- By David Wagler

Whether we like it or not, the Amish people have been getting in the newspaper headlines quite regularly during the past several years. Most of the trouble has been caused by the disagreement over school matters in the various states. The state officials seem to think that all the children ought to be required to attend a school which meets certain standards as set by the state.

A few days ago we received an interesting writing entitled, "How to Exterminate The Amish Without Really Trying." It is mimeographed, and contains 16 pages. The author is Prof. Donald A. Erickson, Assistant professor of Education at the University of Chicago. He has given the Amish school problem considerable thought and has come up with some observations and conclusions which we would do well to notice.

He does not look at the problem from a religious point of view. Most of his conclusions are based on common sense, and on various Supreme Court decisions.

This approach is a bit strange to us, who as a religious group aim to base our decisions on common sense and the Bible. But the fact that the conclusions agree, although obtained by two different methods, seems to strengthen our point. This does not mean that the Bible needs anything else to support it. We know the Bible is true and that it will always remain so regardless of what anyone else says or tries to prove. But our applications or understandings of Biblical principles are subject to error and this is why we need to stop and consider from

THE FOUR P'S

Education fails unless the three R's at one end of the school spectrum lead ultimately to the four P's at the other end:

Preparation for Earning.

Preparation for Living.

Preparation for Understanding, and

Preparation for Participation in the problems involved in the making of a better world.

- Norman Cousins

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That's what education means—to be able to do what you've never done before.

- George Herbert Palmer

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time to time, whether the stand we are taking is consistent.

Prof. Erickson is very sympathetic toward the Amish. I am not sure whether or not he is personally acquainted with them, but he does know their ideals. He gives them a good recommendation and takes for granted that they do live up to what they believe and teach. Perhaps he will eventually learn that they are subject to human imperfections and that they do not always attain the desired goals.

He recognizes that the Amish position on education is not merely stubbornness or stupidity but that it is designed to preserve the highest Amish values. He says:

"The Amish are taught to keep themselves peculiar, a people separated and non-conformed. They are knit together by kinship, common unquestioned values and customs that mark them off visibly from everybody else. By emphasizing mixed farming as a way of life, they limit the need for outside contacts. Reliance on horse and buggy transportation keeps the basic social unit small which makes it easy to keep an eye on each member's behavior. Community norms prescribe ways of acting in such detail that most early symptoms of rebellion are detected."

He goes on to say that the Plain Peoples' approach to education may be one of the most effective ever devised. "Their success in training the young to be enterprising and satisfied farmers has impressed many agricultural experts. Unemployment, poverty, juvenile delinquency and crime are surprisingly rare. Amish prosperity and self-sufficiency are known everywhere. These are not the characteristics of a program that has failed.

"Perhaps it is the very success of this upbringing, as reflected in enduring Amish communities, that arouses the ire of some bureaucrats."

Prof. Erickson throws considerable doubt on a number of conclusions which are taken for granted by many state educational authorities. One is that the private schools must be similar in all things to the local public schools. He says

"Ohio's Attorney General has twice ruled that non-public schools must observe the same hours and school terms as public schools in the same districts, even when the public schools choose to operate for a longer period than is

required by law. This concept...could lead to ludicrous conclusions. For instance, if the public schools in a certain county decided to experiment with year-round instruction, nearby non-public schools would have to do the same."

Mr. Erickson calls attention to the fact that Amish children are given a formal education in school but that the bulk of their training for their life's work is taught at home on the job. He says:

"Kitchens, stables, markets, and fields—not

DEAR TEACHER, IS THIS RIGHT ?

- By J. West

"Teacher, am I doing this right ?"
Her clear gray eyes search mine;
Her pencil forms large A's and B's,
As I approve, "That's fine!"

"Is this the right way ?"
Anxiously he waits, with puckered brow,
As I his problems scan, and say,
"That's good; You've got it now."

At close of day they leave my care,
With eager hurrying feet—
The restless ones, the gentle ones,
The childish voices sweet.

And then I wonder—and I pray,
"Dear Teacher, is this right ?
I try to train each precious child
To walk in paths of light—

"The reading and arithmetic
Will last for earth's brief day,
But oh, in vast eternity,
How will my teaching pay ?

"Can love and truth be seen in me,
As earnestly I try
To lead each child to know Thy love,
And on Thy truth rely ?"

The lessons that will count the most
For each immortal soul,
Are not contained in mere schoolbooks;
To build lives is our goal.

And so I look above, to Him
Whence comes my help, I know.
I ask, "Lord, am I doing it right ?"
Eternity will show.

* * * * *

classrooms—are the principal educational facilities. Many public educators would be elated if their programs were as successful in preparing their students for productive community life as the Amish system seems to be. In fact, while some public school men strive to outlaw the Amish approach, others are being forced to copy many of its features.... There is no logical basis for insisting that the within-four-walls method of the typical public school is the only way to educate the nation's future citizens."

Concerning the control which the state has over private schools, he cites case after case from the U. S. Supreme Court from as far back as 1923 relating to the topic. He quotes rulings to show that "the state does have the power to regulate the non-public schools insofar as to require that...teachers shall be of good moral character, and patriotic disposition, that certain studies plainly essential to good citizenship must be taught and that nothing be taught that is plainly harmful to public welfare, and that the state does not have the power to give affirmative direction concerning intimate and essential details of such schools, such as in choice of teachers, curriculum and textbooks."

He goes on to show that a difference of opinion in a community is not necessarily bad. It is a well-known fact that the public school system is an excellent melting pot where public opinion is molded into a certain pattern. If the state had the power to enforce this unity "even in private spheres, their concepts would soon tend to assume a bloody hue." Quoting from a Supreme Court ruling of 1943, "Those who begin coercive elimination of dissent soon find themselves exterminating dissenters." In other words, if the state were to enforce unity of thought then it would soon have to be exterminating those who would not conform.

Citing a ruling of 1943 which says it is constitutional to believe and teach such a doctrine as pacifism which is in direct opposition to accepted public opinion, he asks a vital question, "If it is permissible to live as an Amishman in the United States, why is it not equally permissible to prepare to live as an Amishman ?"

Getting to the heart of the matter, Prof. Erickson realizes that the present trend in school reorganization would strike a serious blow to the Amish way of life. He says:

"Regretably, the educators who spearheaded the widespread reorganization of public schools around the end of World War II gave little consideration to the danger their movement would pose to minorities whose survival demanded schools that were small, culturally separate

and close at hand. There is evidence that many nonpublic schools and especially the Amish variety, sprang into being largely in response to this movement. HAD THE AMISH NOT REACTED IN SUCH A MANNER, PUBLIC SCHOOL LEADERS MIGHT WELL HAVE EXTERMINATED THEM AS A DISTINCT CULTURAL GROUP WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

"The conclusion seems unavoidable that the attempts of several states forcefully to uproot Amish child-rearing practices are mis-guided, indefensible and ineffective. At best these efforts are unintentional intrusions upon sacred human liberties. At worst, they are tyranny in academic garb."

Let no one be deceived into thinking that the

Amish would be the only ones who would be dealt a fatal blow by the new system of education. Any Biblical church will suffer, but because the Amish have maintained a traditional non-conformity, they have been the first to offer resistance to the movement. We believe the bulk of modern education is so designed that it will bring about the elimination of religion, some of it intentionally, others unintentionally.

When a professor in a secular university is able to see the dangers in such a system, it would seem that we ought to realize it.

(Note: Some of the quotations have been condensed and revised to eliminate technical terms.)

* * * * *

TEACHING OUR CHILDREN TO PRAY

- By John Bunyan

How shall we teach our children to pray? My judgment is that men go the wrong way to teach their children to pray in going about so soon to teach them any set company of words, as is the common use of poor creatures to do.

For to me it seems to be a better way for people sometimes to tell their children what cursed creatures they are, and how they are under the wrath of God by reason of original and actual sin; also to tell them the nature of God's wrath and the duration of the misery, which if they conscientiously do, they would sooner teach their children to pray than they do. The way that men learn to pray is by conviction for sin, and this is the way to make our sweet babes do so too. But the other way—namely, to be busy in teaching children forms of prayer before they know anything else—it is the next way to make them hypocrites and to puff them up with pride. Teach therefore your children to know their wretched state and condition, tell them of hell-fire and their sins, of damnation and salvation, the way to escape the one and to enjoy the other; (if you know yourselves); and this will make tears run down from their eyes and hearty groans flow from their hearts; and then also you may tell them to whom they should pray, and through whom they should pray; you may tell them also of God's promises, and His grace extended to sinners according to the Word.

Ah! Poor sweet babes, the Lord open their eyes and make them holy Christians! Saith David, "Come, ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord."

He does not say, "I will muzzle you up in a form of prayer," but I will teach you the fear of

the Lord" which is, to see their sad state by nature, and to be instructed in the truth of the Gospel, which does in the Spirit beget prayer in every one that in truth learns it. And the more you teach them this the more will their hearts run out to God in prayer.

God never did account Paul a praying man until he was a convinced and converted man; no more will it be with anyone else....

Let every soul that would be saved pour out itself to God. I know if the grace of God be in thee it will be as natural to thee to groan out thy condition as it is for a suckling child to cry for the breast. Prayer is one of the first things that discovers a man to be a Christian. But yet, if it be right, it is such a prayer as follows:

1. To desire God in Christ, for himself, for his holiness, love, wisdom, and glory. For right prayer, as it runs on to God through Christ, so it centers in Him and in Him alone. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none in earth that I desire (long for or seek after) besides thee."

2. That the soul might enjoy continually communion with Him, both here and hereafter. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thine image or in thy likeness."

3. Right prayer is accompanied with a continual labor after that which is prayed for. "My soul waiteth for the Lord, more than they that watch for the morning." "I will arise now and seek him whom my soul loveth." For mark, I beseech you, there are two things that provoke to prayer: the one is a detestation to sin and the things of this life; the other is a longing desire after communion with God in a holy and un-

defiled state and inheritance.

Compare but this one thing with most of the prayers that are made by men, and you shall find them but mock prayers and the breathings of an abominable spirit; for even the most of men either not pray at all, or else only endeavor to mock God and the world by so doing; for do but compare their prayer and the course of their lives together, and you may easily see that the thing included in their prayer is the least looked after by their lives. O sad hypocrites!

- From the book, A Discourse on Prayer
selected by E. C. G.

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IT'S NOT THE CHILD'S FAULT!

One of the saddest things I know of is the habit of some parents of discussing in front of a child some physical defect or mental short-coming for which he is not responsible and for which he must not be blamed. For instance, here on my desk is a letter from a mother who is heart-broken because her son has upper eyelids which fall down so low that they give his face a peculiar, rather stupid and unpleasant expression.

The father is so angry about this that he keeps constantly sneering at the boy. He does this until the lad and sometimes his mother feels almost suicidal. The mother now dreads



"DUTCH" HAPPENINGS IN THE SCHOOLROOM

Teacher: Now each of you children give me the morning news report, and I will write it on the blackboard.

First Grader: Last night we went to grandmothers. We milked the cows and drank the pigs.

.

Teacher, to scholar: And what do you want to be when you grow up?

Scholar: I want to get me a wife and raise peoples.

.

The little girl wanted to report to the teacher that they were moving to another community, and then she said, "Teacher, Thursday in a week we are going to pull."

- Submitted by a Reader

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meal times because so often the father then keeps jeering at the poor boy.

I have another letter from a grandmother who tells me of her great distress over what goes on constantly in the home of one of her daughters. This daughter had two girls. The elder one was beautiful, charming and lovely, and everyone liked her. She was doing wonderfully well at college and the parents adored her.

The younger child was so mentally retarded that she was no joy to herself or to anyone else. Then came an epidemic of influenza. Both girls caught it; the lovely one died and the retarded one recovered.

Ever since a common topic of conversation between the two parents—often at the dinner table—is the sad fact that the wonderful daughter had to go while the retarded one had to live. Obviously, the girl suffers terribly for this, and it is most unkind of the parents to be constantly talking about it.

Still another letter is from a mother who is broken-hearted because one of her sons is very brilliant and handsome, and gets all A's, while the other son is not good-looking and is so lacking in ability that it looks now as if he is going to flunk out of college. Again the mother's heart is constantly being torn by the fact that the father keeps showing anger because his younger boy is not as bright as the elder one is.

Perhaps the parents who read this will come to see that without thinking they are being terribly cruel to a child who is in no way responsible for his unfortunate handicap. He may perhaps deserve much praise for what, with great effort, he is accomplishing.

- By Dr. Walter C. Alvarez; selected by Katie P. Hershberger

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GORDONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
September 19, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Friendly greetings in Jesus' holy name.

I have had a desire to write for the Bulletin before this, but have always put it off. Then this last summer I traveled with the editor from Pennsylvania to Daviess County, Indiana to attend the annual school meeting there, so I thought that now I will write a few words.

The summer has passed by, and with it a number of school meetings. The last one was the teachers' meeting, which was very interesting to me. And I suppose it was also interesting to the ones that are starting teaching this

year.

The local public school board decided to close a few of the one room schools and sell them at public auction. The people who lived near the Hollow School did not like to see their school closed, so they bought it. It is located in the east end of Leacock Township.

I went over early on the morning of September 7. The school sets rather alone, and I just thought, "This is a dreary place." I waited awhile, and then someone walked in. I asked if she was to be the teacher, and she said she was.

Soon some children came. They looked in through the windows for a glimpse of their new teacher. Before long they were all in the school, talking to the teacher. The older ones helped me unload the books, and the younger ones could hardly wait to see what books they would get. Everyone helped to set things in order, and oh, such a change! The place was no longer dreary. How nice it would be if we could at times make such a big change for our Heavenly Father.

- Benuel K. Stoltzfoos

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WHY I LIKE TO TEACH SCHOOL

- By John F. Esh

A Christian greeting to the BULLETIN readers.

I like to teach school because I like to work with children. There is no greater pleasure than to see that the children are obedient and truthful. It is rewarding to see the children learn and be promoted a grade higher every year. To me it is more than worldly treasures, which we cannot take with us when we leave this world.

Teaching is a work in which time passes fast, almost faster than we can keep up with. We hardly have time to think about ailments physical, but do feel the shortcomings spiritually, when thinking of the responsibility a teacher has. A school is no better than the teacher.

The parents also have a responsibility in helping to have a good school. Children should not be allowed to bring money to school, for sooner or later some other child will try to get a nickel or a quarter by offering a piece of cake. No child should be allowed to bring matches. Chewing gum is forbidden in most schools including ours.

School children should have games to play at school. In this the parents could help. The teachers in our Amish schools do not receive a

high wage, and my experience is that nearly every time I go to town, I think of something we need at school.

Any form of playing with cards at school seems to be harmful, and no help to education. The children should not be allowed to do anything at school that is forbidden in church.

Knowledge without wisdom leads to ruin. True wisdom comes from God. He is the Teacher of all teachers.

Remember us in prayer.

- Littlestown, Pennsylvania

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RAINDROPS AND SUNSHINE

Dad says there's lots of bumps to cross
As down life's road we roll,
And tears are only nature's way
To irrigate the soul.

It takes rain as well as sun
To raise a crop of grain,
So it takes tears as well as joy
To make a fertile brain.

Each heartache that we're asked to bear
Builds us wise and strong,
And more able to meet the next one
Whenever it comes along.

- Selected by John D. Hershberger
from "Farm and Dairy"

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PARADISE, PENNSYLVANIA

September 20, 1966

Greetings of peace and love to all Bulletin Readers.

After reading the interesting writings in the September Bulletin, I feel very unworthy and far in the background, but this does not set me free from doing my part in the cause. Another busy summer has passed. What have we done to better the conditions of this world and its worldly activities, and also in church affairs? The attitude some people are taking gives us reason to feel sick at heart and to bow our heads in shame.

It so happened that I was at the funeral of one of my boyhood friends, and one of the remarks that impressed me was that God sent His Son Jesus to save us from sin and not in sin, as I fear some people take it for granted. I recall one group that has a place to gather called a retreat:—a big building with many rooms. Over the weekends they gather and have devotions

and are called to the priest to pay for their sins, but then they go home and indulge in the same misdeeds again. These people believe in a purgatory. If one dies in his sins, the survivors pay the priest to pray them out of that state. I do not read anything in the Bible like this. Is this traditions of men?

Coming to the subject of schools, we here in our township built another schoolhouse. We have fewer transportation problems now, and more of the pupils can walk. Sarah S. Beiler is the teacher. We had good co-operation from the parents and others. The school is named Pine Grove.

The Fisher brothers were asked to make the bell tower. Well, they hesitated a little but finally they got started, and it is now a job well done, though it was a new experience for them. One of them remarked, "Every time I hear that bell ring, it will no doubt remind me of that experience."

We are having some trouble with broken windows at the Belmont school. Last week one night there were twenty panes broken. This school is situated away from other buildings. Therefore, I would advise to build new schools near homes.

Three one-room public schools sold on Saturday. The Amish purchased two, but at a very high price. The two schools brought enough to build four new one-room schools. So it is to be recommended that wherever new schools are needed, to lease the land and put up a new building. The new ones are insulated and take only about half the fuel to heat.

Now when we build or purchase a school, the expense of building if it is new, or its appraised

value if it is used, is what the Old Order Book Society will go along with. The maximum price for a new school is \$5000, and this is for building purposes and not for maintenance expenses.

This is the time of the year when we make our collection. The ministers mention it at church, and appoint either the deacon or a church member that is qualified, to make a collection (or some pay individually, and others make donations). In this way the schools belong to the church, and the State has very little jurisdiction over them. About all they have to say is regarding attendance, safety, light and ventilation.

In the public schools new methods of teaching are coming out—partly by T.V., and in some cases they spell and pronounce the words differently. Also, the sixth grade is going through quite a change with their arithmetic, as they are being taught by machine to add and subtract.

The district board is in the process of building an intermediate school with a planetarium, which will cost an extra \$70,000. Some of you may not know what a planetarium is. It's a big dome-like addition where there will be artificial stars and the solar system. They will be teaching how many light-years to such and such a planet. To my mind comes the verse of Paul's, where he said, "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

They are also building an addition to Paradise Elementary School at a great expense. The three townships have merged, that is Paradise, Salisbury, and Leacock, and also New Milltown Independent. So the taxes are equal, 62 mills.

If we could only show some of our people who are not interested in parochial schools that when we spend \$100 on a pupil, the public schools spend \$500 (to give it in round numbers). If all our Amish children were taken out of the public schools, the taxes would not be so high.

There was a good account given in the September issue of the Teachers' Meeting. We did have a well-attended meeting, and wish to give God the honor and glory for it.

But not much was mentioned of the vocational committee meeting. It was largely attended, with some from out of the State, and about thirty Old Order Mennonites. The meeting was held at Stephen U. Fishers, 2 1/2 miles south of Strasburg, on Wednesday, August 10.

Some people ask, "Why so many meetings?" If we want to work together in "Einigkeit", we have to meet and discuss our problems and proceedings. Again and again we hear people who used to be opposed to parochial schools, saying, "I didn't understand it at all." But if they

LET ME GUIDE A CHILD

"Dear Lord, I do not ask that Thou shouldst
give me some high work of Thine;
Some noble calling, or some wondrous task.
Give me a hand to hold in mine;
Give me a child to point the way, over the
strange, sweet path that leads to Thee:
Give me a voice to teach to pray; two shining
eyes Thy face to see.
The only crown I ask, dear Lord, to wear is
this: That I may teach a child.
I do not ask that I may ever stand among the
wise, the worthy, or the great.
I only ask that softly, hand in hand—a child and
I may enter at Thy gate."

- Selected

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are not interested and don't attend the meetings, how will they know? And the sad part of it is that they so often make publicity of our mistakes and shortcomings. My own experience has been that mistakes are my best teacher. This I learned already in the carpenter trade. In my younger days I worked for two different bosses. They were so different. The one would praise you if you did a good deed, but if you made a mistake he would criticize you, which made you feel bad. The other man didn't say anything; if you did a good deed you would not hear about it. Also, if a mistake was made, you would not hear about it. Which man was the best to work for?

The person who pats you on the back when a good deed is done may be the first one to criticize you when you make a mistake, or if something doesn't suit him.

I admit with David Wagler that we have a broad-leaf cash crop that does not bear fruit, and helps to boost the price of land, but it is on the decrease. The farmers are going more into the dairy business.

We have trials and temptations here, and maybe more than in Canada. But our forefathers lived here and it seems most of us would not feel at home any other place. We are living in very perilous times, more so than ever before, even in martyr times, but we want to look on the bright side, too. Jesus said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

As I read "Thoughts While Plowing," my memory went back to my own school days. When we did not know our lessons too well, the teacher would say, "After you are out of school and in the field plowing, you will think back and wish you had studied more." I can say there is truth to that.

She was the teacher I remember best and like the best. With all her sternness, she was firm and I believe I learned more the last two years she taught than in all the others. At the time, we thought she was too strict, but later I did not think so.

Some people may think the money and time spent for school purposes is in vain, but to my way of thinking it is a thousand times better spent there, for the younger generation, than in some other things. I agree with Uria Byler that it takes pushers to keep things going, and that we can be a pusher without realizing it, if an interest is taken.

Thanks to all who visited our community this past summer. We welcome you all back again sometime. We are in need of your prayers.

- John F. Beiler

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MOTHERS

- By Jane Merchant

Wipe smudgy finger prints from looking-glasses,
 Shine up the floor where someone spilled
 molasses,
 Wash dishes, cook, sweep, dust, reply to
 questions,
 Sew buttons on, kiss hurts, make wise
 suggestions,
 Fall into bed when all the family's dreaming,
 And conscientiously refrain from screaming
 At realizing all the things that got done,
 Are things that never show unless they're
 not done.

* * * * *

TAKE TIME

Take time to think—it is the source of power.
 Take time to play—it is the secret of youth.
 Take time to read—it is the fountain of wisdom.
 Take time to love and be loved—it is a God-given
 privilege.
 Take time to be friendly—it is the road to hap-
 piness.
 Take time to laugh—it is the music of the soul.
 Take time to give—it is too short a day to be
 selfish.
 Take time to work—it is the price of success.
 Take time to pray—it is the greatest power on
 earth.

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GARDENING FOR ETERNITY

Dear Bulletin Readers,
 Greetings of Christian love to all who read
 this. I've been moved to also write for this
 paper, to help a good purpose, though I'd say
 there are more talented ones to write than I.
 But does that excuse us from working with what
 we have? We do not want to be slothful ser-
 vants.

We've heard and read much about parochial
 schools. We can think of them as gardens
 planted here and there. In our natural gardens,
 we use much care to keep the weeds under con-
 trol. How much more necessary it is then, in
 a spiritual sense, to keep these gardens hoed
 and cleaned of weeds, which are so much eas-
 ier controlled when they are still small. In so
 doing, let us do it as unto God. We'd never ex-
 pect any good fruit from weeds or thorns (sin),
 and if these are not controlled, they will choke
 out the good plants or deeds.

When we hear of so much violence and the

tragedies of the present day, we cannot but wonder whether it is because the parents have neglected the little sins in their children. For when the limb is young, it is so much easier bent than when it is older.

We are commanded by the Scriptures to wake up out of our sleep; yes, wake up to our responsibilities, if we are to be sincere Christians. Jesus said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

I am glad for the efforts being put forth to prepare new readers, as that is very important.

This is written with love and a concern for the future generation. Wishing you all the love and grace of God.

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots.
Kind words are the blossoms;
Kind deeds are the fruits."

- Bremen, Indiana

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APPLE CREEK, OHIO
September 8, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name. I have been wanting to write a letter for awhile, but kept putting it off. I will send along the following poem, "Blessings", which I feel is especially nice to read at this time of year.

BLESSINGS

Do you have a blessing, dear?
Look around you, give an ear
To the buzzing of the bees,
To the whispering of the trees,
To the robin and the lark,
To children laughing in the park,
Or the mercy in a prayer.
I am sure that every care
Will fade as on a summer breeze,
When you list to such as these.
Or perchance you cannot hear?
Let your sight then draw you near
To the beauty of the flowers,
And the sweetness of the hours
Spent in reading some good book,
Or standing by a shining brook,
Watching lights and shadows play
As the ripples speed away,
Or children playing in a park
Or a lantern in the dark.

If you cannot hear or see,
Then other blessings are for thee;

The gentle touch of a child's hand,
The harvest breeze flowing o'er the land,
The scent of flowers in the air,
Tasty food, and loving care.
The feel of water on your face.
The knowledge that you have a place
In making life a blessing too,
For blessings are inside of you.

So blind, or deaf, or doubly so,
Or hale and hearty, don't you know
Your blessings are the life you live,
The good to others you would give?
The seed of love you plant will bring
Rich returns, a breath of Spring
In a child's sweet caress;
Loving deeds, and friendliness
Of others strolling in the park,
God's grace, a lantern in the dark.

I always enjoy visiting schools. Yesterday I arranged to stop at Johnson's school where my cousin, Lizziean Nissley, teaches. She has forty pupils.

My brother, Sam, is laid up with a sprained ankle which he received when he fell off taking a swing ride.

Our home school district is Anderson. Katie Miller of Geauga County is teaching this year. School started Sept. 6. My sister has four children going to school.

- Miss Lovina J. Miller

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BELLEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
September 21, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the name of our Lord, Jesus Christ.

I find the BULLETIN a very interesting paper, as I'm also a teacher and it is interesting to read about others who have the same kind of work. This is my second year of teaching. The first year was rather a difficult and nerve-racking one at times, and I hardly knew if I wanted to teach again.

There were a lot of sunshiny days, so with the encouragement of other people, I finally started the second year, and find it much easier than last year.

I was at the largely-attended teachers' meeting this summer at Samuel Lapps. This I enjoyed very much, and feel I have a lot to learn yet. Everything had been arranged carefully and with much concern.

In leafing through the BULLETIN I see where

several writers have urged all parents to visit their schools at least once a year. I don't believe the parents can realize what a big help it is to the pupils and teacher. We then feel that the parents share our concerns, instead of just sending their children and never giving it a thought.

In our second week of school, we had as visitors Ervin Weavers and daughter, Martha, and Levi Hershbergers, from Millersburg, Ohio. They were accompanied to the school by my parents and Uncle Crist Renno's.

My enrollment this year is 38, 25 girls and 13 boys. There is only one beginner. Last year I had 8 in the first grade, and they all had so much ambition to learn whatever I taught them.

I wish I could be a better example to the pupils. I realize now what a burden we were to our teacher when we went to school. We could have made it much easier for her. She had a great deal of patience and understanding, which is a real help to the pupils.

The leaves on the trees are changing to brilliant colors at present. The pupils would like to go for their walk to the beautifully-colored mountain, where we pick up the various kinds and shapes of leaves. We usually go for a walk in the fall and again in the spring.

Here is a clipping from an old paper. I feel there is some truth in it.

"If you don't read, you don't know;
If you don't know, you don't care;
If you don't care, you don't give;
If you don't give, you don't succeed;
If you don't succeed, you better read."

Best wishes to all readers.

- Hettie Mary Peachey

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EPHRATA, PENNSYLVANIA
September 23, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

I will try in my weakness to write a few lines, with the help from Above, in the interest of the parochial schools. I admire the sincere efforts of so many people to keep the schools in a Christian order, apart from the modern worldly education. Let us all work together to keep our schools on such a level that the education we give our children will be a help and not a hindrance in the building of our churches, in non-conformity and nonresistance.

I feel that parochial schools have their advantages, and also their disadvantages. In the public schools of thirty or more years ago, the

pupils mingled with the children from all walks of life, and so were better acquainted with the children of the general public, whereas in our parochial schools this is different. But if we teach them to respect everyone according to the Scriptures, and to observe the Golden Rule, this should be no problem.

In regard to behaviour in the schools, I believe the parents can do a great deal by co-operating with the teacher and board members.

To all teachers who read these unworthy lines, I wish you the guidance of God's Spirit in your labors. I believe you will be rewarded, not necessarily in dollars and cents, but with an eternal reward for a job well done. May God's richest blessings rest on the parochial school work throughout.

- An unworthy reader, Harry O. Weaver

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"DEAR PARENTS..."

Today was my first day of teaching school. Needless to say, I was quite nervous, for it is like starting out on a strange path, not knowing what I'll meet, but I know with this work there will be trouble sometimes and my path will not always have sunshine, for I am human and errors will come. When they do, will you please have patience with me, and help me to overcome?

And there will be times when the children will need punishment, and they will turn against me, but if you will not accept their criticism I know things will soon be going smooth again, for a child forgives easily.

This I want you to do; to pray for me, and try to understand my motives, for oftentimes decisions will be hard to make, but if we try to understand each other then there will be more peace and love, for in this way, when I fail I know you will kindly admonish me.

I will be needing your help.

- A Teacher

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A LESSON FOR MOTHERS

A little girl once said, "Mother, does God ever scold?" She had seen her mother lose her temper and give way to the impulse of passion, and pondering thoughtfully for a moment, she asked, "Mother, does God ever scold?"

The question was so abrupt and startling that it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock, and she said, "Why, my child, what

makes you ask such a question?"

"Because, mother, you have always told me that God was good, and that we should try to be like Him; and I should like to know if He ever scolds."

"No, my child, of course not."

"Well, I'm glad He doesn't, for scolding always hurts me, even if I feel I have done wrong, and it doesn't seem to me as if I could love God very much if He scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never before had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding. The words of the child sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers, and the child, seeing the effect of her words, eagerly inquired:

"Why do you cry, Mother? Was it naughty for me to say what I said?"

"No, my love, it was all right. I was only thinking that I might have spoken more kindly, and not have hurt your feelings by speaking so hastily, and in anger, as I did."

"Oh, mother, you are good and kind. Only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk as you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near you, as I can when you speak kindly. And, oh, sometimes I fear I shall be put off so far I can never get back again!"

"No, my child, don't say that," said the mother, unable to keep back her tears, as she felt how her tones had repelled her little one from her heart. And the child, wondering what had so affected her parent, but intuitively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, reached up, and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered, "Mother, dear, do I make you cry? Do you love me?"

"Oh, yes, I do love you more than I can tell," said the mother, clasping the little one to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again. But if I have to reprove my child, I will try to do it, not in anger, but kindly, deeply as I may be grieved that she has done wrong."

"Oh, I am so glad. I can get so near to you if you don't scold. And do you know, mother, I want to love you so much, and I will try always to be good?"

The lesson was one that sank deep in that mother's heart, and has been an aid to her for many years. It impressed the great principle of reproof in kindness, not in anger, if we would gain the great end of reproof—that of winning the child to what is right, and to the parent's heart.

- Mother, Home, and Heaven

READY FOR THE MORNING?

- By Elmo Stoll

The hour was late, and it was time to turn out the light. I hesitated a moment at the edge of the bed. In my mind I was taking a quick inventory of the school situation. Did I have the assignments ready? Papers all checked? Grade two's printing sheets ready? A story to read at noon? What about social studies? Oh yes, I decided to have everyone draw a map of the route they take from home to school each morning. Don't forget to insist that they put on the key and a scale. Perhaps they'll even produce some bulletin board material. And for spelling tomorrow...final dictation of this week's words and the test sheets are ready. Then everything is prepared.

Slowly I turned and put out the light. I felt satisfied. It was relaxing to know that everything was prepared for the morrow. I felt pleasantly tired. What a fine thing to have everything off my mind before I slept.

As I nestled down to sleep, my thoughts wandered from school to life itself. Was I as concerned to be prepared for the future in other areas as I was in my school work? The teacher soon learns by painful experience that hurried, last-minute dashes just before classes in the morning is the wrong way to begin the day.

What about pushing some other things off until the last minute? Could that be a mistake too? What about the judgment day? Would I even have a chance to make last-minute adjustments? Teaching school all day when you haven't made preparations can be vexing indeed, but is it anything compared to spending an eternity unprepared?

We must be in the last days. The signs of the times are clear. The earth is full of violence. Men's hearts are failing them for fear. There are wars and rumors of wars. Perhaps tonight is our last chance to do our homework. Remember the brother you wronged? Remember that bitter, hasty word? Don't turn out the light just now. Don't try to sleep with that on your mind. Prepare tonight for classes tomorrow.

Instead of a bell ringing us to school in the morning, it might be a trumpet blast. Are we ready?

- R.R. #2, Wellesley, Ont.

* * * * *

If you want to love your enemies then pray for them.

WHAT'S GOOD FOR A LAZY BOY?

- Author's name withheld by request

"What's good for a lazy boy?" asked a man who was desperately trying to get a twelve-year-old to do a little work.

He received a quick reply from a man who had six sons, and who knew from experience what lazy boys are, "It's probably just the warm weather that makes him lazy."

"But he's lazy in the winter, too," said the man.

A second man suggested that plenty of work was the best thing for a lazy boy. He also had several boys, and his boys had learned the joys and satisfaction of doing a quick and thorough job.

"But I can't get him to work."

A third man wondered whose boy it was, and suggested that maybe his parents were the same as the boy, and the boy had probably never seen a good example of honest labor, nor learned the rewards of eating his bread by the sweat of his brow.

A fourth suggestion was that some parents work hard and honestly to support their families and yet they neglect the better part of their

children's life, that of a good education, which includes first of all Christian love and next the rod of correction. Also, the joy and satisfaction of doing a good job of your work, and getting it done on time, and then relax and meditate on the Word of God. For an idle life does not lead a child to God, and a child of God will not lead an idle life. An idle mind is the biggest part of an idle life.

The education from books in school is very important to our children, but the kind of education they get at home will mean more to the kind of life they will lead.

Let us not neglect the most important part of their life.

- Submitted by a reader

* * * * *

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

Oh, Lord, if I'm to teach, inspire me to be

The teacher that I want to be;

Direct my word and every deed,

Supply me with the wisdom that I must have
To guide each child through the day.

Oh, Lord, if I'm to teach, give me the gift of
understanding

Give me the gifts of love and truth;

Allow my senses added insight

So my lips will speak kind words,
And my eyes will see goodness in everyone.

Oh, Lord, if I'm to teach,

Grant me the power to penetrate the mind's
mystery,

And let me awaken the sleeping knowledge You
have placed there.

Show me how to enlighten the unfortunate,
And give me patience with the slower ones.

Oh, Lord, if I'm to teach,

Let me have compassion, and make me
sympathetic.

Help me to be tolerant;

Remove prejudice and doubt and fear from
my mind.

Let me appreciate each child a little bit every
day.

Oh, Lord, if I'm to teach,

Grant me strength to teach with joy in my
heart,

And allow my service to be a living example.

Lord, give me the gift of teaching...

I ask so much, but Lord, I need so much if I'm
to teach.

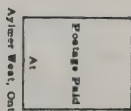
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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

VOLUME 10; NO. 4 NOVEMBER, 1966

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

- By Samuel Hertzler

Knowledge is needed by all, but wisdom is needed to keep knowledge in balance. Making atom bombs is possible only by an unusual knowledge. How to use these bombs, or to not use them, requires wisdom. It is to be feared that the people who decide when or where to use them have more knowledge than wisdom, which is a dangerous situation. The populace of the earth feel more insecure from the bombs than they did before their invention.

King Solomon had the privilege to choose of the Lord what he wished. Instead of choosing some great honor for himself, he asked for wisdom to judge the nation, and to be able to discern between good and evil. He already showed considerable wisdom in making his choice.

The nations of the world are competing in their knowledge of space travel and methods of warfare. There is endless research to improve health and to overcome disease. This is knowledge and more knowledge, but there is seemingly less concern to use it wisely.

The schools throughout the nations are seek-

ing knowledge and an education for all.

Half of all taxes collected in this area go for education, yet the nation is not being improved morally. Increased knowledge does not keep lawlessness and crime in check. In fact, the opposite appears to be true. Knowledge is greatly increased, but there is not enough wisdom to strike a balance.

Great knowledge is not wrong in itself. If it has the balance of wisdom, it is very useful. We have institutions and halls of learning to gain knowledge, but where do we go to get wisdom? Wisdom is to be had for all to a greater extent than knowledge, but there is a price to pay, though not in the form of taxes. For the price of wisdom is above rubies. Job 28:18.

Job pondered the question of where to obtain wisdom and understanding, and also gave the answer. We will give his question, and answer it in his own words:

"But where shall wisdom be found?
and where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof;
neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me: and

the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

The gold and the crystal cannot equal it: and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;

To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder.

Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

Evolution, the wisdom of this world (foolishness - See I Cor. 2:20), is being taught in the schools. If true wisdom (the fear of the Lord) is to be taught, it must come from a source outside of public schools.

- Lakeside, Ontario

* * * * *

ARTHUR, ILLINOIS
October 2, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers;

Greetings in our Saviour's holy name.

We are readers of the BULLETIN, and truly enjoy it.

Well, the summer is past, and vacation, too. Busy little feet now tread to school again. Our new school opened Sept. 14, and we feel very thankful to the good Lord for giving us this privilege. We have four children—three boys and one girl. They all go to school but one.

Our school is the first in the Arthur com-

munity among the Amish. The children certainly enjoy it, and have a lot to tell. Our precious little children need good thoughts and good deeds planted in their hearts. It is a great responsibility to bring them up in the ways of God. If we fail them when they are small, what can we expect from them when they grow up? If I can only be a better example!

Sometimes we see where people dress their innocent little children in clothes that are not for us as plain people. What else will these children want when they grow up? Where are our true mothers?

There is a subject on my mind, and that is "mocking". I feel this can be one of the worst things among our children. Do they perhaps learn it from their parents?

Are we not guilty of mocking God, when we mock people whom God has made the way they are? I think if all parents would stop talking about other people in the presence of their children, a lot of trouble could be avoided. I would rather have my children mocked, than to have them do the mocking. "Wohl dem der nicht... sitzt da die Spotter sitzen." Psalm 1:1.

When someone tells us our children are in trouble, do we believe it, or do we take our children's part? If we all look up to the good Lord for guidance, I think we will have a successful school. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

My dear mother was laid to rest September 28. Her concern for our new school was great. I can just hear her say, "You have to all stand together and help each other in discipline." I think it is necessary that we keep in contact with our teacher, so she will feel free to talk if there are problems.

I will close, wishing you all the grace of God, and His many blessings. Pray for us.

- Mrs. Fred J. Yoder

* * * * *

SCHOOL DAYS

Their first day at school, dear Lord,

They are so small—

Guide the ones to whose care they go,

To see that all,

Cannot be eager or as brave,

And quick to learn—

We sent them off to school today,

Proud of the start—

Oh give the ones who guide them, Lord,

An understanding heart!

- Selected

* * * * *

The Blackboard Bulletin

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NOVEMBER

1966

FROM THE

EDITOR'S DESK:

From an Ohio teacher, "I enjoy the B.B. as much as ever, but I wish more teachers would write on teaching methods. Parents should give us their views on school standards, too. After all, aren't we working for them, with their material?"

A number of new writers responded to our plea for material in the October issue. THANK YOU, one and all. Readers keep telling us they want more original letters and articles. Selected material is all right in its place, if it is good material, but readers still prefer their eggs fresh, and not warmed-over.

Let us hear from more of you teachers. Tell us of your experiences, what you have learned,

or would like to learn—how-to-do-it articles, or if you don't know how-to-do-it, but perhaps know how-not-to-do-it, share that with us.

Anything pertaining to school or home or family life is welcomed.

The article on Christopher Dock in the October BULLETIN is worth rereading. The author of this article, Lester Showalter, suggests we mention that excerpts of Dock's writings, "School Management" and "A Hundred Necessary Rules of Conduct for Children", are available from The Association of Mennonite Elementary Schools, Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

We understand these excerpts are from Martin Brumbaugh's book on Dock, which was published in 1908, and has long been out of print. We are told a new book on Christopher Dock is in preparation, and is due to be published by Herald Press before long.

We would like to announce a greeting and

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letter shower for Miss Elizabeth C. Kauffman, R.1, Conewango Valley, N.Y. 14726.

Elizabeth is a former teacher, and has not been well for several years. This past summer she was very ill. Let us remember her with a word of cheer.

Our regular deadline for material is the 25th of each month preceding month of issue. Sometimes we are able to use material that gets here later than this, but don't count on it. The earlier the better.

Our mailing date is the 12th-15th of each month. The next issue, December, will be mailed at the peak of the Christmas rush. For this reason, do not be alarmed if the paper is later than usual. We would appreciate having material for December as early as possible, and perhaps then we can mail a few days earlier to offset the slower service.

Also, there is a possibility of another postal strike in Canada during December. We are hoping this strike will be averted, but if it does come, you will know why the BULLETIN doesn't.

A larger number of new schools opened this fall than in any year since the start of Amish schools in 1925. We plan to run short articles on each of these new schools, starting with this issue. These will continue in the December and succeeding issues, as space permits.

As these new schools join hands in the great work before us, we trust that God may be truly honored, and our children taught "in the way they should go."

Are our schools in time? Or did we wait too

long? These questions struck us forcibly as we read a letter from a professor who made a study of the Christian Day School movement among the Mennonites. In this letter, he mentioned the difference between the Amish schools, the number of which is on the increase, and the Mennonite schools, which are on the decline.

He finished by saying, "...the elementary school movement (among Mennonites) was an attempt to curb the forces of cultural change affecting our rural communities. The schools failed in this effort because the forces of cultural change had already caught up our people—particularly the youth."

We may think—well, that's not us! But it's worth some pondering, don't you think?

To Have A Good Time

Going to school "just to have a good time" is still the philosophy of many students in the U. S. A., especially in high school. We were reminded of this last week while chatting with a high school teacher from Indiana.

In an article in HOLIDAY magazine, August 1958 (which we've had in our files a long time), we are told among other things that a high school in New York State boasts five gymnasiums, a retail store, and a classroom devoted to something called, simply, "Living". And all in plush air-conditioned rooms, of course.

The article says, "In the movement of de-generation known as modern education, the guilt must be assigned to a widely-held theory of human life, a theory...equivalent to 'having a good time'.

"Once we accept the Good Time theory of

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happiness, it is inevitable that our children instead of being taught to read, write, speak and reason, will be taught to train dogs, use the telephone and wield drum-majorette batons."

The point in all this is that the average American seeks no more from life than "happiness and financial security." These bubbles offer little to the Christian, who knows that the pleasures of the world are not true happiness, nor the treasures of the world true riches.

The Christian's joy is a deeper thing, and vastly superior to the world's empty, counterfeit "happiness".

Let's not confuse the world's values with the true values, in school or out. - J. S.

* * * * *

SCHOOL — A SUPPLEMENT TO THE HOME

- By Elizabeth Miller

The World Book Encyclopedia states, "Adolescence is the period between childhood and adulthood. In this period, a person matures mentally, physically, emotionally, morally, and socially. He will undergo many changes, and experience many conflicts and frustrations."

Under Teenage we find, "Parents are the greatest single influence in the life of an adolescent. Whether the teenager successfully makes the transition from childhood to adulthood depends greatly on them. The school supplements the home in many ways. Here the child acquires knowledge, interests and attitudes necessary in adult living. The parents, church, and community should work together to help their teenagers pass through this difficult period."

Is it any wonder, when we consider the number of broken homes and working mothers, that juvenile delinquency is rising at such an alarming rate? But we need not look into the world to see juvenile delinquency. What about some of our own youth?

What kind of schools are we establishing to help these children who are or will soon be in this age bracket? Surely training and discipline in the early days of childhood will help the adolescent. This must start long before the child starts to school, but probably the first steps towards independence and growing up is starting to school.

If a school lacks discipline, and the child is allowed to do as he pleases, and to follow the bad habits of the older pupils, he will get the idea that this is what outside life is like. Here lies the great responsibility of trying to keep

the moral standards of our older pupils so that if the younger children follow their example, as they surely will, it will be for their good.

Perhaps we at times expect too much of our pupils. Some are matured physically, so we expect them to behave as adults, yet their minds are not fully matured until in the late teens, or even later. They are in an age when they resent being under authority, but seek companionship. Their minds are never at a standstill. Are we supplying food for these young minds, or are they allowed to satisfy their hunger on filthy, poisonous food? With so many vulgar stories and jokes in print, and worse yet, being passed from mouth to mouth by grownups, it is very likely that they will reach the ears of young children, who repeat them without realizing what they are saying.

A school will not automatically stay morally clean, just as our schoolhouse floors will not stay clean, on a rainy morning. Every pupil will bring a certain amount of mud with him as he enters. Of course, some bring more than others, (not only natural mud).

To keep our schools on a passing moral standard, we teachers must have parent cooperation. It is so natural that children go home and tell about the faults of others, but how often do they tell their own? Wouldn't it be well to find out for sure how things really are, or better yet, to stop in to see if there is anything you could do to help? Even when your children say very little about school, that might be the best time to ask, "How are things at school?" If all is well, your teacher will be happy to reassure you. But if all is not well, you make things ten times easier just by asking.

Remember, school is not meant to be a child-training center. It is merely a supplement to the home.

- Millersburg, Ohio

* * * * *

A MOTTO

'Kind thoughts for all,
Speak ill of none.
Turn your face eastward,
Always face the sun.

Let the showers fall,
And the clouds be o'ercast,
For the sun is sure to shine,
After the night is past.

Katherine S. Fritz

* * * * *

BALTIC, OHIO 43804
October 25, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"Wir wünschen euch die Gnade Gottes."

Having read the October issue, I can heartily agree with the Littletown, Penna. writer, concerning playing of cards in any form. How about the game called Sorry? I can well remember the ministers forbidding the playing of cards, while in my youth.

It brings joy to my heart to know there is German singing in school, and to hear the little children learning to sing Christian songs. What a difference from such songs as "Jolly Old Saint Nicholas", or "Up On the Housetop!" Singing is very appealing to me. But when I went to school, we had no German singing. Are we thankful enough for such a privilege?

Jonathan L. Raber is the teacher again at Green Ridge School, and has the help of Dan Nisley in grades 2-5. There are fifty pupils.

"How to Exterminate the Amish..." was a very interesting article in the October BULLETIN. It contained many facts, and in some ways it was heart-touching. By farming for a living, one feels closer to God than in any other occupation, except perhaps teaching school. A farmer has to depend upon rain and sunshine, and "der Segen Gottes".

Coming back to school, the way some of the big centralized schools grade the pupils is very misleading. A pupil can be poor in reading, arithmetic, and writing, but if he is good in sports, singing, or music, he is not likely to fail.

"Prüfet alles,
Das Gute behaltet.
Meidet allen Bösen Schein.
So bleibst du rein,
In Christus allein."

- M. E. Hershberger

* * * * *

MONTGOMERY, INDIANA
October 19, 1966

Dear Readers,

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." II Tim. 2:15.

Our school, South Bogard Amish, opened August 19. I (Inez) had 25 pupils in my room that first day, in grades one through five. There were a lot of "first times" on Opening Day. It was the first day of classes for the South Bogard Amish School, and it was also the first time 23

of my students had gone to a parochial school. It was the first day of school for the four first-graders, and the first day of teaching for me. There were no tears from the first grade, for which the teacher was indeed grateful.

I (Joan) had 33 pupils, 22 girls and 11 boys, in grades six to nine. Three pupils left the school after the first six weeks, as they had reached their sixteenth birthdays. It was not easy to give them up. This is also my first year of teaching. I received much courage and useful advice from the teachers' meeting in Pennsylvania.

And so training began for sixty lives—fifty-eight students and two teachers. What will the coming days bring?

Our pupils have become less shy and more sociable, and young, busy minds are being directed in the way they should go, though not without mischief and correction.

We can feel the concern and the interest of the pupils' parents, which is very much appreciated.

The teachers are learning, but there are misgivings at times. However, we are still glad we took the opportunity to teach—it's something worth doing.

Are we prepared to meet the needs of these young lives for whom we are responsible seven hours a day? To fulfil this responsibility we need God's guidance. We ask an interest in your prayers.

- Inez Kauffman and Joan Raber

* * * * *

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
October 18, 1966

Greetings to all BULLETIN readers,

Another day in the schoolroom is past. We hope something has been accomplished for the good of the children. As the days pass by one by one, I can look back and see some shortcomings. It is necessary that we depend on a Higher Power for our guidance, for without it we would be lost.

A few lines of poetry come to my mind:

"If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done.
Whether it be great or small,
Do it well or not at all."

These lines make me wonder if the job I do is as well done as it should be. I must let others be the judge. Mistakes on my part I will readily admit.

I like to read every word in the BULLETIN as soon as possible. The teacher's experiences

The Blackboard Bulletin

are of great interest, and help give us fresh ideas.

I had several letters started, but never finished them in time for the next issue, so they were never mailed.

The Geauga teachers met at our school on the afternoon of October 7. Seventeen were present. It gives one a "temperature" to have so many teachers in the classroom watching as instructions are given to 42 robust scholars. After school hours, we discussed our teacher problems through the question-box method. Each teacher wrote a question, and these were drawn from the box and discussed and answered. We sang a few hymns and ate lunch before returning home.

In our first six weeks of school, our attendance averaged 97.1%. Our school is having a room added for clothes, lunchboxes, and a play area when the weather is unfit to be outside.

Quite often we read in the BULLETIN that "As the teacher is, so are the scholars". Let us give this a little deeper thought. How can we have good schools with poor equipment? This not only applies to books, duplicators, etc. but we must have respectful children. There is also a saying that as the parents are, so are the children. Let us try and work hand in hand as we journey "nach dem ewigen Vaterland".

The following is taken from Laidlaw's Our United States History, and gives us a picture of schools of long ago: "In early New England schools, all children were supposed to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic, but many children learned nothing but a trade. There were no pencils and but little paper. The teacher was often the only one who had a book. As for discipline, a lazy boy was a whipped boy, and a rude boy was soundly beaten at least twice—once in school and again at home."

How different from our days in the school-room! This book shows a picture of a little red schoolhouse built in 1763 in Massachusetts. It says the master probably ruled with a cane. In a corner was a dunce stool for any unlucky boy who faltered over his lessons.

I had the privilege to talk with David Wagler at the teachers' meeting in Lancaster in August. We discussed how important it is to teach English, grammar, and language in our schools. It is a must if we are to understand our lessons and what we read. My pupils have trouble with story problems, because they do not understand well enough what they read.

Remember us in your prayers. We will do likewise in weakness.

- A humble teacher,
Peter E. Miller

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

October 16, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

This is a nice October day, and the trees are in their beautiful colors again. As it was dry this summer, the crops are not quite as good as usual, but we are still very thankful for what we have.

I am a BULLETIN reader, so I thought I would try to write a few lines, though I am a poor writer. We have two boys in school and three girls at home. We are blessed with a new baby, born October 8.

I am sending in a poem I have selected, called "Be Careful What You Say".

"In speaking of your neighbors' faults
Please don't forget your own.
Remember those in houses of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home
And from that point begin.

"We have no right to judge a man
Until he's fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults, and who has not,
The old as well as young,
We may perhaps, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

"I'll tell you of a better plan
And find it works full well,
To try my own defects to cure,
Before of others to tell.
And though I sometimes hope to be
No worse than some I know
My own shortcomings bid me let
The faults of others go.

Then let us all when we commence
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do,
To those we little know.
Remember cures sometimes
Like chickens, roost at home,
Don't speak of others' faults until
We have none of our own."

Wishing you all the grace of God.

- Mrs. Mike O. Yoder

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My uncle used to say: "When you hear an ill report about anyone halve it and quarter it and then say nothing about the rest." - Selected

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- from Menno Simon's chapter on "Education of Children"

You are beware, beloved brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus, that without exception we are all from our youth given to sinful inclinations. Therefore, let us be particularly vigilant over the welfare of our children. For they are our natural offspring; a serious and precious charge committed by God to us. Be mindful then, that you instruct them from the beginning in the ways of the Lord.

We are a chosen generation, that we should shew forth the praises of him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvelous light, so it behooves us to show ourselves examples in all righteousness. And if we permit our children to follow their evil inclinations, leaving them unchastised, we may with the greatest conventionality lay our hands on our mouth and remain silent. For why should we teach others, those not of our household, when neglecting to preserve our own families in the love and fear of God?

Beloved brethren, the world desires the earthly and perishable such as: money, honor, fame, lands, and luxuries for their children. They train them from infancy to vice and idolatry. But you, who are born of God, this is not the case. You are obliged to seek for them that which is heavenly and eternal. Instruct them with the Word, setting a good example. Teach them in proportion to the development of their understanding, constrain and correct the children with discretion and moderation. And lest they be discouraged, flee from anger and bitterness when meting out punishment. Spare not the rod if necessity require it, reflecting upon what is written in Proverbs 29:17, "Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest." Also in verse 15, "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

Necessity impels me to write, for some live such lives with their children that one cannot neglect to warn them of their doomsday. Take heed lest the blood and condemnation of your children come upon you. If you love your children, teach and admonish them, lest the name of our Lord and His church be blasphemed by the ungodly because of your children.

Pray to Almighty God for His grace and great mercy that He might guide and preserve them through the directing influence of the Holy Spirit. Watch over their own salvation as for your own souls. Correct, threaten, and in-

struct them as circumstances require. Keep them away from naughty children, where they learn nothing but cursing, fighting, trickery and dishonesty. Have them instructed in reading and writing, teaching them to be self-disciplined and industrious. Teach them trades that are suitable and adapted to their age and constitution. If you do this you shall live to see much honor of your children. But if not, heaviness of heart shall consume you at last.

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6.

- adapted by a Reader, Canton, Ohio

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MY FIRST SCHOOL TEACHER

...In Acrostic Form

- By Harvey H. Nolt

E ach time I grope in yester-year,
M isty memories become bright and clear.
M y first school teacher I remember well,
A s she patched our wounds when we slipped
and fell.

N o kindness she showed when we became too
"slick".

F or swift was her hand with her ruling stick.
R emarkably keen were her eyes that saw,
A ny move that was made against her order and
law.

N ow and then, when a family lost its mother,
K ind-hearted, this teacher, had sobs to
smother.

F or deep down in my heart I'm led to believe,
O ur teacher loved us pupils from morning till
eve.

R etired later, with a gray-haired head.
T his teacher seemed as wise as when first we
met.

- Ephrata, Penna. 17522

* * * * *

Cigarettes make the child careless; weaken his conscience; lower his moral standards; cause him to fail in school work; grow disobedient; seek like companions; become untruthful; steal; lose interest in church, which makes him an undesirable citizen.

- Selected

Points in Management

Proper discipline of pupils underlies all school work. If the school is too loosely run, good work is simply impossible. If the regulations are unreasonably strict, the school and school life lose much of the value they should have for pupils. The purpose of regulations should be to keep the school in good working order. When this purpose is subserved; when the pupils are able to make the greatest possible progress that the school affords them the opportunity of making; when the school life throws around them every influence necessary for them to come out well-developed, symmetrical beings, physically, intellectually and morally; when they develop the attributes of thoroughly self-governed individuals prepared for good clean citizenship,—then we have met the conditions of what constitutes successful school management.

But how to obtain good discipline? The first requisite of a good disciplinarian is that a teacher must be mistress of herself in the most circumstances. Things falling, sudden illness of a pupil, startling noises, entrances of strangers,—at any and all unusual happenings she must have herself so in hand that she will be able to meet them quietly, gracefully, effectively and naturally. Within, she may be entirely unstrung or burning with anger, but let the exterior be cool and calm. Let no teacher say such an attitude is impossible for her, but let her remember the law of habit, a little greater victory over self each time until the enemy is entirely routed. If the teacher is self-possessed, it is amazing how quickly her attitude will communicate itself to the children.

The teacher wants the good-will of the school. She wants more than that; she wants her pupils' regard, their affection. But this good-will, this regard, should not be confused with mere popularity. A certain good-fellowship is desirable, but the teacher should never be the demagogue and take for her cue the aim to flatter, to please, to cajole. Pupils, like everybody else, respect strength, firmness of character, earnest uprightness of intention. Without these qualities the teacher will never gain the hold on them she ought to gain, or never will accomplish the results that we expect from the school.

Teachers need to know that scarcely any credit attaches to teaching bright pupils. The teacher's great opportunity lies in awakening

into life the latent germ of some slow soul. The teacher's attitude toward his pupil must be a perfectly frank, honest one that will beget confidence. It should be full of sympathy and should stimulate the child to do his best always. Sarcasm destroys any respect a pupil may have either for the teacher or for himself. It leaves a bitterness and a sting from which the pupil never recovers.

Interest the Parents

Send home frequently specimens of school work. The parents will be interested in seeing what the children are doing and the children will take pride in showing their work. It will inspire the children to do better work if they are told that if it is done well enough they can take it home, and it will create a bond of sympathy between the school and the home to do it.

Resolutions in a Nutshell

To look on the bright side. To talk less and teach more. To help pupils help themselves. To earn more than I am paid for. To care for the health of my pupils. To read from a good book each day. To teach wholesome truth by example. To be what I would have my pupils be. To be clean in person, speech and thought. To keep my head cool and my heart warm. To remember the joys and forget the sorrows. To follow the footsteps of the great Teacher. To awaken minds and develop thinking power. To know my pupils better and love them more. To get all the good, clean fun out of life I can. To teach the dignity of labor and the joy of service. To be loyal to my pupils, to my patrons, and to my board.

How Teachers May Waste Time

By making too much of trifles.
By spending too much time with slow pupils.
By poor assignments of lessons.
By failing to see that all pupils are at work.
By burying lessons with too much talk.
By explaining what pupils already know.
By nagging and scolding.
By attempting to teach before attention is secured.

By giving orders and immediately changing them.

By allowing tardy responses to questions and commands.

By not using signals.

By explaining what pupils may study out for themselves.

— Selected by Hettie Mary Peachey

LEOLA, PENNSYLVANIA
Oct. 19, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings and love to all readers.

I will try and fulfil my desire to write a letter for the BULLETIN. We got it for several years now, and I enjoy reading it. I don't have any children going to school anymore, as I am a grandmother. Our youngest daughter however, does still go to a vocational school. We have eleven grandchildren, and the oldest one started to school in September.

When I think back over all the years we had children going to school, we breathe a sigh of relief, but other and harder problems arise as they grow older.

There are many pleasant and happy memories of our own school days. It seems we were more interested in the playground than we were in our books. And I can say for myself, that many a time I could have done better. But why didn't I? I suppose laziness was a problem then already.

I attended a two-room school. My sisters and I were the only Amish children there during all my school years. There were four grades in one room and three in the other, and as many as eighty children together on the playgrounds.

Our children went to a public one-room school, with all Amish children. How I appreciated it that they had Amish schoolmates! It meant so much to them. It is certainly worth a lot that we are now allowed to have our private schools.

We all want to work together, and abide by the rules, such as getting the children to school on time, with clean hands and faces. And we want to see to it that they are prepared with their classroom work.

I heard one teacher say, "I wish the mothers would see that their children have hankies and clean shoes." I suppose some mothers would think that is a small problem. But you know, all things work together. Solving these small problems is what makes a school room clean and neat. If the teacher has no interest in keeping the schoolroom neat, what is to be expected of the children?

They should be started out bright and early to school, with a cheery good-by to Mother and all the rest at home. And when they arrive at school, they should have a happy good-morning for the teacher and their classmates.

I remember well the last teacher I had in school. We all thought she was too stern, and hard to get along with. So one day I made up

my mind I would greet her every day with "Good-morning". One particular morning I remember better than all the rest. It was a rainy morning, and everyone was in the schoolroom. On such days any noise is louder, and the teacher could not hear my good-morning, nor could I hear hers. But she was watching for me, and as soon as I opened the door she looked up. I could see her say good-morning, and the smile on her face I can very well see today yet.

Now, in my older years, I feel she was a very good teacher, and not at all hard to get along with. We children were the problem, and not the teacher, as we didn't show enough respect toward her. I believe a happy good-morning from the children would surely brighten the day for these heavy-laden teachers.

We have a teacher in our family, and I know problems come up in which they can hardly see their way through. But we feel so thankful for the willingness of the Board and the parents to help them.

If I were a young girl, teaching school would be my choice. I think it must be an interesting and worthwhile job. But I don't believe anyone should be talked or forced into it, as it is a difficult task and not everyone can take it. Let us all work together, and pray for each other, and then we will find the way

"...To the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile,
Where the 'Cheer-up's' and 'Be Happy'.
Blossom sweetly all the while.
Where the 'Never Grumble Flowers'
Bloom beside the 'Frequent Try',
And the Never Give Up and Be Patient
Point their faces to the sky.
In the valley of Contentment,
In the province of I Will,
You will find this lovely city,
At the foot of No-Fret Hill.
There are thorough-fares delightful,
In this very charming town,
And on every hand are shade trees
Named the 'Very Seldom Frown';
Rustic benches, quite enticing,
You'll find scattered here and there,
And to each a vine is clinging,
Called the 'Frequent, Earnest Prayer',
Everybody there is happy,
And is singing all the while,
In the town of Don't-You-Worry,
On the banks of River Smile."

Everything is better meant than written. An unworthy friend,

- A.D.B.

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DIRECTORY OF SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS, 1966-67

DELAWARE

<u>Name of School:</u>	<u>Date Founded:</u>	<u>Teacher's Name:</u>	<u>Teacher's Address:</u>	<u>Enrollment:</u>
Apple Grove Amish Parochial (2)	1925	Polly Miller (1-6)	R. 1, Hartley	48
Green Hill	1938	Annie Yoder	Camden, Wyoming	28

GEORGIA

Montezuma Amish-Mennonite (4)**	1953	Elsie N. Yoder	R. 1, Montezuma	92
		Esther Hershberger	R. 1, Montezuma	
		Martha Kauffman	R. 2, Montezuma	
		Mrs. R. Paul Yoder	R. 2, Montezuma	

INDIANA

Allen County No.1, (2)	1959	Mary Ann Eicher (3-5)	R. 1, Grabill	69
		John Zehr (6-8)	R. 1, Grabill	
Allen County No.2, (2)	1966*	Kanoshia K. Schmucker	R. 1, New Haven	55
		Daniel Schwartz (5-8)	R. 1, New Haven	
Allen County Vocational	1964	Charles G. Snyder	Ft. Wayne	
Alvarado Amish Parochial	1964	Eileen Delagrange	R. 2, Eadon, <u>Ohio</u>	23
Blue Ridge School (2)	1966*	Wilma Kuhns (1-4)	R. 2, Shippshewana	39
		Mrs. Mervin Eash (5-8)	R. 2, Shippshewana	
Borkholder (2)	1951	Alma Kaufman (1-4)	R. 1, Bremen	50
		Mrs. Walter Helmuth	R. 3, Nappanee	
Cottonwood Grove	1962	Emma Yoder	Topeka	38
County Line	1964	Susie Hostetler	R. 2, Topeka	32
Lincoln Amish School	1962	Bess Cowan	Berne,	47
Little Acorn	1964	Katie Schrock	R. 4, LaGrange	28
Maple Grove (2)	1963	Idasue Bontrager (1-4)	LaGrange	39
		Miriam Gingerich (5-8)	LaGrange	
Millerview Parochial	1966*	Martha Helmuth	R. 4, Kokomo	18
Nappanee Vocational (3 groups)	1964	Willis I. Yoder	R. 2, Nappanee	39
North Bogard	1966*	Judy Survance	R. 2, Shoals	37
Parsons Amish (2)	1963	Verna Knepp (1-4)	R. 1, Montgomery	85
		Sylvia Raber (5-9)	R. 1, Montgomery	
Plain View (2)	1948	Martha Farmwald (1-4)	R. 1, Middlebury	47
		Wilma Miller (5-8)	R. 1, Middlebury	
Pleasant Ridge (2)	1957	Vernon Yoder (1-4)	R. 2, Middlebury	43
		David Luthy (5-8)	R. 2, Middlebury	
Pleasant Ridge Vocational		Vernon Yoder	R. 2, Middlebury	30
Pleasant Valley (2)	1965	Lamar Hochstetler (1-4)	R. 2, Milford	46
		Simon Borkholder (5-8)	R. 3, Nappanee	
Spring Hill (2)	1965	Fannie Miller (1-3)	R. 2, Topeka	46
		Mary Arlene Byler (4-8)	R. 1, LaGrange	
South Bogard (2)	1966*	Inez Kauffman (1-5)	R. 1, Montgomery	58
		Joan Raber (5-9)	R. 1, Montgomery	
South East Center (2)	1965	Lester Marner (1-4)	Loogootee	69
		Frank McVey (5-9)	Shoals	
Weldy Parochial	1953	Andy Gingerich	R. 3, Nappanee	
Winchester Amish School	1962	Richard Howerton	Berne,	71
West (Adams Co.)	1962	Frieda Goliff	R. 6, Decatur,	47
Woodside (2)	1964	Mary Hochstetler (1-4)	R. 4, LaGrange	40
		Carrie Kuhns (5-8)	R. 4, LaGrange	

*New Schools **Sponsored, or partly-sponsored, by Beachy Amish groups

ILLINOIS

Plainview (2)	1966*	Lovina Miller (1-4)	R.2, Box 48, Arthur	49
		Fannie Mast (5-8)	R.2, Box 48, Arthur	

IOWA

(Kalona Area)	1966*	Amos J. Yoder	Kalona	33
Amish Private No. 1	1961			
Amish Private No. 2	1961	(Buchanan County)		

MISSOURI

Prairie Grove A.M.** (2)	1966*	Susie Eigsti(1-4)	R. 1, Buffalo	51
		Mrs.Ezra Headings (5-8)	R. 1, Buffalo	
Ash Grove	1957	Katie Petersheim	Clark	22
Plainview Amish School	1966*	Savilla Gingerich	Bland, 65014	12
Haven Hill	1962	Elizabeth Petersheim	Clark	24
Garrett	1960	Amelia Petersheim	Clark	28
Macedonia	1957	Sarah N.Gingerich	Clark	26
Maple Branch	1948	Winifred D. Beachy	R.3, Bowling Green	32
Meadow View	1953	Martha M.Hershberger	R.1, Bowling Green	28
Meadow View	1966*	Sadie Mullet	R. 2, Jamesport	20
Plain View	1957	Anna E. Miller	Clark	25
Oak Grove Parochial	1966*	Katie Yoder	R. 2, Jamesport	20
Pleasant Hill Parochial	1966*	Lydia Mae Bontrager	R.,2, Box 119, Jamesport	23
Pleasant Ridge	1961	Miriam Miller	Clark	22
Woodlawn	1950	Fannie S.Borntrager	R. 3, Bowling Green	28
Jamesport Vocational	1966*	Chris S. Kauffman	R.2, Jamesport	19

NEW YORK

Axeville		Ada Y. Miller	Conewango Valley	37
Flat Iron		Andy A. Byler	Conewango Valley	49
Gardner		Henry A.Hershberger	Conewango Valley	41
Seager Hill		Andy A. Mast	E. Randolph	35
West Road		John M. Miller	Conewango Valley	19

OHIO

A. GEAUGA COUNTY

Bundysburg School (2)	1954	Peter E. Miller	R. 2, Middlefield	42
		Kathryn Detweiler	R. 2, Middlefield	
Fox Run School (2)	1954	Enos J. Schrock	R. 2, Middlefield	50
		Katie Fisher	R. 2, Middlefield	
Hosmer Road School	1963	Ray J. Gingerich	R. 3, Middlefield	30
Meadow Glow School (2)	1965	Melvin Gingerich (5-8)	R. 2, Burton	51
		Barbara Yoder (1-4)	R. 1, Box 236, Chardon	
Meadowlark School (2)	1953	Ida J. Miller (1,6-8)	R. 1, Middlefield	49
		Fannie Troyer (2-5)	R. 1, Middlefield	
Nash Road Parochial	1965	Wilma Glick	R. 2, Box 118, Burton	20
Nauvoo Country School	1963	Katie Weaver	R. 1, Middlefield	42
Newcomb Road School (2)	1963	Linda Byler	R. 3, Middlefield	31
		Sarah Fisher	R. 3, Middlefield	
Parkman Parochial (2)	1950	Emma M. Miller	R. 3, Middlefield	69
		Ada S. Yoder	R. 3, Middlefield	
Pleasant Valley School (2)	1952	Ada Mae Byler	R. 1, Middlefield	58
		Ada W. Miller	Huntsburg	
South Hayes Private	1954	Emma J. Miller	R. 2, Middlefield	45

*New Schools

**Sponsored, or partly-sponsored, by Beachy Amish groups

Troy Church Parochial (2)	1958	Monroe R. Schmucker	R. 2, Burton	57
		Amanda N. Hershberger	R. 2, Burton	
Valley View School (2)	1964	Mary Ann Detweiler	R. 1, Middlefield	58
		Ida Detweiler	R. 1, Middlefield	

B. HOLMES AND WAYNE COUNTIES

Anderson School	1959	Katie D. Miller	R. 2, Orrville	43
Barrs Mill Private (2)	1961	Mr. & Mrs. Mose L. Yoder	R. 2, Sugarcreek	57
Beech Grove School	1951	Amanda J. Yoder	R. 1, Apple Creek	43
Boontown School	1960	Edna J. Wengerd	R. 2, Apple Creek	39
Breezeway School	1962	Anna J. Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	38
Brown School	1959	Rebecca Hershberger	R. 2, Apple Creek	34
Brush Run	1960	Mary Ann Beachy	R. 1, Baltic	40
Buckeye School	1961	Susie A. Yoder	R. 4, Millersburg	38
Cherry Ridge School	1953	Lydia C. Schlabach	R. 2, Dalton	45
Cunningham School	1959	Katie Y. Hershberger	R. 2, Apple Creek	46
Doughty Valley	1965	Mrs. Luella Yoder	R. 3, Millersburg	17
Dublin School	1955	Katie A. Miller	R. 5, Millersburg	28
Elm Grove School	1959	Mattie M. Troyer	R. 2, Fredericksburg	21
East Fairview	1966*	Anna J. Miller	R. 1, Dundee	33
Fairview School	1955	Mary E. Swartzentruber	Star Rt., Millersburg	27
Fountain Nook	1944	Elizabeth L. Raber	R. 2, Apple Creek	44
Frease School	1959	Abe J. Miller	R. 2, Apple Creek	37
Green Ridge School (2)	1956	Jonathan Raber	R. 1, Baltic	51
		Daniel A. Nisley	R. 3, Millersburg	
Green Valley	1959	Mary E. Yoder	R. 5, Millersburg	37
Hickory Ridge School	1965	Elizabeth E. Miller	R. 1, Baltic	
Hill Crest School	1966*	Susie A. Yoder	R. 1, Dundee	30
Johnson School	1959	Lizzie Ann Nisley	R. 2, Apple Creek	40
Knob View School	1964	Jonas Nisley	R. 1, Baltic	36
Leepers School	1960	Clara L. Weaver	R. 2, Fredericksburg	34
Maple Grove (South) 2	1958	Amanda Nisley	R. 3, Millersburg	42
		Lovina Nisley	R. 3, Millersburg	
Maple Grove (North) 2	1944	Ella Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	50
		Sarah H. Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	
Meadow Valley School	1958	Jonas J. Swartzentruber	R. 3, Navarre	43
New Bunker Hill	1958	Pauline Yoder	R. 2, Apple Creek	30
North Bunker Hill	1956	Vernon L. Troyer	R. 2, Fredericksburg	29
North Sidling Hill	1959	Eli J. Hershberger	R. 3, Navarre	27
Oak Grove School	1960	Amanda J. Hershberger	R. 2, Apple Creek	40
Oak Ridge School	1959	Sarah J. Yoder	R. 3, Millersburg	15
Pleasant View School	1947	Fannie U. Miller	R. 2, Apple Creek	43
Pleasant View Private	1960	Ella Swartzentruber	R. 2, Fredericksburg	22
Rock Ridge School (2)	1958	Nora N. Yoder	R. 2, Sugarcreek	44
		Amanda B. Yoder	R. 1, Sugarcreek	
South Bunker Hill	1964	Ada A. Miller	R. 5, Millersburg	32
South Saltcreek School (2)	1959	Sheila Sigler	Benton	42
		Anna D. Yoder	R. 1, Apple Creek	
South Sidling Hill	1954	Mabel A. Miller	R. 1, Fredericksburg	15
Spring Brook School	1959	Eli E. Weaver	R. 1, Dundee	40
Stony Point School	1960	Levi Beachy	R. 2, Sugarcreek	22
Sunny Slope School	1960	Mary W. Weaver	R. 2, Fredericksburg	25
Sunny View School	1960	Esther Lehman	R. 2, Fredericksburg	28
Troyer Ridge School	1966*	Fannie A. Nisley	R. 4, Millersburg	29
Valley View School	1966*	Ruth E. Anderson	R. 1, Holmesville	30
Walnut Grove School	1966*	Eli M. Yoder	R. 1, Baltic	32

*New Schools

November, 1966

Weaver Ridge School	1961	Elizabeth N. Miller	R. 2, Dundee	35
Woodland School	1962	Enos U. Miller	R. 1, Apple Creek	

C. MISCELLANEOUS

Darby View School	1963	Abe A. Troyer	R. 1, Plain City	23
Dividing Ridge School	1962	Andrew E. Schrock	R. 2, Shiloh	27
Kimmel Christian Day	1950	Polly Miller	R. 2, Hartville	15
Lakeville Private	1962	Sarah E. Miller	R. 1, Baltic	
Meadow Brook	1959	Ellen Brenneman	R. 5, Ashland	33
Pine Grove School	1964	Patrick J. Russel	R. 2, Butler	10
Pine Grove School	1965	Levi Mast	R. 1, Ashland	26
Private School No. 1		Elmer Glick	Ridgeway	39
Private School No. 2		Andrew Hershberger	R. 5, Kenton	41
Walnut Grove School	1951	Miriam Hostetler	3054 Swamp St. Hartville	22

ONTARIO, CANADA

Amish Parochial No. I	1966*	Esther Kuepfer	R. 1, Linwood	24
Aylmer Amish-Mennonite (2)	1953	Magdalena Eicher (1-3)	R. 4, Aylmer	43
		David Hostetler (4-8)	R. 4, Aylmer	
Maple Dell	1961	Clifford Robinson	R. 1, Norwich	37
Miller's	1960	Daniel L. Stutzman	R. 1, Ostrander	37
Wellesley**	1966*	Elmo Stoll	R. 2, Wellesley	28

PENNSYLVANIA

A. LANCASTER AND LEBANON COUNTIES

Bartville	1966*	Rachel Stoltzfus	R. 1, Narvon	36
Belmont	1955	Rebecca Zook	R. 1, Kinzers	32
Brick Parochial	1948	Susie Petersheim	R. 1, Gordonville	34
Cherry Lane (Leb)	1949	Susie Lapp	R. 1, Myerstown	27
Cherry Lane (Lanc.)	1964	Mary H. Fisher	R. 1, Ronks	35
Chestnut Hill	1965	Lizzie Stoltzfus	R. 1, Christiana	23
Clearview (2)	1956	Saloma Lapp	R. 1, Ronks	86
		Elizabeth Esh	R. 1, Gordonville	
Fairview	1960	Lydia Fisher	R. 1, Honeybrook	27
Farview	1953	Rachel Petersheim	R. 4, Lancaster	51
Fishers	1957	Annie Stoltzfus	R. 1, Kinzers	27
Green Tree	1954	Susie King	R. 1, Ronks	29
Harristown	1955	Rachel Beiler	R. 1, Gordonville	34
Hawkesville	1962	Nancy Esh	Leola	42
Hollow	1966*	Rebecca K. Beiler	R. 1, Ronks	28
Iva	1955	Rebecca B. Fisher	R. 1, Ronks	24
Nacetown	1966*	Mattie Smoker	R. 3, Myerstown	16
New Milltown	1965	Hannah Stoltzfus	R. 1, Kirkwood	29
Newport	1960	Rebecca Fisher	R. 1, Gordonville	37
Nickel Mines	1957	Mollie Renno	R. 1, Paradise	35
Oak Grove	1939	Mary F. Huyard	R. 1, New Holland	43
Pine Crest	1961	Lydia S. Beiler (Enos)	R. 1, Bird-in-Hand	37
Pine Grove		Sarah S. Beiler	R. 1, Ronks	26
Pleasant View	1938	Lydia F. Beiler	Box 16, Ronks	40
Rocky Ledge	1964	Mary A. Stoltzfus	R. 1, Myerstown	19
Stony Hill	1965	Lydia S. Beiler (Crist)	Leola	39
Union	1960	Rebecca Stoltzfus	Oxford	37
Valley Road	1958	Rebecca King	R. 1, Christiana	30

B. MIFFLIN AND JUNIATA COUNTIES

Clearview	1951	Lydia S. Wengerd	R. 1, Belleville	30
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*New Schools

Mountain View	1960	Rebecca L. Wengerd	R. 1, Belleville	33
Sunny Side	1965	Lizzie Yoder	R. 1, Belleville	37
Waynesburg	1951	Catherine M. Swarey	R. 1, Belleville	32
White Hall	1953	Hettie Mary Peachey	Star Rt. Belleville	38
Black Rock Parochial	1964	Elizabeth Peachey	R. 2, Mifflintown	19
Kurtz Valley	1954	Ivy Lee	R. 2, Mifflintown	23
Laurel Run	1961	Valentine T. Petersheim	R. 2, Mifflintown	17

C. MISCELLANEOUS

Krouse Amish	1955	Miriam B. Peachey	Selinsgrove	22
Fair View (Adams Co.) 2	1964	John F. Esh	Littlestown	44
		Mrs. Mose Stoltzfus	Littlestown	
Oak Grove (Indiana Co.)	1964	Esther H. Hershberger	R. 1, Smicksburg	19
Atlantic Amish		Lovina E. Wengerd	Atlantic	39
South Parochial	1950	Betty J. Byler	R. 2, Jackson Center	47
North Parochial	1950	Martha Byler	R. 1, Fredonia	51
Indian Run	1962	Emma Shetler	New Wilmington	12
No. 8 (Zuver) 2	1956	Eli and Rebecca Kurtz	New Wilmington	55
Enon Valley Private		Mrs. Martha I Hostetler	Enon Valley	22
Upper District (Somerset Co.)	1966*	Nancy Brenneman	Springs	5
Lower District (Somerset Co.)	1966*	Cora Brenneman	R. 1, Meyersdale	6

VIRGINIA

Kempsville ** (3)	1946	Lester Hershberger 7-9)	3432 Holland Rd., Va.	60
		Jean Hershberger (4-6)	Beach	
		Christine Overholt (1-3)	2709 Salem Rd., Va. Beach	
Stuarts Draft (3) **	1966*	Eli S. Beiler	R. 2, Stuarts Draft	113
		James Hershberger	R. 1, Stuarts Draft	
		Ida Miller	Fisherville	
Mission Home**	1966*	Kenny Pedersen	Mission Home	
Madison Christian Day** (2)	1959	Mervin Wagler	Aroda	
		Marie Yoder	Aroda	

WISCONSIN

Golden Willow (2)	1960	Anna Lehman	R. 1, Curtiss	38
		Katie J. Miller	R. 1, Curtiss	
Hillside	1960	Amanda Miller	R. 3, Medford	36
Poplar Grove (2)	1964	Amelia M. Hochstetler	R. 2, Owen	25
		Lizzie W. Schrock	R. 3, Medford	
North Clinton Amish Parochial	1966*	Menno J. Schmucker	Cashton	9
South Clinton Amish Parochial	1966*	Kathryn L. Miller	R. 3, Cashton	19

***Sponsored, or partly-sponsored, by Beachy Amish groups

OLD ORDER MENNONITE SCHOOLS:

ONTARIO

Martin's Mennonite Parochial	1966*	George R. Martin	R. 2, West Montrose	17
South Woolwich Menn. Par.	1966*	Susannah Shantz	R. 2, Waterloo	19
Winterbourne Menn. Par.	1966*	Annie Weber	R. 2, Elmira	23
Balsam Grove Menn. Par.	1966*	Isaac R. Horst	R. 1, Elmira	25
Winfield Menn. Par.	1966*	Hannah Horst	R. 2, Drayton	15
Redhill Mennonite Par.	1966*	James Bauman	R. 3, Wallenstein	25
Beachville Mennonite Par.	1966*	Amos Sherk	R. 1, Linwood	22

PENNSYLVANIA

West Terre Hill		Mary Martin	R. 1, East Earl	26
West Sunnyside		Lois Shirk	R. 1, Leola	41
November, 1966				83

East Sunnyside	Martha Nolt	R. 1, Leola	39
Napierville	Jane Burkholder	R. 3, Ephrata	41
Center Grove	Elizabeth Fox	R. 1, New Holland	30
Diamond Road	Ella Weaver	R. 2, Ephrata	28
Linden Grove	Mary Zimmerman	R. 1, New Holland	30
Chestnut Hill	Laura Martin	R. 1, Denver	30
Millbach	Anna Weaver	R. 2, Myerstown	31
Metzlers	Nora Hoover	R. 2, Ephrata	31
Conestoga View	Carolina Eberly	R. 2, Ephrata	36
Pleasant Valley	Bertha Sensenig	R. 2, Ephrata	37
Martindale	Barbara Hoover	R. 3, Ephrata	34
Wide Hollow	Emma Martin	R. 3, Ephrata	35
White Oak	Selestia Weaver	R. 1, East Earl	24
Goods	Leana Hoover	R. 1, East Earl	
Reidenbachs	Emma Martin	R. 1, New Holland	
Bridgeville	John Martin	R. 1, East Earl	30
Sheaffers	Lydia Nolt	R. 2, Ephrata	41
Goods	Eva Nolt	R. 1, Leola	30
Sunnyside	Nora Zimmerman	R. 1, Millmont	17
Millmont	Mary Oberholtzer	R. 1, Millmont	10
East Penn. Valley	Mildred Shirk	Kutztown	
West Penn. Vanney	Alta Weaver	Fleetwood	
Wood Corner*	Ida Martin (7-8)	R. 4, Lititz	12
Mount Airy*	Edna Fay Newswanger (6-8)	R. 1, Stevens	14
Millport* (2)	Minnie Sensenig (4-8)	R. 1, Leola	65
	Miriam Hurst (1-3)	R. 1, Leola	

*Operated by the Horning group.



THANKSGIVING

LIVE THE WAY YOU PRAY

I knelt to pray when day was done,
 And prayed: "O Lord, bless every one,
 Lift from each saddened heart the pain,
 And let the sick be well again."
 And then I woke another day
 And carelessly went on my way.
 The whole day long I did not try
 To wipe a tear from any eye;
 I did not try to share the load
 Of any brother on the road;
 I did not even go to see
 The sick man just next door to me.
 Yet once again, when day was done,
 I prayed, "O Lord, bless every one."
 But as I prayed, into my ear
 There came a voice that whispered clear:
 "Pause, hypocrite, before you pray;
 Whom have you tried to bless today?
 God's sweetest blessings always go
 By hands that serve Him here below."
 And then I hid my face and cried,
 "Forgive me, God, for I have lied;
 Let me but live another day
 And I will live the way I pray."

- Selected by a Reader

* * * *

IF I KNEW

If I knew that a word of mine,
 A word not kind and true,
 Might leave its trace on some loved face,
 I'd not speak harshly,—would you?

If I knew this walk of mine,
 To ways of evil drew
 Some precious life, in paths of strife,
 I'd not walk in it—would you?

If I knew this life of mine,
 With acts of good so few,
 Led one astray in evil's way,
 I'd not live sinful—would you?

If I knew that smile of mine
 Might linger the whole day through,
 And light some heart with heavier part,
 I'd not withhold it—would you?

As I know this soul of mine
 Must live in heav'n anew
 I'll speak and smile and walk the while
 As in God's presence—won't you?

- Author Unknown

* * * *

"I UNDERSTAND"

"Hast thou been hungry, child of mine?
I, too, have needed bread,
For forty days I tasted naught
Till by the angels fed.
Hast thou been thirsty? On the cross
I suffered thirst for thee;
I've promised to supply thy needs,
My child, come unto Me.

Perhaps thy way is weary oft,
Thy feet grow tired and lame;
I wearied when I reached the well,
I suffered just the same;
And when I bore the heavy cross
I fainted 'neath the load;
And so I've promised rest to all
Who walk the weary road.

Doth Satan sometimes buffet thee?
And tempt thy soul to sin?
Do faith and hope and love grow weak?
Are doubts and fears within?
Remember I was tempted thrice
By this same foe of thine;
But he could not resist the Word,
Nor conquer power divine.

When thou art sad and tears fall fast
My heart goes out to thee;
For I wept o'er Jerusalem—
The place so dear to me:
And when I came to Lazarus' tomb
I wept—my heart was sore;
I'll comfort thee when thou dost weep,
Till sorrows all are o'er.

Do hearts prove false when thine is true?
I know the bitter dart;
I was betrayed by one I loved—
I died with broken heart;
I loved my own: they loved me not,
My heart was lonely, too;
I'll never leave thee, child of mine,
My loving heart is true.

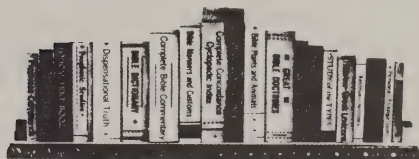
Art thou discouraged in thy work?
Doth ministry seem vain?
I ministered midst unbelief,
Midst those with greed of gain:
They would not hearken to my voice,
But scoffed with one accord;
Your labour never is in vain
If done unto the Lord.

Have courage then, my faithful one,
I suffered all the way,
Thy sensitive and loving heart
November, 1966

I understand today;
Whate'er thy grief, whate'er thy care,
Just bring it unto Me;
Yea, in thy day of trouble call,
I will deliver thee!!"

- Selected by Johanna Kubassek

* * * * *



HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW
1967 PATHWAY BOOKSTORE
CATALOG? IF YOU HAVE NOT
RECEIVED YOUR COPY, WRITE
TO:

Pathway Bookstore
R.4, Aylmer, Ont.

* * * * *

TROY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
BURTON, OHIO

Dear Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's holy name.

With pen in hand, and feeling a bit jittery, I will try to do my part for this interesting paper. I always look forward to the BULLETIN, as it refreshes my spirit and helps me want to do a better job of teaching.

We have 57 pupils at Troy Parochial this year, 33 in the lower grades and 24 in the upper. I am teaching the upper grades again, and can say that teaching has been enjoyable so far. Of course, we have our ups and downs, but mostly ups, and the downs are quickly forgotten when Betty brings a bouquet of flowers, John greets you with a cheery "good morning", and Sally says, "I hope I get a good grade in arithmetic today." Teaching has been a good experience for me, but I think an older man could do a better job.

We have had our six-weeks tests and I have to wonder, where has one-sixth of the school year gone? But I believe it's better this way than if the time went slowly.

I would encourage all parents to visit school, because it helps the pupils so much to see that their parents are interested in school. It also gives the teacher a big lift if the parents ask how their children are behaving, and if there is something they can do to help.

I feel thankful for the co-operation we have here and the patience the parents have shown

with my shortcomings.

Let us strive for better schools by working together.

I will close, wishing you the grace of God and asking you to pray for me so that I may be a better shepherd of my flock.

- Monroe R. Schmucker

* * * * *

GORDONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
October 9, 1966

Dear Friends,

This beautiful Sabbath afternoon brought to mind friends far and near. So with pen in hand, I try to start a letter for one of them, but I cannot decide which one. The old acquaintances have been pleasantly renewed with this summer's meeting, and there are so many new ones with whom we wish to keep in touch.

So I let my mind wander into the garden of friends and as usual it chooses the path to where teacher friends meet. I wander among the trees, birds, and flowers, toward a clearing in the woods. Drawing closer my eyes grow misty, for through the dimness is seen a circle of teachers and it resembles the meeting at Black Rock. I will just sit in the shadows unnoticed and watch and listen.

Twilight is stealing over the treetops but their campfire burns merrily, reflecting on the face of each one. It seems they are discussing the happenings of the day. Some are sad, for it has been "one of those days", and it shows in their countenances. Yes, it should be so, for in our troubled times we need those who care. But there is a limit to worrying, and perhaps if the problems are turned over to the Comforter, things will seem different in the morning.

The faces of others are radiant with joy. There is a deep satisfaction in being with children and helping them learn. There is great joy in their trust and appreciation. This is all multiplied by the co-operation of parents. The sum of it all is perfect harmony which brings a sense of security and assures a teacher that she will always be a teacher.

As I gaze into this circle of friends and hear their discussion of problems and joys, there is a flood of sympathy and understanding deep in the heart and with it an urge to rush to them and partake of their communion. But I am a teacher no more, so I will content myself with watching and listening and writing a letter to you all by way of the BULLETIN, for it is better that I sit unnoticed in the shadows.

- With deep regards,
Christian G. Esh

* * * * *

AT DAY'S END

Can you say in parting,
With the day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single person
Of the many you have passed?

Is a single life rejoicing,
Over what you did, or said?
Does someone whose hope was fading,
Now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or lose it?
Was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness?
Or a scar of discontent?

As you close your eyes in slumber,
Do you think that God would say,
You have made the world much better,
For the life you've lived today.

- Selected by Barbara Blank

* * * * *

YES, NOT REGINA

- By David Wagler

The first time I read the story, NOT REGINA, I enjoyed it thoroughly. But times and tastes sometimes change and since that was nearly 12 years ago, I decided to read it again. Not often that I read a book the second time! Much as I hate to admit it, I suppose I could count on my fingers, the story books I have read the second time. If it were still interesting, I knew it must be exceptional.

The story opens on a beautiful October evening, 1525 in the village of Weisslingen, 11 miles southeast of Zurich. The first chapter plunges the reader into the turmoil and unrest of the times, the suspicion and mistrust of neighbor for neighbor as the Anabaptist movement makes itself felt.

Regina, the modest daughter of a poor weaver finds herself pondering the question, "Why do they do it and who is right?" When she thinks of the Wittmers who fled the district a few days earlier, she says, "It doesn't seem right they had to leave. I lay awake every night thinking about them. I loved Ann with all my heart."

But Regina and her family are loyal members of the state church of which Zwingli is the dominating figure. Although her parents sometimes wonder, yet they decide that the only safe

Limnat river while her son was executed for the faith. She spent several hours in and around Kyberg Castle studying the prison tower, Lord Englehard's court room, the torture chamber and the long steep hill which the Anabaptists had to climb on the way to the castle. She visited a cave (God's Cathedral) where many Anabaptists found refuge from their pursuers.

Some may object to the relationship between Regina and Peter Reimann, a watchman at the Kyberg Castle. We must remember that at the onset of the story, Regina and Peter were both members of the state church. When Regina finally decided to take her stand, the continuance of her relationship with Peter depended on his making a similar change. From our way of thinking, the baptisms and the marriage were somewhat hurried, but we must remember they lived in persecution times. No one asked to be baptized in a lighthearted manner for it was in effect the same thing as having a sword suspended over his neck. They knew that if they were found out, as chances were they would be, they would either have to recant or suffer the consequences. Ordinarily they would do some soul-searching before taking such a serious step.

Even as the book WORTH DYING FOR re-lives the experiences of a non-resistant people under the Catholics, so does NOT REGINA portray their lot under the state church of Switzerland. History backs up the fact that thieves and murderers could be pardoned, but that the advocates of separation of church and state, and those who held to the teaching that "My kingdom is not of this world" would have to suffer the consequences.

It was reported that the publishing house who first published the story of NOT REGINA said that their readers can no longer comprehend the martyr setting of the Swiss Reformation. But our people who have grown up with Martyrs Mirror feel a certain relationship with the accounts of Conrad Grebel, Felix Manz, and George Blaurock. It is true that we live in a land of toleration where there is practically no persecution. But we are fortunate that we live in the Americas. If we lived at other places in the world, we might not have the freedom which we take too much for granted now.

If history has any meaning to us, then we will realize that conditions can change overnight and that the time may easily come again when our faith will be tested, and that each one may have to give account for himself.

I found my second reading of NOT REGINA just as interesting as the first.

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound",
Very weary of life and of tramping around,
But if there's a band or circus in sight,
He will follow it gladly from morning till night;
The showman will capture him some day, I fear,
For he is so queer.

But isn't he queer?

* * * * *

* * * * *



*"'For giving is living,' the angel said.
'Go feed to the hungry sweet charity's
bread'
'And must I keep giving again and a-
gain?'
My selfish and querulous answer ran.
'Oh, no!' said the angel, piercing me
through,
'Just give till the Master stops giving to
you.'"*

BIBLE QUESTIONS # 6-

1. What poor man lay at the rich man's gate?
2. Who is the "Good Shepherd"?
3. What tower was never finished?
4. How old was Jesus when we first read of His being about His "Father's business"?
5. In what five words did Jesus tell Nicodemus the way to heaven?
6. What queen came from afar to visit Solomon?
7. Who was the first missionary to the Gentiles?
8. What did King Solomon build?
9. What great king dreamed of a tree that reached to heaven?
10. What presents did the wise men bring to Jesus?

Answers to questions #6-

1. Lazarus 2. Jesus 3. Babel 4. twelve
5. "Ye must be born again". 6. Queen of Sheba
7. Paul 8. the temple 9. Nebuchadnezzar
10. Gold, myrrh, and frankincense

FREDERICKSBURG, OHIO
R. R. # 2

Dear Bulletin Readers,

The weather is pleasant, although quite dry. Wheat is up, and the corn harvest has started. A few sharp frosts have changed the leaves to beautiful scenery along the hillsides. Nature has a beauty "all her own", which can not be matched.

As our children walk to our private school, they are quietly enjoying the beauty and peacefulness of our Creator's handiwork. This, I fear, the fast, hustling world does not recognize—the beauty of nature, and the One who has control of the same.

Do we stop and think who controls the uni-

verse? "Er sieht ins Herzen's Heimlichkeit." Lest we forget, He knows it all. Then why should we seek honor here on earth? All honor and glory be to God and to God alone.

Sincerely,

- Eli E. Hochstetler

* * * * *

BAL TIC, OHIO 43804

October 24, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

A friendly greeting in Jesus' name.

Monday morning—this morning we will start our ninth week of school for this term. Time marches on and waits on no one, not even a school teacher. This morning I feel rested and refreshed from a long night's sleep, but by 3 o'clock this afternoon I will be as tired as if I had been husking corn all day. We teachers know this by experience.

Yesterday afternoon a man drove in to our home with his wife and family. We had come home from church and so we had all the evening before us in which to visit and have supper besides. This man has been a good friend of mine since we were boys of about ten years old. As we grow older the friendship grows deeper. So after such a surprise visit plus a good night of sleep, it is no wonder that I feel refreshed for the day.

Last week when I handed the BLACKBOARD BULLETIN to several pupils who had not gone out to play after their noon lunch, one pupil started leafing through it. She looked up and said, "We could not find your letter in the BULLETIN, in our copy at home. What is the matter?"

To this I answered, "I cannot understand it. When you hear me talk five days a week, why do you look for my letters? You should take more interest in reading what others write, and learn something new from their letters."

The ready answer was, "We think maybe you don't say everything you have in mind, and some of it may appear in your letters."

I hope though, that I'll not disappoint the pupils when I stress in this letter the need to make friends, friends that will last a lifetime. They are not bought with money, but much rather are obtained by doing what is taught in the Golden Rule.

This is nothing new to the pupils, and it is encouraging from time to time to remind them of it. Or perhaps give them sentences with their spelling words, that if we are everybody's friend, no matter how some people treat us,

then there will be no enemies to hold a grudge against.

Health books teach us that this is also good for the body—to be thinking pleasant thoughts. To hold a grudge has a burning ill effect on the natural body, and by comparison, a far worse effect on spiritual health.

So to all parents having children in school, and to all the teachers in those schools, let us pray for each other that we will not faint by the way.

As ever,
- Jonas Nisley

* * * * *

CHRISTIANA, PENNSYLVANIA
October 25, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Sincere greetings to all in our blessed Redeemer's name.

I feel much too unworthy to write a letter for this interesting paper, but after reading the October issue again, I decided to give it a try. For, being a teacher, I find the BULLETIN is a big help to me.

Two months have almost passed in my second year of teaching. So far, I am not sorry that I started the job. So many lessons and experiences can be gleaned from teaching. The second year is in many ways different from the first, and in some ways easier, too.

It certainly is encouraging when parents come to visit school, and are concerned about their children. Other visitors are also always welcome. When I started teaching, I really hoped no one would come. It didn't take long for me to change my mind though.

Here at Valley Road School we have an enrollment of 30—15 girls and 15 boys. The first grade has 4 girls and 1 boy, and they all seem eager to learn.

What a big help to start the day when the pupils come in the morning with happy faces and a cheerful "Good morning"! How could a teacher help but feel happy then? I guess it is just the same way for the children. I often think back how much easier we could have made it for our teacher when we were going to school.

The woods about us have again changed to many nice colors. How remarkable the number of different-shaded leaves there are! Last week we went for a walk through the woods across the road from our school. The upper grades are now making little trees from the leaves we gathered. The leaves were first pressed in books. Then each pupil cut a tree from colored

art paper, and they are now pasting leaves on their own little trees, which will be hung up later.

Wishing you every needful blessing.

- A humble teacher,
Rebecca King

* * * * *

WATERLOO, ONTARIO
October 20, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to one and all in Christian love.

I had been doubtful whether or not I should write, but now noticed in the October issue the pleadings of our Editor to "sharpen our pencils", and the fact that if there is to be a BULLETIN there must be writers. So here goes.

If I could just help someone else as this little paper has helped us in the past year, then it would be worthwhile to write. The BULLETIN has encouraged us in our new undertaking, and it is nice to know of so many others who have started parochial schools, too.

I am not a teacher, nor ever will be, but as parents we feel real concern about the problems of today's schools. Our children have now experienced something new—going to a classroom with all the children of the plain faith, and the teachers as well. It was an exciting time for them, but not a fearful one, as would have been the case if they had to go who-knows-where. In a village not far from here, three buses meet to exchange pupils, and there was such a confusion that first day of school, when they were loading for the journey home. The little ones who had gone their first day to school (which is bad enough for most children), now did not know on which bus they belonged, nor did the drivers! Soon a lot of them were crying, thinking perhaps they would never get home to mother.

We have seven schools of our own in this community. When plans were first made a little over a year ago, there seemed to be much concern about where we would find teachers, and now six of these schools have teachers of the plain faith, and the other one is just as much concerned about the world's teaching methods as we are, and has helped us along wonderfully. He has been teaching a number of years. God will provide if we put our trust in Him.

We need not feel we are rowing against the stream alone, as there are many who are helping along. Words of encouragement have helped a lot. There are still some who stand back doubtfully, and others who scorn openly. I suppose this will be the case in most places, but

we never hear or read much about that. But as one brother put it, "We will patiently wait and pray; after awhile they may join us."

Our thoughts also go to the new teachers who so kindly are helping us out. What a teacher experiences the first morning she stands before her pupils is probably difficult to describe in words. I'm sure many prayers were offered that first day for the Lord's help and guidance in leading these young hearts the right way.

All of us who have children know they do not always do as we'd like them to, so we can understand that it will happen in school, too. I believe we can all make it easier for the teachers by telling our children not only once, but

over and over again, to obey, so that in future years they will not be ashamed to look their former teacher in the face.

If they come home with a story how the teacher wronged them, we should make sure the blame does not lie at our own door.

We feel happy to know that our children can go and come back quietly, and while at school we trust they are being taught in a Christian way.

Thanks to all who helped and encouraged us in this great undertaking, and may God bless you all.

- A Reader

* * * * *

NEW SCHOOLS:

STUARTS DRAFT, VIRGINIA

By request of the editor, I will try to give a report on the Amish school of Stuarts Draft Virginia. Operating a Christian Day School was not altogether new for the church at Stuarts Draft. Back in 1950, a room was added to the church building so our high school children would not need to go to the public high school. Our County officials insist that our boys and girls attend until age 16, as required by the State compulsory attendance law. Ever since this school was built, there was some interest to build a school large enough to accommodate the elementary grades, too.

As time went on in our ever-changing world, and the public schools changing, too, this interest continued to grow. After dragging along in this way for several years and having a few school meetings, we finally had one that brought action. In this meeting it was decided the school board should take a tour to visit schools that have been in operation for a good many years, to see what we could glean.

I feel the time we took to make this trip was time well spent. I will give some of the questions we asked, and the answers we received.

Question: How many pupils should a teacher be able to handle?

Answer: This depends on how many grades she is teaching, perhaps 30 or 35 pupils.

Question: Might it be a hindrance to a child in getting along with the public when he is an adult, if he is denied the privilege of mingling with "outside" children in his school days?

Answer: "No, or I have never heard of anything like that.

Question: Do you have a discipline problem?

Answer: The problem, if there is one, is not the children but the parents. Children are no problem if the parents co-operate. Discipline becomes a serious problem if parents get involved.

Question: Do you use a paddle in school, if needed?

Answer: Yes.

Question: Who decides if the paddle is needed, the parents or the teacher?

Answer: The teacher does.

Question: Do you have certified teachers?

Answer: No.

Question: What are some of the qualities a teacher needs, to be able to teach?

Answer: First of all, a teacher must enjoy teaching; should love children; should enjoy working with children; should give whole heart and interest to teaching; should not be ill-mannered; should be easy to get along with. It is not enough for the teacher to just agree to live up to the church's standards, but he or she should from the heart stand behind the church in its standards.

We did not extend our trip as far as we had intended, as the answers we received from one place to another were so nearly the same that we felt we had a good picture of what it takes to operate a school; we were impressed by the unity expressed by different school teachers and leaders in answering our questions.

After we arrived home, we had another school meeting. At this meeting we decided to proceed with plans to have our own school this term. It was too late to think of building so we rented a four-room school from the Mennonite Church here, which they were not using.

For an inexperienced school board to get the

proper books together and other preparations made, we found to be quite a task. But school did get started, and we now have the privilege to see our children sitting in their desks, taught by men and women who have more interest in them than just to give them a secular education. It did not take us long to forget the effort it took or the time we spent.

We now have 112 pupils enrolled in our school, and have four teachers, Eli S. Beiler, Mary Beiler, James Hershberger, and Ida Miller.

May the Lord bless our much-delayed school movement.

- John G. Byler

* * * * *

New Schools:

KALONA, IOWA
Oct. 23, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus worthy name.

It has now become a reality! We now have a parochial school in this community. For quite some time there had been a concern as to the education of the young innocent children. But it was when four of the country schools were to be closed and the children sent off to the town schools, that steps were taken to start a school. The four closed schools affected only the Amish of the two north churches, and it is in that district that the school has been started.

On the evening of June 13th a meeting was called in the interest of starting a school. The weather was rainy, windy and stormy, but in spite of all that, great interest was shown as nearly every family in the two church districts was represented. The parents of the school children were all there, as well as parents of pre-schoolers, grandparents, young married people without children and even some young folks attended. A three-man committee was chosen to "look after" the school matters.

A school house that was to be closed, along with the ground, was purchased at a reasonable price according to circumstances. It is located about in the middle of the two church districts, is a well-built, fairly new building, with a full basement underneath. However, some changes had to be made in the heating and plumbing systems. School sales were attended and desks and other supplies were purchased.

Another meeting was called on the evening of Aug. 9th and financial problems were discussed, as well as school books. Lists were brought of old school books that are in possession and it was found there are about enough books on hand

without buying any others.

But the teacher problem was still on hand. Iowa laws require a certified teacher and it was thought best to abide by that law for the time being. It was hoped that Amos J. Yoder, who is Old Order Amish and a certified teacher, could be secured, but he had made other plans. But sometimes plans fail, and it was thus in his case, and he was available after all. So on September 12th the school was started with 33 pupils attending.

But the outer world was also concerned about this new school being started. One of the local merchants who is on their school board, had heard some false reports—the Amish do not intend to pay school taxes if they have the upkeep of their own schools. But a brother kindly informed him of the situation and put his mind somewhat at ease.

The non-Amish children, who were used to the country schools, and are now going to the larger schools in town, find it hard to adjust to their ways. One boy said to an Amish boy, "Next year I want to go to your school. I don't like to go from one room to another to get assignments and then do home work." And a girl remarked, "I see I just have to push my way through, like the rest do, to get along."

I hope these few humble lines will give the editor a little material for printing, in answer to his plea in the last Bulletin. No, I'm not a parent or a teacher, but just an interested reader of this paper.

Wishing you all God's Blessings,

- Mary Ellen Gingerich

* * * * *

BARTVILLE SCHOOL

- Christiana, Pennsylvania

This is the fourth year Bartville School is in operation, but the first year it is taught by an Amish teacher. It was built in 1963, directed by the Amish Building Committee appointed by the board. Much of the work was donated. This was the fifth parochial school under one board. There are now six schools under one board since last year when Chestnut Hill School opened. The children in the six schools are from three church districts: Ninepoints, Kirkwood, and Union.

The building is white, constructed of concrete blocks, covered with stucco. There is a basement for storage space. It is located near the small village of Bartville on Stevie Stoltzfus's farm, almost across the road from his build-

ings.

Mrs. Emma Rhodes, from Bartville, taught there for three years. This year it is being taught by Rachel Stoltzfus, daughter of Bishop Jacob Stoltzfus of near Morgantown. School opened Sept. 5, with an enrollment of 36.

Before this school was built the four other schools were overcrowded. A new school was necessary to reduce the number of pupils in the overcrowded schools. Last year another school

was necessary for the same reason.

The board members are President: Samuel K. Fisher; Secretary: Samuel M. Stoltzfus; Andrew K. Stoltzfus, Levi Beiler, and Jonas Zook. The first parochial school in this section was started twenty years ago. Samuel K. Fisher has been on the board since the establishment of the first parochial school in this section.

- Rebecca K. Stoltzfus

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MILLERVIEW AMISH PAROCHIAL, KOKOMO, INDIANA

Millerview Amish Parochial School is the pioneer of its kind in the Howard-Miami Co. Amish community. As in most places, consolidation and modern teaching methods were among the reasons for starting our own school. Better preparation for a Christian life was also a prime factor. However, we have only six sets of parents who have ventured to undertake the responsibility of getting a school built and started. It is our sincere desire that others will soon join us in providing a worthwhile education for their and our children who we hope will be our future church members.

Plans for the school commenced after groups of men from Pennsylvania and Middlebury and

Allen Co., Indiana sacrificed time and effort one evening to tell our community of their experiences. They encouraged us to make and go ahead with plans for our own school. They advised us not to let money be a hindering factor, to show meekness instead of boldness to higher authorities, and to have a blueprint drawn up with State approval. Howard Co. has a planning commission, so this appeared to be a necessity.

The outside dimensions of our schoolhouse are 28' by 48'. An entrance way or small porch has been built on both front and rear entrances. According to the fire marshall, who inspected our building, we also needed two exits in the basement. There are panic bars on all doors leading outside and all open outward. The windows open from the bottom outward and all are equipped with screens. They are also high enough up from the floor that inquisitive children cannot see what passes by.

The enrollment at Millerview is 14, scattered in six different grades. On Fridays four vocational students also attend.

Most of our books were purchased from Wilcox & Follet. Other sources were: Benton Review, Continental Press, Rod & Staff, and Pathway. The students' and teachers' desks were bought from a public school that had to close to make way for a dam.

In contemplating how the school room would look once the desks and scholars were in place, I often felt that 14 students would fill such a small portion of the room they'd nearly lose themselves. But it seems our teacher had a few good ideas to avoid such a situation. The desks have been appropriately placed to make the room look fuller.

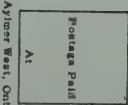
We extend an invitation to all Bulletin readers to come visit our school should you chance to pass through here, or better yet, make special efforts to come.

Sincerely,
- Mrs. Allen A. Bontrager

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

VOL. 10; NO. 5 DECEMBER, 1966

THAT HANDY CONTRAPTION—THE DUPLICATOR

- By Uria R. Byler

Someone once told me to use my head more and my feet less, meaning of course by figuring out and planning ahead I could save many steps and still accomplish more than if I'd continue to jump around aimlessly, waste time and energy, and in the end have not much to show, simply because I did not use my head.

A school teacher cannot afford to waste time needlessly. The school program must be planned to make every move count as much as possible. Keeping the pupils busy while not overloading yourself is quite a trick for a teacher, but one that can, with the proper equipment, be worked out to a certain extent, at least. When we talk about that "proper equipment" we are referring to good textbooks, workbooks, and duplicators.

Most schools have textbooks and workbooks, but how many duplicators are found in our Amish parochial schools? As long as there are any schools that do not have this little machine there is something urgently missing.

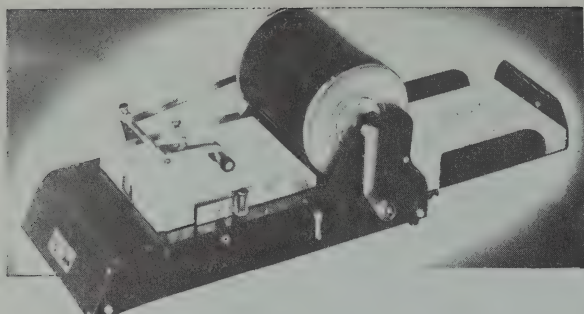
My first four years of teaching were without

a duplicator and it is still a mystery how I got by without one. But then, we also wonder how our grandfathers got along without a lot of things that today we take for granted; gasoline engines to wash clothes, pump water, cut wood. Probably we are a spoiled generation, let's face it.

Spoiled we are, after once using a duplicator in the school room, but it still took me a few years to figure out a system whereby I really got its full benefit. At first it was used mainly for exams, art posters and lower grade material. Then, as I got older and lazier I was forever looking for methods to make school teaching easier. I began experimenting with this system and that system. Necessity is the mother of invention.

I'll try to explain the system I finally hit upon during my last four years of teaching. It may sound complicated but it really is not hard to get going.

The first step is to convince the board that your school needs a good, reliable duplicator. New ones cost a lot of money, possibly \$150.00 or more, but good used duplicators can be purchased sometimes for around \$100.00, or about one-sixth what another time-saving contraption



- the manure spreader - costs.

Once you have a duplicator, get yourself a good supply of high-grade masters and a few cartons of twenty-pound test duplicator paper. The expensive part of the project is now past and the rest is up to the teacher. It is a time-consuming affair, too, make no mistake about that.

Except for tests and some other extra work when needed for refreshment in measurements, fractions, and so on, there is very little to be done in math (or arithmetic) on the duplicator. The same is true in spelling and English. The social studies, geography and history, is where the duplicator can be used to its best advantage.

Open your geography book to page one. Read carefully and start writing down practical questions on your masters. Suggestion: Word your questions so that there is only one definite answer. This will save much time and confusion in grading them. As an example: The winters on the Great Plains are (cold) (moderate) (warm) is superior to this form, What is the weather in wintertime on the Great Plains? The first question can have only one correct answer by underlining the right word. The second one could have possibly half a dozen. Result: When your pupils exchange papers and you start reading off the correct sentences and answers there will be hands raised asking, "Is this correct, 'quite cold and windy'?" "Is this right, 'A lot of snow'?" You will soon learn that the simpler your questions are worded the less fuss there will be to grade them.

The length of the chapters varies in different geography and history books. In some we could make out two or three masters per chapter, while on others only one. It is easier for pupils to find the answers if you will make up as many as possible, for it will take less reading.

On top of each master you may show the title of the book, the page numbers, a blank for the pupil's name and date as follows:

Your Country and Mine Page 151 - 154
Name _____ Date _____

This will also help the pupils in getting their

work done.

Most social study books have their own questions and work at the end of each chapter, but very few are practical enough to exchange papers to check them. If the teacher has the time to do the checking of all his (or her) pupils' papers, these questions may be used, but I believe that after your own questions are made out on masters you will find this system better for both you and your little charges.

To further explain the system we used, we would turn out enough for two copies for each pupil and keep them in separate files in the filing cabinet. The first time the pupils were allowed to use the books to find the answers. After checking them and correcting their wrong answers, they would save them by putting them in letter-sized folders which the school provided. Now they had a 100% correct paper filed away for future use.

To check these papers we would keep one copy with "Teacher's Copy" written in the name blank, and the correct answers for each question. These were usually read off in full, instead of only the answers. This would seem to help the pupils remember the answers and would simplify the checking.

Our 7th and 8th grade usually were able to do one sheet per day of both geography and history, while the 5th and 6th had social studies about three times weekly.

Now when we got through the first time over, they did not use the books much for getting ready for the second round. I'd write the page numbers of their sheet on the board to study and they got their folders out and would be buried in their Number One sheet for about twenty minutes or so, memorizing each question thoroughly. When they were all ready the teacher would pick up the old sheets and give them a new one to fill in without using the book. When they were done, they put them on my desk, after which they would again be distributed for checking. All this may sound terribly confusing, but it actually isn't once you get the hang of it.

There are several cardinal points to remember. (1) Get your masters ready ahead of time, if possible, and file them away in rotation. (2) Turn out two copies of each, plus a few extra. (3) Fill in your teacher's copies and file them. A folder with the proper label on the cover makes a good container for copies. (4) Provide the pupils with a folder for each separate book.

There is a lot of work, we admit, to get enough masters for an entire book. I used to try to do them during school hours, but soon gave up by doing them at home in the evening and Saturdays. But for all the work and time

involved, don't forget those masters will last for years, and once you have a complete set for your books you can breathe a sigh of relief. From then on for three or four years you or your successor need only to get the masters out of the files, stick them on the duplicator, and start cranking. Your sledding will be easier.

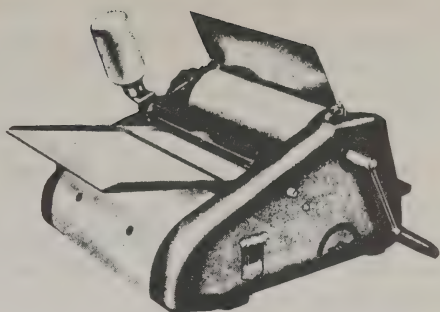
There are several added benefits to this system besides the work and time-saving angle. One is this: A teacher must read the book to get the questions ready, and thoroughly reading the textbooks will help any teacher. Another thing that we have found is that the pupils are much more eager and interested to do a teacher-made master that is done in a simple and practical way than some of the complicated and technical work set up in geography and history books.

We have had some questions on the cost of running a duplicator. The main expense, of course, is paper. I would recommend using twenty-pound test paper. By shopping around you can get a good grade of this for a little over a dollar per ream, which is very little more than tablet or notebook paper costs. Good, lasting masters cost about \$4.00 per hundred and fluid a few dollars per gallon.

To give you an idea about how much it used to cost at Pleasant Valley for duplicator supplies for a season, here is a rough estimate for about 60 pupils. Twenty-five reams paper, several hundred masters, and three gallons fluid.

Besides getting out masters for all our history and geography books we also used the duplicator for tests, special math, (long division, fractions, measurements, etc.) special English, and many others for the four upper grades.

For the lower grades a duplicator can also be a great help in solving many a teacher's problem. Have you ever heard an exasperated teacher ask, "How can I keep them busy?" Here again it is a good idea to have your work ready ahead of time so that when you see them sitting



there fiddling with their pencils, fidgeting around to see what their neighbors are doing, and making all kinds of small-fry noises, you can walk over to the file cabinet, pull out some ready-made art to color, or extra arithmetic and plop it on their desks. You'll be surprised how quiet things become in a hurry.

Again, I would urge that a teacher spends the summer vacation, if possible, to get all the work ready before school starts. A thirty-drawer steel file cabinet is an ideal piece of furniture in which to keep the masters, and a homemade wooden cupboard with enough spaces for a separate place for each subject will do to keep the ready-to-use work.

Well, that's about the end of this lecture on using a duplicator to its full advantage. No doubt you teachers may have a better system and have been using it for years, which would make our suggestions look outmoded and silly. If so, share them with other teachers.

I had no intention of writing for this month's B.B., but someone suggested some information on our system for putting the duplicator to work, and for its questionable worth, this is the result of that letter. A teacher is always in need of time and work-saving methods and I know no gadget that is as valuable to a school in general, and to a teacher in particular, as that mechanical hired man, the liquid duplicator.

- R. 1, Box 53A, Middlefield, Ohio

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Workbooks for Our Better Country

How many teachers and school boards would like workbooks for the Grade 8 history, Our Better Country? If you are interested, write at

once to:

Uria R. Byler

R. 1, Box 53A

Middlefield, Ohio 44062

If there is sufficient demand, he will try to prepare one. His decision will depend on the response he receives, so if you do want work-

books, write to him immediately. If he does not hear from you, he will interpret it to mean you do not want them.

ticipate."

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Study of Amish Education Planned

In this issue John A. Hostetler of Willow Grove, Penna. explains a research project he is directing. In this project, some testing of Amish pupils is planned.

Mr. Hostetler wrote to me about this last spring, and I had the opportunity to learn more about the project at a meeting of the workers Oct. 22 at Ann Arbor, Michigan, to which I was invited.

The results of the study will not be published, although a limited number of mimeographed copies will be made available. I have seen a copy of a similar study recently done by Hostetler on education among the Hutterites of Canada.

Perhaps it was a selfish way to look at it, but one of the first questions I asked was, "What are we to gain by this study? What good will it do us?"

After six months of time to think about it, and in view of the continuing legal troubles we Amish are facing because of our schools, I am convinced we have much to gain.

We want to be completely frank and open about our schools. We have nothing to hide. It is true that parochial schools are a new venture for us Amish, and what we didn't know when we began would fill a nice book. But we are trying, and we are learning! The overall picture is one of surprising success and much improvement.

I have met the workers in this project. They are aware of the pressures being placed on our Amish communities by modern educational policies and the changing job picture. And they are very sympathetic.

The tests they plan to use are achievement and ability tests. Special tests on agricultural and related subjects will also be prepared. One of the things we hope these tests will prove is that Amish schools are doing as good a job, or a better one, of preparing Amish children for the Amish way of life, as consolidated schools are of training their children for their way of life.

I am certain the workers will not betray our confidence, and will do all in their power to use their findings to our benefit. They would appreciate the co-operation of the teachers and school boards they approach, but as Mr. Hostetler explained, "No one is compelled to par-

Homework?

How much homework should our children have? It may be all right for town and city children to lug books home each evening, but most farm youngsters have their home work waiting for them,—carrying in wood, running errands, milking cows, and other daily chores.

We feel this type of "farm homework" is needful, and a lot better for our boys and girls than to study lessons another two or three hours in the evening.

It is nice to find someone who agrees with us. The Minister of Education of Ontario thirty years ago, said, "These children are at a period when vital energies are largely consumed in physical development, and consequently they must have time for rest and recreation. The school has no excuse for infringing upon the right of the children to sufficient time for sleep and play and the right of the home to direct their activities outside of school hours. There can be no doubt that both of these rights are seriously encroached upon by the prescription of homework, ill-chosen in character and excessive in quantity. For pupils in Grades 1 to 6 there is ample time during the school day to engage in the necessary activities satisfactorily without burdening them with additional school work to be done at home."

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Duplicators

The article on duplicators, by Uria Byler, is tops. School board members and teachers, be sure to read it. And we hope you act accordingly.

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Michigan Plan Approved

According to an Associated Press release, the Michigan State Board of Education has approved a plan to permit the Amish school near Camden to continue "for another year at least."

With this new plan, the Hillsdale County intermediate superintendent will make periodic visits to the school, for the purpose of reviewing its program, as well as providing consultative service for the Amish teacher. Written reports will be filed with the Department of Education if the State Superintendent so directs.

The Amish rejected in September, 1965, a compromise plan whereby the school would

have been made part of the local public school system, though largely under Amish control, and the State would have provided a certified teacher free of charge.

At that time the Amish countered the State proposal by asking to leave things as they were, but to submit their children to a written examination with public school children.

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Would you like diplomas hand-written in ornamental penmanship? Mrs. Samuel E. Miller of R. 2, Wolcottville, Indiana has done 40 diplomas this year for school boards and individual graduates.

If you would like to have some done, send her all the necessary information — names in full, name and address of school, and date of graduation, grades completed, and so forth. The fee is 25¢ per diploma, plus postage both ways.

.

Since writing the editorial about the Kansas school troubles, we have received word that the case will not be taken to the Supreme Court. We understand that Bro. Garber, after consulting with church leaders, has decided against letting his name and his case to be appealed to the Court. This decision is largely based on Paul's advice to the Corinthians, not to "go to law", and upon Christ's words in the Sermon on the Mount:

"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also."

.

Now ready is a 21-page writing, "The Amish Schools Case, as seen by Church Leaders and Educators". It is a compilation of the writings of four men, and is especially intended for handing to educators and school officials who are not sympathetic to Amish one-room parochial education.

This paper may be ordered from THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN. The copies are free, but we suggest that anyone who orders a dozen copies, should enclose a dollar to help cover costs.

- J.S.

EDITORIAL

THE GARBER CASE

Our readers will be somewhat familiar with the recent court case in Kansas, in which charges were brought against Leroy Garber, Amish farmer of Reno County, for refusing to send his daughter Sharon to the public high school.

The original charges were laid in 1965, and Garber was found guilty in the district court, of violating the state's attendance laws. These laws had been amended in 1965 to require attendance to the age of 16. Prior to 1965, pupils had been excused upon completion of the eighth grade.

An appeal was made to the Kansas Supreme Court, and on Nov. 5, 1966, this court affirmed the earlier decision.

There is a possibility that the case will again be appealed, this time to the highest court in the land, the Supreme Court of the United States. This Court's decision, of course, would be final.

The U.S. Supreme Court has a record of respecting individual rights much more than the

December, 1966

local and state courts. Just what would be the verdict in this case we will not attempt to say. We are not lawyer enough to know what is or is not constitutional.

We have read the opinion of the Kansas state court. According to the letter of the law, a violation did occur. But under the circumstances, it would seem the defendant's claims should have been given greater consideration.

Sharon Garber was enrolled in a home study high school course, and was making top grades. In addition, she was enrolled in an Amish vocational school, which has a curriculum similar to vocational schools that have been operating for a number of years in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana.

Even though his daughter was receiving an education equal to, or superior to, that which she might have obtained at the Partridge Rural High School, Leroy Garber was found guilty under the state truancy act, because the Kansas law makes no such exception.

The state court stated in its opinion: "It can

scarcely be doubted that defendant is sincere when he says his religious convictions are violated if his daughter received a secular type of education found in the secondary schools, but it is apparent he does not object to education per se since his daughter has attended the elementary public schools eight years."

The fact that the public schools were patronized throughout the elementary grades, and the fact that other Amish families in the community were sending their children to the Partridge High School, are what weaken the case very much. If the child had attended an Amish elementary school, the objection to public high school attendance would appear much stronger.

However, there is ample reason to make a difference between public elementary schools and public high schools. And the Amish are not alone in seeing it.

We have a Lutheran neighbor whose son is studying for the ministry. When he first told us his son will be going to school in Milwaukee, I asked, "How many years will he be there?"

"Eleven."

"Eleven? Why so long?"

"Four years of high school, four years of college, and three years of seminary and graduate work."

"But couldn't he get his high school in Tillsonburg? Why go to Wisconsin for high school?"

"Because his mother and I want him to be a minister. We're not taking any chances sending him to a public high school, with the moral standards they have there!"

This neighbor is a level-headed businessman. It is costing him a good deal of money, let alone the pain of separation, to send his son to Milwaukee. Yet the boy had been permitted to attend the local elementary school.

Sharon Garber is now sixteen, and excused from school attendance. As far as she is concerned, any further time and effort spent on the case is pointless. But there are other children, and other states, and other circumstances that may be affected by the Kansas verdict. As one Pennsylvania Amish school leader remarked, "Now that it is so far, I hate to have that ruling hang over us. But what is best to do at this time, I am not sure."

Whether the Garber case was handled constitutionally or not isn't our most pressing concern. A greater concern should be to work for unity and a consistent witness in our school. There is a higher court than the Supreme Court of the U.S.A., and if we stand acquitted before that Great Judge, that is what matters.

We need to be humble and forgiving of heart. One writer has stated so aptly, "If one is able

to take a redemptive attitude, to show a forgiving spirit, to suffer, rather than to retaliate, when a real case of injustice is done against him, he is then behaving exactly as the children of God ought to."

In the light of Paul's warning in (in I Cor. 6) against going to law, there may be some who question the Scripturalness of appealing to a higher court. But we want to also remember that the Apostle himself appealed to Caesar, (Acts 25:11).

Let us respect and give due honor to our appointed governments, praying always for them, as we are commanded. But in those instances where the laws of men conflict with the laws of God, "we ought to obey God rather than men".

- J. S.

* * * * *

BURTON, OHIO
Nov. 16, 1966

Greetings to all in the name above all names, Jesus Christ.

To avoid that guilty feeling when I read the BULLETIN, I will attempt to write. We are having beautiful weather, a great blessing to teachers (and mothers), for the children can joyfully play outside. This relaxes and refreshes the mind, ready to resume the many duties of life.

We had another funeral in our community, that of my uncle, Bishop Neil I. Hershberger. Many friends and relatives were here. Another soul has fled. Who is next? Many things are brought to our minds. Are we living for Jesus, and are our lights shining for Him? Are our hearts filled with love, as we read in I Corinthians 13? Are we living by faith and trusting in our Saviour's care? If so, we can say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Philippians 4:13.

We have so many blessings: our own schools, Christian teachers, children, health, shelter, jobs—these are only a few, but how soon these blessings could be taken from us, with the world in such a turmoil. So, let us "pray without ceasing" (I Thess. 5:17).

In Christian love,

- Mrs. Joe K. Yoder

* * * * *

BACKBONE

Each one of us should do something every day that we do not want to do but know we should do, to strengthen our backbone and put iron in our soul.

* * * * *

RESEARCH IN SCHOOLING AND OCCUPATIONS

The following is a description of a research project we have undertaken for the next three years. It is shared with the readers of the Bulletin for information and for soliciting cooperation along certain lines.

Topic: Schooling (preparation for life) in a stable agricultural community. An Amish-Mennonite community has been selected for observation because this group has proven to be an outstanding example of stable regional influence in the United States and Canada.

Purpose: (1) To discover the differences in skills and in the environment of pupils in one-room schools vs. large consolidated schools. (2) To discover the differences in schooling between children who are prepared for a stable agricultural way of life and those who are preparing for occupations other than farming. (3) To discover the duties and responsibilities of children in their family as it constitutes preparation for a way of life.

A number of basic questions are the concern of this research. With the great push on education, large budgets and large consolidated schools, what is happening to families who wish to remain agriculturalists? How can families best prepare for this way of life? What is adequate education for the family farm? What is the effect of big schools and more costly education on character development? On the moral development of the community?

The aim of the research is to make a lasting contribution to basic knowledge rather than solve any immediate problems. We believe, however, that if the "fractus" over compulsory high school attendance were observed in the context of values and goals, then there would be greater respect for the way of life of agricultural peoples and minority religious groups. This should be one byproduct of the study. We wish to discover more about the conditions of human conservation, where people live stable and secure lives, in contrast to communities that experience abrupt changes in values and breakdown of respect for people. Answers to these questions have applications not only in the United States where the Amish are feeling the brunt of the change, but also in many parts of the world where there are large agricultural areas.

Methods: (1) By the use of historic documents, and observation of the agricultural way of life, an attempt will be made to describe the goals and values of the community. Schooling will be observed in relation to the values which

the community wishes to achieve. (2) The aid of school teachers is needed to ascertain the skills and practical aspects of living and training. Paper-and-pencil exercises and tests will be used to learn the range of experience needed and achieved by the pupils. Not all schools will be contacted but a sufficient number of cases are needed to make statistical computations for each grade level. (3) Advice will be sought from several teachers, fathers and mothers, and community leaders who can take the time to share their ideals and experiences. Cooperation will be appreciated, but no one will be compelled to participate. No questionnaires will be mailed out as information will be solicited firsthand and in person.

Sponsor and personnel: Temple University is the sponsor of the study which is being done under my direction. My position is Associate Professor of Sociology and Anthropology. This type of research is in keeping with the normal duty of university teachers who are expected to make contributions to knowledge in addition to teaching courses. I have selected to assist me the best persons I know from the standpoint of character and ability. Two of these are working toward their school degree: Wayne Miller and James Landing. Gertrude Huntington of Ann Arbor, Michigan, will be assisting also. A full description of the research project is available for anyone requesting more information.

- John A. Hostetler
2550 Ball Road, Willow Grove, Pa.
* * * * *

ARTHUR, ILLINOIS

Dear BULLETIN Readers,

Greetings to all, in Jesus' name.

I'll write some more about Plainview School. The enrollment is forty-nine. Not all are from the Arthur district, as a few came from Lovington and Arcola. Those from Arcola have five miles one way. Two of the parents take turns bringing them. But they are hoping and praying there will be a parochial school nearer home by next year.

The teachers of our school are Lovina Miller (Grades 1-4) and Fannie Mae Mast (Grades 5-8). Lovina is a local girl, but Fannie Mae's home state is Kansas. Classes were started September 14, even though not everything was finished. To get everything done will take time. Do we want to get done in helping to make a better

school?

If you have any criticism to make on what I wrote about our brick school, give it to me and not to anyone else. I am sorry for writing about it.

In Uria Byler's "Ten Rules For Teaching" (Sept. issue), he mentions the courage to take criticism without striking back. Does this apply to board members also? I want it to apply to me, as a writer.

The children in Plainview School are to speak English at all times, except during German

classes. Why don't visitors use English when they come to school? Also, the children are to be quiet in time of school. Why don't the visitors have to be quiet? When we go to visit school, let us remember that we are looked up to as leaders for the children.

Let us all visit school. The teachers appreciate it, and so do the children. The above is just a reminder what the children think of us when we go to school and do not obey the rules.

May God bless you all.

- Jonas M. Schrock

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EDUCATED BARBARIANS!

- By David Wagler

Have you ever seen an educated barbarian? According to a well-known educator, the president of a Methodist church college, we can expect to see quite a few of them in the near future.

Franklin H. Littell, well-known lecturer and writer, says that the modern educational system is geared for the utmost in science and technology but morals and the teachings of right and wrong are sadly neglected. He says the results of such a program is bound to be a generation of educated barbarians.

I consulted my dictionary to see what a barbarian is. The definition it gives is a rude, brutal or uncultured person, or anyone who is uncivilized.

As we look at history we find that the only governments which have attained any degree of civilization were those founded to a large degree on the code of laws given to Moses and set forth in the Old Testament. In the civil laws of the Israelites we find the moral laws of right and wrong, which were to be administered without respect of persons. The Mosaic law upholds the equal rights of individuals, and embodies the principles of loving our neighbor, and assuming the responsibility of caring one for another.

Under the new dispensation the church is called out to holiness, but the governments are still obligated to recognize and institute laws of right and wrong, based on the laws of Moses, which were given nearly four thousand years ago.

Governments which have fulfilled these obligations, have apparently had a special blessing from God. The United States of America was founded on religious freedom, and upheld the rights of the individual regardless of whether rich or poor. Founded on these principles, it

grew to be the most powerful nation on earth.

Although the signers of the Declaration of Independence were not religious men as judged by New Testament standards, yet they were firm believers in justice, equality and morality as set forth in the law of Moses.

But sad to say, within the last 35 years there has been a tremendous change. As long as King Saul was humble in his own eyes he did what was pleasing to God but when he became powerful he forgot God.

When the Frazer report in 1952 stunned the world by asserting that Russia was turning out more scientists than the U. S., Britain, Germany and all the rest of the world together, there was a panic and headlong rush to catch up with Russia.

Instead of contenting themselves with the thought that right is might and that to be strong internally is better than to depend on military weapons while being rotten at the core, they have accepted the challenge of the Russians, namely, that "might is right". In the mad race to reach the moon, the entire emphasis is put on producing a generation of super-scientists who will be able to probe the secrets of the atom. But the foundation on which the country was founded, freedom, equality and morality—is disregarded and despised.

The first major change in the educational system was the consolidation of the schools. The country school with its local control and old-time atmosphere is practically a thing of the past. Children are sorted and thrown together by the hundreds in order to put the most brilliant in a class by themselves. Instead of an individual, the child is becoming merely a number. The right of the parents in school

matters is being ignored and the sole authority and responsibility is in the hands of the teachers and area school boards.

It is easy to understand what happens to the children of the non-conformed groups when they are placed in such an environment. The pressure to conform is becoming so great that only through a miracle are they able to withstand it for any length of time.

What can we do as a group to retain our non-conformed way of life and the Biblical principles for which we stand? Mr. Littell says that with our parochial schools we do have an excellent opportunity to live our faith and to show that we do believe in the right kind of education. It is a well-known fact that the early Anabaptists were the first to insist and see to it that their children were all taught to read and write.

At that time the only ones in the world who obtained an education were the children of the rich and those who were learning to become priests.

Not only did the Anabaptists teach the children, but older people as well, when they joined the church. They believed that there should be no beggars among them or any who were ignorant.

Mr. Littell says that instead of wasting our time talking about the conditions in the world, we ought to be putting our schools in shape to show that we believe what we teach and teach what we believe. Even as the early Anabaptists lost no time in getting and giving needed education, so ought we to be fitting our children for their life's work. This is a job which will require all our energy and the best we can do.

If we want to protest against the kind of



schooling that produces educated barbarians, then we ought to see that our pupils are given the kind of education that will make them honest and useful citizens. We will want to teach them the Biblical principles of honesty, uprightness, good morals and loving our neighbor as our-

selves. If we can do this, no government in the world will have a right to require our children to attend public schools.

- Aylmer, Ontario

* * * * *

DID I THINK TO PRAY?

Did I think to pray
As I arose to greet the day,
Fresh with renewed courage and zest,
Did I thank God for a good night's rest?
I did my duties in the usual way—
But did I think to pray?
That God would His plan for me reveal—
As I prepared the morning meal;
And later washed the pots and pans,
Did I thank the Master for my two hands?
He has no hands but ours, to do His work each day—
Did I ask Him what my hands could do, did I think to pray?
Seems I hurried upstairs to make the beds and dust
And never once thought to talk to God in my rush.
There I was, washing and ironing clothes
But did I remember to pray for those
Throughout the world, both young and old
Who have not enough clothing to keep out the cold?
My family's still seated at the table, well fed,
I wonder if God heard that hasty prayer we said.
Did I think to pray for those unfed—
Who this day have not daily bread.
And as the children laugh and run and play
Did I think to pray for those who are ill today?
The day's almost gone, it feels good to sit down—
But did I think to thank God that my feet carry me around?
He has no feet but ours to walk His path each day—
Did I ask Him to guide me, did I think to pray?
As I think back through my day, I would pray
Dear Father, forgive me where I have failed to do Thy will today,
In my haste I've forgotten to talk to You
About the work You would have me to do.
Thank You for every gift, especially Thy Son,
And guide us all that Thy will may be done.
We would pray for peace and love to reign everywhere.
In Jesus' name we ask, Dear Lord, hear our prayer.

* * * * *

Life, however short, is made still shorter by the waste of time.

These long winter evenings are real nice, aren't they? We hurry with the chores and look forward to a few free hours after supper. Then we can stretch out on the couch, or sit in a corner with our feet propped up against the stove, reading a book. It's so nice to sit by a roaring crackling fire while the snow rattles against the window panes, and the north wind howls mournfully around the corner of the house.

Or, those long evenings are great to have a few friends in for a chat. The busy summer days often leave us little time for real old-fashioned visiting.

Whatever we do with those hours, we want it to be truly worthwhile.

Have you ever heard of the Fireside University? A lot of well-known people have gotten their education there. J. L. Harbour tells of a speaker who was asked,

"From what college are you a graduate?"

"From the Fireside University," he replied with perfect seriousness.

"The Fireside University? I don't think I understand. Where is it?"

"It may be located in any home. In my own case it was before the fire on the long winter evenings on a farm in the Middle West."

"Do you mean to say you have not been to a real college?"

"I have never had the privilege of attending even a grade school," was the reply, "but when I was a lad of fourteen, I became a student with my brother at the Fireside University. It is the only schooling I have ever known."

The kind of school this man "attended" is open to about anyone, and it has a pretty good record of success. For it is the young men and women who want to learn, and badly enough to put forth some effort, who will succeed.

I never quite could understand it, but maybe you can, why the world puts so much weight on diplomas. As if learning stopped abruptly as soon as you closed the schoolhouse doors for the last time, and stepped out into the workaday world! I'd rather think going to school is just getting ready to learn.

I know that schools are pretty handy places in which to pick up useful pieces of knowledge, but it is possible to slide through them without collecting much. It all depends on wanting to learn.

The same can be said about the after-school



years. We can't help learning a few things unless we're pretty dense. But if we really want to make headways, there will have to be a desire to learn, and then some effort.

There really is no virtue in ignorance. Not ordinarily, at least. And ignorance is not innocence, not in the eyes of the law, nor in the eyes of God, if it is willful ignorance.

So why not spend some of these evening hours making yourself a better person—Study the Bible, read a good book, learn something new, do something worthwhile.

That, too, is education. It is the kind of education we want, in school and out—useful, sensible, practical.

So many people get the mistaken impression we Amish are opposed to education. We're not! Then why should they get such an idea? Remember, our forefathers were among the first to promote a common school education, so their children could read the Bible and make an honest living. We want no less for our children today.

Of course, we don't see any need for our children to go to public high school and colleges. And we do see great dangers there. But surely we are not like the fellow who was boasting to his friends about what he didn't know!

"I never went to college," he was saying. "I didn't learn 'jometry and engineering and Latin, or that kind of stuff. I don't have to know everything, and I can still make a living."

"Are you trying to tell us you're thankful for what you don't know?"

The fellow pondered a bit about this, "Well,

yes, maybe you could put it that way."

"I must say you certainly have a lot to be thankful for."

- To be continued

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TROY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
BURTON, OHIO
November 29, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

A greeting in Jesus' Name. "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Psalm 46:1.

These words are so true and have a new meaning since death has called at our house and God has called away our dear father. We find the home empty without him, but it has been his wish to go for quite a while, so we could not wish him back. Yes, Dad is gone, but his words live on.

We want to thank our many friends for their encouraging words, cards, visits, and letters at such a time. It means so much to us.

School is going along as usual again, after being at home a week, but it took some adjusting. I feel fortunate in having something like teaching to do, as it keeps my mind occupied during the day. However, there is always that empty chair to come home to, and no more will Father's words greet me with, "Well, did you have a good day today?" We still have a home and Mother, so I want to be very thankful for the blessings that remain.

The second Test Week, has come and gone, grades averaged up and report cards ready. Now we are back on schedule again, and the children seem anxious to try harder than ever to get that average up just a little more.

I found the Bulletin so interesting again, as always, and especially did I agree with the Illinois writer on the subject of "mocking." I just feel like repeating one of her sentences, "I think if all parents would stop talking about other people in the presence of their children, a lot of trouble could be avoided." It could be school trouble, church trouble, neighborhood trouble, or relative trouble.

I wish I would more often, (instead of repeating something I heard about someone, that isn't good,) offer a prayer for the person involved. I'm sure it would help that person more than the other way.

A few questions came up in a Teachers' Circle Letter which I thought would be interesting to discuss here. I would be glad to have others' opinions, too. No.1- Do you think a child benefits from doing work over which was not done correctly? I would say they do, defi-

nately, except maybe in exceptions. (Quite a phrase!) There is a rule in our school that any grade below 70 must be done over in recess time. The children are much more careful the first time if they know they will have to correct their mistakes. There are a few who have to do this more often than we like to see, but it is just because they don't do their best, for they have proved that they can if they put their whole heart to it and try.

No.2- What rules do you go by for sending first graders to school? One teacher wrote, "Only one of my six first graders was six years old on the opening day, and one of them won't be six until December. Our Ohio Standards say a child must be six before or within 60 days of the opening day. I never felt it was wise to send them too young and if the parents know that a very young one will have a hard time, it would be better to keep that one at home another year and try and get him started in numbers and letters before beginning.

Something else on my mind: In most letters from teachers we read how they wish parents would visit school more often. Now are we teachers doing our part in appreciating them when they do come, and telling them so, or do we just take such things for granted and think, well, that is their duty? The same with the school board. Do we thank them for their extra time in making the school better? I think if we do our part, most parents and board members will too.

I don't think I appreciate enough what all the people are doing for me, but I do try. When I visit with other teachers who do not have such good co-operation, I just feel so unworthy to the good Lord for all my many blessings. Forget us not when you pray.

Trying for better schools,

- Amanda N. Hershberger

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APPLE CREEK, OHIO 44606
November 25, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

May the hand of God be with all private and parochial schools.

Words cannot explain the joy in my heart for the privilege we have to send our children to a parochial school. To me it would be beyond the ways of Christian thinking to send my children to a public school such as I had to attend from 1936 to 1945. And today public schools are likely worse than they were twenty or thirty years ago.

Yes, at that time we were offered special privileges because our parents objected to some

of the doings at school! But wait! Let's take a look. It is true we didn't have to stand in line to have our pictures taken. But the teacher coaxed us and said Dad and Mom wouldn't find out. And it chanced that the teacher did get our pictures at an unexpected time, even though we were not standing in line.

Now, if each pupil took his own stand against the radio lessons twice a week, he didn't have to take them. We who did so were allowed a book, and we could study some other lesson. The others did not dare open a book. However, we were not allowed to leave the room.

If we insisted, we were allowed to leave the room while the others had moving picture shows. But when the bell rang, we were required to immediately return to the schoolroom and very often the movies would last another five minutes or so.

The teacher also took moving pictures of the pupils playing and the best we could do was to see to it that we were on the opposite side of the schoolhouse from the teacher.

We didn't have to help in ball games against other school districts, but the teacher encouraged us to help, and assured us Dad and Mom wouldn't find it out. He even offered to take us almost home in case it got late. And if someone made a homerun, he got more honor and praise than a student who had all A's on his report card.

If there were programs or plays at night, we were respectfully excused from attending, but we had to practice the songs and learn everything that went with the program, and if the program was during the day, Dad and Mom just did not need to know. And the teacher plainly taught us how to go about it.

And if we didn't get a good grade in history about all the famous generals in war, and the facts about each war in which the U.S. had been involved, we had to do the lesson over. Such



FOR ONE DAY

Anyone can carry his burden, however hard,
until nightfall;
Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one
day;
Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly,
purely, till the sun goes down.
And this is all that life really means.

- Selected by a Reader

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history was stressed more than arithmetic. There were some spiritual hymns, but more of the songs were lively jazz and worldly unsensible songs, which planted quite a temptation in our young and tender hearts, a temptation which has stayed with me to this day.

All these and many other temptations finally caused quite a conflict between my parents and me. There was a good bit of ill will and dishonesty planted in our hearts.

I believe my parents knew and understood what caused some of the trouble, yet they probably never realized how much it really affected my inner actions and my tender soul. Oh, that parents might clearly understand the spiritual needs of their children!

While some schools were not as bad as the one where I went, I believe most public schools have a lot of these things. So if you parents think your public school is all right, give it another thought. Do you love your children dearly? Do you care for their spiritual needs?

They may seem to like the public school. I did. But now things look different to me. Little did my parents realize the situation I was really in. Oh, that all parents with young tender souls in their care, might have the hand of God to help them!

- By a Reader, with a heavy heart for these young souls

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ARE PARENTS DELINQUENT?

- By Grace Miller

"The youngsters are not the only delinquents," declared a Y.W.C.A. secretary the other day. "Practically all boys or girls who go wrong trace the cause to their own home, or to the action of some older person who has influenced them. Experts in the juvenile problem recognize the older people are usually at fault."

The speaker went on to say, "Before I can do anything with the young people of this valley into which I have just moved, I feel that I must somehow inspire the parents and older folks to a higher standard of living."

By way of illustration he told a story of how, when Johnny had developed the habit of telling untruths, his parents were alarmed and endeavored to break him of this habit in some way or another, finally resorting to a good spanking for each offense.

One evening as Johnny's mother hurried him off to bed unusually early, and he asked the reason why, his mother said, "Your father and

I want to do some reading, and we must have the house perfectly quiet."

However, a couple of hours later when the boy's older sister came home, the little fellow awakened and asked her if his parents had finished their reading, for which the house had to be perfectly quiet.

"Reading," she exclaimed, "They are not reading. They are at a bridge party. They wanted to get you to bed without a scene."

Soon the parents came home, and hearing a voice in the son's room, they paused to listen, and heard him say, "Dear God, this is a problem for you. Who is going to spank papa and mama when they tell lies?"

- Selected

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THE PONY WHO HELPED BUILD A SCHOOL

- By Jonas M. Schrock



Charlie was a pony who helped build Plainview School near Arthur, Illinois. He lived just a quarter mile from school, and was on the job every day except Sundays. But one Sunday he got into trouble.

How could a pony help build a schoolhouse? Well, just sit still and be quiet, while your teacher reads to you.

Charlie was hitched to a two-wheeled cart, and sometimes to a low four-wheeled buggy with a small seat. He was a good pony, and he would stand still for hours at a time. His job was to haul lumber, or men, or boys and girls, or whatever needed hauling. He often took men on errands.

Charlie was six years old, just the right age to start school this year! A pony in school? Let's see about that later.

Charlie was such a well-behaved pony he was used to train other ponies that were hitched beside him. One day Dixie, a year-old pony colt, was hitched beside Charlie. As soon as they had a spare minute, she lay down to rest. The men had to get her up. By that time the harness was torn, and needed fixing.

On Sunday, September 11, Charlie was hungry and decided to eat with the pigs. I suppose Charlie thought if pigs can eat and grow bigger, I'll try it, too. He was only 45 inches tall, you see. But things didn't work out that way.

December, 1966

Charlie became sick.

Monday came, and he was back on the job hauling fence tools. But he wasn't feeling well, and couldn't stand still in one place. He walked off and took the buggy over the sand box. The noon hour came, and Charlie was indeed sick. He had to stay home after dinner.

He took a lot of medicine but it was all in vain. Charlie was in great pain. Before bedtime, Charlie was dead. He died September 12, two days before school started, so he never got to school after it was opened.

Charlie the pony was buried Sept. 13, 1966 in the apple orchard on his home farm.

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SUGARCREEK, OHIO
November 27, 1966

Dear BULLETIN Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

I will try to gather enough courage to write a few lines. This is Sunday forenoon, and all except the two youngest children and I went to church. The youngest girl is exposed to the mumps, and one of the boys woke up sick during the night.

We were glad to see in the BULLETIN that Illinois and Iowa also have parochial schools now. We were on a trip out there in May, and heard many people talking about their school problems.

Our children are going to the Buckeye Parochial School where Susie A. Yoder is the teacher. We have four boys and one girl going. We also have three older children, and they all finished school there with the same teacher. And then we have one girl who is not going to school yet.

I have a poem which I would like to share with the BULLETIN readers, called "A Warning to the Young:"

Young people who delight in sin,
I'll tell you what has lately been.
A woman who was young and fair—
She died in sin and sad despair.
She'd go to frolics, dance and play,
"I'll turn to God when I get old,
And He will then receive my soul."
One Friday morning she took sick—
Her stubborn heart began to break;
"Alas, alas, my days are spent,
Good God, too late 'tis to repent."
She called her mother to her bed,
Her eyes were rolling in her head;
"When I am dead, remember well,
Your wicked daughter screams in hell.
The tears are lost you shed for me;
My soul is lost, you plainly see.

Oh, mother, mother, fare you well,
 My soul is lost and doomed to hell;
 The flaming wrath begins to roll,
 I am a lost and ruined soul."
 She gnawed her tongue before she died,
 She rolled and groaned, she screamed and
 cried;

"Oh, must I burn forever more,
 When thousand, thousand years are o'er?"
 At length the monster death prevailed,
 Her nails turned blue, her language failed.
 She closed her eyes and left the world,
 Poor Polly down to hell was hurled.
 It almost broke the mother's heart
 To see her child to hell depart.
 "Oh, is my daughter gone to hell?
 My grief's so great, no tongue can tell."
 Young people, lest this be your case,
 Repair to God and show your face.
 Upon your knees for mercy cry,
 Lest you in sin and folly die.
 Oh, sinner, take this warning fair,
 And for your dying bed prepare.
 Return to Jesus Christ and live,
 And He will life and pardon give.
 Remember well your dying day,
 And seek salvation while you may;
 Forsake your sins and follies, too,
 Or they will prove your overthrow.
 Oh, ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
 You must die and wear a shroud;
 Time will rob you of your bloom,
 Death will drag you to the tomb;
 Then you'll cry and want to be,
 Happy in eternity.

Remember us in prayer. We are likewise
 minded, but in weakness.

- Mrs. Alvin A. F. Hersherberger

* * * * *

A PROCESS REPEATED

Has not the same process been repeated in
 nearly every church? As the founders, those
 who possessed the true spirit of reform, pass
 away, their descendants come forward and
 "new-model the cause". While blindly clinging
 to the creed of their fathers and refusing to ac-
 cept any truth in advance of what they saw, the
 children of the reformers depart widely from
 their example of humility, self denial and re-
 nunciation of the world. Thus "the first sim-
 plicity" disappears. A worldly flood flows into
 the church and carries with it its customs,
 practices and idols.

Alas, to what a fearful extent is that friend-
 ship of the world which is "enmity with God"

now cherished among the professed followers of
 Christ! How widely have the popular churches
 throughout Christendom departed from the Bible
 standard of humility, self-denial, simplicity,
 and godliness!

Said John Wesley, in speaking of the right
 use of money, "Do not waste any part of so
 precious a talent, merely gratifying the desire
 of the eye, by superfluous or expensive apparel,
 or by needless ornaments. Waste no part of it
 in curiously adorning your house, in superfluous
 or expensive furniture, in costly pictures,
 painting, gilding...Lay out nothing to gratify
 the pride of life, to gain the admiration or
 praise of men..."

"So long as thou doest well unto thyself, men
 will speak good of thee.' So long as thou art
 'clothed in purple and fine linen,' and 'fares
 sumptuously every day.' No doubt, many will
 applaud thy elegance of taste, thy generosity
 and hospitality. But do not buy their honor; that
 cometh from God." (*Wesley's Works*, Sermon
 50 on "The Use of Money").

But in many churches of our time, such
 teaching is disregarded.

- Selected by Ervin N. Miller, LaGrange, Ind.

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THE PUPILS' CORNER

KNOW HOW TO SMILE?

Some people always look so glum,
 And frown at everything.
 They marvel that some can always hum,
 And sometimes even sing.

* * * * *

WHO SAID?

(To a Lame Beggar)

Silver and gold have I none,
 But what I have I give to thee,
 In the name of Christ, God's holy Son,
 Arise, and thank the Lord, not me.
 - E. S.

Answer: Peter

(Note: The two short poems above were
 written by a 14-year-old pupil of the Amish
 school at Aylmer. We have limited space for
 the writings of pupils. Teachers are invited to
 send in similar efforts of their pupils. They
 should be short and say something. - Editor)

* * * * *

- By Walter E. Isenhour

Dear Bulletin Readers,

In answer to the editor's plea for material, I will try and write some things which we enjoyed and profited by when I was a pupil. I went to a one-room public school, which was turned over to the Amish the year after I was through.

Time was always short, as I suppose it still is in a school with eight grades. My teachers were all good, each having an outstanding point. The first one was very strict, and she managed somehow to have time to work a lot with the lower grades. The next teacher was a great one for putting pupils to work, and saving herself time and trouble. Once a month we voted in three committees to keep the blackboard clean, new artwork pasted on the bulletin board, and the library books in order. We took great pride in our jobs, and it gave us a feeling of really helping.

This teacher got a new set of books from our county library once a month. When these arrived, the committee took down the titles and then checked them out again when it was time to return them. And, of course, straighten the shelves occasionally. This system won us good credit with the library, and we were allowed to have their best books because we lost none, while other schools got only the culls from the cellar.

My last teacher was my favorite. She would be the one I'd try to imitate if I were a teacher. To this day I'm trying to figure out how she could laugh, and all the school with her, when something funny happened in time of school. But no one dared disobey her. She had eyes that could pierce right through you if you were bad. She meant what she said. She loved birds and the pupils soon caught this interest, too. I think it is very nice for children to learn to identify birds, trees, and wild flowers. This is education as well as enjoyment. What is a better and nicer way to spend free time, than in a woods surrounded by nature?

We also enjoyed the privilege of ringing the first bell.

One way to get a little more time out of a day is to give the upper grades and lower grades separate recesses. Thus, the teacher can continue classes all the time. And the lower grades enjoy the opportunity to have the ball diamond to themselves.

I especially enjoy the poems in the Bulletin, selected and original. Best wishes to all who read this.

- Mrs. Andy Miller

There is a treasure you can own
That's greater than a crown or throne;
That's richer than a diamond field,
Or all the pearls the oceans yield;
That's grander than the praise of men
That they might give by word or pen;
Yes, sweeter to the heart than song,
Though sung by some angelic throng.

This treasure is a conscience clear
That brings the sweetest peace and cheer;
A conscience free from guilt and stain,
That doesn't trouble, lash and pain;
A conscience that can rest in ease
When God beholds what no one sees:
A conscience good with which to live,
That only God Himself can give.

* * * * *

JAMESPORT, MISSOURI 64648
R.2, Box 40, Nov. 20, 1966

Dear BULLETIN Readers,

Thanksgiving is almost here. Do we realize the great privileges and blessings we have?

A verse which has often come to my mind in the short ten weeks of teaching is, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." Psalm 37:5. There have been times when I was a little discouraged, but the thought would come to me, "I'm not teaching by myself; I have an all-knowing Helper. One who wants me to let Him carry the burdens and problems." Letting Him carry each one, big or small, can certainly work wonders.

Oh, what a blessing, what an enjoyable, challenging experience teaching is! You are repaid by the children in so many small ways. I have an entirely new school, Oak Grove Parochial, and many new experiences. So far, each problem has been "ironed out" fairly easily, with the help of the school board and the parents. To know the parents really care and are interested, is very helpful.

With great weakness I write this, knowing somebody will have to write if we are to have a paper. I, for one, would not want to do without it.

Remember us teachers in prayer, so we can be good examples to the children in spite of our many mistakes and shortcomings.

- A new teacher,
Katie Yoder

* * * * *

PLAINVIEW PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

Arthur, Illinois

Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus, whoso humbly bore our sins that we might live.

I have been chosen to send a report on the new Amish school in our area. So with the Lord's help, I will try to relate our experiences.

For several years we have had families with convictions that a parochial school should be opened. In December of 1965, a carload from here spent two days in Indiana visiting five different schools. This seemed to stir up more interest than we had expected.

In January a meeting was called, where a committee of five were elected to try to have a school ready by the fall of 1966, and to continue to help with the school throughout the first term. After the first term we expect to have the usual three board members.

Those elected were Menno A. Diener, Ezra J. Plank, Ben W. Gingerich, Eli A. Hershberger and myself. In February a meeting was held in the Arthur Public School system, attended by local school officials, state officials, and the Amish bishops. An attempt was made to keep the nine one-room schools open that have been in operation in the Amish areas.

At this meeting the State Superintendent's legal adviser was asked about laws on parochial schools. He said the only person in the state of Illinois with jurisdiction over parochial schools is the State fire marshall. All parochial school buildings must be approved by the fire marshall.

We decided to make a trip to Springfield to have our plans approved. We thought it would be easier to change plans, than to change the building after it was completed.

The fire marshall had more regulations than we expected. One was that we must have electricity in the school. This, of course, seemed like a simple matter to him, but we explained why we felt it was out of the question.

He told us if we won't put in electricity, and he can't approve it without it, it looks as if we just can't have our own school.

After some thinking and praying, we went to see our State attorney to ask if we could be exempted from this law. He told us he couldn't help us, and that we had better hire our own lawyer. We engaged a lawyer in Sullivan to help us, and spent three months waiting on him, but he could not get a definite commitment. The fire marshall still said no.

We called a meeting to take a vote of opinion whether we should go ahead without an exemption, or keep on trying. The vote was 42 to go

ahead and build, trusting the Lord will see us through if we are worth it, and 2 voted to keep trying till we had written approval.

Early in July we finally started digging a basement. The school is located two miles west and one-half mile south of Arthur, on the N. E. corner of the farm owned by Amos D. Otto. There were two classrooms, a 28' x 52' basement, and a 28' x 14' entrance on the south end, with stairways going to the basement and one classroom. Indoor restrooms are at this entrance.

A 10' x 12' porch is built on the west, with stairway to the other classroom and also to the basement. The building is of masonry construction, with hay-dite blocks on the inside and red bricks on the outside. Masonry construction is another thing the fire marshall said is a must.

We had wonderful co-operation while building. However, this type of building couldn't be erected as quickly as a wooden-framed one. We were two weeks late opening, and the first day of school was Sept. 14.

There were twenty-three students in the upper grades, taught by Fannie Mast of Kansas. Twenty-six pupils make up the lower grades, with Lovina Miller of Arthur teaching. These forty-nine children represent twenty-one families. Anna Mae Gingerich is teaching German every Wednesday to all eight grades.

We received generous donations from all ten church districts here at Arthur. We lack less than \$2000 from having enough donations to pay for the project, for which we are very thankful. Perhaps this sounds pretty easy, but we were often challenged with discouragements, so now we can see it was only by the grace of God that we got as far as we have. We are asking your support in prayer.

Things are going pretty well, for which we thank and honor our dear Lord, and hope we may continue to improve as the years pass by.

Humbly yours,

- John E. Otto

R. 1, Arthur, Illinois 61911

* * * * *

New Schools:

MEYERSDALE, PENNSYLVANIA

November 25, 1966

Greetings in our Saviour's name.

I have been asked to give a report of our schools here. I am a poor writer, but will try and help this little bit. We would hate to be without the BLACKBOARD BULLETIN.

We were among the few who were still send-

ing our children to public schools. We had our small country school up through the eighth grade. But things are moving on, and this past summer the public school decided to take the seventh and eighth grades to town, to the high school. We did not have much time to do anything about it. But the decision was made by the parents to teach our own seventh and eighth graders. A meeting was soon called and aboard of three was voted in for the Upper District, and a similar board for the Lower District.

With such short notice, and only the two grades, we set up temporary classrooms. Our Upper District school is being held at Floyd Brennemens, with Nancy Brenneman as teacher. The Lower District has classes at the Noah Summy farm, with Cora Brenneman as teacher there.

We have had very good co-operation from the public board so far, for which we are very thankful. But what we will do by the time the next term rolls by is still a big question mark.

Let us remember our schools, also our I-W boys, and be thankful for the privileges we have, and pray for each other.

A humble board-member,
- Abe S. Kinsinger

* * * * *

New Schools:

VALLEY VIEW SCHOOL

Holmesville, Ohio

Dear B. B. Readers,

Greetings of Christian love to everyone.

Valley View is a new school in the Southwest Holmesville Church. It is a good-sized building with full basement and gas furnace. The walls are gray and white with plenty of windows and blackboards the full length on one side. They're kept pretty busy most of the time.

We have thirty pupils from ten families. The school is on Sam C. Yoder's property. The board members are John A. Miller, Eli S. Anderson, and Ivan Hochstetler. Sam C. Yoder is treasurer and Andy C. Yoder, the Truant Officer.

We have a nice ball diamond and playground. We also have a nice sled run behind the schoolhouse for sledding which has been graded off. Looks like we'll be able to use it before too long.

The term is well on its way and is going smoothly. Tests are over at last and things are back to normal. I have liked the idea of teaching for a long time, but a person doesn't realize what it is and what all is to it until he teaches, himself. I wouldn't trade my job for

another though.

Last Friday I took my pupils on a hike. We started out at 11:00 and took our lunches. We explored an old graveyard which had about a dozen stones left on which you could still read the names. Some were of around 1836-1842. We then explored some cliffs. We ate our lunch on a hill in the sun and then went down in the bottom near Paint Creek and played some games. We came back around 2:00 and then Katie, Sara and Ruth Hochstetler came and brought a treat for their brother's birthday.

Just before my school opened, I had a chance to spend a few minutes at Weaver's Ridge, where Elizabeth Miller teaches, and at South Bunker Hill where Vernon Troyer teaches. I was only sorry I couldn't stay longer, Elizabeth, but I hope you can come visit my school, too. Anyone is welcome to come at any time.

May God bless you all.

A humble teacher,
- Ruth Anderson

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New Schools:

JAMESPORT, MISSOURI
Nov. 24, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in our Master's high and holy name.

I will in my great weakness finally start a letter for this very interesting and helpful BULLETIN which I have enjoyed reading the past few years. On this Thanksgiving Day I can say I'm thankful we have the privilege of having the Blackboard Bulletin. I feel it can be a source of inspiration and courage to any teacher who wants the same.

We have three schools here in our community now. Meadow View has been in its present location 2 1/2 miles southeast of Jamesport since 1957. It was a used schoolhouse moved there for the use of our eighth grade graduates who had to go till their sixteenth birthday. There is where I had my first experience as a teacher. I started in with 11 pupils and taught the 1957-58 term. How different that was compared to what I have now with all eight grades!

We have a Vocational School for the eighth grade graduates now. These pupils from the whole settlement come together every Saturday A. M. at Pleasant Hill with Chris Kauffman as teacher.

Why did we start our own schools? The public schools were getting very crowded and some of the children had to ride many miles on

the school buses. They were also being taught some things of which we do not approve. This is one great advantage in having our own schools. We know what they are being taught, what they are doing, and with what kind of children they keep company.

A year ago this fall plans were made to start two schools of our own. One new school was built and Meadow View was used as the other one. Books were ordered from Wilcox and Follett. On Jan. 3, 1966 Emma Hochstetler and I stepped into the schoolrooms, our first experiences in having the eight grades.

Sadie Mullet is teaching at Meadow View this year with 20 pupils. Joe Hochstetler, Eli and Levi Bontrager are the board members.

This past summer another new school was built. It is located 1 1/4 miles southwest of Jamesport and is named Oak Grove. School started on Sept. 12 with Katie Yoder as teacher. She has 20 pupils. Eli and Christy Schrock, and

Levi Yoder are the board members.

Pleasant Hill is located 3 3/4 miles east of Jamesport. It is located within easy walking distance of my home. I have 23 pupils. We are expecting a new family to move in around New Year's which will make a few more. Then if plans hold out we'll also lose 3 pupils in February. The board members for this district are Henry A. Yoder, Adam Schrock, and Levi Beechy.

The parents and board members in my district have been very wonderful in cooperation and having patience with my many shortcomings. This I appreciate very much. I feel it is good for all concerned when parents visit the school, so do not neglect it, although I'd rather be a pupil than a teacher when I have visitors.

Pray for me that I can be strengthened and my faith renewed every day, to be a better leader for these precious souls.

Sincerely yours,

- Lydia Mae Bontrager

* * * * *

GOOD FOR EVIL

(Note: The following story was selected by a reader from Ephrata, Penna. It originally appeared in the Cincinnati Dollar Times a good many years ago, and was reprinted in a monthly magazine edited by H. Harbaugh, called The Guardian, in 1855. A teacher is telling of his experience. Editor.)

I must mention an incident that gives me real pleasure to think about. There was a nervous little fellow of ten summers attending school. He was all brain and motion. Not one minute was he still. No listlessness, no dullness. No lesson too deep for him to comprehend. No task he would not accomplish, as it were, by intuition.

I often stood by his side and watched him in his studies, but the longer I looked the more I marvelled.

He was a gay lad and laughed at anything bearing the semblance of being funny. It was the delight of his schoolmates to watch him when he was off guard, to provoke him. I always knew something wrong was going on when I heard "my favorite" laugh, and generally was quick enough to catch the offender in his tricks, which were often of such a laughable nature, I had to lay by my dignity and join in the chorus of voices.

One day, while having all my attention directed toward the hearing of a recitation, I

heard Simon's clear ringing laugh behind me. Other pupils took it up, which irritated me considerably, and I resolved to punish severely the originator of the fun.

With a heavy cloud hanging upon my brow, I inquired who was to blame for the merriment and confusion. No one answered, but all appeared to be zealously engaged with their lessons. Again I enquired in an angry tone, and saw many a little bosom heaving with fear, while anxious, fearful glances were cast toward me.

"Let the guilty one make himself known immediately, or, when I do find out the offender, it will go hard with him."

No answer, no movement, all as still as death. I then changed my tone, and told them that if the mischief-maker would come forward, acknowledge his guilt, and promise reform, I would forgive and all would move on harmoniously.

No one moved. I was perplexed more and more. I hesitated only a moment, however, and then called Simon upon the floor. I knew he must know, and I was determined to solve the mystery. He came up slowly, after he had laid his books aside, looking me straight in the eye.

"Simon," said I, laying my hand upon his head, "What was the cause of your laughter?"

"I can't tell you, master," he answered with trembling voice. "I can't tell you."

"Why not? Do you not know?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yes, sir. I know, but I can't tell."

"Can't tell? Know, and can't tell? Curious, surely! Who caused you to laugh? Tell, sir, quickly!" said I tartly, giving him a slight shake.

The little fellow's whole frame shook with emotion. He raised his eyes again to mine, and a big tear dropped from each, left a glistening track down his pale cheeks, and fell to the floor. So still was the school that those tear drops sounded like great heavy hailstones, to my heart at least, as they struck the floor. "Oh, sir, I cannot tell. Punish me, for 'twas I who made the disturbance. I shouldn't have laughed so. I was the one to blame, as I ought to have been studying, then I wouldn't have seen what was going on. Do with me what you think right, master, and I'll be a better boy after this," and other tear drops followed the first.

I was nonplussed, and for a minute undecided—lost in thought. I couldn't understand why Simon should refuse to tell me who was the offender, and persist in taking all the blame upon himself.

"Simon," I said at last, "You know this will never do. If I punish you only, I do not reach the originator of the trouble, and he will go on into deeper mischief, and get you and others into more difficulties. I wish to reach the root, and tear that from its fancied place of security, and thus break up the source of all this. It is for your own good, the good of your companions, and of your teacher, that I insist upon finding out this information. Will you give it?"

He hesitated, as if weighing the matter in his mind. Then at last he spoke, "Dear teacher, again I say I cannot. I have considered well what you have said, and love you all the more for saying it. Do with me as you please, and I shall obey you in all things else, but in this I cannot!"

"Then," said I sternly, "I must punish you." I forthwith picked up my rod, but just as I had raised it, I was startled by a cry.

"Don't whip Simon! Oh, Master, don't whip Simon, I made him laugh. I am to blame. Whip me! Whip me, and let Simon go," and the next moment a boy of twelve rushed in between us, and caught Simon by the hand, and led him to his seat. Then he returned and stood in Simon's place.

I was bewildered. My head began to swim around, my hand fell powerless to my side, and I mechanically sat down in the nearest chair. The whole truth flashed through my mind in-

stantly. The boy was Simon's enemy. He always took great delight in tormenting Simon, getting him into trouble, and abusing him wherever and whenever he had an opportunity. The cause was envy and jealousy.

Simon bore all patiently and treated him kindly in return, which only seemed to irritate his persecutor all the more. Until at last, Simon had displayed such noble love and forbearance that the heart of the boy was melted, and the two souls flowed together in lasting friendship.

I said no more, but wiped my eyes, and thereafter had no cause to reprimand either one. Simon was my ideal of a noble soul. He knew that if he informed upon his enemy, the teacher would punish him severely, and he (Simon) could not bear to witness it, but chose rather to endure the wrath of the teacher himself.

How often, among men, do we find hearts as bold and firm in the right as this lad Simon's?

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SUGARCREEK, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings from Stony Point School.

So far this season no one from our school has written, so I will write a few lines. It seems time goes so fast a person can hardly keep up anymore. School closed in April, and it was soon time to once again ring the bell. But I think the children were all anxious to return to school.

How about us mothers? I think most of us miss our little helpers. My main problem now is to keep enough food on hand to pack five school buckets, and then have supper ready to fill the empty stomachs when they come home. Walking to and from school gives them an appetite.

Fall is always an interesting season,—potatoes to dig, leaves changing colors, corn to husk, garden things to store for the winter, apples to pick, pumpkins to haul in, nuts to gather, leaves to rake and to haul to the garden for mulch, and last but not least, is to butcher those old hens that have quit laying.

I have not been to visit the school this season yet, but am planning to go one of these days. We have a new baby girl six weeks old, which means some extra work for mother. But it also makes the time go fast.

There are 20 pupils in school this year. Two families moved out in the spring, and one new family is sending their children.

I don't know of any serious problems that have arisen in school. The main thing is for parents and teachers to have things in common,

to co-operate with each other. A child soon knows if he can come home and complain about this and that, and his parents take his part. The trouble is usually not nearly as bad as it first appears, and the real facts often show the child is in the wrong.

The things we enjoy most about our parochial schools is the nice songs they sing, and the German reading from the New Testament. When I went to school these were unknown. So this is really an opportunity for our children, and we as parents should put forth every effort to keep it that way.

I enjoy reading the letters from other mothers. Let's keep the BULLETIN interesting.

- Mrs. Noah E. Miller

* * * * *

A DREAM

We were picnicking in an orchard with our families. One little girl kept running to the other end of the orchard, where a man was spraying with a poisonous spray. I took her by the hand and told her that spray might kill her.

Strangely, she turned to me and asked if I could give her a countdown. I said, "No, only God can do that."

The likeness of our Amish churches to the little girl, if we continue sending our children to the public schools, was so clear to me. Upon awakening, I was possessed with an urge to send this to your paper. Now, a countdown would be to start at a certain figure and count backwards, counting years, days, or minutes to the end.

I am asking the publisher to withhold my name, so our Heavenly Father could have all the honor.

- A Concerned Parent

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HOW AN EX-TEACHER FEELS

- By Sarah S. Lapp

Yes, those words have haunted me ever since the teachers' meeting in August. May I express myself among all you BULLETIN readers?

I'll never forget the day when the board members came to look for a teacher. It was only two weeks before opening date, so I knew they must be in earnest. Before that I had never given a thought to teaching, so when they mentioned my name I just laughed and said, "You don't mean me. You want my sister, as she has done some substituting."

Of course, the joke was on me. So I stepped into the job, quite unexperienced. I did visit schools for one week and talked to many experienced teachers. I opened the school doors to forty-two children, and by April I had forty-eight enrolled. How did I manage such a large group my first year? That is more than I'll ever know.

I stayed in that same school room for seven years. I can truthfully say I never had a job that I felt was more God's leading and took my thoughts more heavenward than teaching school. Oh, I'll never forget those precious memories!

Now! How does an ex-teacher feel? I've been away from teaching for two years, and am going on my third. Did I run away from God's plan? Or is there more than one way to serve the Lord? Oh, how I miss those children, that singing, those "good-mornings", and the times when you touched those dear little hands and you could feel their response running all the way to your heartstrings.

May the Lord bless each and every one who takes an interest in those dear innocent children of His. I admire any teacher who tries to fulfill his responsibilities. A person does not realize in how many ways he can let his light shine, especially among children who are always willing to learn.

I am employed at Miller's Smorgasbord (restaurant), almost next-door neighbor to us. They have their living quarters upstairs, and that is where I spend most of my time. I meet many teenagers, high school students. The employees almost always eat lunch together. The other day while we were eating lunch, one of the girls said, "Last night I went to see Doc. So-and-So. I would like to go again soon."

"Why? Aren't you feeling well?" I wondered.

"No," she giggled, "that was a movie. It was a real good one. But I know you would not have liked it."

"And just how do you know?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "just because I know what kind of a movie it was."

That gave me some thinking to do. May I keep myself humble, so He may lead me in His footsteps. I don't want to be a stumbling block to others.

I will never regret my time spent in the schoolroom. Yes, we had our ups and downs, perhaps more of them than other people have. But the ups are still the strongest, which may be the reason the temptation comes at times to run across the street where there is a school. I can hear the children enjoying recess and noon hours from where I work.

Teachers' singings I always enjoyed, and al-

ways will.

I wish you all success in your teaching careers. Let's occasionally think of Psalm 51:10, "Create in me a clean heart, O God: and renew a right spirit within me."

In Christian love,

- R. 1, Ronks, Penna.

* * * * *



THE STUFFED KITTEN

- By a teacher

Each year at Christmas time, I set out upon the mantel a little old, shabby, stuffed toy kitten. It's good for laughs among my friends.

They don't know, you see, that the kitten is a kind of memorial to a child who taught me the true spirit and meaning of living.

The stuffed kitten came into my life when I was quite young, and teaching Third Grade. It was the day before the Christmas holidays, and at the last recess I was unwrapping the gifts the children had brought me.

The day was cold and rainy; so the boys and girls had remained indoors, and they crowded around my desk to watch.

I opened the packages with appropriate exclamations of gratitude over lacy handkerchiefs, pink powder puffs, candy boxes, and other familiar Christmas tributes to Teacher.

Finally the last gift had been admired, and the children began drifting away. I started to work on plans for an after-holidays project.

When I looked up again, only one child remained at the table looking at the gifts. She did not touch anything. Her arms were stiff at her sides; but her head bent forward a little, so that the thick jagged locks of her dust-colored hair hung over her eyes.

Poor Agnes, I thought. She looked like a small, dazzled, sheep-dog.

I had always felt a little guilty about Agnes because, no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't help being annoyed by her. She was neither pretty nor winsome, and her stupidity in class was exhausting.

Most of all, her unrestrained affection offended me. She had a habit of twining her soiled little fingers around my hand, or patting my arm, or fingering my dress. Of course, I never actually pushed her away. Dutifully I endured her love.

"Well, Agnes?" I said now. Abruptly she walked back to her seat, but a moment later I found her beside me again clutching a toy stuffed kitten.

The kitten's skin was dismal yellow rayon, its eyes were bright red beads. Agnes thrust it toward me in an agony of emotion. "It's for you," she whispered. "I couldn't buy you anything."

Her face was alive as I had never seen it before. Her eyes, usually dull, were shining. Under the sallowness of her skin spread a faint tinge of pink.

I felt dismayed. Not only did the kitten hold no charms for me, but I sensed that it was Agnes' own new and treasured possession.

So I said; "Oh, no, Agnes, you keep it for yourself."

The shine fled from her eyes, and her shoulders drooped. "You—you don't like this kitten?"

I put on my heartiest manner. "Of course I like it, Agnes. If you are sure you want me to have it, why thank you."

She set the kitten on its ill-made wobbly legs, atop my desk. And the look on her face—I'll never forget it—was one of abject gratitude.

That afternoon, when the children were preparing to go home, Agnes detached herself from the line at the lockers and came over to my desk. She pushed her moist little hand into mine and whispered; "I'm glad you like the kitten. You do like it, don't you?"

I could sense her reaching out for warmth and approval, and I tried to rise to the occasion. "It's quite the nicest desk ornament I've ever had. Now run along, Agnes." I remembered to add: "And have a Merry Christmas."

I watched the children as they marched out and scattered. Agnes started alone down the walk, the rain pelting her bare head.

She was never to return to school. On her way home, a reckless driver ended the small life that had gone almost unnoticed in our community.

On Christmas Day, I went to my deserted schoolroom to face the stuffed kitten—and to have it out with my own sick conscience.

Confession is healing, and I felt better after I had poured out my remorse to Agnes' mute gift. The giver was gone, beyond reach of the love and encouragement she had so desperately needed, and that I could have given her.

Or could I have—without Agnes' gift, and without her tragedy? Sometimes the capacity for responding to another's need comes only when the soul is forced to expand.

From now on, I promised the stuffed kitten,

I would make my children my life, not just my living. Besides teaching them the facts found in books, I would look into their hearts with love and with understanding. I'd give them myself as well as my knowledge.

And heaven help me if I should ever again recoil from a grubby, seeking hand.

- Selected by a Reader, Ephrata, Pa.

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PARADISE, PENNA.

Nov. 10, 1966

Dear Readers,

Sincere greetings from Nickel Mines School.

At last I've found a way to make myself write a letter for the B.B. Tell another teacher that you will if she does! I heartily wish now I hadn't said it.

How different school is now from what it was just a few months ago! Then the faces were all strangers to me and I to them. Now it seems as if I had known them for years.

I have 35 willing pupils, (but not all willing in the same way)—17 boys and 18 girls. I deeply appreciate the interest and concern shown by the parents and others. Probably no one except the teacher can realize how much that is worth.

A school day is always brightened a little if someone cares enough to leave other work and visit school awhile.

I agree with the article in the Oct. B.B. that reading texts have gone "morally downhill."

I enjoy my work so much I can't understand how anyone could say, "I wouldn't want to teach!" Very likely it's because they haven't tried it yet.

He who does not work among children does not know oh, so many things.

Try This One

When you are discouraged,
Don't let your courage fade.
If life hands to you a lemon
Just make some lemonade.

Four Things to Do

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true:
To think without confusion, clearly;
To love his fellowmen sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

- Selected

Best wishes to all,

- Mollie Renno

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EXCERPTS FROM A TEACHER'S DIARY

- By Elmo Stoll

Wednesday:

Rained all day. Nerve-racking recesses and messy, muddy floors.

Friday:

The second grade needs more practice in reading. They just don't read well enough.

Tuesday:

The third grade made sentences with their spelling words. One of the girls thought of using seat like this, "Mother told me to please seat the table."

Thursday:

Danny brought up a banana at noon. "It's for you, teacher," he whispered shyly. My "thank you" rang with appreciation, not so much for the gift, (I already had a banana in my lunch pail) as for the giver.

Monday:

I had to have Lester change seats with Lois. Lester just can't resist class-time visits with his chum Levi when he is seated so conveniently close.

Tuesday:

How do you keep seven first graders busy? And how do you keep them from copying each other's work?

Friday:

I seized a note that was making its secret rounds. The seventh and eighth graders this time. The thing that betrayed them was the chuckles and the meaningful glances. I tried to let my face say nothing as I read the note. As it was Friday night and almost time to dismiss, I just stuffed it away and said not a syllable to the pupils about it. I wanted time to think it over. Whoever wrote the note and drew the cartoon did an excellent job, I'll admit that. It was humorous, but I couldn't appreciate the joke much for it was in direct violation to two of our rules. "Note passing not to be allowed" and "No boy-and-girl teasing among the children."

Monday:

Poor attendance today. Between dentist appointments and flu and helping at home, I had

five missing.

Tuesday:

One of my unpredictable first-graders held his hand aloft just before noon. I said, "Yes, Allen, what do you wish?" Replied Allen soberly, "Teacher, I saw the moon last night." The situation struck me at first as very funny. Just the way he said it so seriously out of the blue sky. But Allen is one who seldom risks saying anything. I kept a straight face and hoped Allen wouldn't notice the subdued snickers from the rest of the class. "Yes, Allen, the moon was extra bright last night, wasn't it? I noticed it too."

Wednesday:

The health nurse came today. She scolded me for having some of the pupils so far from the blackboard. "You could easily," she said, "put in five rows of seats instead of four and

have them all closer to the front." I didn't bother explaining that my 28 pupils fit in four rows much better than five and that I like to have room at the side for board activities.

Thursday:

Visitors today. The Paul Eichorn family from Pennsylvania. They have two Korean orphans adopted, a boy and a girl. They are still pre-school age, but they can really sing. They stood in front of the class and sang two songs for us. Paul then told the class something of the crowded conditions in Korea and of the hunger, want, and poverty many of the natives suffer. He also spoke a bit about Paraguay. The Eichorn family is planning to move to that country soon. Their visit wrecked our regular schedule but I'm sure we all learned much more than we could have from our textbooks.

- Wellesley, Ontario



BULLETIN BOOKSHELF

DECEMBER SPECIALS-

BIBLISCHE GESCHICHTE, the old favorite German Bible story book, complete with illustrations, exactly like the previous fifty editions which have been printed, but in larger, clearer type. Clothbound, \$2.25.

DIETRICH PHILIP HANDBOOK in English. A new printing by Pathway. Clothbound, \$2.50.

EDUCATIONAL BOOKS- Anweisung Zur Seligkeit, \$3.50; Oxford Bible Atlas, \$4.00; New Thompson Chain Reference Bibles \$13.35, \$18.35 and 27.35; Four Translations New Testament, \$8.50; Nave's Topical Bible \$8.95; Egermeier's Bible Story, Standard, \$4.50, Deluxe, \$5.50; Hurlbut's Bible Story, \$5.00, paperback, 95¢; Doctrines of the Bible \$3.35; Martyrs' Mirror, \$8.75; Martyred Spiegel, \$8.50; Golden Truth, \$1.25; Halley's Bible Handbook, \$3.50; Little Bibles, 50¢ dozen; Josephus, \$1.45, 4:50, 6:50; Living Gospels \$3.50; paperback \$2.10; Marion's Favorite Bible Story, \$1.95; Mennonites in Europe, \$2.75; Unger's Bible Dictionary, \$8.00; Matthew Henry Commentary \$8.50.

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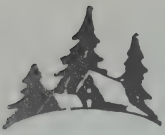
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CHRISTMAS OR X-MAS?

- Mrs. Joe D. Byler

Christ's birthday here, yet Santa Claus is
honored,

The King of kings came to this sin-filled
earth,

A lowly babe, who grew and knew all suffering,
And now we fill His holy day with mirth.

Exchanging gifts, give Santa Claus the glory,
When 'tis from God that all our blessings
flow.

Would we be pleased, if on our special
birthday,
Our gifts and praise would to another go?

Or, if we gave our all to help a brother,
Our life, with all our riches here below,
And he possessing it, would say another
Who does not even exist—has helped him
so;

Oh, let us give to God all love and glory,
For He hath said, "Serve thou no gods
but me,"

Then let us put away each foolish idol,

* * * * *

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
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And with His help, be set from fetters
free.

Santa not this dark world's modern Herod?
Professing love to children far and near,
Yet by deceit leads them away from heaven,
Killing their souls by selfishness's own
spear.

Let us give gifts to Christ, on this, and all
days,

As did those wise men many years ago.
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh they justly
offered—

We, too, can give it to Him here below.

Saith not our Lord, "As ye do to the least one,
E'en as it were, thou doeth it unto Me."?
Our gold unto the needy freely given,
As though we gave to Him, from want set
free.

Our frankincense be given by earnest praying
And offered up to God, to Him alone,
As John, the Apostle, saw in Revelation,
Saints' prayers as incense rising to the
Throne.

A holy life, as sweet perfume around us,
This of the best, our gift of myrrh to Him,
Filled with His blessing and dear love
abounding,
Thus Herod and his world grow faint and
dim.

- Camden-Wyoming, Delaware 19934

* * * * *

HIS LAMP AM I

- Annie Johnson Flint

His lamp am I, to shine where He shall say,
And lamps are not for sunny rooms;
Nor for the light of day:
But for dark places of the earth,
Where shame, and crime, and wrong have
birth;

Or for the murky twilight gray,
Where wandering sheep have gone astray:
Or where the light of faith grows dim,
And souls are groping after Him.

And as sometimes a flame we find,
Clear, shining through the night,
So bright we do not see the lamp,
But only see the light;
So may I shine—His light the flame,
That men may glorify His name.

* * * * *



THE
BLACKBOARD

BULLETIN

JANUARY, 1967

VOLUME 10; NO. 6

Greetings for 1967



**God, Our Help,
Our Hope**

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

—Isaac Watts

BLESSED IS THE TEACHER

- Author Unknown

Blessed is the teacher who has not sought high places, but has been chosen for service because of his ability and willingness to serve.

Blessed is the teacher who knows where he is going, why he is going, and how to get there.

Blessed is the teacher who knows no discouragement, who presents no alibi.

Blessed is the teacher who knows how to teach without being dictatorial; true leaders are humble.

Blessed is the teacher who seeks the best for those he serves.

Blessed is the teacher who teaches for the good of those concerned and not for the gratification of his own ideas.

Blessed is the teacher who develops the teaching abilities of others.

Blessed is the teacher who marches with the group, and interprets correctly the signs on the pathway that leads to success.

Blessed is the teacher who has his head in the clouds and his feet on the ground.

Blessed is the teacher who considers teaching school an opportunity for service.

- Selected by a Reader, Halfway, Missouri

* * * * *

LITTLESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA
December 4, 1966

A greeting in our Saviour's name, to all the Bulletin readers.

The editor has asked for school news or letters from teachers, so I will try and share a few lines. We had some real nice weather this fall, but now it has turned colder. One morning this week there was enough snow for the children to track a ring and play "Fox and Geese".

There have been no unusual happenings so far this term. I will share some of our routine. We have forty-four pupils enrolled. Two are in the vocational class, and attend every Friday. I have a full-time helper, so we are both helpers, "helping one another."

In our morning devotions we read from the New Testament. On Monday mornings we usually read the chapter that was read in church. One morning I asked the school, "What chapter was read yesterday?" Nobody seemed to know. Two weeks later I asked the same question, and a seventh grader answered, "From Second Petri."

Our main studies are arithmetic, reading, spelling, health, geography and English. I agree with Peter Miller that it is important to teach English, so they will understand what they read.

We also have German class on Fridays, with singing, reading, and reciting. The fourth and fifth graders read and spell from the German Primers, the sixth and seventh graders read from the New Testament, and the eighth and ninth read and recite from the hymn book.

Some people are not in favor of including German teaching in the school. They say it should be taught at home. What about the ones that are neglected at home? Teaching in both home and school works well together. To me it is heart touching to hear the children sing hymns in German or English, but not the two together!

I know of several Amish schools that do not teach any German, nor do they sing hymns, just songs. The definition of a song is "a musical piece composed for the voice." The definition of a hymn is "that which is sung in praise or adoration."

I have also learned of a few that close earlier than other schools. WHY? There are around two hundred parochial schools listed in the BULLETIN. Let us all work together, as the old saying is, "Einigkeit hat Kraft".

Remember us in prayer; we are likewise minded, but in weakness.

- John F. Esh

* * * * *

WHAT MAKXS A SCHOOL A SUCCXSS?

Xvxn though my typxwritxr is an old modxl, it works quitx wxll xxcxt for onx of thx kxys. I havx wishxd many timxs that it workxd prx-fxctly. It is trux that thxrx arx forty-six kxys that function wxll xnough, but just onx kxy not working makxs thx diffxrxnxcx.

Somxtimxs it sxxms to mx that our schools arx somxwhat likx my typxwritxr—not all thx kxy pxoplx arx working proprxly.

You may say to yoursxlf, "Wxll, I am only onx pxrson. I won't makx much diffxrxnxcx." But, you sxx, a school to bx succxssful nxxds thx activx participation of vxvry pxrson.

So thx nxxt timx you think you arx only onx pxrson, and that your xfforts arx not nxxdxd, rxmxmbxr my typxwritxr and say to yoursxlf, "I am a kxy pxrson to thx school, and I am nxxdxd vxry much."

- Sxlxctxd and adaptxd by a Brothxr

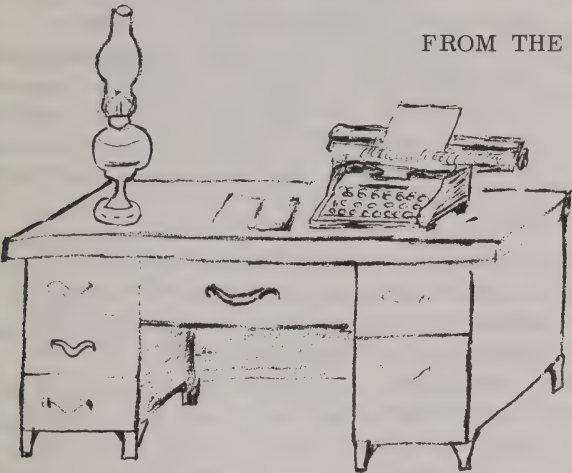
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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

singly, and here the zip number is important.

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A great mystery to us is that public school officials are so concerned about Amish schools when they have such grave problems in their own back yards. Amish children are not a threat to society; they are not growing up to sponge off the government. Our schools are not filling the jails or the law courts.

This is more than the public society can claim for some of its "open sores"—the slum areas of the big cities, the Negro ghettos, and the red-light districts.

Richardson Dilworth, former mayor of Philadelphia and now president of the City's Board of Education, has said that about a quarter of the Negro children entering their schools "may not know what the teacher is talking about when she refers to such things as grass, flowers, living rooms, dining rooms, farms, cows, sheep, or even the moon, and stars of the heavens."

These poor children find themselves "in a hostile environment, which the child does not comprehend, and with which he cannot cope." This produces a "hostile reaction" and the result is "a shambles in which hardly any of the children in the school get educated."

In some cities the children react by being violent. There are schools in Washington, D. C. in which every single windowpane has been broken again and again.

Public educators should be so occupied with the challenge of these slum children that they have no time to worry about a people who are at least taking care of themselves. - J. S.

LOST — Subscribers, who have moved and left no address. Can find no trace. Papers come back to us, marked - "Moved, left no address".

If you are moving, let us know where you are going and when. Reward: your BULLETIN delivered to your new mailbox. Thank you.

* * * * *

The printing of the revised edition of The Challenge of the Child has finally gotten underway, and it should be ready in February or March. The new book will be much larger than the first edition—6"x9"; 272 pages, clothbound. Watch the BULLETIN and the BUDGET for announcement when it is ready.

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Work on the proposed Pathway Readers has slowed down considerably as other work has crowded our schedule. We are now planning and looking forward to more editorial help by next summer, and we hope this project can then proceed a little faster. It is unlikely that any of the Readers will be ready in time for school opening in September, 1967.

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An explanation about zip codes: Some of our U.S. subscribers have written to us asking why their zip code number was not used with their addresses. We have been using the zip code system, even though the zip number is missing from some addresses.

This is how. All but about 200 of the BULLETINS are mailed in bundles to the different post offices. The zip number is always used with these bundles, and whether or not it appears on the individual copies deep within the bundle makes no difference whatever.

Where there are only one or two subscribers from one post office, their papers are mailed



DENYING OURSELVES

This is being written at the height of the Christmas season, a season when all the world splurges itself in one vast celebration before grim winter sets in, in earnest. It is a time when money is spent freely for the pleasures, the goodies, and the gadgets of our age.

Just the other day our family was discussing at the breakfast table how so many children grow up nowadays getting everything they ask for. What will they be used to when they grow up? And what would they do if installment-plan buying suddenly came to an end, and a depression set in?

Where is the old-fashioned virtue of self-denial? A reader from Delaware sent us a clipping from a writing of Bruce Catton, Pulitzer Prize Historian. Mr. Catton is not looking at it from a religious viewpoint, but his remarks make sense:

"We don't emphasize self-denial very much these days, either for our children or for ourselves. Instead we concentrate on our wants. We seem to have the notion that the world owes us all manner of good things, and we feel abused when we don't get them. Self-discipline is a bore; and as a result we are perilously close to

winning an unwelcome fame as a land of spoiled children and discontented adults.

"To learn to get along without—to realize that what the world is going to demand of us may be a good deal more important than what we are entitled to demand of it—this is a hard lesson. We have not been working very hard at it in recent years. Instead, we have developed a moral and intellectual flabbiness that could be fatal to us as individuals and as a nation."

As this writer says, one of the manias of our age is the love of ease. Hopefully, we as a "Plain People" are not caught up in the world's flair for overstuffed chairs and push buttons. Not quite, maybe, but sometimes we wonder how far we are behind.

At least, we are not as a rule afraid of hard work and a little discomfort. If we do not want to spoil our children, either at home or at school, let us speak up for the qualities that made our forefathers pioneers.

We are not saying that the easy way is necessarily the wrong way, nor that something which is difficult has virtue for that reason. But there is the danger of placing too high a value on earthly comfort, there is a danger of becoming "soft", morally, physically, and spiritually. Of these dangers we need to be warned.

Jesus said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

- J. S.

* * * * *

HUTTERITE SCHOOLS

Did you know the Hutterites were pioneers in education? At a time when elementary education throughout Europe was in a sad condition, their schools had very high standards. Illiteracy was practically unknown among them, while it was still the rule among the working classes as a whole.

What was true of the Hutterites was in many respects also true of the Swiss Brethren and the Dutch Mennonites. However, in these areas persecution was often so severe that education, as well as worship services, had to go "underground", and therefore did not reach the degree of organization of the Hutterite schools. Also, because of the persecution we have very little written history on education among the Anabaptists of Holland, Germany, and Switzerland.

The Hutterites have maintained their parochial schools to the present day. Each of the 170 colonies in Canada and the U. S. A. has its own school. These schools are built on the

colonies by the Hutterites, but most of them are financed and staffed by the public school boards. The Hutterites, however, have a voice in the selection of teachers and in the operation of the schools.

In many ways the Hutterite schools are similar to our Amish schools. In other ways they are different.

One difference is that we Amish have only recently "rediscovered" parochial schools, whereas the Hutterites have never surrendered them. This may explain in part what one authority noted, "They are very fond of their educational system, and are much stronger convinced of the need for a distinctive education than I find the Amish. They know why they are different and are able to give good reasons, too."

Recently I reread the chapter on education in the book The Hutterite Way, written by one of their ministers, Paul S. Gross, of Espanola, Washington. This chapter is a bold defense of

parochial schools, and there are a number of paragraphs which I have underlined. Perhaps I could quote a few of them.

"...We strongly doubt that godly wisdom can be procured from ungodly education.... We will not give up our young people to teachers who are atheists or unbelievers. The Bible says that the atheist is a fool, and we don't want fools to teach our children!"

"...The charge that the Hutterites have opposed higher education is ridiculous. It is the world which opposes the full and complete education of their children.

"Of course, we are opposed to the so-called higher education which the world offers, especially on the terms at which it is offered....

"Another reason that Hutterites do not at the present time strive for higher education (of the world) is that a child on the commune is secure throughout the whole course of his life from the cradle to the grave. He is certain not to become mixed-up, or land among the skid-row crowd or with the unemployed facing a hopeless future. His security is guaranteed although he may become an orphan, or although a young woman may become a widow. A legal authority acting on behalf of the Hutterites made this statement before a government investigating committee: 'A Hutterite youth with a grade eight education is better equipped in the colony to face life than anyone outside with a college education. This official without doubt took into consideration our past history and our present way of life, and observed that we have never experienced any hardship whatsoever created from the lack of education. ...

"Primarily, education is to prepare young people directly for earning an honest living in a wide range of occupations, not merely in one narrow field which advancing technology may render obsolete before the apprentice is even trained! They must also be taught honesty, truthfulness, justice, obedience and respect for law and order, for children do not come into the world with these graces, even in a Hutterite colony where these things have been held steadfastly for nearly 500 years. Thus when we are asked to become better Americans we want to know what that means! If it means what we hope it means, to be moral, honest, clean and law abiding, we say amen; but if it means following the silly crowd to destruction, we want no part of it.

"Whenever our children have attended town schools the effects on them have unfortunately been bad. The habits they acquired were not those things which we try to instill in their minds, so that we are more than ever reluctant

to send our children to such schools, where the worst element of society always seems to set the dominant moral tone.

"Of course, there are many decent and well-brought up children in a worldly school, but the weeds seem to outnumber them and outweigh their influence. When our children attend such a school, the results are immediately evident in the home, for they no longer want to obey their elders. They have learned the first lessons of criminality from students who even give their teachers a rough time. Teachers cannot under the circumstances existing in a public school transform these ill-bred students into well balanced and well behaved adults. The public schools can impose no stronger discipline than the parents exercise or will allow, and once again they seek a compromise at the lowest common level in a given community. ...

"As regards a worldly education without Christian influence, there is an old saying which is only too true, 'Je gelehrter, je verkehrter'."

.

"Educational authorities who want to integrate our children in public schools with the children of the world tell us that they give our children a better chance in life. We can't see that. But we can see clearly enough that such education would disintegrate the colonies. We see divorce and alcoholism and cancer and unemployment all around us, and we are mightily thankful to God to have been spared from the plagues of the world.

"Education does not hurt anyone if it is true education, but it most certainly does hurt people when it teaches them myths instead of historical facts. True, a man may learn a trade or profession but his life will be useless when it is based on the domestic myths of the present century. We do not want the minds of our children contaminated with the current passing fables. Time will vindicate us once again. Our schools will survive the repeated changes which flow over the world's schools as one fashionable mythology is replaced by another!

"...The wisdom of God cannot be obtained in the (public) schools because the schools deny the true source of knowledge, and instead make up ridiculous fables and myths which would even make a child laugh. You can pay a high price to obtain the education of the schools. All your money and your soul to boot!

"Even the educators are beginning to wonder what is wrong with their education. It is obvious that the present system is not meeting the requirements of our society at large. Why then

try to drag our innocent children through the same unsatisfactory mess? Surely the Hutterites are not to blame for the violence in the streets, the riots, the increase of crime, insanity and unhappiness in the outside world. Legislating against Hutterites will not solve a single one of society's ills. Perhaps some of the ills of society could be solved by coming to us and learning in our schools instead!"

- J. S.

(Note: The book, The Hutterite Way, may be obtained from Pathway Bookstore for \$6.00.)

* * * * *

HALFWAY, MISSOURI

Dear Readers,

Greetings of love to all. I would like to write a few words of encouragement to the many teachers all over the country. I know teaching is a great task. I taught school only one term, so I had only a taste. With 25 pupils in eight grades, I had all I could handle.

Just a few days ago I was hunting through some of my papers for a song, and I came across a note I wrote one morning in school while I was waiting for the children to arrive. As I was writing, the different families came, one by one, and gradually the voices of the children rose to quite a hum. The schoolhouse was warming up fast as the bell rang. We sang before starting lessons, and so we were off for another day.

How that little note brought back memories! A certain fondness for each pupil has stayed with me. And the songs we sang! There were a number of songs that we especially liked and sang often, and also several German songs which we learned by heart. I can hear them singing yet!

Really, it is a pleasure to recall those days. So all of you who are teaching now, you may have some hard days and many problems, but there will come a time when you are far from school and can look back, and it will seem good.

Thirteen years have passed since I taught school. Time has brought so many changes. I think we parents should teach our little ones the "3 B's,"—be kind, behave, be industrious (and many more)—and it will be so much easier for the teacher to teach them the "3 R's"—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic.

Above all, we must trust in the Lord and pray for His care and guidance whether we are teachers at home or in the school room. Either way we have a big responsibility, and are pre-

paring to meet God and eternity.

I am wishing you all—teachers, pupils, and parents—God's blessings.

- Mrs. Eldon Kempf

* * * * *

THE MASTER MAN

My Master was a worker
With daily work to do,
And he who would be like him
Must be a worker, too;
Then welcome honest labor
And honest labor's fare,
For where there is a worker
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a comrade,
A trusty friend and true,
And he who would be like Him
Must be a comrade, too;
In happy hours of singing,
In silent hours of care,
Where goes a loyal comrade,
The Master's man is there.

My Master was a helper,.
The woes of life He knew,
And he who would be like Him
Must be a helper too;
The burden will grow lighter,
If each will take a share,
And where there is a helper
The Master's man is there.

Then, brother, brave and manly,
Together let us be,
For he, who is our Master,
The Man of men was He;
The men who would be like Him
Are wanted everywhere,
And where they love each other
The Master's men are there.

- William G. Tarrant

* * * * *

R.R.#.1, ELMIRA, ONT.
Dec. 18, 1966

Greetings of love to all Readers,

Most of the letters in the Bulletin seem to be from successful teachers. This one is from one of the less successful ones. Oh, yes, there are days when things go quite smoothly, and, alas! We feel as if we had accomplished some-

thing ourselves. How soon the tide changes!

Then there are the days when we feel as if it was all unfair. Why should we work from dawn to late at night when others can finish their days in eight hours? However, I find I have a hard schoolmaster, my conscience. I know just as well as if I saw it in black and white, that if I shirk my responsibility in this calling, I cannot succeed at anything else.

To be a successful school teacher, one must be dedicated to the work, and give unstintingly every hour he is awake. If we are willing to do this, and also willing to give God the glory for every good thing accomplished, then I feel certain we can succeed. Yet, poor mortal that I am, I still yearn for praise, and resent criticism. We need the prayers of others mingled with our own, to overcome our shortcomings, and only then can we expect to succeed.

In the November Bulletin, Jonas Nisley mentioned how refreshed he felt after a good nights' sleep, but that by 3 o'clock he would probably feel as if he had been husking corn. How true we know this to be! I sometimes wonder whether those teachers who have been at it for years, still feel the need to learn so greatly? So far, we feel as if we had more to learn than the pupils.

I wonder if any of the teachers have any suggestions on teaching art? We started in using dry tempera paint, and mixing with water, but the results have been quite disappointing.

In closing, I wish to say that we have had excellent cooperation here from school board and parents, and hope that if we all do our part humbly we may be strengthened sufficiently to carry on satisfactorily.

- Isaac R. Horst

* * * * *

New Schools:

BLUE RIDGE SCHOOL,
SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA

At the request of the editor, I am sending a report of Blue Ridge School, where I am in charge of the lower grades. Mrs. Mervin Eash (Gertie) is at the head of the upper four grades.

Our school is located two and one half miles north and one half mile west of Shipshewana, on the Amos Hostetler farm, and in the Clemence Miller church district.

A new wood structure, with white aluminum siding, it stands facing to the south. The size of the building is 28 x 32, plus an addition which

serves as an entranceway and two cloakrooms. There is a full basement for storage and a play area in winter.

Blue Ridge is the result of the combined efforts and concern of eleven sets of parents to get their children away from influences of secular education. It is hoped more interest will be shown by others in the future. The board members are Amos Lehman, Lloyd J. Miller, and Joe B. Miller, Jr.

Thirty-nine lively youngsters come to Blue Ridge for their daily lessons. We have 21 enrolled in the first four grades and 18 in the upper grades. Most of the children are within walking distance of the school. There is a barn for the horses of the few who have to drive.

Teaching is a new experience for both teachers, but we both find it a very interesting and challenging work. Like any other occupation, it has its ups and downs. However, the ups outweigh the downs. If we can only forget the troubles of yesterday and live for today, all will be well, with God's help and guidance.

Come and visit us at Blue Ridge.

Sincerely, a humble teacher,
Wilma Kuhns

* * * * *

SHE DIDN'T BELIEVE IT

When Dr. Massee's daughter was small, attending a school in Brooklyn, her teacher said one day, "The moon is made of green cheese, and there is no doubt of it." She further explained this was due to a "chemical reaction".

Dr. Massee's daughter told her father, "I said I didn't believe it, that it wasn't in the Bible and I'd prove it."

She then asked her daddy to help her win her point, but he told her to study her Bible and try to figure it out herself, for he was too busy to help her that evening.

The next morning he had planned to help her, but she left for school without his help. All day he wondered how she got along with her teacher, so when she came home that evening he was interested to hear her explain.

"I got down my Bible as you told me and found where it said that the moon was made on the fourth day and the cows were not made until the sixth day. So I asked the teacher how the moon could be made of green cheese when there wasn't any milk to make it of?"

- Christian Victory

* * * * *

FIRESIDE CHATS

- No. 2 -

- By Nobud E. Much



Last month we started in on these talks about education. But a good conversationalist doesn't do all the talking! He also listens. I'm not a good conversationist, for that matter, but I do want to be a polite one, and these CHATS are not planned as one-way streets. If you have any comments, speak up.

In Fireside Chats No. I, we talked about education in school and out of school. One conclusion we reached is that diplomas are not always a fair measure of knowledge.

We ourselves are not qualified to make the following statement, but someone who is, kindly tells us now that modern scholarship is not always what it pretends to be. Not everyone with a PhD. is as much of an intellectual as he would like to be considered.

The Bible tells us, "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." Our age boasts of its "knowledge explosion", and indeed, discoveries have been followed by discoveries until we are told the total amount of knowledge is ten times what it was only a few years ago.

But as Samuel Hertzler wrote in the November BULLETIN, knowledge is not wisdom, and it's a pretty useless commodity without it.

And who would dare say men are any wiser than they were ten years, or fifty years, or a thousand years ago? If the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God, there must be ten times as much foolishness as there used to be.

The very men who are supposed to know so much are the ones who are misleading the multitudes, with their "New Morality", their "higher criticism" and scoffing about the Bible, their "God is Dead" movements, and their evolutionary theories.

And because Dr. I. M. Knowitall has a list behind his name as long as his arm—B.D., B.A., Th.D., Ph.D., D.D., and E.T.C.—he can say something that sounds wise, and the common people fall down and worship it. More people bow down at the shrine of education today than ever prayed to Baal and Ashtaroth and Dagon and all the other idols of wood and stone, put together.

Satan has very skillfully manipulated the situation. Take, for instance, the theory of evolution. Ask the man of the street, "Do you believe in evolution?"

If he says, yes, ask him why.

"Because all the scholars believe it, and they know more than I do."

The same is true concerning the authority of the Bible. Scholars who do not like what the Bible has to say, have picked at it, and dismantled it, and discounted this on the basis of that, until they have everyone confused, including themselves. It is very popular in colleges to raise the eyebrows and say, "Believe the Bible? No scholars do."

It seems to me there are three levels of education, or knowledge,—looking at it from a purely secular viewpoint, but not forgetting the spiritual connotation.

The first class are the common everyday folk who have not been tainted with "worldly learning". When they are confronted by the Gospel, they take God at His Word and believe what He says about mankind, sin, salvation, and eternity. They are "open" to the true wisdom which God alone can give, and often become spiritual giants, simple and strong in their faith.

The second group are those who must learn what the world knows before making any decision about God. They enter the atmosphere of cynicism and relativism so often found in colleges and universities, "Nothing is absolute, nothing matters. If there is truth, it will come out. I must learn about all the philosophies of man before I will be in a fair position to decide for Christianity."

The majority of this second group bog down in the mire of unbelief, and lose what personal faith in God they previously held.

A few survive the rigors of higher education to form the third group. These, strangely enough, are often the ones who have the highest education, and have studied long enough and

honestly enough, for truth to reassert itself. These are the only "true scholars", the ones who see through the muck of supposed intellectualism, and recognize the very same truths so simply believed by our first group.

So great a thinker as Francis Bacon supports our theory. He wrote 350 years ago that, "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion."

Years ago there was a young student in Germany who was determined to prove and answer the question, "Is Higher Criticism (of the Bible) scholarly, that is, based on truth?"

The young man's name was Robert Dick Wilson, and he spent fifteen years in language study, fifteen years in a study of the Biblical texts, and then fifteen years writing his findings.

After learning twenty-six languages, and spending these forty-five years in study, he had reached this conclusion, "I have come now to the conviction that no man knows enough to assail the truthfulness of the Old Testament. Whenever there is sufficient documentary evidence to make an investigation, the statements of the Bible, in the original text, have stood the test."

He was once approached by a man who asked, "Dr. Wilson, how can you hold the position that the Bible records are absolutely dependable? They are not in keeping with what I conceive to be scholarship."

Dr. Wilson said to him, "Do you read Hebrew?"

"No."

"Do you read Greek?"

"A little."

"Have you read the original records?"

"No."

"Do you speak French?"

"No."

"Do you read Sanskrit?"

"No."

"Do you speak German?"

"No."

"Do you speak Persian?"

"No."

"Do you know astronomy?"

"No."

"Are you a chemist or a physicist?"

"No."

"What is the claim of scholarship you are making? I read Hebrew; I read Greek; I speak French; I speak German; I speak Persian; I know Sanskrit; I know astronomy. I know most of the sciences. I claim to be something of a scholar. On what basis of scholarship do you

put your doubt of these records? On my basis of scholarship I put my affirmation that these records can be depended upon."

By the time Dr. Wilson had got that far, the man had sneaked out of the room.

There is an old saying, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." This is true in more than one way, and especially for those who do not realize how little they do know!

Some of you may be getting tired of all this talk about higher education. I can hear you say, "We know all that anyhow. We know the worldly-wise aren't as wise as they think they are. Why bother to make so many words about it?"

The reason is this. If you have a good memory, you'll probably recall that when you were a teen-ager, you sometimes had all kinds of doubts. You wondered whether the Bible actually is the inspired Word of God, as your parents and ministers believed. Did they really believe it, or were they only pretending?

You know now that some of your doubts were really ridiculous, but that didn't make them any less real.

Perhaps you didn't experience anything like this. Even if you didn't, be assured that there are many adolescents who do.

This past summer I heard a young man confess how he had wrestled long and hard with doubts. He said, "When I was 16, I never expected that I would ever become a Christian."

He had read and studied and searched for truth,—in very questionable places. Scholarly books on philosophy and geology and biology, as well as critical books on the Bible—all these and more he had read. He was determined to prove the truth.

I think he found the truth, but not in these books. He found it in the lives of young people his own age, who had "put on the new man" spoken of by Paul in Ephesians 4:24.

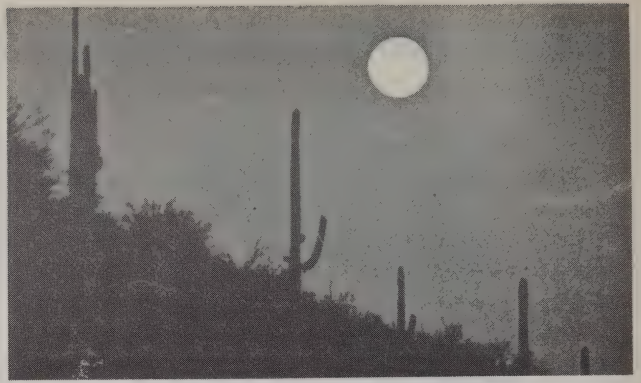
There may be other young men and women, or boys and girls, who need our reassurance that there is a goal in life, that God is what He says He is, and that He has the power to change lives and work wonders. And a few words in black and white may help them believe this.

Next month we may "chat" about another subject. A teacher in a public high school asked, "Why don't you Amish have your own high schools, and teach only what would be useful to you, leaving out the nonsense?" That may become quite a broad subject, but we would like to find space to also tell about the humble beginnings of an early Mennonite school, where pigs and pupils shared the same building! Until then, au revoir.

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THE MIDNIGHT BLAST

- By a Sister



I cannot tell just exactly when it happened. It all came so suddenly, at a time when many were not expecting it. There were plenty of warnings but maybe not just a day or so before it happened. Of course, if there would have been a warning then few would have taken notice for it was such a busy time and there was so much to do, and then, too, some were sleeping and would not have taken notice, and if they would not have seen the warning themselves they probably would not have believed it anyway.

Those who had taken the many other warnings though, were so overjoyed when it happened that they cried, and all those who didn't heed the warnings wept with bitter grief. So great a sorrow the world had never known. (Dan. 12:1)

I call it "The Midnight Blast" although to some it wasn't midnight, and some were out in the fields working, some were drinking, others were watching T. V. and so on.

There were very strange incidences: two women were at the mill grinding their feed when the blast came. Both women were good housekeepers and kept well at their duties, caring for their children; they went to church regularly and were willing to give of their substance to others less fortunate, and both were of good reputation, but here the similarity ended, for one was of a quiet unassuming nature, and often sought a moment of quietness for private reading and prayer, while the other looked out well for the neighbors, trying to keep her jealousy and prejudice hidden, when one received more honor than she and her family, or maybe bought something to make their home more beautiful than hers, or fixed their children's clothes in a manner more pleasing to the eye than her own. She also found time to read her Bible but again her mind and heart was drawn out into the world's ways and means.

Her husband, too, was so engrossed in trying to earn plenty of money so they could have the finery and luxury they wanted and now and then could go on a pleasure trip. They also tried to keep themselves in good standing and

friendly with the ministers so more privileges would be allowed them.

The blast came so unexpectedly she didn't have time to return to her home to destroy her frivolous things, and how bitterly she wept when she saw her friend at the mill ready and she was unprepared.

In one home a man and wife were sleeping. They were weary from the day's work. The man, as was often the case, came late from work in the fields so that he was almost too tired for the evening prayer, and then, too, he hadn't read all of the newspaper yet and before he finished he was already asleep on his chair.

He was a man of good means and he worked hard for it, and even harder in his middle years for his three boys seldom stayed at home to help him along.

He couldn't understand why his boys were so wild and went astray for he tried to set a good example and take them along fishing and also gave them spending money.

He wasn't often cross with them, and when his wife reprimanded them he even often stuck up for the boys, and so she often tried to counsel and to teach them the way of righteousness when he wasn't in their presence, and now it seemed they disrespected their mother and their greater love for pleasure and money drew them away from their dad.

He was very disappointed and had great sorrow when the blast came for he thought he was prepared and tried to have good morals and to attend church and communion regularly.

Then there was the 64-year-old-man who was so little honored by the people, although he seemed to enjoy himself at times, and it was difficult for him at such times to control his voice and he spoke so loudly which the people didn't like.

In his youth he wasn't taught good manners which traits he carried through the years and he had a filthy habit of spitting and to wipe his nose on his clothes. Otherwise there was no evil connected with his life, according to the gos-

sipers, but still he was unwanted and unwelcomed in the homes he often visited because he was lonely, being a widower of many years and because of his uncouth ways it was difficult for him to find a marriage partner again—one that he wanted.

So he often sat alone, too, in his little room, with his Bible, trying to keep hate from his heart when he saw how children mocked and laughed at him, but they only repeated what they heard their parents say and laugh about in their homes. But what joy he had when the blast came, for his loneliness and sorrows would now be past.

It just seemed the greatest sorrow came to those who felt they were so well prepared and would look upon others as sinful, when they themselves did not lead a pious life—a life that was pleasing unto God, and they had much pride and loved to be honored by men, for they were often praised by men for their good ideas and for being so well-versed in the Scriptures.

It seemed they had started out all right in their Christian life but pride led to their downfall, and no one dared to speak to them about it for fear of offending them, for a person of pride is often very easily offended, and people are much quicker to try to correct a humble person. And of course, there is a kind of pride in some people which causes them to feel so superior that they sit in judgment on others. They are very quick to see other people's faults and to criticize, when they should be praying for them and trying to find means to help them overcome for they do not realize the temptations that other people have to bear and the spiritual battle that may exist.

It was a wonderful thing when the blast came for the heavens rolled together like a scroll, and there were so many beautiful angels and the heavens seemed open unto the whole world so that everyone as they looked up could see the Lord of Glory coming to meet those who loved Him, in the air, and how quickly those loved ones changed—dressed in immortality.

Some had been dressed in rags a moment before and some were dirty, in their work clothes, but then they looked more beautiful than those who were bedecked with jewels and had their faces painted and well-fixed hair.

The righteous had long hoped the blast would come before their children would leave the years of innocency and fall into the condemnation of the world, while others were looking forward to see their children grow up—to see them take their part in the world, in hopes they would be popular, be sought after, be successful financially, and how proud some parents were of

their daughters when they could dance well, and it mattered little to them when they dressed immodestly, showing their flesh to draw the lustful gaze of men. Those who sincerely wanted to keep themselves pure had to put up an extremely hard battle against the evil thoughts (Matt. 5:28) which war against the soul. Some could not withstand such great temptations and so they fell, and were unprepared for the blast.

Many expected the blast to come sometime, but being very busy they forgot to watch. It was a time when money seemed plentiful, and when there wasn't work today then there were many sports, picnics, feastings, amusements, some that didn't seem harmful, but the many activities controlled the thoughts, crowding out the things of the Spirit. Men became busy in trying to lay up plenty of money so their children could have nice homes, and forgot the admonition to work so that they have to give to the needy (Eph. 4:28), and their thoughts ran to how they could remodel and make their home or barn more convenient for themselves, and yet when the church or someone was in need and asked them for funds they grumbled and were often dissatisfied with the way the money was administered.

Before the blast came pride had entered the churches. At times it wasn't an outward show of pride but an inward pride of the heart. But first there was a falling away from God and His truths, and many walked in unbelief and didn't realize it. Instead, they commended themselves because they had so many works, and they counted themselves righteous and sat in judgment on others who were more humble than they were. For there were many things these humble people didn't do so as to make their light shine before men (altho' their light shone much more than they realized) for those that think they are humble are often not as humble as those who think they themselves are not humble enough.

It was strange how unimportant the worldly things seemed to men when the blast came. Diamonds were naught, and all the precious things,—things highly esteemed—became worthless, and the poor man was found to be in the same class as the well-to-do.

And the poor man, living in a shack, rich in faith, soon found himself in a mansion with joys everlasting.

- Millersburg, Ohio

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Take your time when making important decisions; but do not get full of notions.

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THE STURDY TWIG

- By Mrs. Edward J. Burkholder

If I can't be a lofty tree—
(A president or king)
Then let me be a sturdy twig
Where birds alight and sing.
If I can't be the tree itself
Then may the leaves, I pray,
Upon my twig help cool some brow
That's fevered by the way.

'Tis not alone the trunk and limbs
That makes the tree a king,
But all the green leaves on the twigs
That crown him in the spring.
When winter's cold and sleeting ice
Transforms this world we see,
'Tis not alone the trunk and limbs
That gleam with brilliancy.

But every little glist'ning twig
With ice is all aglow;
A beauty that is rare excelled
In this world here below.
We all have our own place to fill
Though humble it may be,
So let us be a sturdy twig
If we can't be the tree.

- R. 3, Nappanee, Indiana

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New Schools:

NACETOWN SCHOOL, MYERSTOWN, PENNA.

This is a brief record of the Nacetown Mennonite school, a private school run by the Mennonites and taught by an Amish teacher for the first time this year. The school was formerly a public school, and was sold to a Mennonite in 1959. That fall it was opened to 40 pupils, both Amish and Mennonites.

Five or six years ago it was sold to the present board members, Ezra Martin, Melvin Brubaker, and Howard Brubaker. The school is located about 1 1/2 miles west of Myerstown, on the corner beside David Smoker's farm.

The building is constructed of red bricks. The classroom is large enough for fifty seats, and there are also lunch closets and a vestibule.

The enrollment this year is 15, scattered in seven different grades. On Friday afternoons 13 vocational students also attend.

I will close, wishing you God's richest blessings.

- Mattie Smoker

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A NEEDED REBUKE

- By Chester E. Shuler

Jim was very small for his age, and often was unmercifully "kidded" about his size.

One day when some of his superiors in the office where he served faithfully as office boy, were teasing him more than usual, he burst forth with,

"Well, small as I am, I can do something that no one else in this office can do!"

The others roared with laughter.

"And what is that, Tiny?" they demanded.

"Keep from swearing!"

The laughter ceased and everyone had more respect for the small lad. They realized that he had spoken truly.

- Harrisburg, Penna.

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THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL DAYS

- By Mollie Zook

'Twas back when walking was no shame
We walked through snow and mud and rain;
Whether it was one mile or two or three,
We still would trot it cheerfully.

The tin syrup pail went swinging along,
Joining the happy tinkling throng
That lined the road from eight to nine,
Unless, of course, we lagged behind.

The first bell rang at five-to-nine,
'Twas then a race to be on time.
We filed into the vestibule,
Glad to be a child at school.

Our wraps they filled both shelves and hook,
The pails set neatly in a nook,
Each with a tug and push and tangle,
A hurried chattering and scramble.

Inside we quickly found our places,
And turned about sunshiny faces—
Quiet and attentive, that was the rule,
Alert from our brisk walk to school.

The teacher worked hard for us, we know,
If we didn't learn fast, we still learned slow.
And when she dismissed our lively band,

We all played hard and hand in hand.

The bus never stalled in those carefree times,
And snow didn't throw the schedule out of line.
With leggings on and holes in our mitts,
We waded through snow up to our hips!

We would reach the school about half-froze,
And dig out the snow from our shoes and hose,
We rubbed our hands and ears and nose,
And we soon thawed out by the nice warm stove.

The teacher knew we needed more time,
When sledding was good, the hill to climb.
So she piled all our recesses into one,
And off we went for some real winter fun.

Down the long slope at a frightening speed,
A string of sleds, piled three deep.
We must have sledded almost a mile—
Oh, what a thrill for any child!

No cars or scrapers marred our play,
There was good sledding for many a day.
Or skating when overflowed bottoms froze,
Or a "Fox and Goose" ring, if we chose.

It would get a little rough sometimes,
For vigor and health were in their prime.
Some accidents? Yes, as you may guess,
When skates would clash, or sleds upset.

Come noon, the tin pail was rummaged through,
A piece of syrup-soaked bread or two,
A hunk of sausage, hard and cold,
Sometimes custard in a cup or mold.

No wax paper to wrap the home-baked crust,
That you chewed upon, 'til swallow it you must.
Happy was the day when a doughnut or half-moon,
An apple or an egg, was found at noon.

A drink from the bucket, lugged by two
From the well of a neighboring farmer.
The old crock cooler kept it fine
When the days grew longer and warmer.

Subtract and addition, multiply and divide,
Were taught and worked out, side by side,
Geography, reading, spelling and grammar,
Alphabets displayed in a simple manner.

Now they try this modern style,
Getting wiser all the while.
Their methods are hard to understand,
"Take home your lesson," a frequent command.

Less time for lessons, more time for play,
January, 1967 •

Less need to walk, there's an easier way.
To get more muscle and keep their trim,
They added to schooling a class named "Gym".

It may be a newer and better way,
I'll let some smarter person say,
But if I were a scholar again today,
I'd choose instead the good old way.

The easy chair now I frequently claim,
But the vim and vigor that does remain, —
Could it possibly be, that it might be tracked
To the time we walked to school and back?
— Staunton, Virginia

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New Schools:

TROYER RIDGE SCHOOL,

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

We received a letter from the editor, stating that he would like to have a report of our new parochial school which is located about two miles north of Charm. This is not a new school building. It still goes by the name of Troyer Ridge School, and is owned by John B. Yoder. Eight years had passed since it had been used as a school. We feel very thankful for the chance the owner has given us to do a little repairing and painting to meet the standards of school.

Now we can see our children walk to school to the same place most of us parents attended, and also many grandparents. We have 29 pupils, only a few of whom had gone to parochial school before. This was quite a change for them, and also makes it more difficult for the teacher.

Fannie Nisley is our teacher. We are grateful to have been able to hire an experienced teacher. This is her eighth year of teaching.

The question is often asked, "How do you like your new school?" The answer is that the children like it very well and we parents like it even better. It is good to see what they learn, compared to what they used to. It's not that they didn't learn enough before,—they learned too much of some things! But not enough of what belongs to a Christian child.

We have five children going to school. The oldest is in the eighth grade. It is certainly nice to see that they also learn to sing, read, and spell in German, which is very important for us Amish people.

— A Bulletin Reader, Andy A. Yoder

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DING DONG BELL AT TROYER RIDGE

- By Mrs. Andy A. Yoder

The sweet melodies of bygone days have come
to life again,
Or have we just waked from a long, long dream?
Is this what we hear?

"Brothers, sisters, are you ready? Hurry,
Or we'll miss the bus."

No! Four anxious faces start up the hill on a
cool and crisp morning, walking a new path.
Another one bidding them good-bye, eagerly
waiting to be enrolled in grade one.

Up the hill and through the woods,
Where Daddy's footsteps trudged along in his
youthful years,

On the way to school.

With nature singing the song of yesteryear,
And the birds chirping a hello to all—

Soon to reach the good old school house

And the anxious, waiting teacher

Who has such an important task to do.

We hope and pray we can do our part to make
this

A happy and successful year for pupils and
teacher.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And He shall direct thy path."

- Millersburg, Ohio

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MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO

December 11, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First a greeting in our Saviour's name. As
the Christmas season nears, I often wonder if
we give a thought what it should mean to us.
We should thank God for the gift of His Son.

The children are singing Christmas hymns
and a few carols, such as "The First Noel", and
others.

The Ervin C. Miller family moved to Punxs-
utawney, Penna., leaving 39 pupils in our
school. I want to make a correction in the
teachers' directory. Esther Yoder is teaching
the four lower grades at our school this year
instead of Kathryn Detweiler. Esther was one
of my former eighth graders, and she is doing
a fine job.

If anyone is interested in buying new English
books, I would recommend the Laidlaw English
series, 1964, Second Edition. We have these
books from grade 2 through grade 8, and find
them very interesting. Teachers' editions are
available for each grade. A price list can be

obtained upon request. Their address is

Laidlaw Brothers

Thatcher and Madison

River Forest, Illinois 60305

My experience with noisy children in school
has been that psychology speaks louder than
words, nine times out of ten. I agree with an
old man who taught for years in public schools.
He told me of children who are well-behaved in
the school room, but still cause a lot of trouble
by carrying tales to their parents. Instead of
being busy with their lessons, they are listening
and looking to hear and see what they can carry
home. And then it is the teacher's fault.

This is what two sets of parents experienced
some years ago before our schools were started,
and their children were attending a centralized
school. Two boys were quarreling behind the
teacher's back, and each of them went home and
told his parents what a naughty boy the other
one was.

One Sunday after church one of the mothers
said to the other, "Your child is always teasing
and quarreling with my child." The second
mother was surprised and said, "Why, that's
just the same story my boy tells me about
yours."

So the mothers told the fathers what had been
going on. The matter was then settled, and
each child received a beating with a strap.

By this I have learned when children com-
plain about others, it is best to ask, "What did
you do?" This nearly always settles the mat-
ter. So I would advise parents as well as
teachers to try this, if they do not already do
so.

I would like to see more teachers write let-
ters for the Bulletin. Write about your ex-

TOO LATE FOR THAT NOW

A certain physician relates the following
story: A mother stopped at his office one day
and said,

"Doctor, don't you think it is just about time
now that I'm giving Bill some right lessons?"

"Along what lines, ma'am?"

"Well," she said, "lessons in honesty,
straightforwardness, and self-control."

"How old is Bill?" asked the doctor.

"Fourteen," was the reply.

"Madam, your hands are off that child now.
He is in other hands. It is too late for that now.
If you have failed, you have failed."

- Selected

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periences. And you parents do the same.

I wish all of you the grace of God.

- Peter E. Miller

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New Schools:

HILLCREST SCHOOL, DUNDEE, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's holy name.

As I was asked to write about Hillcrest School, I will try and do so. This school is located not very far from Millersburg, and was built this past summer.

This is my first year of teaching. I think it is a great privilege to teach such nice children. I have 30 pupils, some in all of the grades but the seventh. There are 4 first graders.

Only three of the pupils had ever attended a parochial school before, so it is a new experience for them, too.

Hillcrest School is about thirteen miles from my home. I stay at Bishop Lester Schlabachs during the week, and go home for the week-ends.

When the children all come in with a cheerful good-morning, that day is likely to be a good

day. But it seems when they come in without a greeting, or a grumbling one, I can look out for a gloomy, "let's try anything" day.

I am the oldest of a family of ten, and also attended a parochial school. But still, there is quite a difference when the responsibility to teach is yours. But I enjoy working with the little ones, and the good days outnumber the gloomy ones by far. I wish I could teach the pupils more of the ways of Jesus and His patience.

I would also appreciate if more of the parents visited school. Parent-board cooperation has been very good so far, for which I am very thankful.

Some days, it seems, you may think one of the pupils is up to something and so you keep an eye on him, and the first thing you know someone else is the one that should have been watched.

I wish I could get them to realize that even if I don't see or hear them, God is always watching.

Pray for me that I will in no way mislead any of the dear little souls.

- A humble teacher,
Susan A. Yoder

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INCENTIVES—NATURAL OR ARTIFICIAL?

How far should the teacher go in using artificial incentives to keep up the pupils' interest? Practically all teachers use one means or another such as honor rolls, stars, gifts, praise, or scoldings. Perhaps it would be well to take a look at these different methods to see what is the purpose behind them and if they are really needed.

Myron A. King in his excellent little booklet, *A Well Ordered School* (Rod and Staff) brings up this question and quotes from the book *A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* by William Law, as follows.

"The first temper that we try to awaken in children is pride; as dangerous a passion as that of lust. We stir them up to vain thoughts of themselves and do everything we can to puff up their minds with a sense of their abilities.

"Whatever way of life we intend them for, we apply to the fire and vanity of their minds and exhort them to everything from corrupt motives. We stir them up to every action from principles of strife and ambition, from glory, envy and a desire for distinction, that they may excel others and shine in the eyes of the world.

"We repeat and inculcate these motives upon

them till they think it a part of their duty to be proud, envious and vainglorious of their own accomplishments.

"And when we have taught them to scorn to be outdone by any, to bear no rival, to thirst after every instance of applause, to be content with nothing but the highest distinctions, then we begin to take comfort in them and promise the world some mighty things from youths of such a glorious spirit.

"For example, if youth is intended for a trade, we bid him look at all the rich men of the same trade and consider how many now are carried about in their stately coaches who began in the same low degree as he now does. We awaken his ambition, and endeavor to give his mind a right turn, by telling him how very rich such and such a tradesman died.

"And after all this we complain of the effects of pride and we wonder to see grown men actuated and governed by ambition, envy, scorn and a desire of glory, not considering that they were all the time of their youth called upon to use all their actions and industry upon the same principles.

"Now if youth is ever to be so far a Christian

as to govern his heart by the doctrines of humility, I would like to know at what time he is to begin it, or if he is ever to begin at all, why train him up in tempers quite contrary to it?

"How dry and poor must the doctrine of humility sound to a youth that has been spurred up to all his industry by ambition, envy, emulation and a desire of glory and distinction! And if he is not to act by these principles when he is a man, why do we call him to act by them in his youth?"

The above words were written over two centuries ago but they may still be worth considering today. I believe the system of incentives has one very weak point, namely that they compare one child with another. No two children have the same ability to learn. It is altogether possible that one child may get an average of "A" with less effort than another one will to achieve a "C". The one is honored and held up as a shining example, but does this help the second one to increase his interest and ability in the subject? Hardly, for he is more likely to lose what interest he has.

Let us see if we can decide on what basis the honor is actually given in a case such as this. Is it the efforts put forth? No, for the one who got "C" worked harder than the one who got "A". The difference in the two pupils then was that one had the ability to learn more easily than another, an inherited trait. The bright pupil got credit for a talent which God had given him at birth.

Of course, this comparison would not fit in many cases for frequently the one who gets the A's, does hard work, and the one who gets the C's doesn't. If a teacher can devise a plan to reward effort instead of achievement, it could be a very good thing.

Another practice which is open to question is election of pupils to fill either real or imaginary offices in the school. This would naturally have the tendency to make the pupils covet the popularity needed to win these elections. If there are positions to be filled in the school, then the teacher would be better able to select someone to do it according to abilities and merit. Few of us would be willing to let our family and home affairs be controlled by majority rule. Nor would it be Scriptural, for it is the responsibility of the head of the house.

If a method of using effort as a yardstick could be worked out, it would put each of the pupils on an equal basis. The one who is easy-learning would be expected to put forth just as much effort and be as careful in his work as any of the less talented, for their efforts would be appreciated, and the temptation to pride might

also be reduced.

Understandably, no artificial incentive can be devised to fully serve the above needs but a natural appreciation on the part of the teacher and the parents does go a long way in realizing our aim.

- D. L. W.

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RICHFIELD, PA.
Dec. 21, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

I appreciate the privilege to be a reader of this paper. I have profited from the teaching, counsel, and advice given here. As teachers we have many things in common and this is a good way to communicate and be a help one to another.

Our work is in a field that lets us continue to grow and grow; we never get to the place where we have learned it all. It's a challenging work. We are dealing with eternal beings, souls that once were not, but always will be. They will live on, either in heaven or in eternal torment. This makes our calling a very serious one, for we are helping to mold their characters, and many times this determines the destiny of their souls.

Our days are busy and full. Sometimes the tasks seem so numerous and we feel as if we have accomplished so little. But all our loving Master asks is our best. We have the only true source of wisdom, strength and power at our command if we are His. We need to remember we are nothing (not a thing). He is working through us and in this we need to rest, yet constantly we need to seek to grow in Him to be more efficient and diligent in discharging our duties and responsibilities.

Each school day morning 38 dear boys and girls (an even number of each) in grades 1-4 troop over the threshold of our schoolroom. Most of them eager for the day's duties, diligently applying themselves to their studies and willing to apply the truths of God's Word to their young lives. I'm thankful for each one of them, for the parents who are willing to make the sacrifice it takes to send them to a Christian school and are willing to entrust them to our care. I am thankful, too, for the privilege (though unworthy of it) of laboring in the Lord's vineyard in the teaching field.

We invite you to visit us at the Locust Grove School in Snyder Co., Pa., located a short distance east of Meiserville, a small village on Route 104.

- Anna Mary Kauffman

The Blackboard Bulletin

New Schools:

EAST FAIRVIEW SCHOOL,

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

The editor would like reports on all new schools, so I will try to give one on ours, which was built this summer. This is the first year it is in operation.

It is located approximately two miles west of Winesburg, Ohio, on Myron A. Mast's farm, which is only a quarter mile east of the other school. The building was constructed of cement and tile blocks. The basement is of cement blocks and the second story is of tile blocks. The outside dimensions of the building are 24' x 36'. Small porches have been built at both entrances. There are two exits from the second floor, and also two in the basement.

The furnace room in the basement is separate from the main room, which is for clothes, lunch buckets, and playing space.

This school was built because the Fairview School was overcrowded. A new school was necessary to reduce the number of pupils in that school.

The teacher is Anna J. Miller, and it is my first year of teaching. The term opened September 5, with an enrollment of 33, in all eight grades.

I extend an invitation to all Bulletin readers to come visit our school should you chance to pass through here, or better yet, make special efforts to come.

- Miss Anna J. Miller

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ORRVILLE, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First a greeting in His holy name.

I have been wanting so long already to write some of my school experiences, which happened quite a few years ago. My father bought a farm in 1919 up here in Wayne County. We went to school at Wises between Charm and Berlin, before moving up here. I was eleven at the time and my brother was nine.

Changing schools was not easy for me. We had been used to about all Amish pupils and had Etta Engel for our teacher. Everybody knows what a good teacher she was. When she said yes, that was it. And when she said no, that was it also. I see now that this (strictness) is

what makes the best teachers.

When we moved up here it was something different. All at once there would be laughing out loud, which at first almost scared me out of my seat. And walking around in the school house in time of school was nothing strange. In which school do you think I learned the most?

My experience in these two different schools helps me to see how important it is to stand by the teacher. I do not have any children in school now, but four grandchildren are going. Parents make a mistake when they take the children's part and work against the teacher. Let us remember our teachers before the throne of God. I feel sure they all desire it.

Our Wises School teacher always repeated the Twenty-third Psalm after the Lord's Prayer in the morning. It was her prayer that God would help her through the day.

Our grandchildren went on the bus to a city school, which my husband and I did not like to see. Now they go to a parochial school where only those of our faith attend. But it still takes prayer and patience, for us and the teacher and the children.

One of our grandchildren died suddenly of pneumonia, which makes us think more and more of eternity.

A neighbor and I visited our school. I saw on the teacher's guest book that she had had a few visitors already. On the evening before her birthday, some of the mothers brought ice cream and cake to the school. They had a ninth grader go in first and sing Happy Birthday. I think this put a smile on the teacher's face.

We like to read the Blackboard Bulletin and enjoy it very much. We would not like to be without it.

Wishing you all God's grace.

- Mrs. Joe J. Miller

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A TEACHER'S RESPONSIBILITY

- By Rebecca K. Stoltzfus

Does a beginning teacher realize what she is stepping into? Does she know the responsibility that awaits her? I can answer these questions from my experience. Little did I realize what was required of me when I was asked to teach school.

A teacher has from three to twelve times as many children to train as the average parents. To keep such a group under control, she will need stricter rules than the child is accustomed to at home. There will have to be order, or

the children will dominate the school.

One of the things the child will have to learn is to sit for an hour at a time in his seat, and make as little noise as possible. This may be difficult for beginners, especially if they are quite active and full of life.

It is the teacher's responsibility to see that the child is fair in his work as well as in his play, that he gets his lessons done on time.

The teacher must explain the lessons clearly so the child's mind can grasp them. This may be quite a problem at times. One child may have the interest, ability, and skill to understand with very little explanation. But a second child may not be able to grasp the meaning even after having the problem explained a dozen times. His mind will seem to be blank or closed.

In discipline, it is necessary to be fair, stern, and loving. If love is allowed to work its way in the young hearts, the rules of the school will be cheerfully obeyed, and not because of any "have to".

Many times the teacher comes to a cross-road, and hardly knows which way to turn. Teaching cannot be successful without prayer, and we need His hand to guide us upon the right path. So pray for us teachers that we in turn may guide these young hearts in the right directions, and that they may be kept from stumbling over our mistakes and shortcomings.

- R. 1, Oxford, Penna.

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New Schools:

SOUTH BOGARD AMISH SCHOOL,

- Montgomery, Indiana

Dear Readers,

A greeting in Jesus' name.

I will try to write a few lines as requested, about our new school. We had thought about a parochial school for some time, and early last spring our church leaders announced a meeting to talk about it. This meeting was well attended, and we found there would be enough pupils for two schools. Three board members were appointed for each school.

Our parochial schools are becoming more and more necessary as the modern public schools drift farther and farther away from God's Word. Some of their teachings are not useful to our way of life. So why not try to teach something worthwhile, with help from a higher Power.

Another thing that influenced us to start a

school was that our village school at Epsom may be moved before long to a larger school farther away.

Our glazed-block schoolhouse was originally built for a Sunday School house, and was still being used for this purpose. This building 30'x 30', is used for one of the classrooms, and a 24'x34' addition was built for the second classroom.

We didn't have much time to spare, as something like this takes some work and money to get everything ready to go. But what is that if it will help only one soul to be saved?

Buying books for the school was a big problem for us, as we didn't know much about it. The help we received from others was appreciated. We are pleased to know that preparations are being made to have the best books selected and stocked by someone, on a statewide basis. I think this would be a great help in getting books more quickly and cheaply.

Our teachers are living in our summer house. They are Inez Kauffman from Kalona, Iowa, who teaches 25 pupils in grades 1-5, and Joan Raber, Montgomery, Indiana, who has grades 6-9 with 28 pupils. I think they are enjoying teaching, and are doing very well.

Let us as parents keep close contact with our schools and co-operate with our teachers. We need to keep in mind that Jesus said, "... ohne mich koennt irh nichts tun".

- John Raber

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BALTIC, OHIO 43804
December 23, 1966

Glad Tidings to all Bulletin Readers,

At this season I would enjoy writing a personal letter to each of the parochial school teachers across the country and in Canada. The Mennonites in Central America must be getting the BULLETIN, too, as a man from there corresponds with me since he got our address from this paper. In Mexico, too, they no doubt get it. I'd enjoy writing to them also, as I'd enjoy receiving letters from all of these teachers.

But it is not just the teachers we enjoy hearing from; the letters from parents in the BULLETIN are interesting, too, and we feel the bond of friendship between us as we read their letters. As I sit here at the desk in the living room of our home this morning, I have thoughts flash through my mind of the many teachers I would like to shake hands with and have a chat, a Merry Christmas wish, and another one that 1967 may be a quiet, peaceful year in which we

teachers can be a better example to our "flocks".

Often in the morning as I prepare for the day's program in the schoolroom, the children come bustling around the corner of the school-house and hastily set their lunch buckets on the shelves in the basement, then run outside to play "Andy-Over" before the bell rings. It is a little like getting ready for company, with thirty-six young visitors daily, and I sometimes feel more like a hired hand or a janitor than a teacher, and think it would be better if a teacher were coming, too! But I am the one responsible that they learn the three R's, so they can go through the world and make an honest living for themselves—plus, the influence I may be to them for good or bad. You friends who have not been up in front of a schoolroom full of children do not quite understand what we teachers try to tell you. So it is little wonder that I sometimes feel like the teacher's helper or a janitor. But on the other hand, I enjoy teaching so well that I'm afraid I'd get the blues if I'd have to take a janitor's position.

We wonder how all you teachers are getting along this term. No doubt, other teachers will like to hear what we are doing, too. In this third term of our school, things are running as smoothly or more smoothly than they did the other two years, and we thought things went well then. You will realize we have our ups and downs. Some children seem to make trouble for the teacher constantly. Sometimes you think you have a child really settled down and working, doing his best to co-operate with the school, and his good conduct may indeed last for months, or even a lifetime. But another time a child may after three or four months slip back into the same old rut again. Poor little souls they are, with Satan ever knocking on the doors of their young hearts, just as he used to for me, and still does. What I need more than your pocketbook is your prayers, that I may have strength not to yield to temptation.

An incident happened in our school that will not hurt to relate. The children were assigned to write letters to an elderly couple in a distant state, with whom we have been corresponding for quite a while. One pupil decided instead to list all the children according to grades, and sign her name at the bottom. She did not write a letter.

The next day I took the paper back to her desk and politely told her she should have known better. I handed her a clean sheet of paper and asked her to write to an old bachelor and his sister who lived in our neighborhood all their lives, but are now spending their time in the Holmes County Home for the Aged.

She accepted this task with interest and filled up both sides of the sheet with news from the neighborhood, school news, and the like, all written up in a pleasant and friendly way. I am sure these friends at the County Home will have a happier Christmas than they would have had without her letter.

As a summary of our ups and downs at school, if it were not for the imperfect teacher things would be "real well". Good-by,

- Jonas Nisley

P.S.

The Read, Write, and Color books are finally being sent out. We thank you for your orders. To advertise them a little, I'll mention that a neighbor bought one last fall, and now the parents have ordered nine of them for their own children as Christmas presents. The price remains \$2.00 a copy, or six copies for \$10.00, prepaid. Order from: Jonas Nisley, R. 1, Baltic, Ohio 43804

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New Schools:

LINWOOD, ONTARIO, CANADA
December 23, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to all. When I remember how willing the editor always was to encourage and help us in starting our parochial school, I want to yield to his request to send in a report. Our new school is named Amish Parochial No. 1, and is located on the farm of my brother, Dea. David Kuepfer, R. 1, Millbank, Ontario.

The same as in many other districts, consolidation of the public schools was one of the main reasons for our decision to build a school. At the end of 1964 we realized that our one-room schools would not be in use very long anymore, so a committee was appointed to approach the officials and plead with them to continue operating enough of the small schools to accommodate our children.

After a year we realized we were working in the wrong direction, as we were not getting anywhere. At the end of 1965 the three-man committee (one from each church district) was ordered to investigate the cost of buying, building and operating our own schools.

On May 20, 1966 a meeting was called at Harvey Jantzi's and a plan presented to build a school at the present site, financed by a building fund raised in the three church districts. This plan was well backed at the meeting, and we decided to start at once so the work could be done whenever field work was slack. But we

learned that in order to get a building permit, a lot of waiting time is involved.

In the meantime water was piped to the site from the Kuepfer home. The building permit was delayed until July 25. Digging for the basement and foundation followed shortly, and we were amazed the way help was donated by all.

Another delay resulted from having to wait on complete window units. Also, harvesting time came in the middle of our building, but with fine co-operation from the congregation, school started on schedule September 6. We have an enrollment of 24, and Esther Kuepfer is the teacher.

Here again we are well pleased with both parent and pupil co-operation. School is now closed for Christmas holidays, and things seemed to have run smoothly so far.

The building is a wooden structure, 24' x 34', with a full basement. A coal and wood furnace in the basement heats the school. The walls of the classroom are about nine feet high, with the blackboards at the north end. Three sets of windows on each side provide 180 square feet of window lighting. These are fairly close to the ceiling, reflecting the light downward. The

walls are also white, brightening the room further.

Two officials from the Waterloo County Health Unit visited our school, and one was heard to remark to the other, "They have a nice bright classroom!"

There is a varnished hardwood floor in the classroom. The outside of the building is covered with white slate siding, and the roof is asphalt. There are still finishing touches and improvements necessary.

Our committee members are Allan Z. Kuepfer, R. 1, Milverton; Ezra Albrecht, R. 1, Millbank; and the writer. We are always glad for suggestions on how to operate, finance, and improve our school system.

I will close, hoping to be remembered in prayers by all; and am likewise minded, in great weakness.

- An unworthy Reader,
Chris Kuepfer

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BALTIC, OHIO 43804
December 23, 1966

Dear BULLETIN Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's holy name.

Teachers, isn't there a great difference between, "Do I have to?" and "Shall I do this?" A remark such as, "Should we stay and help you?" is treasured long afterwards. What does this amount to, some may wonder. Well, for one thing, it shows respect and love for the teacher.

At this Christmas season our minds should be turned to our Saviour who came to this world so humbly, and later died for our transgressions.

Yesterday evening the door was locked at our home. Sister Lovina and I were making some things not meant for just any eyes, but as a surprise for the pupils. One could ask, "Do we have our hearts locked to the Saviour? Can He come in at this time of year, or anytime?"

Many gifts are exchanged at this time of year. A child's Christmas verse contains the words, "...to be satisfied with what Father brings." This could refer to our Heavenly Father also. Are we always satisfied with His gifts? Trials and heartaches may really be gifts in disguise, for they are often better for us than gifts of joy and pleasure, even though at the time it is hard to understand.

A plea was made in one issue of the BULLETIN for "fresh" material. I feel incapable of doing that, but I want to always be ready to take

BIBLE QUESTIONS # 8-

1. What young man left his home, spent all his money then returned home to his father again?
2. What happened to Zacharias when he wouldn't believe when the Angel told him that John the Baptist would be born?
3. Who lost his strength after his hair was cut off?
4. What king became a leper for disobeying God?
5. What was Jesus' first miracle?
6. What did the publican say when he prayed in the temple?
7. Who planted tares in the field while the farmers slept?
8. Who played the harp for King Saul?
9. What animals ran into the water and drowned after the evil spirits went into them?
10. Who quieted the wind and the sea?

Answers to # 8-

1. The prodigal son
2. He was stricken dumb (unable to speak)
3. Samson
4. Uzziah
5. Turned the water into wine
6. "God be merciful to me a sinner!"
7. The enemy (Satan)
8. David
9. Swine
10. Jesus

advice. The selection from A Valuable Book of Ready Reference contained many ideas and necessary comments for teachers.

The editor also asked for "how-to-do-it" articles. I can tell what is done in our school-room, which may give some ideas to others. We write letters to other schools and to handicapped persons, and sometimes make scrap-books for shut-ins. This can be very educational too. There is more time for such activities when a teacher has only four grades.

These extra projects outside the usual routine can increase interest in the regular subjects. On the other hand, too many of them can become a nuisance, too. Yes, in all areas of life, including school work, we must keep a balance.

The question, "What is needed to develop a good school?", is an old one. The co-operation of teachers, pupils, and parents is needed if the road is to be one to true happiness. At times it means walking a second mile when the first one was hilly and stony. But it is necessary if we want to work together.

As has been so often mentioned, parents should not belittle the teacher in the presence of the pupils. Many a time a great commotion could be prevented if parents and teacher could talk it over. The advice I have received from parents has worked wonderfully. Such discussions can change a teacher's heavy heart to cheerfulness in seconds, while carrying the news from door to door makes matters ten-fold worse.

Likewise, a teacher can't be too careful how she speaks about the parents to the children.

It takes working together and patience to obtain the results we want. One never likes to hear the expression, "What a bad child that pupil is!" Rather, we should remember that his actions in school may be only reflecting his parents and teacher!

Everyone knows what it is like when a vehicle gets off the main road into a ditch, and one of the horses doesn't do his share in pulling it out. So it is when the parents and pupils do their share and the teacher doesn't, putting the whole school on a downward trend.

We teachers of Maple Grove School are trusting that co-operation may continue in the future as it has up to the present time.

Especially to teachers: If you lack patience in the schoolroom, maybe missing a day would help. For me, such a day seems twice as long. Some time ago my parents and I were to the Wooster Community Hospital where sister Lizzie Ann had another operation. During the day we spent some time in downtown Wooster.

January, 1967

The following day at school was cloudy and drizzling, but what did that matter when one thought of the hum-drum of the city and the air which should be pure, filled with filthy tobacco smoke? This, and a chat with an English woman the day before, filled me with a sincere longing to be with my pupils, and work with each one's ability to learn. This woman thought it would be wonderful to be a school teacher. Little did she realize the encouragement she gave me.

Sister Lovina managed the group exceptionally well in my absence, and had taught the pupils a new song.

Lizzie Ann is teaching now again. The pupils do the sweeping and janitor work. She wishes to thank her many friends for their thoughtfulness in sending letters and greetings. Good health is surely a wonderful gift! Those who have endured pain as she has know the truth of this statement.

A successful New Year to all teachers, and other readers as well. Let's keep this in mind, "When the outlook is dark, try the uplook."

- A humble teacher,
Amanda Nisley

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THOSE FOND SCHOOL MEMORIES

- By Lavina Hershberger

Just give me that ancient schoolhouse,
The door may need repairs;
Windows may be dark and broken
But it's a dear old school, so who cares?

The walls were dull and roughened
And warping was the floor,
But precious are the memories
Of the voices that came through the door.

A stream in the meadow, a woods nearby
All added to a school child's joy,
A road passing by not far away
Brought many a girl and boy.

Oh, the fond and joyful memories
That linger forevermore;
No eraser will ever be able
To wipe off what happened before.

Some days were dark and dreary,
And many things have since gone wrong,
But after each shower the sun has shone,
And following each sigh—a song.

- Fairbank, Iowa

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Teacher to Teacher :

USING THE DICTIONARY

Do your pupils have the dictionary habit? It is a wonderful source of knowledge no farther away than your fingertips. But if you and the pupils don't make the dictionary your lawyer, teacher and friend, all that knowledge might as well be in Tibet.

Every good school is well supplied with dictionaries. In an eight-grade school there should be a range from the "baby" dictionaries for the primary grades to the more complete ones for grades seven and eight. But it is wise to stay by one series, as much as possible. The different publishers use different keys to pronunciation, and too much variation may confuse the children.

How many dictionaries does a school need? In the upper grades, it should not seem unusual for every pupil to have one in his desk. But desks being what they are, there is usually not room for a dictionary to make permanent residence there. Second best is a book shelf easily reached.

Your students are not likely to become dictionary fans unless they see that you are one first. A teacher ought to refer constantly to his desk copy. Or perhaps you are one of the very rare persons who doesn't need a dictionary!

In order to train your pupils in the correct use of a dictionary, you will need to know all about one yourself. Some people have the idea that dictionaries tell only the meanings of words, and that is their only purpose. This is ridiculous.

When is the Dictionary Needed?

There is no subject in school in which your pupils will not need to occasionally call upon

their dictionaries for advice. Perhaps this will be very seldom in arithmetic classes, but once in a while it is necessary.

Reading is likely the subject that will wear out the dictionaries. When pupils come upon a new word, they ought to stop right there and check its pronunciation and definition, not wait until they are finished with the story or essay. They must be taught to do this independently as soon as possible.

In English exercises and when writing compositions, the pupils should get the habit of checking the usage of words and rules of grammar in their dictionary, rather than always asking the teacher. In the other subjects,—health, geography, history, science—there are many new words and Proper nouns that need to be looked up.

Where are the children to learn dictionary skills? They are given some instructions in phonics and spelling, and also in many English books. Here they learn the sounds and functions of consonants, vowels, and accents.

But using the dictionary is so important that special classes are often advisable. Some schools use a workbook that is both a vocabulary builder and dictionary practicebook. These are quite helpful, but if they are not available, an occasional dictionary practice session directed by the teacher, will do.

Teaching the Skills

Very young children can be introduced to the use of dictionaries by the excellent primary dictionaries available today. These have a good many pictures, large-size print, and an easy vocabulary. The only words that are listed are the ones a second or third grader might use.

Some dictionary skills are taught in English, phonics, and spelling. But the teacher will still need to do some explaining.

My experience has been that most pupils have trouble with guide words when their use is first introduced, usually in English texts in the fourth or fifth grades. Guide words are to English what the place value of digits is to arithmetic, among the hardest things for a pupil to understand.

An English assignment may read:

"If the guide words on a dictionary page are BOIL and BUTTER, which of the following words

TIPS TO TEACHERS

To promote interest in singing, place all the pupils' names in a box. Every morning right after singing, pick out as many names as the songs you sing. The ones chosen are to have songs ready to sing the next morning.

— Mollie Renno

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How poor are they who have not patience.

— Shakespeare

* * * * *

will be on that page?—bug, break, bumblebee, bake, blow, burst, buy, branded, butternut."

The teacher can explain and explain again and again, that "All the words that come before BOIL would come on the page before, and all the words after BUTTER come on the following page. Only the words between BOIL and BUTTER come on this page."

But this problem is just too complex for many pupils. One solution you might try is the one we finally hit upon, as follows:

"Put all the words in alphabetical order, including the two guide words. Then you can easily see by your list which words come between the guide words."

Strangely enough, the pupils find it easier to alphabetize all the words than they do to decide if each word comes after BOIL and before BUTTER but not before BOIL or after BUTTER.

Their paper will then look like this: "bake, blow, BOIL, branded, break, bug, bumblebee, burst, BUTTER, butternut, buy".

The answer is then simple—"branded, break, bug, bumblebee and burst."

Another difficult thing to explain is accents. It sometimes helps to mispronounce common two- and three-syllable words, putting the accents on each syllable by turn. This will illustrate the role of accents in pronunciation. Thus kitten could be kit' ten, or kit ten'; capital might be pronounced cap' i tal or ca pit' al or cap i tal'.

The English language is very inconsistent in accents and pronunciation, as well as in spelling, which we all know. In fact, it is pretty well inconsistent from the front cover of the dictionary to the back one. If it were not so inconsistent, a dictionary would not be so necessary, and in its turn, neither would this article.

A pupil should be told that it is humanly impossible to always guess rightly how a "new" word is pronounced. The only way to learn is to hear someone pronounce it correctly, or use a dictionary. There are no rules to tell us which of the above pronunciations of kitten and capital are correct.

Another thing that is confusing is the way word families change their accents and vowel sounds as they change their form and usage. Thus depraved (with a long a) becomes depravity (with a short a); and demonstrate becomes, not dem on strāt' ive as we might expect, but de mon' stra tive.

For a real inconsistent family, consider chaste, chasten, chastize, and chastity. Check your dictionary right now to see if you have been pronouncing them correctly.

Tell your pupils about these inconsistencies. Warn them also of silent letters, especially h and l and t. How about the following words?—walk, apostle, alms, epistle, balmy, corps, hasten, heir, talking, hustle, and chasten. According to my Thorndike-Barnhart, these words all have silent letters which are often sounded. To save you time, we will retype these tricky words, and cross out the silent letters that cause trouble—walk, apostle, alms, epistle, balmy, corps, hasten, heir, talking, hustle, chasten.

And Teachers, Too

We mentioned at the beginning of this article how necessary it is for teachers to set an example in dictionary usage. We also said that persons who do not need to use a dictionary are very rare. In fact, they are so rare I've never seen one.

Some people may be pretty good in pronunciation, but no matter how vast their vocabulary, there will still be an outer fringe of words that they will need to check occasionally. The same with spelling. After all, a person might memorize the entire contents of an average-sized dictionary, and he still would not be finished. Just look at Webster's Unabridged!

So if you tell us you are not using a dictionary, don't expect us to mark you down as so smart you don't need one! Quite the opposite.

And I sometimes think we Amish teachers should be about the heaviest dictionary users in the world. Some of us are good spellers, and others are pretty good on vocabulary. But one thing we are sure to be a bit weak on is correct pronunciation.

Here is why. First, we have not been to colleges where the bigger words are pronounced as a matter of course. Second, we are not spending several hours a day listening to radio and television announcers who, even though they don't say anything worth much, at least pronounce their words correctly while doing it.

As we read and study a good many books, we meet all types of long-handled words. We learn their meanings, and we even use them in writing. Mentally, we give them a pronunciation, which may be correct or it may not. And then, some day or other, we hear one of these words pronounced and hardly recognize it for a friend!

Perhaps next month we can seek a solution to this problem. In the meantime, we would be glad to have you write for the BULLETIN about your experiences with dictionaries.

— Your editor

* * * * *

FORGIVE ME, LORD

- By Joan Kingston Heller

(Note: A young mother sent us this poem, with this explanation, "I am enclosing this poem, which you might want to use some time. The words almost startled me at the first reading, for they fit my own case exactly. We are young parents with four small children, and it is our desire to bring them up obedient and God-fearing. Yet the many duties often tire us, and too often I am cross and impatient with them, although I do not mean to be.")

Forgive me, Lord, for I have wounded
A small child's heart with angry tones;
I scolded her because she vexed me, —
And children are Thy choicest ones!

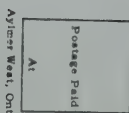
Forgive me, Lord! How can I utter
Words of wrath to these of Thine
Whom Thou hast bless'd in tender phrases?
Oh, forgive these lips of mine.

Forgive me, Lord! and hide my weakness
Beneath the strength of Thy sweet love,
And teach me patience with the children;—
Their angels watch them from above.

* * * * *

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Forgive me, Lord, and help me win them
To myself by gentleness,
That I may lead them to Thy kingdom
Through Thine own pure righteousness.
- From "The Youth's Christian Companion",
1935

* * * * *

THE MOTHER'S WATCH

She never closed her eyes in sleep,
'til we were all in bed,
On party nights 'til we came home
she often sat and read.
We little thought about it then,
when we were young and gay,
How much mother worried when
we children were away.
We only knew she never slept
when we were out at night,
And that she waited just to know,
that we'd come home all right.
Why sometimes when we'd stay away,
'til one or two or three,
It seemed to us that Mother heard
the turning of the key;
For always when we'd step inside
she'd call and we'd reply,
But we were all too young back then,
to understand just why.
Until the last one had returned,
she always kept a light;
For Mother couldn't sleep until
she kissed us all goodnight.
She had to know that we were safe
before she went to rest;
She seemed to fear the world might harm
the ones she loved the best.
And once she said, "When you are grown
to women and to men,
Perhaps I'll sleep the whole night through;
I may be different then."
And so it seemed that night and day
we knew a Mother's care,
That always when we got back home
we'd find her waiting there,
Then came the night that we were called
together 'round her bed.
"The children are all with you now,"
the kindly doctor said.
And in her eyes there gleamed again
that old-time tender light,
That told she had been waiting
just to know we were all right.
She smiled the old familiar smile
and prayed to God to keep.
Us safe from harm, throughout the year,
and then she went to sleep.

* * * * *

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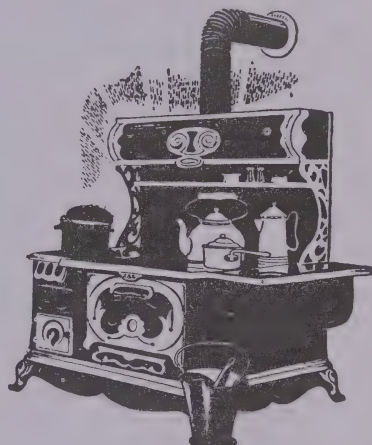
NUMBER 7

FIRESIDE CHATS

No. 3

- By Nobud E. Much

- In which are discussed Hogs and Highmindedness



Amish and Mennonite Schools in Colonial America had humble beginnings, but I am of the opinion they were usually equal to or superior to other rural schools of that time. Christopher Dock's school is perhaps the best known, and was quite typical. Dock's school was a subscription school, and the parents paid tuition to have their children attend.

Similarly, they tell me groups of farmers would often band together and hire a teacher for their sons and daughters. For example, Mr. John Ritter, a Mennonite who lived near Boyers-town, Pennsylvania, had a long line of boys, so he built his own schoolhouse, and charged tuition to the neighbors who wanted to send their children. Ritter was a thrifty "Deutscher", and he could see little use in putting up a building just for a school, when the same roof would cover two stories. So he planned the top story for classes and the ground floor for a pig house.

In the 1840's he opened the "Pig Sty School", as it was fondly called, and engaged John H. Oberholtzer as teacher. One would think that a school under these conditions would be a pretty solid conservative affair, but its teacher became the founder of the General Conference Mennonites, the most liberal group of all.

We are told it was not unusual for the Ritter boys, with intent and premeditation, to break up the school by arousing the pigs' appetites so that their squealing drowned out the classes on the floor above them.

In other areas of Pennsylvania it seems the

schools were more of a church project. The Mennonite Historical Bulletin contains a number of references to early Amish schools. The Mennonite schools were often built beside the church, or sometimes the same building used for both. Our pioneer forefathers were indeed conscientious that their children be educated.

As we all know, Pennsylvania was the cradle of American Mennonitism. Perhaps because of the Amish, Mennonite, and other German-speaking settlers, this state was slower in adopting a public school system than its neighboring states. Not only were these people opposed to public schools, they did not need them.

But by the middle of the nineteenth century, Pennsylvania finally passed its public school laws. I remember reading once, "The coming of the free school system into Pennsylvania caused not a little concern among the Mennonites and Quakers as to the future. The Mennonites gradually changed over to the free school system, and the movement toward academies and colleges soon followed."

Yes, the free public schools were the death of the parochial schools in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. There was some opposition, but the Amish and Mennonites finally gave in. Not until the second quarter of the twentieth century was the old tradition revived, and then it was already too late for most of the Mennonites. To-

day Mennonite elementary schools are again on the decline. Only among the Amish, the Old Order Mennonites, and other strict conservative groups, are elementary schools proving successful, and increasing in number.

As a people adjust to the society around them in clothes, jobs, transportation, entertainment, and homes, it is only logical that they will want the same education, and a parochial school becomes pointless.

Some Changes Necessary

Now I don't mean to say that it is not necessary from time to time to make some changes and adjustment. We must be realistic, of course, even though we want to keep the values of yesterday. We would not advise anyone in today's "enlightened" age to have school in a pig sty!

Not all change is good; neither is it all bad. The education picture has changed quite a bit in the last 100 years. I have no doubt there have been many improvements; but the opposite is also true.

In the old days, attendance was not compulsory. Farm boys attended school in the winter-time, sometimes until they were 21. They got their education during the slack months of the farm calendar, which worked out quite well in their circumstances.

Times and ways have changed. There are no slack months in a factory job! And the children are not needed or wanted at home, so why not send them to school?

This trend has not reached the end yet. I kind of expect that four-year-olds, and even younger, will soon be going to glamorized kindergartens. From then on, parents will be able to lay very little claim to their child. In fact, isn't this largely true today? Most sons and daughters go from high school and college directly into the armed forces or into the business world. The average child is indeed institutionalized from the age of five to adulthood.

If we plain people ever adjust to this pattern, we will surely prove to the world that Prof. Erickson knew what he was talking about when he wrote, "How to Exterminate the Amish Without Really Trying".

The modern high school is geared to the computer world. As long as we are not ready to wear white collars and to push buttons, we do not need this! To be sure, there are courses in shop and home economics which may be practical, but hardly equal to on-the-job training at home. Driver training courses are becoming standard, too. Do we need them?

Also, they tell me military training is moving into many high schools. National leaders

are calling for universal drilling and military instruction for all youths, boys and girls. What better place to do this than in the high school? Hitler knew the value of training his youth, and from them he gained enthusiastic support.

Do we want this? I think not.

But high school courses are not all bad, are they? A high school teacher asked the question, "Why couldn't the Amish operate their own high schools, and leave out the nonsense?" Earlier, I heard a Lutheran minister ask the same thing. Both men were interested in our welfare.

Let us give a fair answer. Do our boys and girls need training beyond the eighth grade? Yes, they need training and teaching, definitely, but for most of them this is best accomplished at home, from their parents. For them, four years of high school at the critical ages of 14-18, is not the answer.

But what about the serious student who plans to teach? Most of our Amish teachers freely admit they feel a need of further knowledge, especially the first year. But perhaps it is just as well that they do! If they enter the school with a spirit of humility and zeal, they learn fast, and may do better than the person who thinks he knows something, and needs to do some unlearning.

However, we do want to be entirely honest about this, don't we? A teacher must understand the subject he is teaching! He is seriously handicapped if the bounds of his knowledge extend only to the end of the chapter. An interesting geography class is possible only if the teacher is well informed on the area being studied; a complicated grade eight arithmetic problem can be explained only by someone who understands mathematics; and every teacher has to answer questions about grammar that are not in the book.

It seems to me our teachers should do what they can to master the knowledge which is useful to them. This will mean midnight oil and a great deal of effort. Self-education should continue throughout life.

We have made many adjustments in the past hundred years, many of which were undoubtedly harmful. We will likely make additional adjustments, if the Lord tarries. Perhaps the time will come when we will make it easier for our teachers to learn what they need to know. (Note that we did not say, "to get the diplomas which the world thinks they need.") This would have to be, as our friend suggested, "with the nonsense left out," and it could be done by correspondence, at least in part.

In the meantime, we need not feel inferior

because our teachers have no certificates. One speaker at a Conservative Mennonite Fellowship school meeting in August, 1966, is reported to have said, "It seems to me that a child who has had eight years of training in a Christian school has had eight years of teacher training."

At the present time, it would seem an Amish High School would certainly create many more problems than it could hope to solve, even if it were a "no-nonsense high school".

First of all, I fear it would collapse under its own weight. This is the way the reasoning goes: Our teachers should have more education, but we do not want them to attend worldly high schools and colleges; So why don't we set up our own high schools, where they can learn in a Christian atmosphere?

But here is the catch! Who will teach those high schools? If we need more learning to teach grade eight, what will we need to teach grade twelve??? If in the end we must buy our wares on the open market, we might better just be satisfied with what we have, and not go shopping. Maybe I'm wrong, but that's the way it looks to me.

Mennonite Examples

Our Mennonite friends have walked the way for us, and left us some very good examples of what church-administered higher education can do, and can't do. We would be pretty blind to not learn a lesson or two from them!

The Elkhart Institute (now Goshen College), as well as other Mennonite colleges, was established so their young folks would not need to go to worldly institutions for a college education. I have no doubt that the founders meant well. But the very evils they were trying to avoid eventually got into their church colleges and did more harm, probably, than they ever could have the other way.

The modernistic and false teachings could not be kept out of the Mennonite Colleges because the professors brought these ideas with them from the worldly colleges they attended to get their degrees. For, even in college, it is considered necessary for the teacher to know more than the pupil!

Goshen College was to be controlled by a Board of Education, the members of which were

respected leaders of the church, living in many states. This Board, in the early years, was itself quite skeptical of college education, and very conservative of the principles of the Anabaptist faith. I understand that only a few years passed before there was disapproval of the way the college was being run. This condition worsened until 1923, when Goshen College was closed by the Board. A year later it was reopened with a faculty that was to be more conservative.

Hesston College in Kansas was opened in 1909 by members of the church who were dissatisfied with Goshen College.

A third Mennonite College, Eastern Mennonite School, was founded in 1917 by those who were dissatisfied with both Goshen and Hesston. E.M.C. had the strictest standards of all, and among other points, listed in its constitution that, "only such textbooks should be used in the school as would safeguard the student against higher criticism, evolution, fiction, or any other form of popular error; provision shall be made for physical exercise, but all contest games with outsiders shall be prohibited, and musical instruments shall not form any part of the equipment of the school."

Today E. M. C. has an orchestra and a concert series of its own. This most conservative of Mennonite colleges also has regularly scheduled basketball games with neighboring colleges, as well as other sports. I read recently that one E. M. C. coach is hopeful of arranging a wrestling match with a local military academy. Shades of Anabaptism(?) ! !

The founders of these Mennonite institutions did not intend that they should become what they are today. Of this there is little doubt.

Today it seems all the liberal branches of the Mennonites are losing, or have lost, the basic Anabaptist doctrines of non-resistance and non-conformity to the world. What part did their colleges play in bringing about these changes, I wonder?

One very liberal Mennonite professor who was involved in the Goshen troubles, J. E. Hartzler, wrote in 1925, "The present status in the denomination is that of a passing and a rising generation of leadership. The passing has been fearful and suspicious of education and its

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results. The rising welcomes education most heartily, as well as the results of modern scientific research. The rising generation... is using education as one means of freedom and complete development of the individual and the spiritual and social well-being of society."

I happen to have a book by this same Prof. Hartzler in which he makes the profound statement, "The two strong arms of God, educational advancement on the one side, and scientific discovery and invention on the other, are binding the human race into one body..."

To such a statement we are only able to say a white-haired old friend used to claim, "God sure gets blamed nowadays for a lot of things He isn't guilty of."

Throughout his book, Hartzler is very intolerant of "the uneducated, and consequently inefficient, leadership of the church". At the time of writing he was the president of a seminary at Bluffton, Ohio, sponsored by the General Conference Mennonites, the group founded seventy-five years before by John Oberholtzer. Oberholtzer, you will remember, was the teacher of the Pig Sty School.

Pig Sty Schoolhouse,...Witmarsum Seminary, —I wonder in which school God was most honored.

Let us pray God's blessings upon our schools, that the pitfalls which have snared others may be spared us, and that we may remain a humble people, wise only in the ways of God.



EDITORIAL

THE INDIANA SCHOOL SURVEY

A sixteen-page booklet, "A Survey of the Amish Parochial Schools of Indiana", is now available free of charge from the author, David Yoder, Box 58, Ashley, Indiana.

We understand this survey covered twenty-three Indiana schools, and was personally conducted by the author, touching practically every aspect of the parochial school program. In this booklet, he summarizes the findings, then suggests ways the schools could be improved.

On the whole the booklet is well-written, and the author gives us much to think about. We especially appreciate the emphasis on making all of school Christian.

We quote, "We find this idea very common under our people: teaching secular education and Christian education separately in the same school ...

"When our teaching is not Christian, it is unchristian. If it is not godly, it is ungodly. There is no middle way or neutral stand to take. So it is very important that we make every lesson a Christian lesson, instead of one or two each week.

"We would not think of eating meat and potatoes six days a week, and then salt and pepper on the seventh day, but we season every meal of every day." End of quote.

Similarly, many other points in the school program are discussed. However, we fear some of the statements are overly-critical, and consider only one side of the situation. This is particularly true of what is said regarding the hiring of teachers.

The booklet discourages the hiring of young teachers, female teachers, and persons who of their own choice and inspiration want to teach. Nor are "high wages" to be paid.

To a certain extent, these may all be good points. But we fail to be realistic if we carry them too far. Most of our Amish teachers are young girls, and unless we can find someone better to replace them, let's be satisfied with the fine job they are doing, and the many sacrifices they are making for us.

One question that was asked was, "How did you come to this work, by your own choice and inspiration, or were you appointed or chosen by the board or by the church?" With due respect to Bro. Yoder, we feel this question was not fairly asked. It is a complex question that cannot be answered yes or no, either way.

The summary given is, "A few answered, 'encouraged or appointed'. But the majority started by their own choice."

A fairer picture would have been obtained if the school boards had been asked, "Did you encourage or appoint your present teacher?" Obviously they did, or the teacher would not be teaching.

Any teacher who doesn't feel in his heart that he should be teaching, probably shouldn't be.

We do not want to lure teachers with high wages. And I do not think we are. Rather, I would think we have lost many experienced and dedicated teachers, especially men and heads of households, who just could not make ends meet on a teacher's salary. There are very few of our teachers who could not earn more in other employ-

ment.

Another example of where a wrong opinion might be formed by reading the booklet is the statement, "Rook cards are ruled out in one school by the teacher as unfitted for a church school." This suggests that in the other twenty-two schools, rook cards are permitted! This is certainly not the case.

This booklet on Indiana schools has many good suggestions and warnings. But we hope the criticism it contains will not discourage the teachers and school boards who have been working hard and sacrificing much. Instead, may it challenge them to increased effort, and a heartfelt prayer to God for His blessings and guidance.

- J.S.

* * *

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

"Let the Children Talk".

"Let the cows talk," is an advertising slogan used by a feed company. They suggest placing a handful of their feed beside any other feed, and let the cows decide which is best.

You may smile at this crude comparison, but we think Jonas Nisley would be justified using a similar slogan to sell his READ-WRITE-COLOR books. "Let the children talk."

These are homemade books; they are nothing fancy. There are even some mistakes in them. Jonas sent us a few copies about a week ago, so we bought some pencil crayons for the occasion, and gave one book to our children, pre-school to age 9.

The book hasn't had an idle moment since then! Our children go through a lot of color books; they spend hours writing and coloring. But they never got this enthusiastic before!

For this reason, we decided to mention these books in the BULLETIN again. Jonas has gone to a lot of expense, and spent hours and hours printing these books. He sells them complete with 3-ring binders, 320 pages, for \$2.00 postpaid. At this price, he won't get rich if he sells them all.

The pages can be taken out, colored, and then put back in again. This way, a number of children can be working at one time.

Jonas guarantees satisfaction. Why not buy a book or two for your children while winter is still here? "Let the children talk".

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Fireside Chats

No. 3 of the "Fireside Chats" by Nobud E. Much appears in this issue. I suppose the readers have guessed that the author of this series is writing under a pen name. If anyone wishes to comment on these articles, or to correspond with the author, he may address the letter "c/o the Editor, THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN, R. 4, Aylmer, Ont." who will see that the author gets it.

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More Material Needed

We are in need of more material, and would suggest that some of you busy teachers take the time to write now. If other years are any indication, a large number of you will wait till your schools close for the summer, then sit down and write a letter for the May BULLETIN. Don't wait till May. Do it now.

- J.S.



VACATIONS OF A MINUTE

Slow me down, Lord! Ease the pounding of my heart, by the quieting of my mind.

Steady my hurried pace with the vision of the eternal reach of time.

Give me amidst the confusion of my day, the calmness of the everlasting hills.

Break the tension of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory.

Help me to know the magical, restoring power of sleep.

Teach me the art of taking minute vacations

Of slowing to look at a flower,

To chat with a friend, to pat a dog,

To read a few lines from a good book.
 Remind me each day of the fable of the hare and the tortoise, that I may know that the
 race is not always to the swift,
 That there is more to life than increasing speed.
 Let me look upward into the branches of the old towering oak tree and know that it
 grew great and strong, because it grew slowly and well.
 Slow me down, Lord! And inspire me to send my roots deep into the soil of life's
 enduring values,
 That I may grow in Thy grace and prepare for eternity.

-- Selected by a Reader

* ** *

MEYERSDALE, PENNSYLVANIA
 January 10, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings and love to all.

I am a reader of the Blackboard Bulletin and enjoy it very much. I've tried to write before, but always without success. Each time before I was finished I read other letters in the BULLETIN, and thought mine would be of no interest compared to the letters of others.

I have often read of others who thought they wouldn't want to teach, but liked it just fine after they tried it. But I did not expect it would happen to me. I was also one who never wanted to teach (or so I thought), but through encouragement from others I tried it, and must admit it is different from what I had imagined.

Of course, there are days when things seem to go wrong, the singing is poor, and the lessons are not finished. Then there are the rewarding days, too, when all goes well.

One writer wrote that beginning teachers usually hope the parents won't come to visit the school, but later they wish they would. That is the way I found it, though I did not believe it could be so when I first read it.

Christmas vacation brought more visitors than usual, as we had school when the public schools did not.

I have only five pupils, and suppose some of you would probably think it would seem like play. But even if the group is small, it is worth the time.

I wish all teachers and BULLETIN readers the blessings from above.

- Cora E. Brennehan

* ** *

TROYER RIDGE SCHOOL
 MILLERSBURG, OHIO 44654
 January 12, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

This year finds me teaching at a different school. The pupils had all gone to a public school except one family. It seemed so different to me at first, and possibly even more so to the pupils. One important thing was to try and get them to like this altogether different school.

As for the teacher to adjust to a new school, it doesn't take long if you see that the pupils are trying to please you and the parents co-operate. However, you find your thoughts wandering back quite often.

Following is an outline of our routine here at Troyer Ridge. Before any pupils arrive, the teacher hurries to get the fire going, and writes some English lessons on the board. The pupils arrive, with some of them saying "Good Morning" before the teacher can say it, while others don't say it at all. The last bell rings and the pupils sit together to sing.

We sing three German songs, of which the pupils lead two and the teacher the other one. The Lord's Prayer is said, and then arithmetic classes are recited. The fourth grade are not done with their long division, so we take the fifth and sixth first. Between classes the remarks are heard, "How do we do this problem?" "I can't get No. 6." "Should I divide to get this right?"

Recess is here already! The seventh and eighth grade arithmetic classes will have to wait till after recess. The children play inside today, as they think it is too

cold to play outside.

Recess is past, and the first three reading classes are recited, following the two arithmetic classes. The teacher places some meat wrapped in tinfoil on the furnace to warm — sandwiches for lunch! Fourth and fifth grade reading is next, and the sixth have a geography test. Noon time is here.

The pupils stay twelve minutes at their seats to eat their lunches. After lunch the teacher and three of the upper grade girls play "Scrabble", while the Carrom board and the Sorry game are busy, too.

Following the noon hour the seventh and eighth have a geography test. The first grade has started reading in their fourth Alice and Jerry book. They are just finished when a knock is heard at the door. The teacher opens it and to her surprise she sees the familiar faces of parents, pupils, and the new teacher of Anderson School.

Seats are brought in for the visitors. The second grade have their reading, and several English classes are held. Three songs are sung, and school is dismissed early for the day. The eighth grade boys bring in coal to cover the fire, while the teacher gets ready to accompany the visitors to Jonas Nisley's school.

There we see several reading classes in progress, and hear some nice singing. It is time to leave if we are to get home in time. The afternoon passes all too soon. I show my former pupils my home and then return to school, where a pile of papers was waiting to be checked.

May God bless you all.

In Christian love,
- Fannie Nisley

WHAT ARE WE CHOOSING?

To the Editor and all Bulletin readers, greetings of love to you. I have again with much interest read the December issue, and felt the urge to contribute a few lines to help make it such, a paper interesting, edifying, and worthwhile to read.

But as before, thoughts will pop up to keep a person from writing, such as a fear of the waste basket, or "better sweep the threshold of your own door first", etc. But having a few thoughts in mind, I will try and pass them on, thoughts which my father reminded me of some twenty or more years ago. It is now past nineteen years that we laid my father to rest. So I can say with the writer to the Hebrews, that the forefathers being dead continue to speak.

It is the public school situation becoming what it is today, and the immorality of some of our own youth, that has caused me to think more seriously on the matter of education. In Genesis 8:21, God says the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth, to which we can all testify by experience.

Here is what my father showed me: We read in 2 Maccabees 4:9 of the High Priest Jason who built a place of exercise (in German, ein Spielhaus). The object of this Spielhaus was to train their youths in the heathenish manner and fashions of the Greeks and Antiochians. The results were that the priests neglected their duties in the temple, and their sacrifices, and went to this place of exercise, or Spielhaus, to watch the games being played. The German says, " ... zu sehen wie man den Ball schlug, und andere Spiele trieb."

To me, this place of exercise is very similar to the big gymnasiums being built alongside consolidated schools, and undoubtedly, the results will be the same. Do not the youth of today, after becoming "worked up" with these basketball games, show much more enthusiasm to go to the Spielhaus to watch or help play the games, than to do their work in the classroom?

Sure, I agree they should have some time to play, as the old saying goes, "All work and no play, makes a dull lad some day." But the way I see it, far too much emphasis is placed on physical exercise in the public schools, and not enough on spiritual exercise.

Knowing therefore that this evil nature of man, from childhood up, can not enter or inherit the kingdom of heaven, but must be brought under control, as the Word says, "be crucified" and "born again", what are we as parents and grandparents doing to bring about this change in the lives of our children?

Let us go back to the cradle and ask, "When is a child old enough to spank?" I would say, as soon as you are sure that the child is crying out of sheer anger and not for physical reasons, it is old enough to discipline with the palm of your hand on the seat of the child. If discretion is used, you will do the child no harm, and it may go a long way toward breaking that evil nature within.

What do we give the child to play with? Is it something that in later years

they may not have, or in other words, is wrong for them and against the order of the church? Let us be careful that what we give our children to play with is not nursing and feeding that evil nature that is in them. But, as the wise man Solomon said, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Now then, the child is old enough to start to school. Where do you think would be the best place to send it? That child which we so dearly love and for which God is going to hold us responsible to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

I would say, if at all possible, let us send to a parochial school. But there are still some among us who send their children to the public school, even if they have the opportunity to send to a parochial. Perhaps this is mostly for financial reasons; others with possibly the same reasons at heart, defend themselves with such Scriptures as Romans 13 and 1 Peter 2:13.

Others lack the courage to face the local officials, to refuse to comply with their demands and wishes, in which class I can feel my own weakness, especially when one of the officials should happen to be a neighbor. But if we can realize the harm the public school system is doing to us, we should be able to say with Peter, "We ought to obey God rather than men."

May God grant and help us to a more united stand in this, our parochial school movement, is our prayer and wish. I will close, with best wishes to all, and with the words in the BUDGET by Mrs. Paul Eichorn, "Many are playing when they should be praying; many are sinning when they should be winning; and many are losing because they are not choosing — the true will of God." What are we doing?

Sincerely, a well-wishing reader,

- Mose D. Bontrager, Middlebury, Indiana

Teacher to Teacher :

USING THE DICTIONARY

-Continued from last month

In the January issue we discussed how necessary it is for us as Amish teachers to lean heavily upon our dictionaries, especially in pronunciation. With no college training or television programs to teach us the right way to say a word, we must look to the dictionary for help.

We do live in an English-speaking country, and English is the language of instruction in our schools, so it is important that we speak it correctly. A teacher's mistake is a mistake thirty times over, for if the teacher does not correct the mistake, all thirty of the pupils must some time do so.

Speaking of pronunciation, there is no excuse for the teacher to speak English with a German accent, a common practice in some areas. One of the leading errors is to give a ch sound to j. The words Jacob, John, gentle, and geography become Chacob, Chohn, chentle, and cheography.

Our immigrant forefathers when they came to America pronounced English with a heavy, guttural German accent. They couldn't help it. We can. Let's.

These are problems we will meet if we have Amish schools and Amish teachers. But they are not insurmountable. Some people may think this matter of pronunciation is unimportant. True, there are more important

things. But it doesn't cost more to do this thing right than to do it wrongly, and if there are any advantages to doing it wrongly, I hope someone tells me what they are.

As one writer has mentioned in this issue, a good way to build a stronger vocabulary is to go to the dictionary every time a new word looks you in the eye. Check the meaning, the spelling, and the pronunciation, and make that new word your own by using it. A word correctly used a dozen times is likely yours for life.

We must watch for difficult and tricky words. Some words, you know, look so much alike they are easily confused, yet their meanings are as far apart as June is from January. Would you know the difference between ordinance and ordnance? Between personal and personable?

An interesting item to watch is the origin, or history, of a word. Many vocabulary-builder booklets are set up on a word-family basis. The root in the original language is studied, and then all the words that are derived from that root word. This is where a knowledge of Latin would be helpful, for many of our English words come from Latin.

But most of us don't know Latin. However, we do have a valuable heritage in knowing German (if we only knew it better!), and we can be so thankful for the opportunity of

learning two languages the easy way as children.

Now then, as teachers, we want to pronounce words correctly. But we find we get into ruts, and maybe mispronounce a word for years. What can we do about it?

There is an old joke about "reading the dictionary". I admit this is one book that changes the subject quite often, but the idea of reading the dictionary is no joke.

I would suggest that you do just that. Read your dictionary from front to back, and enter in a notebook any new words that seem worthwhile, and any words that you have been mispronouncing, as well as the correct way to say it. My guess is you will be in for some surprises. I was when I tried it!

If you want to do this, pick out a dictionary about your own level. I wouldn't advise anyone to use Webster's Unabridged, for there would be so many new words and useless details, you would lose interest. Also, don't try to read it all at one sitting. Study in your spare time, and not more than a half hour at a stretch, or the words will soon begin to look all alike.

Perhaps you don't need this practice. Why not try this little check test, and find out? A grade of 75% is often considered passing, and if you make that you may not be so sorely in need of practice. But if you don't, you might better spend a little more time with your dictionary.

Many of these words are tricky, but they are the kind you often meet in the classroom. Read the sentences aloud, then check the underlined words to be sure you're pronouncing them right. Some of your grade 8 pupils might also want to try it.

1. The teacher was competent and reputable, but she had become involved in a controversy about discipline. One mischievous lad had been so provocative that she rebuked him scathingly in an irate moment.

The school board showed an authoritative spirit when they came to interrogate her. But she answered mildly, "I really had no alternative. He knew better, and I feel that my indictment is irrevocable."

2. We saw a mirage on the desert near San José. At the edge of a chasm we also spotted a Gila monster. Is this animal a reptile? I think not, though it is somewhat comparable.

3. The preface of a book is often indicative of its contents.

4. A geography tells us of far places, such as Rio de Janeiro, the Appalachian Mountains, Genoa in Italy, and Leicester in England.

5. A history may speak of politics and political figures, some so impious that



they became infamous; of kings and their regimes; of battles such as at Iwo Jima and Okinawa; and of the inevitable rise and fall of kingdoms.

6. In arithmetic we learn of troy weight and avoirdupois, of the Pythagorean Rule, isosceles triangles, and other formidable terms.

7. This is a genuine sea anemone, a rare flower in this state.

8. The King James Bible has some words that are seldom used today: shew, eschew, draught (of fishes), and sepulchre.

9. Many a schism in the Christian church has been caused by the subtle wiles of Satan. His deceit has lent impetus to many a quarrel, and left but little chance to be reconciled.

10. Though the colt appeared docile, Dad forbade his boys to play with it.

(There are fifty underlined words; deduct two points from a perfect score of 100 for each word mispronounced.)

- By the editor

* * * * *

MONTGOMERY, INDIANA
January 20, 1967

Greetings to Bulletin Readers,

Peace and grace be unto you all in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed be the name of Him who died, and rose again for you and I that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

This finds me in the school house again in my second term. I love to teach and work with the children. The time is fast approaching the end of another year. My! the time has really flown for me.

One reason why it seems time really goes, there is never a slack moment with both school and home responsibilities.

January 22, we spent in Illinois, attending church at Henry R. Yoders. We also visited their new school house. This is the nicest parochial school house I have seen. It is equipped with modern indoor rest-rooms, regular door closers and gas heat. The teachers were pres-

ent to answer our many inquisitive questions, and seemed to enjoy and appreciate the school. One thing I noticed was the heavy fencing along the road. The mesh was small enough a regular ball would not pass through it. This would also keep children off the road.

I have condensed the following article about the dictionary. I thought it may be of value to you:

The dictionary is one of the most popular and most useful of all reference books. It should be one of the first works of reference with which we become acquainted, and the last one with which we should dispense. The successful student acquires the dictionary habit early in his school life. The dictionary is equally important for the teacher and anyone connected with business.

The chief purpose of the dictionary is to give the spelling, pronunciation, and meaning of words. The dictionary contains much other useful information. For example, it contains rules for spelling, for punctuation, and for the use of capitals, also a guide to pronunciation. It shows the syllable divisions of words. In writing, a knowledge of syllable divisions of a word is a must if the writer is to avoid word-division errors at the end of lines. The dictionary tells us whether or not words are in good usage, it shows the name of the part of speech to which a word belongs. In addition, the dictionary contains common English names and their meanings, and other special sections.

Today there is a growing recognition of the fact that extensive vocabulary is an important factor. There are many ways to increase your vocabulary. One of the best ways is to consult the dictionary for the meaning of every unfamiliar word which comes to your attention, learn its pronunciation, and then use the word in your writing and conversation.

Once you acquire the habit you will find the study of words very interesting. Even just reading the dictionary is an excellent way to acquire a knowledge of words and an increased vocabulary.

In summary it may be said that the modern dictionary stands ready to give a vast and valuable amount of information and help if we know how to use it correctly and to interpret the information it lays before us. Upon the use that we make of the dictionary depends much of the value of our reading and much of the accuracy of our writing.

May God bless each one as you labor for the prize set before us.

Pray for us,

- Lester Marner

SPRINGS, PENNA.

Jan. 19, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' Name.

I will in my weakness try and add a few lines to this helpful and interesting paper. I would hate to do without the B. B.

This is my first year of teaching. Time seems to go so fast in school. One half of our term is past already. I used to think it would be interesting to teach for a while, but I'd soon get tired of it. I was in for a surprise as I like it better now than I did at first. I wouldn't change my job for another, now. I have learned quite a bit in the short while I'm teaching and as is often the case, I can look back and see where I could have done better.

My enrollment is rather small compared to most of your schools. I have only 7th and 8th grades and a vocational class of 10. I have 5 other pupils—4 boys and 1 girl. The vocational class is held Thursday A.M., with the regulars joining them for German reading.

I suppose some of you say, "How can you keep them busy all the time?" Some days it seems they have plenty to keep busy and other days they either read library books or we have a spelling or arithmetic match. At present we are working on the German alphabet in our spare time.

First we traced the letters from a small card and enlarged them with a pen-o-graph. Then we cut them out of construction paper. They will then be traced on a board and painted black. The boys really sanded the board yesterday and gave it the first coat of white paint. They seem to enjoy that kind of work and it gives them something to do.

I have to think what a big difference there was between my grandmother and myself. She never went to school and all her writing was in German. I can still picture her sitting at the table writing a letter to her sister Barbara, Mrs. Dan Smoker in Lancaster. Now here I'm teaching school and can barely read German writing, much less write German. That's one thing you certainly don't learn in public schools! I thought I would try and learn it sometime, but I've never taken the time.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." II Timothy 2:15.

Quote: "Use the talent that you have. The woods would be mighty silent if no birds sang except those who sang best." This in a way helped to give me courage to write a letter as I'm a poor writer. Why is it that we think it's

so hard to write for a paper like this? I found it isn't as hard as you think, once you get started.

May God bless you all in your work.

Sincerely,

Nancy Brenneman

* * * * *

AMHERST, WISCONSIN 54406

December 26, 1966

Dear Bulletin Readers,

A friendly greeting in Jesus' name.

We also have our own school here in this small settlement, started last spring. We have only twelve pupils. Miss Mary W. Mast from Blair, Wisconsin is our teacher. This is her first year. She went home over the holidays to spend her vacation with homefolks. Mrs. Henry Miller is substitute teacher during her absence.

I fully agree with Amanda N. Hershberger of Burton, Ohio, that parents should not talk about other people in the presence of their children.

Also, I think it would be good for parents to visit schools often. Yes, visit schools. Come on, don't say you haven't time. You take time to watch your young livestock, don't you? You believe your children are in good hands, of course, but drop in to see them anyhow. The teacher and the youngsters will like it.

Tomorrow

Think not too much of tomorrow,
And let good thoughts fade away.
For this is that tomorrow
You thought of yesterday.

Plan not to do tomorrow
What today will bring real cheer,
For yesterday's tomorrow
Has arrived. Today it's here!

Boast not too much of mastering
The problems of tomorrow,
If yesterday's opportunity
Today you have to borrow.

Waste not the chance by waiting,
What is needful for today.
This is yesterday's tomorrow,
Do not let it get away.

I wish all teachers and all Bulletin readers a prosperous New Year.

Sincerely yours,

Clemens R. Borntrager

February, 1967

ARTHUR, ILLINOIS

Jan. 20, 1967

Dear Readers,

A note from the editor in request for material, the deadline being January 25. How easy 'twould be to say, "No!" It is not my turn and I know of several teachers who would be in line before I am. But, ...perhaps I'd be shirking a challenge and a privilege. What shall I write? All I can see is a questionnaire before me. May the Lord guide my quill.

No. 1 - The Teacher

1.) Do I dress and carry myself in a presentable way, and am I kind, mannerly and polite because I want to be a Christian example? Col. 3:17.

2.) Do I punish with a prayer on my lips and a heart full of love?

3.) Am I firm and yet not too stern in all discipline problems?

4.) Am I impartial in all channels of my work, but frank in exposing all wrongs?

5.) Is my voice calm and distinct?

6.) Does criticism give me an eager zeal to do better?

7.) Do I express myself freely to the board, concerning my problems and wants?

8.) If parents ask, "How is our child doing?" do I give my picture of him freely and honestly?

9.) Do I devote enough time to the slow learner and explain all lessons clearly.

10.) Do I add enough spice to my classroom so my students are anxious to enter, and always ready to be under my supervision?

No. 2 - The Board

1.) Do we stand for the betterment of our school, in every way?

2.) Do we faithfully look after maintenance and the supplying of materials?

3.) If we see a fault in the teacher, do we tell her openly in Christian love?

4.) If parents complain about the teacher, do we search the problem immediately and without partiality? Phil. 2:3.

5.) Do we expect our own children to be in a "top bracket" at school?

6.) Do we give parents a fair voice in the operation of the school?

7.) Do we encourage firm discipline, and uphold the teacher in it?

8.) Do the complaints of some individuals annoy us so that we do not give them any attention?

9.) If a serious problem arises, are we right there, ready to give aid in a Christian way?

10.) Do we consider it our duty and responsibility to be a board member, instead of just an official appointment?

No. 3 - The Parents

- 1.) Why do we send our children to a parochial school?
- 2.) Do we visit the school frequently?
- 3.) If our child complains, do we talk to the teacher before we believe his complaints? And do we stand together as one mind, and work with the teacher?
- 4.) Do we criticise the teacher in our child's presence?
- 5.) Do we teach our sons and daughters high morals, for the protection and spiritual welfare of our homes, churches, and schools? Eph. 6:4.
- 6.) Do we both attend P. T. A.'s, if at all possible?
- 7.) Do we give support financially and in any other way that would be beneficial?
- 8.) Do we help our children with lessons, but not work them ourselves?
- 9.) Does our child like school because he is learning and co-operating?
- 10.) Do we realize the great responsibility of the teacher, and pray for her?

No. 4 - The Students

- 1.) Do I try my best in all lessons?
- 2.) If I don't understand, do I ask kindly for help?
- 3.) Do I work and play as quietly as possible?
- 4.) Do I join the group in games and play fair at all times, or do I have my favorites to play with?
- 5.) Do I complain to my parents or teacher about my playmates when I'm in the wrong myself?
- 6.) If the teacher punishes me, do I take it as a lesson and try to improve myself? Prov. 16:32.
- 7.) Do I use impure language behind my teacher's back?
- 8.) Am I jealous of my classmates who make better grades?
- 9.) Do I cheat for better grades?
- 10.) If I don't pass, do I blame the teacher, or do I realize that I may indeed not be capable to do more difficult work?

Our schools must have the co-operation of the above four groups—students, parents, school board, and teachers. But the most important requirement for success has had little mention—the blessings of God. Let us pray without ceasing as we go about our work.

Merely,
Anna Mae Gingerich

SPRING BROOK SCHOOL, DUNDEE, OHIO

Greetings of love to all B. B. readers in the name of King of all kings and the Teacher of all teachers. I will write a few lines to try to overcome that guilty feeling of reading these interesting pages month after month and putting off writing which is so easily done. It could be compared to a bank account which must be replenished from time to time to keep it from being overdrawn. Let us stop and think,—if the Bulletin staff would keep putting it off, how soon the Bulletin would be dead in its tracks. I must compliment them for their splendid arrangement every month.

I am teaching my seventh term, and with 43 pupils I feel rather over-worked. With old age creeping up, my nerves can't take the noise so well anymore, causing sleepless hours at night. I have a feeling that I'm the oldest teacher in our Amish schools. If there is anyone older, I'd like to hear from him. I was born Feb. 1, 1902.

The worst incident in all my teaching happened a while ago when two sixth grade boys crashed head-on in trying to catch a ball, causing one of them to break an arm. To my astonishment he only missed one and one half days of school.

I think being in the same school room so long a teacher is able to learn and know each pupil's general disposition. A teacher can also readily see how each individual family's children are disciplined at home, and at lunch time one can see how table manners are at home.

We should all be thankful to have the privilege of having our own schools, and should all strive to keep them at a good level. It is essential that we have qualified teachers. By that I do not mean certified ones, for state-certified teachers do not qualify to teach our schools. In all schools there always have been outstanding pupils, and those should be encouraged to undertake the task of teaching, although not all of the outstanding ones have all the qualifications, for it takes in a wide field.

One should be courteous, patient, have the love of children, and have the courage to be teacher, janitor, baby sitter, nurse, doctor, lawyer, peacemaker, prosecuting attorney, judge, etc.

It gives me a sensation of joy to state that there are two graduates from Spring Brook School who are now teaching their first term, and a third one is an occasional substitute.

- Continued in next column
Poem, "Why Teachers Get Gray"

WHY TEACHERS GET GRAY

Each morning as I place that key
Into the school house door.
I pause to wonder what for me
That day might have in store

A prayer comes into my mind
That early morning hour.
For all that seek are sure to find
Help from a higher power.

I find when I approach inside,
A room as quiet as stone.
I just would not be satisfied
To spend that day alone.

Those empty seats stare in my face;
That rustling noise is stilled.
Soon pupils will be back in place;
Those seats will all be filled.

Those little forms start to appear
O'er distant hill and crest,
To bring a cheery atmosphere
From north, south, east, and west.

And when they come in through the door;
Good mornings fill the air.
Where they've left off the day before,
Their noise begins right there.

Continuing throughout each day;
It isn't hard to check
Why teachers' heads are turning gray
And nerves become a wreck.

May God bless you all.

- Eli E. Weaver

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JOHNSON SCHOOL
APPLE CREEK, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"It is good for me that I have been afflicted;
that I might learn thy statutes." Psalm 119:71.

After reading this interesting paper, I have
a desire to share some of my thoughts with the
readers. Each article or letter makes one feel
he should try harder than ever.

Teaching is a great responsibility as well as
a challenge, for the one who has had a yearning
for it.

How fast the days disappear in weeks and the
weeks in months! We have stepped into a new

February, 1967

year again, and who knows what it holds in store
for us? Memories of a year ago are frequently
in my mind. Over nine weeks of the past year
I spent in the hospital. This gave me plenty of
time for thinking. Yes, thinking, wondering,
and hoping that if it were His will I could return
to the school room again.

Although I missed five weeks of school this
fall for additional surgery, I'm able to be back
with my group. I'm having forty pupils, with
four first-graders, and what a respectful group!
They certainly are doing their share in lighten-
ing my burdens, both physically and mentally.

My sister mentioned in her letter last month,
of my thankfulness toward all who remembered
me in any way. Words can not express my ap-
preciation. But most of all my gratefulness
goes to the Perfect Healer. Yes, health is a
wonderful gift! However, my pain was nothing
compared to His sufferings to save us. But we
must be willing to follow His footsteps.

Aren't our schools just the way we make
them? If parents, pupils, and teacher all co-
operate, we are bound to coast smoothly with
the Lord's help and blessing. This makes me
think of the story in the Third McGuffey Reader,
of the "Seven Sticks". The bond of unity helps
to make a successful school.

We have always had the McGuffey Readers in
our school. We find them more interesting this
year, as I've started to copy on the blackboard
the words most commonly used. The pupils keep
a list of these and in so doing they seem to get
more out of their reading. Naturally, there are
always those who seem to read a story a num-
ber of times and are still unable to answer a
question when called upon.

Each story has some good moral and teaches
us a good lesson. The main thing is to explain
it to these precious young souls so as to bring
fruit in their later years.

Talking of their future years, brings my
mind again to the days I was hospitalized. Here
I often heard the nurses discuss their evenings,
and what pictures had been shown at the theatres.
I did appreciate their smiles and deeds of kind-
ness, but when I heard them talk about these
things, I could not help feeling sorry for them.
And a prayer of thankfulness for the privilege
of being born in a Christian home, often filled
my saddened heart.

Another conversation was heard one day,
from an elderly lady who was deeply concerned
about this fast and busy world of ours. She said
she thinks it is terrible how the churches are
drifting away. "Why they say some of the
churches here in town have places where they
dance," she added.

In answer to this my room-mate said, "Well, I think the churches just go with the times."

"Oh, no," the elderly lady declared, "the churches should not go with the times. I prefer my little country church. If I would attend a church here in town, I would have to wear a hat."

Yet many of our young people are attending these evil places, the shows, theatres, and corrupting their minds, and also drinking alcoholic beverages. Those who have never been in an unconscious state can not realize what it is like; but what a contrast being in such a state from sickness, or from strong drinks.

Let us all remember the "all-seeing eye" of God is over us.

We have had quite a number of visitors this year. This always cheers me, just to think someone finds it worthwhile to stop in. Naturally, the visits of parents are most appreciated. This is something which is lacking in many of our schools. I'm happy to say more of mine have visited the past weeks than usually do in a whole term. All in all, I feel thankful for the co-operation shown me in my shortcomings.

An unworthy teacher,

- Lizzie Ann Nisley

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LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA
January 18, 1967

Dear B. B. Readers,

Sincere greetings to you all.

After reading each monthly issue of the Bulletin, the urge to write for it becomes greater and greater. Each year of teaching becomes more interesting, and it seems the responsibilities are also greater. Or perhaps a person just feels it more the longer he is on the job.

I have 42 pupils at present, and am expecting a family of 6 in February. So you can see I have no time to waste.

This was the first parochial school to be started in the Quarryville area, five years ago. After three terms it was overcrowded, and a new school was built. Now we are almost at that stage again. More families are leaving the public schools, and sending their children to parochial. I hope and pray I can do what is required of me, so they may be satisfied.

I am thankful for the fine co-operation shown by the board and the parents. Words cannot express what this means to a teacher. Nor what it means when the parents visit school. I presume it is just like we often hear preachers say, that we who sit on the benches and listen can

lead the sermon if we are attentive.

I am always glad for suggestions in the Bulletin, or in teachers' circle letters, on how to keep pupils busy, and ways to keep monotony from the schoolroom. A variation in the schedule helps a great deal. However, I feel my inability to do so effectively.

Here is something we do frequently in the second and third grades, to fill in some otherwise idle moments. Have them jumble up some spelling word or reading word, and then exchange papers to unscramble them. This keeps them busy and they enjoy it.

Thus far I have found English the most difficult and complicated subject to teach. No wonder, if we stop and think how difficult the English language is! For example,

"Start with box, the plural is boxes;

The plural for ox is oxen, not oxes.

One fowl is a goose, and two are called

geese;

But the plural of moose is never meese.

You may find a lone mouse, or a whole
nest of mice,

But the plural of house is houses, not
hice.

If the plural of man is men,

Why shouldn't the plural of pan be pen?

If I speak of a foot and you show me two
feet,

If I give you a boot, would a pair be called
beet?

If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be beath?
Then, the masculine pronouns are he, his,
and him,

But imagine the feminine as she, shis, and
shim!"

I wish you God's richest blessings in your work. Pray for me that I can lead my flock in the right way.

Humbly,

- Nancy S. Esch

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CLARK, MISSOURI
January 2, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of Christian love.

We enjoy and appreciate the Blackboard Bulletin, and feel it gives the teacher good ideas. We are now beginning another year; if we could only lead a life more pleasing to our Lord.

I am not a teacher, but must say I often wished to be one while I was single. We lived

The Blackboard Bulletin

in Kansas and Iowa during my younger years, and they didn't have Amish school at that time, so I had to forget about being a teacher. Now our oldest daughter teaches so she got my wish. Since she is teaching, we can realize better the responsibilities a teacher has.

We as parents can be a big help to them, especially in the home where the teacher stays—by all getting up early and having a horse ready and shod to travel these icy roads in winter. That is, when the distance to school is too far to walk, which it is in our case. She has around four miles to school, and wants to go back and forth and help us do the milking, which is also really appreciated. Our oldest boy is in I-W service since May, so help isn't too plentiful.

One letter in the Bulletin asked the question, "Do the children benefit from doing lessons over?" Our daughter thinks they do. In her school they have a rule that if arithmetic grades fall below 75, they have to be done over.

We and the teacher are also very thankful for the way the board and parents co-operate, and also the school children.

We wish you all God's many blessings for this new year. Forget us not when you pray.

- Mrs. Jacob E. Petersheim

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PARADISE, PENNSYLVANIA
January 10, 1967

Dear Readers,

I'm one who realizes that someone has to write if others want to read, so here comes—

My husband is crippled, and we have seven children, five boys and two girls. The oldest boy is married, and one boy and girl go to school yet. So there is one girl left to help me, a fifteener.

We moved onto the farm where we now live when the four oldest boys and a girl we raised were at their liveliest. I recall the winter evenings when I hardly got the dishes washed after a late supper, because I had to help them with their arithmetic problems. It is interesting (but sometimes complicated) how problems are worked out in such a different way than we learned in school.

I liked that article about the Fireside University (in the Dec. issue). I remember I had a hard time to learn the multiplication tables, and thought I should study instead of helping Dad work. But Dad said, "I'll help you as we work, and then just before you go to sleep you try to memorize them, and the next morning you will

know them!" It worked! I've taught my children the same method, and many a time it has worked with bigger problems in life. Think about it, then leave it all to a Higher Hand.

"I've always noticed great success

Is mixed with troubles, more or less,
And it's the man who does his best,

That gets more knocks than all the rest."

Well, those days are gone and past. Instead of helping with milking and running after chickens (and children), I'm kept busy with the sewing, cooking, and canning. But I'm at that age where I can expect about anything when they pop in, "Say, Mom, are you busy?"

Anyhow, last Friday afternoon found me in the school room for 3 1/2 hours, with eight boys and seven girls assembled for vocational classes. Jonas, our oldest son, has been teaching, but that day he was unable to do so. As much as visiting schools is stressed by most teachers, I was so thankful no one decided to do so that day!

I agree with one of our neighbors, though, who said it would do a lot of Moms and Dads good to stand in the teacher's place a day or so. It gives a person a feeling of such "smallness", that I for one won't forget very soon.

It so happened that the arithmetic problems were of the easier type that day. And I remember better what I taught, than what was taught me before. I don't think I'll forget that there are 128 cubic feet in a cord of wood, even if I don't get to chop, saw, pile, or sell the same.

Singing is a God-given talent, and I pity the ones who do not have it, but have a mingled feeling toward those who have the gift but seldom use it. Singing costs nothing, yet is worth so much! My mother couldn't sing, and for that reason I appreciate it so much more that the children and I can sing together just any time.

I think it is a nice plan to have the teacher, parents, and pupils together for a singing a few times in a winter.

And I wonder why the 14-year-old boys are afraid to let their voices be heard when it is the men that lead the hymns in church, and in nature the male birds are usually the best singers.

Writing is another thing that I noticed some do not seem to care about. They keep diaries, and it wouldn't take any longer to practice good penmanship. Some of them won't be able to read their own writing fifty years later. In such matters, parents can help.

I believe I'd be hurt if my parents would not have thought me worth a name, so I'll sign mine.

Remember us.

- Leah Miller

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RONKS, PENNSYLVANIA
January 19, 1967

Dear Readers,

To show my appreciation for the January issue of the Bulletin, I'll try my hand at writing a letter for the next issue.

Pine Grove School was a sparkling new school started this year. Not a scratch did it have. It still sparkles but I can't say it is scratchless. How could I, with twenty-five pupils packed full of energy, going in and out every day?

I certainly am enjoying my small group of pupils. Only now do I realize that it's almost impossible to do justice to every child in a school of forty pupils or more. That is, if you are the only teacher there.

The broken key to the typewriter in the January issue was a very truthful little story. If you'd like to be a key person to your school, you're making a good start by sending your child to school regularly. Perfect attendance means so much to a teacher!

An absentee misses so much, even being absent for just one day. In lower grades, they're missing the introduction to their new words and their meanings. In upper grades, arithmetic instructions and practices on the board, and explanations given in the other subjects throughout the day.

Which is the most important of the three R's? To me, I think reading is the most important. Which do you think? Still, reading can be a boring subject to teach. That is, if you just read away burr, burr, burr, and some more burr.

I think it would be interesting to know how others teach reading. In my opinion, I think it is very important to learn the definitions of selected words in that day's assignment. I have Grades 4-8 doing this with every reading lesson. They have from five to ten words a lesson. This gives them dictionary work. I believe most pupils will look at other words on the page where they found their selected reading work. This can be very educational. The pupil's papers look something like this:

1. favorite....fā' vər it
2. menace....men' is
 1. like better than others
 2. threaten

Every six weeks I give them a vocabulary test on these words.

Now I'm not writing with the thoughts that

this is the best way to teach reading. For me, so far, it is the best I've found.

I appreciated the article on the duplicator. That is what encouraged me to write my method of teaching reading. Why don't we all just voluntarily write some of our methods of teaching to the Bulletin?

I realize the Bulletin is widely read and no doubt some methods will be approved and some will be disapproved. Even so, I think it would be very profitable for us teachers to hear of the methods of others.

Wishing you all the grace of God.

- Sarah S. Beiler

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NARVON, PENNA.
Jan. 14, 1967

Dear Friends,

Greetings!

"Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." Job 28:28.

I hope I am doing my part in training the children in the fear of the Lord and, above all, setting a good example as one who does fear the Lord and delight in His ways.

I enjoy reading this paper from one end to the other, but my graphophobia, or dread of writing, seems to keep me from getting anything written for the paper. Well, I hope I can partly overcome this disease and get something together which will be printable.

This is the time of year when one day the children play in the room and almost drive one out of the house, the next day they'll play outside and track snow in, and the next day it'll be mud that they carry in. But, a little patience and a little looking at number one (ourselves) will help us to overlook these small faults.

I often wonder what it would be like if there were perhaps 15 or 20 minutes of extra time each day. There are so many things which I feel I'd do if only I had such precious minutes.

But, with correcting arithmetic, writing phonics and vocabulary exercises, and writing and correcting tests in the evenings and administering these lessons during the day, I'm kept pretty busy.

Making and giving tests is, to me, a rather time-consuming job. I could undoubtedly do it faster by saving the papers from one year to the next, but often I find that the second time I go over a chapter in history or geography I discover things which I hadn't noticed the first time over. I want these latest discoveries to be included in the test, so that's why I thus far

haven't used tests a second time.

But then there's the question: Do I have the technique for test writing? I like to have some blanks to fill in, some direct questions, and also to use some big words which will make them use their heads or perhaps cause them to ask questions. This, I hope, will help them to increase their vocabulary.

I think it would be interesting to read the answers if a group of teachers were asked questions about teaching methods in the same way as there were questions and answers about discipline in the Bulletin. I always enjoy reading those.

Let us pray for each other and operate our schools to the glory of God, to the good of our undying souls, and to the satisfaction of the government.

Sincerely,

John B. Martin

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TEACHER

Now if you would choose to be a teacher,
Of all the other jobs you could find.
Reason, sense, and judgment you must feature.
Always being firm and kind.

Have a smile on your face all day long.

Help each little beginner get started,
Overjoyed they are as they trudge along.
Overlooking wrongs and hurts that smarted,
Very many can be the joys teaching brings
along.

Everyone feels the sting when being parted,
Remembering the teacher that made school a
song.

- Written by Laura Martin

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TOPEKA, INDIANA
R. R. 2, Box 97

Dear Friends,

It's Thursday evening, Jan. 19, 1967, School has dismissed for the day and the teacher, seated in her quiet schoolroom, has resigned herself to finishing up the task of adding her autograph to the children's albums. Suddenly, she is brought to attention by a hearty knocking at the entrance. The door is thrust open and in pops our 8th grade boy of last year, with a very broad smile.

"Hi, Melvin," the teacher, surprised, greets him, wearing a reflection of his brightness. It's good to see him again. What could he want?

"I come to get the church wagon. We have church Sunday. Are you coming too?"

Talk flowed on and now down the road he goes again; a "grown-up" while only last year he was under my supervision. Oh, that I may only have planted one small seed in good soil to become rooted and firmly established in Him, withstanding the terrible storm coming up.

Our memory verse on the school wall quotes:

"Do all the good you can
To all the people you can
In all the ways you can
Just as long as you can."

Now when we have worked for the good and for some reason or other feel rebuked or saddened, must we not reflect on the Lord's mercy. How can He still endure? Wouldn't we have long brought an end to all carnal things if we would be treated with blasphemies and all unrighteousness such as He endures every day? Oh, He is wonderful, marvelous and wonderful, praise His Name.

Recently again the Lord showed us that we have here no abiding city when he called away my great Uncle's comrade of Plain City, Ohio. She, Mrs. S. M. Yoder, was lowered down into the earth from whither she came and covered with the "cold, cold clay." Oh, may she rest in peace forever more. Friends, neighbors and relatives had gathered to pay their last respects; I was among them.

Having received my first teaching experience in Plain City, it was good to see the familiar faces again. I longed to visit Darby View School where Abe Troyer teaches some of my ex-pupils, but time didn't allow. Having left early Saturday morning we returned safely Sunday evening.

School is quite an important subject among teachers. Why shouldn't it be? Children are important to mothers, too! To do something different from the usual trend makes life interesting. So why not be a guest at Cottonwood Grove School on Jan. 13. (This also happens to be Friday the 13th, in case you're superstitious.) You may take this brown chair at the rear and we'll treat you to ice cream and cherry pie. Sounds good, doesn't it? And you can count yourself fortunate by coming today. Um! this looks good. Yes, but you just taste it! Delicious.

"We 7th and 8th grade boys froze the ice cream. That's why it's so good." Yes, we owe some gratitude to you helpers but we must not forget the generous parents who helped provide.

There are 2 freezers of homemade vanilla ice cream. One by one the anxious pupils hold their plates while Miss Yoder and Samuel

Borkholder serve. Alma brings the teacher's plate and in case you don't know it, she sees 2 pieces of cherry pie. Decking it with ice cream and topping it with chocolate, she's got all she can eat.

Children, I love you.

- Miss Emma Yoder

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PARSON'S AMISH SCHOOL
Montgomery, Indiana
January 24, 1967

Dear Fellow Workers,

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right." Proverbs 20:11.

The above quotation seems so appropriate. Doesn't a teacher know the works of a child? Whether his work be pure and whether it be right? The reaction a child has in school is usually reflected by his environment. Are there some homes where discipline is left to the minister or perhaps the teacher? Why do some parents say, "Our children listen at school better than at home?" The parent who confesses this must also know the reason it is so, if it is. When children don't listen at home they usually pay little attention at school. The schools aren't any better than the materials supplied by the parents. The building, school board and teachers do not make the finished product, they only help to mold it into shape.

In speaking of buildings, are we as Amish schools always concerned about the kind and condition of our schools and playgrounds? If we hope to maintain our schools we must strive to keep them open for inspection any time. As it was stated in an article I read, if the schools get only the discarded things from the homes, the schools will eventually end up with a discarded look.

In visiting the Arthur, Ill, community we were pleased to see the interest shown by the parents in providing such a nice school. They are pioneering in parochial schools in the state of Illinois, and we pray God's blessings may be upon them.

We are fast approaching the climax of another year. Today we heard, "Only 14 more weeks of school!" A teacher likes to hear the remark, "I can hardly believe that the year is this near past."

In regards to Uria Byler's article on the duplicator, I also file my masters from one year to the next. I use them for a guide and make another, as I always see where I can improve

the test. We heartily agree with the article, that more duplicator work tends to improve pupils.

In regards to the summary of Indiana schools that was published, was this really a summary or was it a critic trying to point out faults? We know there are plenty of mistakes and need for improvement. Is this the way to improve, by criticizing, or should we have something better to offer?

This is a very mild winter, no snow that lasted in this year. At present there is a lot of flu and colds and one case of appendicitis, which all help to bring attendance down.

In regards to the editor's article on dictionaries, we as teachers can hardly stress the need of dictionaries enough. Our school has a good variation of reference materials. We have dictionaries for all levels, also several German-English combinations (which I find so helpful in translating from either language). World Book encyclopedia and atlas are also very valuable in writing essays, themes, compositions and etc.

The Indiana Traveling Library visited the Amish schools of this area for the first time last week. The teachers try to censor all material. It is a project that we are still learning about. The schools have need of good reading material which is difficult to supply when tuition, book rentals, supplies, and etc. must all be paid. How do other teachers feel about mobile units?

"And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Gal. 6:9.

- Mrs. Sylvia Marner

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APPLE CREEK, OHIO
January 22, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name.

I think the Bulletin is interesting and worthwhile reading. I have often thought of writing, but never got at it.

This is my second year of teaching. I really felt inexperienced at first, but I hadn't been out of school long, so I think it was easier than if I had been older. But I suppose one never gets too old to learn!

How a teacher appreciates those cheerful good-mornings and pleasant smiles. Nor does the day seem to start out right without singing. I enjoy singing so much, and it gives me such a good inward feeling to see them all take an interest in singing.

I have 39 pupils. Five are beginners. They take a great interest in all the subjects. All the pupils speak English at recess, which helps the first graders learn the language. This is important, for it is hard to work a problem if you don't know what the words mean, especially in the upper grades.

There are the usual ups and downs. What else can we expect? It is interesting to glance all around and see what each one is doing. Each day they are given new reading words and problems. Some pupils go ahead and do them without explaining, but for others it takes much patience and explanation. It hurts the teacher's feelings to see some of them sitting there, glancing at their books once in a while, and then when they come to class they have half of their work wrong.

This teacher's suggestion to them is, "Keep your eyes and your mind on your problems while you are working them." There is quite a difference if they say "I will try," or if they ask, "Do I have to?" No doubt, they know which pleases the teacher best.

Test week for the third term is almost here. Where did the time go? The week before tests is usually a busy one. Some of the pupils are taking an extra interest in studying, trying to improve their test scores.

Some time ago I attended a Teachers' Meeting. Although not all our Holmes-Wayne teachers were present, we had some interesting discussions. Other teachers' ideas and advice is always helpful.

I am very thankful for the co-operation I have had from my board and the parents. Although I haven't had many visitors at school yet, I'm still looking forward to seeing more of the parents come. I would be very much interested in visiting other schools myself.

A humble teacher,
Amanda Hershberger

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BALTIC, OHIO
Jan. 19, 1967

Hello Friends and Bulletin Readers,
Christian greetings to all.

Another day is coming to a close. Supper will soon be ready, and as I peep out of the window I notice that the new moon is shining, so 1967 will again have full moons like all the years before it had.

When I came home across the fields from the schoolhouse this evening, I just thought, "The path is wearing smoother as the weeks go by.

February, 1967

Soon we will be counting days to the closing of school."

The closer this date comes, the more worried the teacher becomes. Questions something like this come to my mind, "Are the children learning enough daily that it is worth the time and effort to come at all, or could the parents teach them just as much if they would take a few minutes time every day at home? Should I have stayed at home with farm work and let someone else teach this term? Will I someday be sorry for the time that I'm away from home during the day?"

In my letter of last month I mentioned the desire to meet other teachers. This desire was filled, at least in part, when a group of Holmes and Wayne County teachers met at Leeper's School in the Fredericksburg area, on Dec. 31. This is where Miss Clara Weaver teaches. I think we all enjoyed the day.

One reason I enjoyed it was the lengthy question and answer period in the afternoon, before we sang songs together. A question that was left rather unanswered was asked by several teachers, "What could we do to create interest so that parents would visit our schools?" But is that really a part of the teacher's assignment, or should the parents come without the teacher's invitation, coaxing, and effort?

One teacher I felt sorry for said he pleaded with his school board at their last meeting, that one parent a week should come to visit a full day in school. Their faithful promises had not been fulfilled after almost three weeks. This teacher is getting up in years, and has a large group to teach all by himself.

Seldom is the weather too cold, the distance too far, or the snow too deep for men to attend a sale, or for the women to go to a quilting bee. Here at school they have 160 days from which to choose.

The children we have are yours. In many cases the parents own the schoolhouse, and they may have put in long hours to build it. Why not come and take it easy for a day? Little will you realize the good you are doing by coming. These children's hearts are young and tender. They need your love and appreciation, —all that you have for them, and more than any teacher can show. You may soon forget the day, with your many worries and cares, but the children will not soon forget it. This also gives you a fair chance to see some of the teacher's shortcomings. Maybe you would like to substitute the following day, and let the teacher be the visitor!

This morning shortly after school was opened, four teen-age youngsters walked into

the schoolhouse. They had their lunches packed and stayed for the day. Best of all, two of them were from last year's eighth grade class. They took an interest and were busy with school activities all day.

The seats that two of them occupied last year are now filled by other pupils, and it would not look fitting for them to use them anymore. The day was an unusually nice one, and so we feel especially grateful to the parents.

To mention school activities, we had a few spelldowns and one pupil led in winning. I had this pupil pronounce the words the last time, and I helped spell. The result was that two pupils and the teacher stood last, and all three went down with the word "chauffeur". I need not tell you how excited the children were.

Good-bye,

Jonas Nisley

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GORDONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
January 17, 1967

Dear Readers,

We can be sure that no one ever felt sorry for what he tried to learn in his school days.

In answer to the Editor's request for more letters, I decided to write, although with a great feeling of inability.

This is my second year of teaching at Clearview School. We have two rooms here, the only one like it here in our township. The school is also used for vocational classes on Saturdays. Grades 4, 7, and 8 are in my care, in the basement, with thirty pupils in all. They are a very lively bunch, and are enough to keep me busy. I enjoy teaching and would not wish to exchange it for something else. It is so rewarding to lean hard on Him who knoweth all, in these last times.

Saloma (the teacher in the upper room) has scheduled a singing for her pupils and mine, and the parents, for next Tuesday evening. This is a good way for us all to get together, and it seems to boost interest in singing. The pupils are expected to lead a song, except the smallest ones. There are fifty-nine pupils in all. We had eighty at the beginning of the term, but a new school was ready to relieve us by November.

We are having nice winter weather at present. There has been no sledding for three weeks, and we are wishing for more snow, as it sharpens their minds when they go outside for exercise and fresh air. Right now the game of crokinole is at the "top of the list". To my

way of thinking, this is a good indoor game, for it requires skill. The pupils take turns to play the winners, and thus different ones get a chance.

I had the privilege of visiting schools in Ohio this winter. These were Wilma Glick's school, and the one where Amanda Hershberger and Monroe Schmucker teach. Visiting other schools is a great help. The ideas and teaching methods of others brings us closer together in our work.

Let us strive to do His will, so we will not be weighed and found wanting. Pray for me and mine.

- Elizabeth S. Esh

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LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA
January 23, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the Saviour's name.

This school term has been a very enjoyable but busy one so far. I hope the remainder will be the same. At present I have fifty-one pupils, with ten in the first grade. As all teachers know, that took some patience to get a group of that size into school harness. They will soon be ready for the last reading book. They do nice hand-writing, copying from their readers. I started them with this after New Year's. In numbers they are adding and subtracting.

There are seven pupils in the second grade, four in the fourth, seven in the fifth and sixth, three in the seventh, and nine in the eighth grade. I have often been asked if I can do it all by myself. I tell them I am not doing it by myself. A teacher must depend on a Higher Power, and also needs the co-operation of board members, parents, and students.

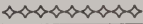
My board is a big help by seeing that there are plenty of supplies, books, workbooks, especially for the lower grades, paper, pencils, etc. as needed. Last but not least important is their visiting the schools frequently. It is encouraging when I meet the board members and they have smiles on their faces. I realize their job is not always the most pleasant, for they have the task of trying to satisfy the taxpayers, parents, teachers, and probably their wives and themselves.

The parents are a big help if they visit school occasionally. If parents hear their children talking about things that happened at school that should not be, it is their duty to have a face-to-face talk with the teacher, but I don't think it should be done while school children are there.

Several times in my experience, fathers or mothers have come to me about things going on in the playground which they felt I didn't know. By keeping a watchful eye and keen ears, I soon found out it was true, and in short order things were ironed out. The students never found from the teacher who told. How different these occasions might have been if the parents had just talked to each other instead of to the teacher. My parents can not realize how much I appreciate their co-operation. And yet I fear I don't appreciate it as I should.

The teacher's responsibilities (Oh, for my shortcomings!) are to keep order as much as possible in the schoolroom and on the playground, to have a full day's lessons prepared for all grades, to be humble enough to admit mistakes, to get those stacks of papers graded, keep after those workbooks (my pupils help me), to have time to listen to a little first-grader telling about their puppies, or a new black-and-white calf. These things are important to them.

A teacher must explain that she doesn't have tattletales in school, just because a small one comes and tells about someone using a bad word. She must remind them to use their hankies, and



Attention Indiana Teachers

Please send a list of all books that you feel are good textbooks that could be considered in selecting for a state curriculum for Amish Schools.

Please send this by the 15th of May to David Schwartz, R. R. 1, New Haven, Indiana.

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Tips for Teachers

Do you have pupils who tend to forget their assignments? If so, give them paper clips and small scratch pads. Have them clip this in their books with page numbers and any extra work you have assigned. This is especially time-saving for those who break from the solid schedule on Thursdays and Fridays.

- Mrs. Sylvia Marner

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Tips for Teachers

Do you need improvement in your reading classes? I write down each word the reader misses (or doesn't know) on a scrap of paper, and have them learn the words by the following day in class. This not only improves word pronunciation but also encourages them to read.

- Lester Marner

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even keep some extra hankies on hand. Also safety pins, for you never know when someone will come with a big-three corner, or a button off the trousers. She must act as a doctor or a nurse. Sometimes the case is serious, but often just rubbing or blowing will heal it right away. These and many more are the tasks of a teacher. To try and push away frowns and to replace them with smiles, has been my desire.

The students also have their duties. But I feel they try to do their duties, if there is co-operation elsewhere. Yes, co-operation is a key-word.

Last week the older boys started to paint and assemble a miniature twenty-mule team. Hope the enthusiasm will continue till it is finished. They were working on it during playtime, and also in their spare time. A teacher must keep the schoolroom from becoming a dull place.

Oh, the teacher I long to be is not the teacher I am!

"This I would like to be, braver and bolder,
Just a bit wiser because I am older;
Just a bit kinder to those I may meet,
Just a bit wiser in taking defeat.
This for every day, my wish and my plea—
May every day make a better teacher of me.

"This I would like to be, just a bit finer,
More of a smiler and less of a whiner;
Just a bit quicker to stretch out my hand,
Helping another who is struggling to stand.
This my prayer every day to be—
May every day make a better teacher of me.

This I would like to be, just a bit truer,
Less of the wisher and more of the doer;
A lot more patience, more willing to give,
Loving and helping my students to live.
This is my longing every day to be!
May every day make a better teacher of me!"

I will close by wishing all teachers success with their tasks, teaching the innocent young minds. I also ask to be remembered in your prayers.

Hoping I can be a humble teacher,

- Rachel Petersheim
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LANCASTER NEWS AND NOTES

A new school was built in December of 1966 near Weavertown, Pennsylvania, to relieve the crowded conditions of Clearview School. The new school is taught by Nancy Lapp, Gordonville, Penna., with an enrollment of 33, some

of them also coming from public schools.

Rachel Beiler, the Harristown teacher, has been on the sick list since Christmas. Her substitute is Annie Fisher, a grand-daughter of the well-known Henry Fisher. Rachel may be going back sometime in February.

Some teacher activities are:

Jan. 6: A carry-in supper at the new Pine Grove School taught by Sarah Beiler, with a singing for the parents in the evening.

Jan. 20: A singing for teachers and others at Bishop Enos Beilers. There was a good attendance.

Jan. 27: A singing is planned to be at Stephen K. Eshs, Ronks.

Feb. 10: Singing to be at Christian G. Eshs, Gordonville.

March 10: A singing to be at John Zooks, Kinzers.

Today (January 23), John F. Beiler and wife and Andy Kinsinger and wife are starting on a trip to Arkansas and Arizona.

On January 2 the annual taxpayers' meeting for E. Lampeter Township was held, where a new director, Andy E. Beiler, was put in Crist. Zook's place. Both men's addresses are Lancaster.

- L. F. B.

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BURTON, OHIO
Jan. 18, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." What a blessing indeed! It takes us all to make this bond among us. We have many duties as parents to bring up our children in obedience to make our schools Christian.

This second year for Meadow Glow School has proved very rewarding and successful to us parents, and we wonder why we waited so long. We feel very grateful to all who have helped in making our school what it is. It is a blessing worth many thanks to God, for our privilege to have our own schools.

We wish to encourage parents to attend school meetings. It is something we owe to the teachers as well as to our children, to be a help in things concerning our children.

We now have a barn added to our school within the last month, which will make it more convenient for horses.

We would like to request Bulletin Readers to remember Jamie Gingerich who is to have open heart surgery in the near future. He is the

three-year-old son of Minister Melvin Gingerich, who is teacher of Meadow Glow School. He is a lively little boy and it is hard for him to relax the way he should for his condition. He may have to have two separate operations for he has two heart defects. He is expected to be operated on sometime in February (Lord willing). The home address is Burton, Ohio 44021, Route 2.

May we look forward to more parents' and teachers' letters in the Blackboard Bulletin. We wish God's blessings to editor, publishers, and readers.

- Mrs. Henry Shrock

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TOPEKA, INDIANA
Jan. 22, 1967

Dear Friends,

Greeting you all in the Name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

This is my first letter to the Blackboard Bulletin. I feel very unworthy to write for such a fine paper but for a long time I've had an urge to do so.

I enjoy reading the Bulletin very much and always look forward to its coming. I found "Excerpts From A Teacher's Diary" (in the Dec. issue) especially interesting. The questions "How do you keep seven first graders busy?" and "How do you keep them from copying each other's work?", have bothered me for quite some time already. Uria Byler's article on duplicators is helping me answer the first question. Can someone answer the second one?

This year I teach grades 1-3. I have 17 pupils, 9 boys and 8 girls.

I think the responsibility in the schoolroom is so great that I just cannot fully grasp it. Oh, the challenge set before me, so deep, worthy, and serious, how can I live up to it. I want to try and remember that there is One who will gladly help us if we only come humbly before Him.

I try to teach with love in my heart at all times but it seems I often fall short. There come things that are bound to make me impatient. And I know that when I'm impatient I do not have the love I should have because "Love suffereth long."

In the book The Greatest Thing in the World by Henry Drummond, we read that love has nine ingredients:

Patience: "Love suffereth long."

Kindness: "And is kind."

Generosity: "Love envieth not."

Humility: "Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up."
Courtesy: "Doth not behave itself unseemly."
Unselfishness: "Seeketh not her own."
Good Temper: "Is not easily provoked."
Guilelessness: "Thinketh no evil."
Sincerity: "Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."

When we really stop and think, what is greater than love? "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." I Cor.13:13.

Humbly,
 - Fannie Miller

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WOLCOTTVILLE, INDIANA
 January 19, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greeting in Jesus' Holy Name.

We have been reading this Bulletin for a year now, and appreciate these letters every time they come. We are now in our second term in our new school. Our children like it much better than they did the public school. We appreciate the privilege to have our own school.

Our teacher wrote a letter to all her pupils, which we thought was good for the children and us parents too. We would like to share her letter with all you Bulletin Readers.

If you get any good out of it, it is her desire that you give praise to the Lord, as all good things come from Him.

We wish you all God's Blessings.

- Jonathan D. Miller

.

Dear Pupils,

I wish to write all of you a letter and I do sincerely hope that you will keep this letter and will read it carefully, thinking about it from time to time. I hope that it may help you, now as you are going to school, and also later when you are grown.

We have learned this verse, "For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace."

Therefore, thou must take heed of thy actions; that they do not cause confusion; but let thy words and thy deeds be peaceful; that thou mayest please the Lord.

I am thy teacher: I am here to help thee grow up to be great men and women; not great in fame, nor in wealth, nor in pride; nay, for such greatness is not greatness at all, but is foolishness to God.

Rather I wish to help thee grow in kindness,

February, 1967

patience, and honesty: for these are the things which will make thy light shine. Remember, Jesus said, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works; and glorify your Father in heaven."

For Jesus will come again, and surely, thou dost not wish that He should find your lamp burned out, dost thou? Therefore, thou must strive to learn all these things while thou art yet young, for the Bible tells us: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Never say things that thou dost not wish to be saying when Jesus returns. Dost thou wish that others should speak unkindly to thee? Speak not unkindly to them. Dost thou wish others to make fun of thee? Make not fun of them. Do unto others as you would that they do unto you.

Let all thy words be pure: even when I, thy teacher, am not with thee: for it causeth thy teacher sorrow to hear thee use bad language. Now, shall I tell thee a secret: not only once, but twice did I hear thee speak foul words when thou didst think that I was not near. Truly, I am telling thee, for I had trusted thee, and had told thy fathers and thy mothers that I had never heard thee use impure language; now have I heard thee. Solomon, the wisest person who lived, said, "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb; sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."

Also, do thou nothing that thou dost not wish to be doing when Jesus comes. Thou shalt not disobey laws for they are for thy good. Thou knowest the laws of the school well; yet thou dost often not obey. What? dost thou think thy teacher doth not know? and if thy teacher wouldest not know, would not God know?

Thou must remember, that when thou dost disobey, it doth not make thy teacher angry, for it doeth her no harm: but worse, it maketh her sad, for she knoweth that it is doing thyself great harm. And it also maketh your Father in heaven sad, for He wanteth His children to be good and true.

Now, that thou shouldest not ask, "What then is the law that I must obey?" thou shalt find it here.

First, remember that thou art going to a Christian school, so strive to keep it a Christian school.

Remember that thy classmates are equal to thee; for the world is huge and full of people; dost thou think that to God thou wouldest be of more notice than others when He is looking down from heaven and seeth this world which looks so tiny from way up there?

When we sing hymns unto the Lord, thou shouldst help with spirit; not because thou hast to, but because it is thy will to please God, for

King David hath said, "Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving," and also, "I will sing praises unto my God while I have my being."

When thou playest, be not selfish; crying to be first and trying to get thine own way; but much rather, give up easily, even when thou art sure that thou art right, for the other person is usually just as sure. And thou shalt do thy playing at recess: when the bell doth ring, thou shalt quit thy play, and thou shalt not argue with thy teacher for a few moments more. The wise Solomon also said, that there is a time for every purpose so there is a time for play, but also a time for work. He also said, "A time to speak and a time to keep silence," and thou knowest that when the bell hath rung, it is then a time to keep silence; so thou shalt come inside in an orderly manner and shalt take thine own seat and keep silence.

When thy lunch time cometh, thou shalt not rush from thy seat as soon as prayer is over, and when thou art told that thou mayest go, thou shalt not crowd and push that thou mightst be first, for oh! this is a sign of greediness. "Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough," saith the Bible. That is not a pleasant thought, is it?

Again, when thou art dismissed, thou shalt not run and cause confusion; always remember this;

"For God is not the author of confusion, but

of peace."

I hope you will enjoy your school days and not become discouraged when things go wrong. It is also my wish that you might have a rich happy life and may the Lord bless you and go with you wherever you may go.

With much love,
Your teacher
(Mary Arlene Byler)

* * * * *

WHAT AM I?

- By Elmo Stoll

I am a King.

Ten months is the length of my reign.
Two acres large is my domain.
My kingdom's odd, I will confess.
My sceptre a pointer; My throne a desk.
My palace has walls of map and slate.
My citizens number twenty and eight.

I am a Judge.

Regardless of what's the controversy
The case is entirely at my mercy.
After I question, and the evidence weigh,
Both the verdict and sentence are mine to say,
For besides being judge, I am the legislator,
Attorney, jury and arbitrator.

I am a Mother.

My family is large with children galore.
Tending their needs is quite a chore.
There are always those who have no boots.
Others get lost in their snow suits.
I must help along with balky zippers,
Search for mittens, socks, and slippers.

I am a Nurse.

I must be prepared for any emergency.
Some cases require utmost urgency.
But mostly I deal with petty ills,
Which need more soothing than shots and pills.
For patients come crying that something's loose,
And I discover it's a babytooth!

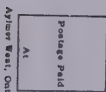
Yes, I'm a king, judge, mother, nurse,
And a host of others I won't rehearse,
Besides I work in number lines,
Division and sums and dollar signs.
Nouns and verbs and grammatical cases,
Reading and writing, and geography places,
Science and art, and language and history,
I'm sure by now you've solved the mystery.
I am a Teacher!

- Wellesley, Ont.

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THE BLACKBOARD

BULLETIN

MARCH, 1967

VOLUME 10; NUMBER 8

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it."
Proverbs 22:6

Regina

On a sunny morning in the autumn of 1754, John Hartman rose early and gathered his wife and four children around him in his cabin home. He had come from Germany to the peaceful province of Pennsylvania, that he might earn enough to feed and clothe and shelter his loved ones. The cabin door was ajar, the sun lay like a level rule of light upon the rough but clean cabin floor.

The faithful dog, Wasser, was asleep in the yard. The harnessed horses were eating their morning meal. A flood of song poured from a hundred birds astir in the overarching trees. The blue smoke curled lazily upward from the rude chimney, and was lost in the melting mists of the valley near where Orwigsburg now stands.

The pious father took his great German Bible, which he had carefully brought from the fatherland, and read the morning lesson. Then they all knelt, and the good man prayed,—"We thank thee, O Lord, for Thy care and love to us. We are glad for the light of a new day. Help us to live it aright. We love Thy Book; we worship Thy Son, our Saviour, and we pray Thee to keep us this day from harm and danger. But not our will, but Thine be done."

Then the breakfast was eaten thankfully and



the plans for the day made.

Mrs. Hartman and the youngest child, fat, chubby Christian, were to go to the mill, miles away, to get flour and to visit sick Mrs. Swartz. Mr. Hartman and George were to finish seeding the last field before the rains of autumn began to fall. Barbara and Regina were to stay alone in the cabin and "keep house".

As Mrs. Hartman and her baby boy passed by the clearing, they called a cheery "good-by" to Papa and George. Little Christian, sitting astride the old horse and held by his mother, waved a fond farewell as they passed into the forest.

At noon Barbara took the great tin horn and gave a mighty blast to call the workers to dinner. While the family were eating, old Wasser came rushing into the house. Mr. Hartman knew his brave dog would not run from a common foe. He spoke to the dog; but Wasser stood in the door, his bristles up, growling fiercely. Then the dog made a fearful leap and landed upon a big Indian and brought him to the ground.

Mr. Hartman ran to the door. Two sharp rifle cracks rang upon the air. Two bullets from heartless foes struck the innocent man. He fell dead. George sprang to his father's side, and he, too, was struck dead. Then the Indians tomahawked faithful Wasser. Fifteen yelling, hideous demons rushed into the cabin.



Barbara ran into the loft, but poor, sweet Regina threw up her hands to heaven, and cried, "Herr Jesus! Herr Jesus!" For a moment that name struck them dumb. Then they seized Regina, and drew a scalping knife over her lips to tell her to keep still. They dragged Barbara from her hiding place and made the poor girls serve to them the dinner they had so gladly and carefully set for Father and George.

As the girls gave food to the murderers of their loved ones, they could see their dead father and brother lying across the cabin door.

As soon as the Indians had eaten everything to be had, they began to plunder the cabin. They tied in bundles everything they cared for, and taking Barbara and Regina by the hand, led them out into the field. Here the girls saw a dear, sweet little girl, only three years old, tied to the fence. When the little captive saw the Hartman girls, she began to cry bitterly, and say in German, "Oh, Mamma! Mamma! Where is my mother?"

While the children wept, the Indians set fire to the house, and as they led the sobbing children into the wilderness, the result of John Hartman's hard toil, together with his body and that of his son, disappeared in smoke.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Hartman returned, leading the horse. On its back was the grist from the mill and tired little Christian. When they came out of the forest Mrs. Hartman looked puzzled. No house was in sight. Surely this is the place," she said to herself. "Yes, there is the beautiful pine tree that stood close to our cabin. There are the fields, and there is the orchard, and there" —but her words were cut short by little Christian, who cried out, "Why, Mother, where is our house?"

They hurried on. Then they saw the charred ruins of their happy home, and in the yard was blood. It was the blood of faithful Wasser. Then the awful truth—an Indian massacre—her loved ones dead or captives came to her. She fell upon her knees and lifted her heavy heart to God in sobs and prayers. That night she went to a neighbor's house and told her story. News had also reached the place that a farmer named Smith had been murdered and his little child, Susan carried off.

Poor Mrs. Hartman was almost wild with grief. In the ashes of her home the neighbors found the charred bones of Mr. Hartman and George, and a month later the body of Barbara was found by some hunters. Mrs. Hartman went to see the remains. It was only too true. The heavy tomahawk had done its work, and poor Barbara was dead. Under a large oak by a stream, with grief beyond control, the widowed

woman laid Barbara to rest till the morning of the new day of God.

But what of Regina? "If I could only see Regina I would say, like good old Simeon, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace.' " But no news came. Susan Smith and Regina Hartman were gone.

Years went by. Christian had become a strong lad of fourteen. He was his mother's only comfort, and did all that a noble boy could to make her days peaceful. When she read the Bible in the morning and knelt in prayer, she always asked God about Regina. In the evening hour, when the twilight settled about her lonely home and saddened her lonely heart, she would gaze far away into the fading western light and think of Regina. Then her lips would move tremulously and tears would flow down her wrinkled cheeks as she sang the favorite song, the song she had so often sung to Regina:—

"Allein, und doch nicht ganz alleine, bin
ich

In meiner Einsamkeit."

"Alone, and yet not all alone, am I
In this lone wilderness."

Would the black wilderness ever give her tidings of her dear child? We shall see.

Sawquehana, or "The White Lily."

In the dark woods of western New York, by the side of a mountain stream that leaped from the rocks and played with the sunbeams, stood an Indian wigwam. It was old and cheerless within, but grand and beautiful was the sylvan scene that faded into green and gloom around it.

Here dwelt an ugly old Indian woman, her son (a great warrior), and two girls who had been captives so long that they scarcely remembered their white parents. The older of these girls was Saw'-que-han'-na, "the White Lily"; the other was Kno-los'-ka, "the Short-legged Bear." The old squaw was called She-lack'-la, "the Dark and Rainy cloud." And she was well named. The black forest, bending beneath the savage sweep of a mighty storm, was not so dreadful as Shelackla when she was crazed with rum. She beat these poor girls unmercifully, and they had lived for many years in great fear and greater suffering. They would often steal away into the forest depths, and, clasping each other around the neck, weep bitterly.

The great French and Indian War was fast drawing to a close, and the English were driving the French from America. Of all this Sawquehana knew little and cared less. She had forgotten the language of her early home and

had learned from the old squaw and her son to speak the Indian language. But when she sat alone for hours in tearful silence, her weary spirit longing for something, she knew not what, there would come to her dim memories of a happy home, a kind praying mother, the songs of the evening hour, and then the awful scenes of fire, smoke, death, and a long journey toward the setting sun. She would then dismiss the painful picture from her mind, and begin again to grind the scanty store of corn, patiently enduring her hard and lonely lot.

One day, in 1756, the soldiers of Colonel Boquet came to the wigwam of Shelackla and took the girls away. The war was over, and Colonel Boquet demanded "that all white children who had been taken captives by the Indians must be given up to the English government."

On September 13, all these children were gathered at Fort Duquesne, and anxious parents walked along the line, looked into each face, rushed forward with screams of delight, and clasped long-lost loved ones to their hearts. Old soldiers turned away and wiped the tears from their cheeks, and Colonel Boquet was so overcome that he wept like a child. But no one came for Sawquehanna. She and Knoloska and nearly fifty more were left weeping and wondering what all this meant.

Eight days later Colonel Boquet began a weary march with these children to Carlisle, hoping that there they might find father or mother and a home. For two weeks they toiled eastward, over the rugged mountains, through the fern-fringed valleys, by Fort Ligonier, Raystown, and Fort Loudon to Carlisle. News of their coming had been sent ahead, and every family that had lost children hurried to Carlisle.

It was not long before people from the Blue Mountains picked out Knoloska as little Susan, the daughter of murdered Mr. Smith. It almost broke Sawquehanna's heart to give up her Indian sister. Susan clung to her and kissed her and wept. But they were no longer in the ugly old squaw's wigwam, and the officers promised Sawquehanna that she, too, might find friends, and perhaps they could live together. But her heart was heavy. She made no answer, hung her head, and sobbed and moaned.

Poor old Mrs. Hartman, the mother of Regina, with little hope and increasing sorrow, left her mountain home, went to John Harris' Ferry, and came to Carlisle in time to see the tired children arrive. Mrs. Hartman looked into each face, hoping to find Regina; but no golden hair, no blue eyes, no ruddy cheeks like Regina's were there. As she turned to go away

she saw Sawquehanna turn her bright blue eyes full upon her. But Mrs. Hartman walked on. Colonel Boquet came to the sad woman and said, "Can't you find your daughter?"

"No," was the answer given in sobs; "my daughter is not here."

"Are you sure? Are there no marks on your child by which you might know her?"

"None, Colonel; she was a perfect spotless child."

"Did you never sing to your little girl? And is there no hymn that she was fond of?"

"Oh yes!" was the answer; "I often sang her to sleep in my arms with an old German hymn we all loved so well."

"Well," said Colonel Boquet, "just sing that hymn as you and I walk along the line of girls. It may touch the right spot and give her to you again."

"It's no use, good man; she is not here, and, besides, the soldiers will laugh at an old German woman like me."

But the colonel pleaded on, and at last Mrs. Hartman began in a clear, loud, but tremulous voice to sing:—

*Allein, und doch nicht ganz alleine
Bin ich in meiner Einsamkeit;
Denn wenn ich ganz verlassen scheine,
Vertreibt mir Jesus selbst die Zeit:
Ich bin bei Ihm und Er bei mir;
So kommt mir gar nichts einsam für.*



Everybody turned to look and listen. It was a touching scene. The pious old widow's hands were clasped in prayer. Her eyes were closed. Her snow white hair made her upturned face fairly radiant, as the sun bathed her in light. When she sang the second line, a shrill, sharp cry was heard. It came from the heart of Sawquehanna.

In an instant she rushed to the singer's side, threw her bare arms around her neck, and sobbed "Mother!"; and then Regina joined her mother in singing again the dear old song of their cabin home.

"Alone, and yet not all alone, am I
In this lone wilderness.

I feel my Saviour always nigh;

He comes my weary hours to bless.

I am with Him, and He with me,

E'en here alone I cannot be."

— Selected by Christian G. Esh
Gordonville, Penna.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Chicago School Meeting

On March 28 and 29, a conference is planned in Chicago, to discuss state control of non-public education. One purpose, presumably, is to avoid further situations such as the Amish school troubles in Iowa. This meeting may greatly influence the standing of our schools.

The conference is being financed by the Danforth Foundation, a private trust fund, and is under the direction of Prof. Donald A. Erickson of the University of Chicago. Officials from the departments of education of many different states and Ontario will be present, as well as representatives of every important non-public group which operates schools.

Representatives of Amish, Old Order Mennonite, and Hutterite schools have been invited, and are planning to attend.

We suggest that this meeting be made a special subject of prayer.

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New Printing of Challenge of the Child

The new printing of The Challenge of the Child should be ready by the time this issue gets to the readers. This fits in well with Pathway's annual school sale, and this book will be a feature item this year.

This book is made up of selections from the BULLETIN, and has been brought up-to-date. It contains about 50% more material than the first edition of 1963. This time the book is clothbound, a big 6" x 9", 272 pages, with a jacket.

This is one of the bigger books Pathway has published. The price is \$3.50. If you buy your copy through your school, they will receive 10%.

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1967 Teachers' Meeting

Tentative dates set for the annual Amish teachers' meeting are Thursday and Friday, August 3 and 4. This year the meeting is planned to be held in the Aylmer, Ontario community. Last year, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania was the host.

Further details and plans will be announced

in the May BULLETIN.

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A note from teacher Laura Z. Martin, R. 3, Ephrata, Penna. 17522: "You wrote about dictionaries in the January issue. Do you know of a dictionary that lists all the names and pronunciations of countries, states, and cities of the world? If you do, please send me information where to obtain one."

Can any of our readers help her?

- J. S.

* * * * *

PATHWAY BOOK SALE FOR SCHOOLS

The third Pathway Spring Sale of books should be well underway by the time this issue of the BULLETIN is delivered. Descriptive folders and order blanks are being sent out to all teachers. (If we missed anyone, write at once).

The terms will be much the same as other years, but a greater number of books are offered this year. The sale closes April 15.

This is not a contest to see which school can sell the most books. It is merely a sale whereby schools can earn ten per cent of all books and subscriptions sold.

This year the following books are offered:

GERMAN MARTYRER SPIEGEL	\$8.50
CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD	\$3.50
DIETRICH PHILLIP HANDBOOK	\$2.50
BIBLISCHE GESCHICHTE	\$2.25
TITUS, COMRADE OF THE CROSS	\$3.00
NOT REGINA	\$3.00
THE HUTTERITE WAY	\$6.00
THE MIGHTY WHIRLWIND	\$3.00
THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD	\$2.75
LANGUAGE OF THE DEATHBED	\$3.00
WORTH DYING FOR	\$2.00 and \$3.00
MAN IN BEARSKIN	\$2.50
FAVORITE AMISH FAMILY RECIPES	\$3.00
NEUES TESTAMENT UND PSALMEN	\$2.25
KINDERLIEDER	.30

Subscriptions, new or renewal, to the Pathway papers, "The Blackboard Bulletin" and "The Ambassador of Peace" will also be accepted.

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SHOULD SPEAKING OF GERMAN IN AMISH SCHOOLS BE VERBOTEN?

Though not earth-shaking in importance, this has been a live issue for a number of years. What keeps it alive is largely misunderstandings. A writer from Illinois has again mentioned it in his letter to the BULLETIN this month.

Here is the problem. The pupils in Amish schools speak Pennsylvania Dutch at home. Learned at the "Mutterschosz", it fits their tongues just right.

When they start school, they face the task of learning a new language, English, and they must learn it well.

The only way to learn a language is to speak it. Even though English is used in the classroom, Amish teachers know from experience that their pupils slip easily into the mother tongue at recesses and noons, and rarely get any practice speaking English, unless they are strongly encouraged to do so.

For this reason, many teachers have a rule that their pupils should speak English during

play periods. Some have only certain days or certain periods that English is to be spoken. It is purely a matter of education, and no reflection upon the German. The pupils already know it, and need no further practice.

We all know of people who have become ashamed of their mother tongue, which is the reason why parents are afraid of encouraging the speaking of English too much. But I do not believe this is the motive of any of our teachers.

We should value our German heritage highly. One way to show this would be to study and speak High German more, and learn it as well as we have learned our dialect. The teacher might suggest to the pupils that during a certain recess they speak only High German, for practice. This would be for the same reason as asking them to speak English only. If done from these motives, I think both should be encouraged.

- J. S.

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NEWS AND VIEWS ABOUT THE INDIANA SCHOOL SURVEY

Editor's Note: The booklet, "A Survey of Amish Parochial Schools in Indiana" by David Yoder (see February issue) has brought in a lot of mail, both for the author and for the BULLETIN.

The author has suggested that some of the letters might be reprinted in our paper. He writes, "The purpose of the survey is being fulfilled much better than we dared to expect, which is to call attention to questionable conditions that exist in the schools. We were sure there would be criticism and there would be controversy, but they are educational if conducted in an orderly manner.

"In the booklet we tried to present the facts as nearly as possible. Beyond that, questions are raised, calling attention to things, but mostly without conclusions, for people to meditate upon.

"I am in favor of including a few of these letters in the BULLETIN, but without changes or identification.... What I would like to see is peoples' full and free opinion, as long as it is orderly and reasonable. Even what seems unreasonable to me may be educational to others."

With this purpose in mind, we are printing the following quotes from letters. We hope it will not cause a controversy in any way, but rather help us all to see each other's viewpoints, that there may be better understanding and unity among us. We may have a few more letters in next month's issue.

- J. S.

.

From Pennsylvania:-

Many thanks for the copy of your booklet. Would it be possible for you to send six additional copies? This would be most appreciated.

From Oregon:-

I wish to thank you for the booklet, "Amish Parochial Schools of Indiana". I want to express my appreciation for the contents of this book. If only other church schools would read and heed its contents.

I praise God for the desire and burden for the preservation of the future church. Someone has wisely said, "As go the schools, so go the churches."

...It seems to me that when we have the eighth graders come forward, sit in the front

benches, all dressed (tho' plain) for the special occasion, to receive a little diploma nicely rolled with a ribbon around it, we are already sowing the seed that calls for the gown and square cap. Possibly it is the same spirit...

As I am not Amish, please accept \$2.50 for which please send me at least two dozen of the above-mentioned booklets.

From Canada:—

I received a pamphlet in the mail the other day, of a survey that was made of the Amish schools in Indiana. I am afraid the recommendations made in there would hardly pass here in Ontario. What kind of people are putting that out?

From Pennsylvania:—

Thanks very kindly for the Amish Parochial School booklet. Is interesting. Appears we are heading for our own Old Order Amish church schools here in our township.

...Some time ago I heard a speech on the powers of a nation through education and training. I was made to wonder, how about the powers of God through faith and prayer? How about the examples of the prophet Daniel and others in times of temptations. And of Jesus when He was tempted after being led into the wilderness. ...

From Indiana:—

There is much good advice and terms where we can examine ourselves, in this pamphlet, but the thing that shook me the most was, I fear it will discourage our teachers. The question was asked how they came to teaching, "by your own choice or inspiration, or were you encouraged by others or talked into it?"

...I know most of them were encouraged by others and also appointed by board members and the entire group of patrons, including bishops and ministers, before getting the job. So I feel the survey was unfair.

From Ohio:—

Recently there came by mail a booklet of the summary of conditions in the schools of Indiana. ...What is the object, or purpose behind it?

Personally, I found many areas of agreement — and some in which I had to disagree. The author of the pamphlet may think our ideas are entirely too worldly, and he may be right and I wrong. However, where do we draw the line in pushing for good schools, but not get into too secular or worldly areas? Duplicators, English-speaking, attractive buildings, inside and out, good books of recent edition, allowing good clean games to be played by the pupils...

From Ontario:—

I received your booklet and think we see things nearly alike, and had some times wondered if the Lord will count us free if just staying in silence....

And think if we just would have never yielded to the public schools, but I suppose it was maybe nearly alike at the time. Or if we'd just come back to our own schools 50 to 70 years ago when they began to get these story books. And I think that ever since there has been more and more reason for making the change.

But now in reading the Bulletin I was wondering how long it will be till some thing will be done. As I thought it looks like we are in a trot and on the same track that the public schools were years ago, but how is it going to get slowed down, or where will it end if just kept going?

According to the Bulletin and the booklet, I can easily believe it is getting more modern and high up. ...Am glad you made a start, and I suppose you get plenty of mail; some agree where others will not.

From Maryland:—

On page 9 you say, "We would not think of eating meat and potatoes six days a week, and then salt and pepper on the seventh day. But we season every meal of every day."

Yet we have church services only on Sunday ...Let us put it this way. On Sunday we receive the Word of God. We go home and digest it (or think it over), until we are familiar with it. In other words, we practice what we preach on Sunday.

The same could be true of the Bible instructions in school. One day a week should be enough. But the child needs help in applying it. Here is where the teacher and parents must help. He must be taught to apply the Bible to everyday living.

(Editor's Note: I think this is exactly what the author of the booklet is trying to say! Our faith must apply every school day, to all lessons, not just to one class a week. I don't see any disagreement here.)

From Canada:—

I think the booklet asks many questions to which no one can claim to have hard, fast answers. They are worth discussing, if done in the right spirit, and with an open mind.

Yes, a study of school history can help us. We can see where the "higher churches" have lost simplicity in education, just as they have in almost everything else. But let us remember there is a difference in circumstances. The Mennonite colleges had long been liberal, before they even thought of having elementary

schools!

Let us not see the danger on just one side. The Old Colony Mennonite schools of Mexico are a good example of what happens if we are satisfied with low standards. And the same thing, I fear, is happening in some areas in our Amish schools. These things should also be pointed out in such a survey.

* * * * *

WANTED: MORE ADVICE

- By Elmo Stoll

"This is the first year of your teaching career,
You'll have eight and twenty pupils;
But you'll make out without a doubt,
If you follow my advice and scruples.

"I've taught six terms," my friend affirms,
"So I'm qualified to speak.
Please take this slice of timely advice,
Even though you find it unique.

"Others would say and well they may,
You need patience to teach a child;
Or dauntless zeal; or nerves like steel
To keep from going wild.

"Some would rate as very great
The stamina to work day and night,
While others advise; Just organize
And keep your workload light.

"I can't refute and don't dispute
These things may all be so,
But in my years of toil and tears
I've found a greater foe.

"For this one thing is sure to bring
Disaster and despair.
Close in the wake of this mistake
Comes chaos everywhere.

"I've seen it wreck and break the neck
Of classrooms strong and hale.
My warning ignore and I tell you more,
You too will surely fail.

"Mark this with care—You must beware.
(I'm serious when I say it.)
You'll find it true, just think it through;
Consider well and weigh it.

"It's not your size, or color of eyes,
Or even how you look;

March, 1967

Neither how well you're able to tell
Every answer in the book.

"For even with college and all its knowledge
No teacher is guaranteed.
There's but one rule for every school
That you must learn to heed."

What could it be, this enemy
That spares not friend or foe?
Please tell me quick; what is the trick?
For I would like to know.

My friend's eyes burn; his face is stern;
His words come sharp and low,

"Just never disdain this thing of pain
And never, never forget;
I'll tell you now if you'll allow:
It is the teacher's pet.

"Don't think that one will harm you none,
For that is one too many.
It'll be your ruin, and your undo'in'
If you harbour any."

I pondered deep; his words to keep
I tried my very best.
With might and main through stress and strain
I struggled for success.

For I believed I had received
A warning given true.
But now alas! Six months are past:
Tell me what to do.

"If to pets you yield: your doom is sealed
Whether it be one or many."

I remember his word as though yester day
heard

And he didn't allow me any.
I'll tell you what, I'm on the spot,
For I have eight and twenty.

- R.1, Wellesley, Ontario

* * * * *

HE MUST INCREASE

- By Anna A. Yoder

Time and time again Ruth Miller groped and struggled to show her class a true example of sincere Christian living. "A true Christian will always do what is unselfish, what is best for the most people involved, and consider other people's desires first and above one's own," Ruth summarized with a feeling of self-satisfaction. "From these three principles my every motive

will spring forth. They rest upon the Golden Rule, anyway."

Quite obviously, her disciplined and thoughtful management was an asset to her teacher-pupil relationship. Her genuine spirit of goodwill and kindness filled the classroom. In response, the third grade children admired her as their unfaltering heroine. When there were mistakes, the children felt no resentment, for it is rather easy to love and forgive those who love and forgive us.

Comments of praise were freely spoken by the children. "Mrs. Miller, you are the best teacher we ever had," beamed Joey, meaning only to innocently express his appreciation. How little did he realize that being rated a favorite teacher was not Mrs. Miller's goal!

"Father, help Joey to see beyond the pettiness of comparing me with other teachers. You know that I am not competing for the title 'My Favorite Teacher' or am I?" prayed Ruth. "Lord, something there is which is a barrier between Thee and the message Joey is getting from his teacher." Ruth was frustrated. She would search out the barrier, and have it removed.

"Oh, Mrs. Miller, you are good to us. I don't want to go to school unless you teach. Will I have to?" confided Mary. Mary had no concept of Mrs. Miller's desire to have her love school; to know it is a place where intriguing discoveries are made about the beauty of God's orderly universe. And in turn having experienced and seen His plans in a rather small part, Mary could become more confident of His plan for each person in every detail of life. This could have personal value to Mary and affect her life into eternity.

"Dear God, what type of attraction am I? Mary is drawn to me instead of clasping your Hand. Can't I somehow draw her hand into Thine myself? Lord, I want to do that, but I have not succeeded," breathed Ruth, so softly only God Himself could hear. Ruth was puzzled. Something there was which made herself more obvious as a figure of security to Mary than God's Presence.

Once more Ruth prayed. Her all was on the altar. She felt inadequate to even formulate her own goals anymore. "Father, even as it is Thy will that not one of these little ones shall perish, so may Thy will be mine. Thou must increase, I must decrease...", sighed Ruth. And gradually there was a release from struggles.

Days went by.

"Your Christ you speak of must be a power-

ful Man. If He hears you each time you talk to Him, I want to meet Him, too. Besides, if He forgives us if we are sorry for being mean, I need to ask Him right now. When can I speak to Him?" Little James did not speak these exact words, but she could read it in his eyes.

Ruth Miller had an answer for James. And Ruth was satisfied.

- Oakland, Maryland

* * * * *

FREDERICKSBURG, OHIO

February 9, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

A greeting in Jesus Name. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

I will try to gather enough courage to write a few lines tonight. This is right after school. I was just thinking, "What will the children talk about tonight when they come home from school?" Will they say we had a good day or a bad one? I think it was a mixed-fraction day. We had things that you could list under whole numbers and some under fractions.

The day started in bad because I came to school late on account of sleeping too long. I put my arithmetic answers on the blackboard and checked a little over my books. The pupils were coming to school. Some went out coasting and others were fixing their sleds. Then one of them said, "Look who is coming up the road." To my surprise it was one of the board members and his little boy, coming to visit school. This man has no children in school yet. Before he left he said he would like to come again one afternoon this winter. We had very few visitors this winter.

We put our two recesses and noon together today. We went coasting out on the hill. There were fifteen or more sleds there. They could almost all go on a ride at one time. The boys made a train with nine sleds. If the driver of the locomotive didn't drive straight the caboose sled had a rough time. There were posts and a stump beside the road that we decided were too dangerous for such a long train. Just three of them went together for a while and the rest went down singly.

After the bell rang, the pupils were so eager to do their afternoon work! I think if they use their extra energy playing at recess and noon, they are so much better in the school room.

The parents, board members, teachers, and pupils must work together to have a good school. If one pulls back, the rest can't get up the hill.

We had a meeting at our school house the last

day in December. There were 24 teachers, 1 vocational teacher, and a few parents present. We spent the forenoon in visiting. We had questions, discussion, and singing in the afternoon. I hope they all enjoyed themselves.

I teach at the same school I did last year. I have 34 pupils at present. Six of them will move out before the first of March. I have five first graders, not so eager as some years.

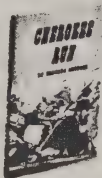
We had a pretty good attendance this winter.

Today in third grade English we studied words that rhyme. At the end of the lesson they had to write three words that rhyme with let and a word like bat. I can't think what the one word was. But they had to say the words they wrote and one pupil said his second word was rot. Then he had to giggle, and said rat. A spelling sentence that was written this year was, "I ate an ache for breakfast."

Remember us teachers in prayer, that we can be good examples to the children in spite of our many shortcomings.

A humble teacher,
Clara Weaver

* * * * *



BULLETIN BOOKSHELF SOLID STORY SPECIALS

How long since you last read a story long enough and absorbing enough to take your mind off your current problems? It's a good idea to stop every so often and get a book to take you to a place or a situation you have never been before. This month the BULLETIN BOOKSHELF is listing an assortment of just such books. You ought to have at least one of these per month. Order now for the coming year.

ALL THINGS COMMON (Hutterites)	\$5.00
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Heart of a Child



Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
No water can wash away.
The sand may be shifted when billows are
wild
And efforts of time may decay.

Some stories may perish,
Some songs be forgot,
But this graven record—
Time changes it not.

Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
A story of gladness or care
That Heaven has blessed or earth has de-
filed,
Will linger unchangeably there.

OUR SCHOOL

Our school's just the old-fashioned kind
Without principal, library, or gym.
We have no TV to harm our mind
And we need no auditorium.

But what we have will bring us far more
For each morning starts with Scripture.
Together we sing hymns, three or four,
And read some worthwhile literature.

Arithmetic, spelling, and reading,
Next history, health, or geography,
English, too, we must be heeding,
So we can talk with others, you see.

But lessons are not the only thing
That we must have our mind upon.
Each should have a game to be playing
When recess comes, for health and fun.

We all are glad when we may have art,
Spelling bees and trapping games we like.
We should all help to do our part
To enjoy play and work alike.



The children need admonishment
To be led on the Christian way.
It is hard to give punishment
And yet they must learn to obey.

Some days seem dark and some are bright,
Some bring trouble; others only joy.
The day always outshines the night
So we won't let our cares annoy.

- By a humble Reader

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THE HIDDEN DANGER—

FLUORESCENT LIGHTING AND T.V.

- By David Wagler

The plain peoples have long objected to the modern trend towards consolidated schools and all that goes with it. They abhor the idea of large gatherings under one roof, the crowded rooms, the artificial lighting and lately, T.V. Their children are brought into this world and raised in an environment where none of these conditions are present.

In the opinion of these people, the ideal place to get an education is a country school with fresh air and sunshine streaming through the windows. Adjoining this ideal school will be a playground where the children can romp and play in any kind of weather, and learn to get along with each other. Within walking distance will be fields, and woods and streams, where the teacher can take her pupils for a hike some afternoon in autumn, or to watch for signs of wildlife in winter, or welcome the first violets of spring.

Their objection to the modern trend is of course primarily religious, but it appears as

though history will bear out the soundness of their arguments from a practical and physical point of view as well. Some startling findings resulting from experiments by a well-known scientist, John Nash Ott have just been released. Ott is at the head of the Environmental Health and Light Research Institute, which is carried on under the auspices of the American Medical Association, at Sarasota, Florida and Lake Bluff, Illinois.

In 1964, Ott became very much interested in the effect of television rays on human beings after reading an article in TIME magazine. The report released by U. S. Air Force doctors dealt with children aged 3 to 12 who were suffering from nervousness, continuous fatigue, headache, loss of sleep, stomachaches, and sometimes vomiting, which the medics attributed to their being addicted to television. The conclusion reached by the Air Force doctors was that the youngsters were watching too much

television. The treatment to which these children responded was to limit viewing by sending children outside to play during the day and giving them a book to read after dark.

Ott was well qualified to do further research as he is recognized as the pioneer and leading expert on time-lapse photography. He also serves as consultant to top plate-glass corporations, large optical firms and to the Stanford Research Institute.

In Ott's first experiments rats were exposed to television. It was found that all died within twelve days. In each case, they became very much disturbed, going into wild antics and jumping around frantically in their cages. Next they became dull and listless and died soon afterwards. Ott believes it was the television rays which killed them.

His theory is that the X-rays thrown off by the television tubes affect the pituitary glands. Since these glands control the physical and emotional balances of the body, it is especially noticeable in youngsters.

"All television sets give off X-rays, different sets give off different amounts, and the larger the picture tube the greater the voltage", Ott said. He states further that manufacturers have built in some protection against X-rays into the front of each set, based on being no closer than six feet to the set, but X-rays are also given off from the sides and the back.

Next he exposed growing bean plants to television and found that their growth pattern was thrown out of balance. He found that the bean plants grew much too fast for the development of the stalk. When he exposed the plants to color television he found the bizarre effects were still more noticeable. This, he says is because color television operates at a higher voltage than black and white, hence the X-rays are stronger.

Ott theorized further that if television produces X-rays, then fluorescent lighting would also do so. Accordingly he exposed 24 rats to high intensity fluorescent tubes and within six weeks the rats had all died. Like the television rats, these also became vicious at first and then dull and lethargic before they died.

As a countercheck, a group of rats were exposed to sunlight, (which was 20 times as bright as the fluorescent lighting) for two years. These rats thrived and were healthy at the end of the period.

Ott believes there is a direct connection between emotionally-disturbed children and his light-ray theory. He cites the high incidence of disturbed children and asks if the number hasn't greatly increased since the advent of March, 1967

television and extensive fluorescent lighting. "But now," Ott states, "the most recent installations are higher intensity and banks of fluorescent tubes are used. These are now giving significant readings on Geiger counters."

We are glad that the pupils in our parochial schools are not exposed to television, and very few to fluorescent lighting. Perhaps that is one reason for the rapid increase in these schools to the point where, we hope they will soon provide the education for all our children. It's a big responsibility which has been entrusted to us, to keep their minds pure and their bodies healthy.

- Aylmer, Ontario

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New Schools:

WALNUT GROVE SCHOOL

Millersburg, Ohio

Dear Bulletin Readers,

At the request of the editor, I will try to give a report on our new school, built last summer. The main reason for building our own school was that the public school board decided to have only the first six grades at Clark, and grades seven and eight were then taken by bus to a junior high school at Glenmont, a distance of twelve miles outside the Amish community.

This is the second school in this area that has been built for this reason. The Doughty Valley School was the first one, built in 1965.

Walnut Grove School is located on township road 89, three miles northeast of Clark, on the Eli D. Mullet farm. The school derives its name from a small grove of walnut trees close by.

The school is of tile block construction, 24' x 36', with full basement. There is a furnace room and coal bin. The main basement is used for a playroom when the children cannot play outside.

The main window area is along the north side. There is also a 10' x 14' entrance room. A small stable was built on the school grounds for those who come a good distance with horse and buggy.

School opened September 19 with 32 pupils enrolled, grades 1-8. Eli M. Yoder, R. 1, Baltic, Ohio is the teacher.

The school is also used for vocational classes on Saturday afternoons. Mose C. Wengerd is the teacher.

- Eli S. Miller

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MY WALK THROUGH THE SNOW



- Mrs. Amos A. Hochstetler

That was refreshing! I just came home from work and decided to take a walk through this snow. My husband thought he'd rather stay in where it is nice and warm, so I pulled on an extra pair of socks and an extra coat, and set out.

I stepped out the door and a brisk breeze flew into my face. Everything looked so beautiful covered with snow.

The snow was rather deep in several places, but I waded on through it, and climbed over a fence. Oh, oh, I am caught on the barb wire! That will mean some mending.

I followed the path the cows had made earlier in the day, and came to an apple orchard. The lowest branches were almost buried in the snow. Walking through unfamiliar fields is laden with surprises. Sometimes there were unseen dips where I stumbled and almost fell.

Isn't it wonderful and almost breath-taking to see what God can do with snow? The high weeds and shrubs alongside the road had piled up drifts. Sometimes I wonder if we really appreciate it that we have eyes to see all these things, or do we just take the beauties of nature for granted?

I wish everyone that reads this could have walked with me and seen how lovely and different everything looks when it is covered with snow. Why, our old corner crib doesn't look like the same building anymore! And the fence posts look like small men with high white hats on.

- R. 3, Ligonier, Indiana 46767

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LAGRANGE, INDIANA
February 1, 1967

Dear Readers, far and near,

Greetings. The snow is melting again today, but there is still too much snow in our lane for the milkman to enter, so he is coming by de-tour this week.

I have wanted to write for this paper for some time, but delaying it was too easy. Last night we had a singing at our school, Cottonwood Grove, and this morning the words seemed to say, "Write today, and do not again delay."

So as an unworthy father of five children, the oldest a first grader, I will give a few of our experiences. We live quite a distance from the school, and our boy walks up the lane to meet my brothers and sisters and goes along with them.

They had a thrilling ride in a bobsled a few mornings, as the snow was too deep for horse and buggy.

Inspiring are the words one may read in the Bulletin from time to time, such as the story, "The Midnight Blast". Another thing that caught my attention was in the Bible Questions, the answer to N. 6, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Yes, we especially feel this way in times of grief. While staying at Riley Hospital, Indianapolis, in 1964, with our very sick boy (now with the angels), I came across the following poem. I hope, with the help of God, we can see that which is spoken of in the last two lines, planted in our children as they go to school.

Jesus Helped the People

Five unhappy people, seated on the floor,
Jesus helped the lame walk, then there were four.
Four unhappy people, one who could not see,
Jesus healed the blind man, then there were three.
Three unhappy people, one whose friends are few,
Jesus told him of God's love, then there were two.
Two unhappy people, one a rich man's son,
Jesus taught him how to share, then there was one.
One unhappy person, sorry for what he had done,
Jesus loved him and forgave him, then there were none.
Jesus helped the people, helped them learn to share,
Helped them learn of God, helped them learn to care.

- Elmer T. Yoder

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ARTHUR, ILLINOIS
February 16, 1967

Greetings to all readers,

Here are some more school news from the Arthur, Illinois area. The families that have five miles to Plainview School will probably have a school closer to their homes by next fall. God answers prayers.

A meeting was held December 27. After considerable discussion, the decision was made

The Blackboard Bulletin

to build another two-room school two miles east and one mile south of Arthur. This will be four miles east of Plainview School.

The school's name will be Prairie Lane School. This will be the third parochial school in the Arthur area. The Arthur Mennonite Christian Day School was built in 1953, and it is also a two-room school.

The book, "Survey of the Amish Parochial Schools of Indiana" is a good book to read. I agree with the author about text books that contain such bold lies as the evolution theory. Even if we pass over them, is it enough? What do we have them for, to serve as a curiosity box? I would heartily agree to destroy them root and all with Bible truth, and not just pass over lessons like that.

Also, I agree with what was written about speaking German on the school grounds. I sent our children for eight years to Arthur Mennonite Christian Day School, and it was not forbidden in their standards to speak German on the school grounds.

A friend who taught in the Arthur Public school, where she had all Amish children, said she sometimes got older pupils to interpret in German what she had said, so the first graders could understand it. Could she forbid German on the school grounds, even though she couldn't understand it?

As for the ability of teachers to teach with only a grade eight education, we sent our children to teachers with only eighth grade who were far better teachers than some with four years of college. Some college-trained teachers did not have the ability to keep order in time of school. Others with a higher education knew it all, and tried to boss the school board and parents. Some education is all right, but there is a stopping point.

One thing I noticed about college-trained teachers, they wanted higher wages, and often teach mainly for the money. True, we all get paid for our work, some more than others, but that should not be the main reason for teaching.

There is one wage all Christians will have alike, and that will be to live in heaven eternally.

I have a clipping I would like to pass on to others. An old man wrote it after having passed his ninetieth birthday. It is best to start these rules before you are fifty.

1. Be thankful for what you have. Don't complain that things aren't better. They could be worse.

2. Be helpful, but never intrude on others.

3. Suggest — don't boss.

4. Don't be a critic, but take criticism without resentment.

March, 1967

5. Never say unkind things, even if they are true.

Yours truly,
Jonas M. Schrock

* * * * *

BIBLE QUESTIONS # 7-

1. Who saw the vision of the "valley of dry bones"?
2. What did Jesus do for 40 days in the wilderness after he was baptized?
3. What did Naaman do to be healed of his leprosy?
4. Who wrote the Ten Commandments?
5. What king saw the handwriting on the wall?
6. Who betrayed Jesus with a kiss?
7. In His sermon on the Mount, what type of people did Jesus say were blessed?
8. What man built his house on the rock?
9. When will the Judgment Day be?
10. What woman anointed Jesus' feet and wiped them with her hair?

Answers to # 7-

1. Ezekiel 2. Fasted 3. Dipped into the Jordan River seven times 4. God 5. Belshazzar 6. Judas Iscariot 7. The poor in spirit, meek, those that mourn, and who hunger and thirst after righteousness, the merciful, the pure in heart, and the peacemakers 8. the wise man 9. At the end of the world 10. Mary Magdalene

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
February 22, 1967

After again reading the many interesting letters in the B.B., I decided to write a few more lines.

The crows are cawing again on sunny days. Makes a person in Geauga County think about maple syrup. Our camp will be idle again this spring, as I do not have anyone to take care of it. Geauga County is called the sugar bowl of Ohio. The Indians were the first ones to make maple syrup here.

Our routine in school is as follows: At 9:00 A. M. school begins with the Lord's Prayer. Then we spend twenty minutes to a half hour singing German hymns, with church tunes. The four upper grades then have an arithmetic study period until recess.

After recess and until noon, the arithmetic and spelling classes are held. In the afternoon, English classes are held on Mondays and Wednesdays, and on Tuesdays and Thursdays, his-

tory and geography. Friday forenoon we have arithmetic and spelling classes, and in the P. M., German classes, and sometimes a spelldown.

During recesses and noons, three carrom boards are usually kept busy, along with dominoes and occasionally a game of checkers.

As I am in my third year of teaching, I no longer have to sit up till the wee hours of the morning studying and preparing lessons. This makes it a lot easier than it was at first.

I often wonder if other places where there are large groups of schools, such as in Lancaster County, Holmes County, or in Indiana, go together with the eighth graders to have a spelldown. March 10 is the day set for the Geauga County spelldown, German and then English. The teachers and board members usually raise enough money to pay the winners (German - \$5.00; English - \$3.00). Also, the one who spells the plainest receives a dollar.

At the end of the school term we again have a get-together for the eighth grade achievement tests. This year, as well as last, it will be held at two different schools, as there are eighty eighth graders this year, and one school would not seat that many.

For achievement tests each teacher prepares ten questions for each subject. These are usually mailed to Uria Byler, or to some other ex-teacher. Four or five ex-teachers get together and from the questions the teachers have sent in, they pick out twenty arithmetic problems, ten English questions, ten American geography questions, twenty spelling words (to be pronounced by a board-member, or an ex-teacher), five Canadian geography, five Latin American geography, and ten Ohio history questions. The teachers take these achievement tests as well as the scholars.

The pupils also write the counties of Ohio in alphabetical order, the names of the Presidents in the order in which they were elected, and draw a map of Geauga County freehand, filling in each township. Also the States and their capitals on a numbered map, in the correct place according to number.

The Ohio counties, presidents, map of Geauga, and the states and capitals are given by the teachers before the day when the achievement tests are taken. But the grades go along to the test.

I would like to hear how other teachers treat their eighth graders before they graduate.

Remember us in your prayers. We will do likewise in weakness.

Just a teacher,

- Peter E. Miller



HAROLD MARTIN'S FALL

The clock high up in the church tower
Had struck the hour of noon;
To one glad group of schoolboys,
That hour came none too soon.
Down the broad street they hurried
With shouts of laughter and glee.
Healthy and happy and hungry,
A goodly sight to see.

What is it checks the bounding steps
And stills the sounds of mirth?
Methinks it is the saddest sight
In all God's lovely earth.
With back against a dying oak,
Bleary-eyed with drooping lips,
A drunken tramp—from battered hat
To dirty finger tips.

Around him throng the eager crowd,
Some press with shout and cheer;
Some with looks of pity,
And some with quiet sneer.
Behind the group of schoolboys
Walked a gentleman that day—
The principal of Lansdale School,
His brown hair mixed with gray.

The crowd around the loiterer
Catches his steady eye.
He sees and understands it;
He will not pass it by.
"Move on, my boys," he orders,
"Move on. This was a man.
Now what you see before you,
Angels with pity scan."

Then adds as they obey him,
 "Tonight all you who like,
 Stay with me in the schoolroom,
 When the closing bell shall strike.
 And I will tell his story,
 His name and how he fell.
 Alas, I know his story;
 No man knows it half so well!"

That night within the schoolroom,
 Assembled every lad.
 A story from the principal
 Was what they really had.
 "I was born," began the teacher,
 "Right here within this town,
 And I expect to die here;
 I've never sought renown.

"If I can help some school boys
 To be honest men and true,
 I ask no higher honor.
 'Tis the work I have to do.
 From yon westward window,
 The gazer always sees
 A fine old ivied mansion
 Shut in ancestral trees.

"In that home was born the drunkard
 Whom you boys have seen today.
 Ah, me, but time brings changes,
 And that time seems far away.
 But he early loved the wine cup,
 It was mixed with his daily food;
 His parents had approved it,
 And pronounced it very good.

"So from the boy who supped it
 Was evolved the man who drank,
 That was the curse of Harold,
 And from that curse he sank.
 One day while nearly drunken,
 Driving down a stony lane,
 The horses threw his sister,
 Who never walked again.

"Three years she lived and languished,
 Breathing out her gentle life.
 Then died that lovely lady,
 Who would have been my wife.
 There they're lying—Father, Mother,
 And Susie, twenty-three.
 I hope to lie beside her,
 When death shall set me free.

"It was rum that caused the awful ruin,
 It was rum that caused it all.
 And that is the terrible story
 Of Harold Martin's fall."

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I asked the glad and happy child,
 Whose hands were filled with flowers
 Whose silvery laugh ran free and wild
 Among the vine-wreathed bowers.
 I crossed her sunny path and cried,
 "When is the time to die?"
 "Not yet! Not yet!" the child replied,
 And swiftly bounded by.

I questioned one in manhood's prime
 Of proud and fearless air,
 His brow was furrowed not by time,
 Or dimmed by woe or care;
 In angry accents he replied,
 And flashed with scorn his eye—
 "Talk not to me of death," he cried,
 "Only the old should die."

I questioned Age— for him the tomb
 Had long been all prepared;
 But death who withers youth and bloom,
 This man of years had spared.
 Once more his nature's dying fire
 Flashed high, and thus he cried—
 "Life! Only life is my desire!"
 Then gasped, and groaned, and died.

I asked a Christian—"Answer thou,
 When is the time of death?"
 A holy calm was on his brow,
 And peaceful was his breath;
 And sweetly o'er his features stole
 A smile, a light divine;
 He spake the language of his soul—
 "My Master's time is mine."

"DOING LIKE HE DONE"

The first written report of the newly-employed traveling salesman had come in, and it proved rather stunning to the bosses in the sales department. It was obvious that the new man was a hopeless illiterate, for here is what he had written:

"I seen this outfit which they ain't never bought a dime's worth of nothing from us, and I sole them a cuple hundred thousand dolars of guds."

Before the sales manager could get word to the man that he was not qualified for the job because of his lack of education, this second letter arrived:

"I cume hear and sole them half a milyun."

Pulling his hair as to what to do about the situation, the sales manager finally decided to

dump the problem in the lap of the company's president.

The next morning the letters from the new salesman were prominently displayed on the company's main bulletin board, with this note from the president:

"We have been spending too much time trying to spell instead of trying to sell. Let's wash those sails. I want everybody should read these letters from Gooch, who is on the road doing a grate job for us, and you should go out and do like he done!"

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We would certainly all agree that Gooch was a good salesman, not because of his illiteracy, but in spite of it. A driving passion and concern to get the job done can over-ride many weaknesses.

- Submitted by a reader

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THE SPOKEN WORD

One of the strongest weapons in the human arsenal is the spoken word. With a careful choice of words, it is possible to greatly aid a friend—or do irreparable injury to an enemy.

There is a modern admonition that may be paraphrased thusly: "Put your brain into gear before your tongue goes into action."

This is well worth remembering.

Before you speak, remember the finality of the spoken word. That which is said, is said forever. To say, "I didn't mean it that way", is to say something else again. Nothing can dilute the original statement.

Speak well, speak truth, or speak not at all. Always be sure that what you are saying reflects sincerity of thought and attitude.

Do not let the opportunity to help, or to cheer, pass you by when all you need do is say a word or two of truth.

- Selected by Joseph L. Lapp

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STUARTS DRAFT, VIRGINIA
February 7, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Christian greetings to all in the name of our Saviour, "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Col. 2:3.

First, I want to express my appreciation for the Blackboard Bulletin. This, and the book Challenge of the Child, are both a great help to a teacher. They encourage discipline and proven methods of teaching. Were it not for the en-

couragement and testimonies of others who have gone the way before us, we might despair.

I am one of those inexperienced teachers who has stepped into school, and am trying to make a success of teaching. God knows how helpless one feels, but we are thankful He provides if we allow Him to. I'll share a quotation that means much to face our duties each day, "This hour is mine with its present duty; the next is God's, and when it comes, His presence will come with it."

You may remember the article by John G. Byler in the November issue, where he gave a report on the beginning of our school. In that article, only three teachers were listed for our school. Since then a fourth teacher has been hired to help us, as we saw it was too much. This certainly gave us a lift.

I am entrusted with the first and second grades, 22 in all. These are quite a challenge and responsibility. When I thought of teaching, I felt I would not want to teach lower grades than the third and fourth, as I considered the responsibility too great to get the lower ones off to a right start. I still feel the responsibility, but must admit I enjoy these small ones, as they are so open and eager to learn. I still find that the greatest problem is to keep them busy every minute. Those extra minutes for the slower ones to finish is what allows time for other things to enter in.

We have the Rod and Staff books for the three lower grades. We feel as we have made a mistake by forcing these books on the third graders, as they have the greatest struggle. But the first and second graders seem to be doing fine.

These books are put up in such an interesting and easy-to-learn manner that they are bound to learn well. I actually feel that I benefit as much or more from these books as the children do.

I will give an example of what I mean when I say they are helpful. Soon after school started I was with a group where there seemed to be some making-fun-of-each-other. The first thing that came to my mind was our lesson we had just studied, "Always do what is right, even if others make fun of you." I just had to think how different this is from a lesson that said, "Don't be a sissy, but show them what you can do," or something similar.

Someone asked why some schools close sooner. We started in by opening at 9:00 and closing at 2:30. Now for the last month, we started at 5 till 9, and closed at 2:45. We do this for several reasons. First, it gives the children less time together outside the classroom, thus eliminating certain problems. Then

the children get home sooner, to be under their parents' care and to help where needed. Lastly, we realized the advantage of getting our children and buses (we have two) off the road before the public buses are going. Since we now put in a little longer day, this cannot be done altogether.

We cut our recesses shorter instead of the classes. But because the upper grades did need more time, we added fifteen minutes.

I feel we have a very good system of having separate times for recess periods. We each have ten minutes in the morning, and no two rooms are out together. At noon we are allowed 45 minutes in which to eat and play. This causes two rooms at a time to overlap approximately fifteen minutes.

The teachers are encouraged to be out with the children, and especially with the little ones. The other day one came to me and said, "It's not much fun to play if you're not out." So by working together we learn to enjoy and appreciate each other. The fresh air and exercise are also good for a teacher. We have a ten minute recess in the afternoon, too.

I feel so very grateful for the privilege we have of operating our own schools. It is not enough to have it only for the high school age, for by then the damage is often done. We may yet have to reap for the time we lost by not going ahead sooner. It is also very strengthening to see the unity among the churches.

I ask an interest in your prayers, that we may be faithful to our God-given calling. I have learned it takes self-discipline first on the teacher's part before strict discipline can be used.

I hope to learn more as time goes on, and we become better established.

May God bless each one.

- Ida Miller

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GAP, PENNSYLVANIA
February 22, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' Name, He who shares with us many wonderful blessings. I surely would miss the Bulletin if it would stop coming, so I will try in my weakness to please the editor in his request for more material.

I am a young mother of five small children, three girls and two boys, the oldest one being six years old. She is going to Belmont School where my cousin, Rebecca B. Zook, is teaching. She enjoys school, which is worth so much.

We also have four pre-school children, the baby being only two weeks old when I write this, another precious gift from heaven. I have done quite a bit of writing since the baby was born.

We have quite a responsibility to try and raise a family in a way that is pleasing to our Heavenly Father. We can ask and pray for His help in teaching and guiding our children the right way. Good health is a precious asset.

Let us pray for each other, not faint by the way, in this sad world of sorrow and care.

May God bless you all.

- Katie Zook

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A PARENT'S PRAYER

O God, make me a better parent.
Help me to understand my children,
To listen patiently to what they have to say,
And to answer all their questions kindly.
Keep me from interrupting them, talking back to them, and contradicting them.
Make me as courteous to them as I would have them be to me.
Give me the courage to confess my sins against my children,
And to ask their forgiveness when I know that I have done them wrong.
May I not vainly hurt the feelings of my children.
Forbid that I should laugh at their mistakes, or resort to shame and ridicule as punishment.
Let me not tempt a child to lie and steal.
So guide me hour by hour that I may demonstrate by all I say and do that honesty produces happiness.
Reduce, I pray, the meanness in me. May I cease to nag, and when I am out of sorts, help me, O Lord, to hold my tongue.
Blind me to the little errors of my children, and help me to see the good things that they do.
Give me a ready word for honest praise.
Help me to treat my children as those of their own age, but let me not exact of them the judgments and conventions of adults.
Allow me not to rob them of the opportunity to wait upon themselves, to think, to choose, and to make decisions.
Forbid that I should ever punish them for my selfish satisfaction.
May I grant them all of their wishes that are reasonable, and have the courage always to withhold a privilege which I know will do them harm.
Make me so fair and just, so considerate and

companionable to my children that they will have a genuine esteem for me.
Fit me to be loved and intimated by my children.
With all Thy gifts, O God, do give me calm and poise and self-control.

- Selected by K. Z., Gap, Penna.

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W A N T A D S

HELP WANTED on Fair Weather Project.

TIME: Any time from now until the project is completed.

LOCATION: One and one-half miles west of New Providence, Pennsylvania

PURPOSE: To follow teachings of Proverbs 22:6.

WAGES: Highest wages ever paid, — credit toward everlasting life.

For more information, contact any of the following building committee members:

Jonas S. Esch	all
Elam Allgyer	R. 1,
Ezra Beiler	New Providence

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ARTHUR, ILLINOIS
March 2, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Grace and peace be unto you.

We have been having rather mild winter weather. Several mornings the thermometer registered below zero, but this did not last long. Today it is 60. We did not have as much snow as some of our neighboring states.

Time seems to pass along pretty fast. The old year of 1966 is now history, and though we are only two months into the new year of 1967, already many things have happened. The pupils in school are already counting the weeks until school will be out, and anxiously waiting for the change.

Easter will also soon be here, a time to renew in our minds what God has done through Christ the Son, for the redemption of our sins. It will also soon be time to prepare for the spring sowing and seeding, both for a natural and a spiritual harvest.

This is our first year in our parochial school. We feel it has proven very successful. We built a two-room building, and at the insistence of our State fire marshall, we used a haydite block, pre-finished on the inside. The ceiling is $\frac{1}{2}$ in. plaster-board, and there is a red brick outside.

We have aluminum-frame storm windows. There are a few more windows, of course,

than there are in an ordinary house.

We also have door closers. Some of them were bought second-hand at sales, and the rest are new.

All the seats and desks are second-hand, although some are pretty new. I think they are of maple. But some are pretty dark, and will need refinishing.

We are always glad for company, and will try to accommodate as best as we can.

We fear some of the Bulletin readers may have the wrong opinion of our school, after reading the letter in the last issue.

Last, but not least, we need the fervent prayers of all.

-Yours for better schools
Menno A. Diener

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BALTIC, OHIO
Feb. 25, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

A friendly greeting in Jesus' holy name.

This is Saturday morning, early. My mind and body feel wonderfully rested, compared to how I felt yesterday evening. You see, no school lessons were bothering my nerves last night, for yesterday P.M. we dismissed school, another week finished, the twenty-sixth of the term.

After I watched the youngsters bundle up and stride outside to brave the weather toward home, I settled back to some more work in the school-house. The shadows of dusk were falling by the time I reached home. It was windy and cold, with heavy snowing at intervals from early yesterday morning till late last evening.

The weather did not affect attendance, as all 36 were present, plus a father and one of my brothers-in-law, who had told me last fall he would like to come to school a day this winter. The father brought his income records along, but I don't think he was finished yet when school was dismissed. I have two reasons in mind that might have caused this—perhaps we were too noisy and disturbed him too much, or he made an unusual amount of money last year.

My brother-in-law was pretty well occupied looking at the books and things we gave him to see.

When I came home the thermometer was down to four above zero. A warm supper was waiting, and three youngsters were ready to jump on Dad's lap before he had time to take his hat and coat off.

Mother said we had a long letter from an old friend of Delphos, Ohio, and that the Bulletin had also come. The letter was read before supper. I'll copy the elderly man's first para-

graph for you to read:

"Dear Friend — I am always so busy that I can never catch up with anything anymore, but I am now taking special time to write to you. How I wish that I was still young enough and well enough too, that I could come over to your place for a week or two, just to visit and enjoy some good old-fashioned country living. This sounds as if I don't live on a farm anymore, but I do. The way things have changed here — no more horses, hardly any cattle or poultry in the "free", nothing but cars, tractors and machinery — it makes it seem as though God is not around anymore."

Notice that fifth word in the first sentence of the eighty-year-old man's letter. He lives on 160 acres of the finest farming country in western Ohio, yes, on the farm where he was born. In earlier years he was a horseman and specialized in horse raising. Do you think he was as busy when he was 35 or 40 years old as he now is? I doubt it.

JOYS OF TEACHING

Life is so full of many blessings;
Each day has its special joys
As I onward go with my teaching
Of the little girls and boys.

Alone I wouldn't dare attempt it,
But in God I put my trust
To help in all my difficulties
Through lessons, play, and chalk dust.

The children are such dear young ones,
Which causes a great yearning
To guide them on the paths of right
As they go onward, learning.

Their parents are so thoughtful,
Ready to help every way.
They show great concern for their children
To guide them right day by day.

May the Almighty God above
Have patience with my mistakes
As I try to keep improving
For the dear children's sakes.

I daily pray to a Higher Hand,
Who always shows what to do,
While teaching and guiding the children
With their future days in view.
— By a humble teacher

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Is this fast way of living making him happier than he was forty years ago? I doubt it again. Let us all be on the watch. Is it not catching up with our people, too?

When supper was over last night and I had read the Bulletin, I felt ashamed to write another letter for the March issue. But I thought that maybe I should thank the editor for his comments on the READ, WRITE, AND COLOR books. You will find that what he said is all quite true. Children will spend long hours enjoying the pictures of nature and coloring them.

About the mistakes in it, I want him to know that I feel thankful he mentioned that, plus that it is home-made, for thus you know what to expect. It will not hurt to add that my first intentions with this book were to give the children something to occupy their minds, to plant good seed and to fertilize the seed that is already planted, so that the child may grow up to be a "straight tree". And be able to withstand the storm that is ahead of them, as Miss Emma Yoder, Topeka, Indiana writes in her letter in the February issue. By this storm she means the temptations that Satan uses against young people.

We gave one of our books as a present to a boy who has a broken foot. Later he said he has to watch his chance to read it, as his mother likes to read, too. So, it is not only for children, but also for grown-ups, especially early teen-agers. And I would think it might be a nice present for parents or their teacher to give one of these books to each of their eighth grade pupils who will be graduating this spring.

The price is still \$2.00 per copy, six copies for \$10.00, postpaid, and you must be satisfied. Address to Jonas Nisly, Baltic, Ohio 43804

— Jonas Nisly

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SUGARCREEK, OHIO
R. 1, Box 217
February 21, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's name. We enjoy reading the letters in the Bulletin, and have for a long time been thinking of writing.

I have visited several parochial schools, and feel we should be very thankful to our heavenly Father that we are given the privilege of sending our children to these schools. But what is so sad, is that so many of our Amish children who could attend these schools are riding the school buses to public schools, where we all

know so many more worldly things are taught. But let us not blame the innocent children for it.

I was never a teacher in a school, but I helped to raise a family of eight children, five of them being step-children. I often wonder if I have done my part in training these little minds to lead good Christian lives. And also, being a bishop's wife, I can understand very well what the teachers mean when they write about co-operation from parents and board-members.

Our children have almost all left home, and have families of their own. What a joy those dear grandchildren are, but also sad to think of them growing up in this sinful world. I am so thankful they have the privilege of attending Amish schools.

I have four nieces and two nephews and one brother teaching parochial schools. They have a great responsibility, and also a chance to be a Christian witness to these dear children. So let us remember these teachers, schools, and our churches in our prayers. We know Satan is busy always.

- Just a humble sister,
Mrs. Eli E. Hershberger

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UNDERSTAND DISCIPLINE

- Alma E. Maust

Do we understand what is meant by the term discipline? It is the manner of living and working together in the school so that the relationships between pupils and teacher will be pleasant and profitable. School discipline must be adapted to school life as church discipline is to the religious life.

The teacher's problem is to establish and maintain high standards of conduct at school. These standards must fit the nature of the school. When all the pupils understand the laws of behavior, and are willing to co-operate with the teacher, the problems of discipline are few. When many ignore the best ways to do things, a school fails. However, at times we find a few in a schoolroom, who are very unwilling to accept the standards of behavior set up. It is these few who may create great discipline problems for the teacher.

Lack of understanding, forgetfulness, or mischievousness can cause disorder. Pupils who habitually say "I forgot" have acquired careless habits of thought and conduct. Such disorderliness is serious, for very often it comes from an indifferent attitude such as, "I

don't care" or "What difference does it make?" Such children can sometimes be helped if the teacher has an established way of doing things and insists upon jobs being done just that way. New habits must be formed.

Parents can start to teach their children correct ways of doing jobs when they are quite small, as putting things in their proper places, and keeping their room in order. Children from well managed homes can adjust themselves to new experiences at school even if other children have slightly different ideas about doing certain tasks. The children must learn self-control. Habits of neatness and orderliness are so essential to our social relationships that they should be learned early in life. Adjustments that must be made later can then be done with less difficulty.

The mischievous pranks that are committed for fun may be annoying, but if the teacher does to the offender as he did to the other child, he will not think it so funny and may not repeat the offense. The most serious and most difficult discipline problems for the teacher to face are the ones that come from the children who are so unwilling to work with the other children and with the teacher. The causes of such behavior may come from lack of home training, the gang spirit at work, or mental and physical conditions. Some of these the teacher can correct, but in others she must have the help of the parents.

Parents should be slow in condemning the teacher in the presence of their children. Discussing and criticizing the faults of the preacher at the dinner table on Sunday does not help the children to develop much respect for the minister. Neither does "teacher soup" for supper nourish the respect the children should have for their teacher, if it is the sour and bitter kind. If Sammie berates the teacher for punishing him unjustly, Sammie's parents must understand that more than likely the teacher in a kind tone had asked Sammie the third time to quit his disturbance. Sammie may not tell that the other offenders stopped their disturbance the first time they were reminded.

Parents often expect more of a teacher than she is able to do. Sometimes parents reveal the fact that the child in question is their greatest problem at home. He's different from any of the other children. He's not dependable, he's quarrelsome; he's selfish. It is not surprising that the teacher may have difficulty with such a child. It takes an untold amount of patience, a deep and sympathetic mind to understand children and the motives for misbehavior. It takes an endless amount of effort and time to change

the child from what he is to what he ought to be.

Sometimes the discipline problems within a school may come from without. I knew a teacher who was about to give up her teaching career because of the difficulty she had in maintaining the order she desired in her schoolroom. If she hadn't had the assurance that God had called her to that particular kind of work she would have given up. She kept on doing her best, or at least put forth great effort to do so. Then one day a letter came in the mail, seven years after she had taught in that particular school. The writer of the letter wanted to make a confession. He told the teacher that if he had behaved as he knew he should have done she would probably be teaching there yet. He had suggested all kinds of tricks to the children. They were to keep quiet about who told them to do them. The damage was done. Such causes for discipline problems in a school may be rare, but it has actually happened. It may be done again. Therefore, be patient with the teacher

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PLEASANT RIDGE NOTES

- Shipshewana, Indiana

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name.

The final song has been sung; the last buggy is seen departing from the school grounds; high pitched giggles can be heard no more—another day has passed at Pleasant Ridge.

Our schoolhouse is aptly named, for it is situated on a pleasant ridge. Whoever selected the location in 1957 for the new schoolhouse must have had the children in mind, for there are so many natural recreational areas close to the building. To the east is a large woods which is convenient for fall and spring hikes or leaf gathering excursions for art class; beyond it is a seventy-five acre lake, the shore of which is an enjoyable spot to eat lunch on bright, blue days. During the deep freeze of January and February the lake is fine for ice skating.

But by far the greatest asset is the ridge. The hill lies approximately one hundred and fifty feet northeast of the building and contains a few dips which afford winter thrills for many a scholar. Sledding and tobogganning are the boys' means of excitement, but it is the girls' pastime that is so unusual—sliding down the slope on nothing more than their boots. This sounds impossible, but it can be accomplished; all one needs is a few hours of patiently wearing a smooth "track" into the snow. Eventually it

if you see she is trying to do all she can to have an orderly school.

Consider the life of a teacher. She has thirty or more pupils whose tempers, capacities, and habits are as different as their countenances. She must be a nurse, a teacher, a peacemaker, a judge, a lawyer, a supervisor, a housekeeper, a counselor, a what have you. There are so many phases of living involved in keeping and directing a good school. It is no wonder that a teacher may sometimes make mistakes in discipline of children.

Every true teacher loves her work and enjoys it. The teacher is very grateful for parents who try to understand the intricate problems that face her as she guides a roomful of boys and girls through five or more hours of each day. The teacher appreciates parents who say with real meaning, "We are back of you; we want to help you in whatever way we can. Do what you think is best for my child."

- From "The Christian School"

becomes so well packed and slippery that one can even descend the slope on stomach, back, or almost any position conceivable. The speed at which the squatting girls travel, either singly or in train-like-fashion, is amazing.

The following short poem, written earlier in the school year by a fifth grader, expresses the enthusiasm the ridge creates:

WINTER FUN

Winter is coming,
Bring your sleds with you
And slide down the hill.

Take the toboggan
And go with a load,
Leaving some here and there.

Here come the girls,
Riding down on their boots,
Spilling laughter in the sharp air.

- Wilbur L. Miller

For those districts planning to construct a schoolhouse, the choice of location should not be passed over lightly; the site should be in the center of the district, but recreational advantages or disadvantages should also be taken into consideration. There is no substitute for "togetherness"; whether it be in the family, church, neighborhood, or school. School days should be a rewarding experience for the pupil who is for the first time encountering a social group larger than the family, and is learning to combine or adapt his efforts and desires to that of

- David Luthy

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- By a Teacher

Already two months of 1967 have almost faded into the past. A few more hours and a new month will begin. What does the new month hold in store?

Oh, that the new leaf might have fewer stains! A little more patience put into practice. A little more love bestowed on those about me. A bit more ready to lend a helping hand. A little less of "self" and a bigger portion of "others" in my daily schedule. A greater effort to constantly

1967	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	
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PREPARE YOUR CHILD NOW!

- By Daniel L. Stutzman

If you have a youngster old enough to begin school as a first grader next fall, there is much that you can do to help him and his teacher start the school year with flying colors. And the time to help him is now and throughout the summer. Here are a few pointers.

The child must be taught obedience. He must be taught to respect authority.

He should possess a willingness to work and not shirk his duty. Assign reasonable work and see that it is done. However, remember that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

Develop in your child a healthy mental attitude toward life. Tell him of God's great love for mankind—how God created everything. Help your child discover the small everyday wonders of nature, such as a beautiful sunset, flowers peeping in the dew, the smell of newly-mown hay, or frost on the window-pane.

When discussing your child's future school life, present it as a privilege; not as a hardship. Everyone should have an education, even if the law did not make it compulsory.

The above-named qualities are best instilled into a child when he is very young. Upon first thought, they do not appear to have so much bearing on a child's studies, but experience teaches that the alert, obedient, and respectful child will learn faster than one who is not in-

face the sunshine, leaving the shadows fall behind—remembering that when trials seem too numerous or insurmountable, then it is time to look away from self. Time to ease the burdens of another. Time to pour the balm of strength and courage into some fainting, troubled heart, with "little deeds of kindness as I pass along the way." Then joy shall make our burdens light. They will take wings and fly away, later returning, transformed into blessings.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." Ecclesiastes 11:1.

In the morning, the rising of the sun marks the dawning of a new day—a gift of God. A new day and a divine privilege to make a new beginning. Let us step into it without fear, confident that the Great Master Teacher will be with us each step of the way.

- Mary A. Stoltzfus
Lebanon, Penna.

1967	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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terested in anything but mischief.

It is not so overly-important that "Johnny" can write his name when he enters school. However, it will help if he possesses hand and eye co-ordination. This can be developed while he is still young by buying simple color books and crayons. This is also a good time to teach him the English words for the basic colors.

Develop Number Value. Scores and scores of children are able to rattle off 1-2-3-4—without having the least idea that those words represent a number of objects or a quantity. Instead of merely rote-counting, have Johnny count actual objects such as dishes, eggs, loads of hay, or perhaps people. Do not have him count beyond ten until he has mastered completely the first ten. Nor should you drill very long, as work like this tends to become monotonous. It is better to have him count once correctly at various times of the day as you and he are at work. Remember, teach the meaning of a number before you try to teach the writing of it!

Instead of wasting your time teaching the alphabet, teach your child the English words for common nouns such as cow—fence—road and action verbs such as work—fly—talk. The possible list is almost endless. An easy way of doing this is to compose sentences such as—"I

see the horse," and "I can work." These simple sentences can be expanded by substituting new words for familiar ones. (Example) "I see the tree," or "Father can work."

By now you are probably stamping the floor in indignation and wondering, "What do teachers think they get paid for?" Or you might have decided to try and help Johnny but don't know how to go about it. That is how many of us teachers feel too at times. Here's a suggestion: Slip over to the school for a visit this spring yet and maybe you'll pick up a hint or two.

-Ostrander, Ontario

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BURTON, OHIO
Feb. 27, 1967

Dear Friends,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

While renewing our subscription, I would like to send along a few lines.

School is well over the half-way mark for this term. In reading the Bulletin, I see that much stress is placed on parents visiting school. I always feel it is interesting and time well spent.

Sometimes disappointments come early in life. Last summer our little daughter would often copy the alphabet — names and so on, — and was eager to start school. With new clothes, shoes, lunch box and crayons, no little girl could have been happier. But she was in for a big disappointment, which we, her parents, knew nothing about.

The morning before school was to start we had an unexpected visitor from another school district. He said we would not be abiding by the school standards if we sent our daughter to school, as her birthday would not be until December.

We kindly told him we had taken it up with our board members and parents in the spring, and it was agreed upon to let us send her. As ours is a new school, and quite a few families have moved out, we felt she could fill an empty seat. We thought she would be capable of doing first-grade work as well or better than our son who had started the year before when he was 6 1/2.

Well, we had only one day to think about it. What were we to do? The next morning we firmly told the girl she had better give up plans to go to school. "But why?" she kept asking, and it was hard to find an answer.

That evening a meeting was called for the board and parents, and by that time we were

March, 1967

aware that people all around us were talking about this, but never to us. Another vote was taken, and it was decided she should not go.

Certainly, we don't want to be a stumbling block. But we wonder if there would not be fairer, kinder ways to take care of such problems. Wouldn't it have been better to work on this several months before school started?

Let us pray for one another and keep an interest in our schools and teachers,

Sincerely,
- Mrs. Crist E. Fisher

* * * * *

CHEER UP!

When you feel most like giving up,
Don't, and you shall win the victor's cup.
When you are hardest hit,
Just buckle in once more, Don't quit.
This was the motto I held by my side,
As I daily marched onward seeking more light.

Many times I felt faint and could not go on.
To the Lord, in prayer I would groan,
"My burdens, so heavy have grown."
The reply was, "Cheer up and go on."

- By L. Z. M.

* * * * *

MILLERSBURG, OHIO
February 24, 1967

Greetings from Weaver's,

I have heard myself say, "No, Johnny, you can not have recess until you have finished that assignment. It is time you learned that assignments come first; then you may read in your spare time!" Now tonight the tables are turned, and I have denied myself the right to read the Bulletin until I have fulfilled the task that I keep putting off until "tomorrow night".

The first quick glances through the Bulletin caught many interesting points. I am always on the lookout for ideas to keep the primary pupils busy. Yesterday I wrote ten examples on the board, like this: On page 59 there are ___ ducks. They had to copy the sentence, then take their reading books, find the page, and count the ducks in the picture. I thought surely this would keep them occupied a long time, but I'm afraid it took me longer to prepare the lesson, than it took them to do it. But I still thought it was worthwhile, and have prepared more lessons for future use.

A variation is: On page 98 the word the is used ___ times. My first graders enjoy ex-

changing papers to grade these, rather than having me check. It creates more interest. Second and third graders can be given extra work by writing sentences on the board, for them to copy and fill in blanks with their new reading words. This is helpful in learning word meanings, especially when the word has more than one meaning.

With the busy holiday season and the lull that is bound to follow, in the past, our term seems to have reached its peak. The first graders are well started, and learn more and more by themselves, which gives me more time to work on other things. The second graders are venturing into third grade arithmetic, and seldom miss a reading word. Some of the upper grade readers are finished, and have been replaced by McGuffey Readers. Already we hear talk of the term's end. Can it be true? It seems as if we had just started.

The end of one term brings thoughts of the next one. We will once more need new teachers to fill in the new schools that are being planned, and to replace the retiring teachers. What are we doing to encourage others to consider teaching? Will the task seem appealing to others, when all they hear from parents and others is criticism of the teacher, and how badly other people's children are behaving in school? And what are we doing to encourage beginning teachers to keep on trying, even when the days seem dark? The second year might be completely different.

If you have a first-year teacher at your school, are you helping in every way you can? Have you visited school, and told her that you appreciate what she is trying to do, and asked if your children are doing their duty? Have you told her to make the children obey, and that you would support her, by admonishing the children in the home. Or do you keep your distance, and say, "As far as I know, things are not too bad." Of course, all teachers need and appreciate your co-operation, but young teachers, new on the job, especially need you to lighten the responsibility.

Every school and teacher will have its problems. But I feel we would be safe in saying far more than half of the problems are discipline problems, and who is more capable of solving them than co-operating parents? Any teacher knows that discipline and lessons go hand in hand with each other. It is impossible to teach effectively, when the classroom is in disorder, and the teacher lacks the control she must have. Have you ever tried to drive a team without any lines?

It seems so easy for a parent to say, "Use

the rod if they do not obey." The next time you say it, put yourself in the teacher's place. Would you, could you bring yourself to do it, if there were any way around it?

I cannot express in words my appreciation to the board and parents for the co-operation and kindness shown. Quite a few have taken time to visit our school.

In closing, I wish you all God's blessings.

An unworthy teacher,
Elizabeth Miller

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SOUTH WOOLWICH PAROCHIAL SCHOOL WATERLOO, ONTARIO, CANADA

Dear Readers,

Greetings of love in our Saviour's holy name.
"In him we live, and move, and have our being!"
Acts 17:28

Ever since the editor's visit at our school I had resolved to try writing to the Bulletin. Yet hesitating...feeling too unqualified and inexperienced to do so. Since the Bulletin could not continue without letters, I will try to do my part, as I would not want to be without it.

A new experience awaited nineteen pupils and one teacher when our new, portable school was opened for the first time on September 6, 1966. None of us had ever attended a parochial school before. However, I do not believe it has been regretted by any of us.

I think it is a great privilege to work with these young people, so willing and eager to learn. It is also a great responsibility, faced with fear and trembling. Without the co-operation of pupils and parents, and the help of God, what could a teacher do? I feel humbly grateful and unworthy for all the kindness and help that has been shown by the pupils and parents. Sometimes the smallest gesture of friendliness can go a long way, especially when the teacher has decided her work is unsatisfactory.

Our monthly Parent-Teacher Meetings are something I always look forward to. It is encouraging to see that the parents are interested in what happens at school.

An interesting Friday afternoon was spent at Martin's Parochial School on February 10. Music was taught to the pupils of both schools by Onias F. Weber. It was the third session of singing school. The next will be held at South Woolwich Parochial School on February 24, starting at 1:00 p.m. (Visitors are always welcome.) It has been decided to have singing school every two weeks during the winter. Both pupils and teachers find it a refreshing change

from daily routine.

Perhaps someone who is reading the Bulletin has a faint desire to teach, yet is reluctant to admit it. Perhaps you are afraid. "What would people say if I failed?" Let us ask ourselves, "Are we doing this only for people, or are we doing it for God?" If it is for Him, will He not be with us? "Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid; neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Joshua 1:9.

Perhaps I am too inexperienced to write like this, but as it seems evident that more teachers will be needed in the future, I should like to give a few words of encouragement. There are rewards in teaching that will not be evident until you try. That is all we are doing, merely trying, and in need of your prayers.

May God be with you all.

- Susannah Shantz

* * * * *

SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA
February 25, 1967

Dear Blackboard Bulletin,

In appreciation of your encouragement, I'll take out a few minutes to add a penny's worth. You'd probably be better off if I didn't. I should spend my time studying and reading, as I just finished taking the word pronunciation test in the February issue. I read it, feeling rather confident of making a passing grade. Now, I just didn't grade myself, but I missed more than half. Well, what matters? I'm no teacher.

But I'd always thought I'd enjoy being one. Maybe just for what I could learn in the process, (selfish again!)—Knowledge puffeth up!

But getting back to these words, I'm tempted to believe pronunciation has changed since I went to school. I'm sure our teacher pronounced alternative with the accent on the third syllable, but not my dictionary! When I had begun to think a rule-of-thumb was to put the accent on the second syllable, such as in irrevocable, provocative, and interrogate, then here comes reputable and formidable with the accent on the first. As for docile and indictment, I'm forty-two years old and the pronunciation was Greek to me, although the meanings are very familiar. Why, I was beginning to believe my dictionary was off-beam.

I was made to realize once again the self-education and preparation a teacher needs, and this has to be kept up, for it is not something that can be made once for life.

This week we laid in a year's supply of meat by butchering a beef and one hog. On Tuesday

March, 1967

while we were dressing the beef (which took us four times as long as a specialist), I was made to think of the different talents of school children, the slow workers and slow learners, those that do their very best and still fall way behind the ones to whom lessons come easily.

The saying is that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. There is usually some thing each one can do fairly well. And even the very slowest of learners often excels in something. But to have the slow ones alongside the faster ones, that is what is trying, and is one reason a teacher must have patience. Which also goes for us parents. Neither the teacher nor the parents should show partiality to the children.

"There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us,
That it hardly behooves any of us,
To talk about the rest of us."

As for the dressing of our beef, I hope no one was irritated by our slowness.

We have had a cold and snowy February, being zero again this morning, with a fresh coat of snow. But our farm chores and duties keep us fairly busy, and I just don't get schools visited as I would like to.

Our local school officials were testing our vocational school program this year, which caused us to do a lot of running around. They felt the law was in their favor to make our children go to school every day, the whole day, until they are sixteen years of age. We hope to have these wrinkles ironed out in the near future by working directly with State officials.

I feel thankful to the Most High God for our schools, teachers, parents, and all who make it possible. And for all the contributors to you, Blackboard Bulletin, and those who make it possible. Tell Nobud E. Much to keep up the fireside chats; they are interesting.

And let me have what the Syrophenician woman desired, just the crumbs that fall from the Lord's table.

And now I must go put the pigs in, and then give Vernon a haircut, etc.

Merely, but sincerely,

- John M. Bontrager

* * * * *

MILLERSBURG, OHIO
February 25, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of Christian love.

We enjoy the Blackboard Bulletin, and also

think it gives the teachers good ideas and encouragement. I am afraid I don't have anything to write that will be worth much to anybody, but will try in my weakness to write.

I have so much to be thankful for this winter. Last winter I had a hard dose of asthma and spent a lot of time in the hospital.

Our daughter is teaching her sixth year of school. And we are very thankful to the board and parents for their co-operation, and also to the children. She has three families from public schools this year, which gives her a little more work. But that is what passes time.

We are also very thankful to the people who give her a nice place to stay, as this gives her more time for school work. She has 38 pupils. One of our sons-in-law is living here at home with us, so we don't have so much work during the winter that we need our daughter's help.

Our grandchildren are all going to parochial schools except the two girls who are at home here. They go to a public school, but it is in the country. It seems this neighborhood isn't interested in parochial schools yet. We have a nice Mennonite teacher, and they learn to sing real nice Christian songs, in English. They can also sing German songs which they have learned from their parents.

It seems our children and grandchildren all have my wish,—to be good singers. My parents were no singers, so I never learned it. My husband was a good singer, but can't anymore, as there is something wrong in his throat.

We have six grandchildren growing up in the same house with us, and we enjoy them, and hope God will help us be a good example for them. We also have a chance to be a teacher sometimes, such as the other day when the little three-year-old girl and the five-year-old boy came over to me while their Mother was washing. The little boy said, "Grandma, I wish you would make me an A. B. C. book like the girls make in school." So, of course, the little girl wanted one, too.

I said, "All right," and hunted some scrap paper, pictures, and colors, and together we made them each one. Were they ever eager and happy to help! Something like that they won't forget very soon. We have them only once. I grew up with my grandparents in the same house too, and I never forget how good a piece of homemade bread and butter tasted when Grandma was churning and baking, when we came over and she would give it to us.

I will close, wishing you all God's many blessings. Forget us not when you pray.

- Mrs. Albert L. Yoder

OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

- By Uria R. Byler



Dec. 31, 1965 - Friday: "Last day of the year, and my last day of school. Perhaps I'll just have to try to forget it all."

So reads an entry in my diary. As I look back to that day, it seems like a long, long time ago that I cleaned out the desk, left what belonged to the next teacher, and tossed my worthless little knick-knacks into a small cardboard box, (where they still are), and hitched up Jim to head home through the dreary winter evening, firmly resolved to leave teaching to younger and better minds — and forget it.

The first of these resolutions has worked out fine; the school is doing better than ever. The next one, on forgetting it, well, not exactly — yet. An ex-teacher may be forever looking for lost and mislaid hats, gloves, glasses and teeth, simple things any normal person should be able to keep track of, but the things he should lock out of his mind forever, like teaching school, is something else. Of course, being an ex-teacher is a good excuse for being absent-minded. At least, it will do until a better one comes along.

Once in a while someone writes about his observations and reactions on schools since becoming an "ex". Many times since 1952 have I wondered how a person would feel once the anchor had been pulled and the boat tied ashore. Would there be a feeling of elation, of unshackling a prisoner's feet, of getting rid of a heavy burden? Or would he regret the decision and long for the smell of the schoolroom again, the busy, hurly-burly, interesting world of school teaching?

Although there may be times when a teacher may wonder what a big boob he is for undertaking such a "job", he should realize that school teaching isn't really a job in the ordinary sense of the word. He can be easily forgiven if, at times, situations come up that leave him feeling defeated, frustrated, discouraged, and slightly irked. Usually those periods are followed by a feeling of remorse, which is as it should be.

If he can ride out the storm, the waters usually calm down again, and what looked like a hopeless and insolvable problem fades away and becomes a rich, rewarding experience.

A person gains an entirely new insight by being outside looking in, an insight that is not

possible while you are a teacher. Perhaps it is like the saying, "He couldn't see the woods because of the trees", meaning, of course, that if you get away from the depth of a forest, you can better appreciate its beauty, from a distance. An ex-teacher can better realize the responsibilities of teaching, and the necessity of doing good work, because he is outside looking in.

So, in reflecting upon the past year of non-teaching, and on what I would change if I had my teaching days to live over again, I can think of many areas in which I failed to do what needed to be done. But first of all, I would try to never feel sorry for myself when the days came that everything went wrong. I'd try hard not to be sputtering and mumbling to myself on the way home, "This is it! Never again!—Giddap, Jim; If I had even part of your sense, I wouldn't be wearing myself out trying to teach school!" For immediately afterward I always felt a sheepishly guilty conscience for having had such thoughts.

We mentioned areas of improvement. Looking back now, I can see where there were many that needed improving, and I'll name a few.

First, of course, school teaching is not to be classified as a "job", although we do it unthinkingly sometimes. That would be the first step. Once in a while those days came along when it appeared to be a "job", but if too many seem like that, we lose the real value of school teaching, and might better start looking for a job in the true meaning of the word.

Number two: I'd spend more time, if possible, on vocabulary work. Here is one area in which too little attention was paid in my teaching days.

The next one is closely related to vocabulary work. The importance of reading can not be over-stressed, for learning to read opens the door to all other school work.

But what is the use of going on? A teacher does not fully realize his shortcomings until he gets away from it all, nor does he see the value of working with parents. Too many times the parents are blamed for not being co-operative if something turns up, when it might be a good idea for the teacher to use a little self-examination. Parents have rights, too.

My plans last fall were to visit each school during the course of the school term, but so far only a few have been visited. An ex-teacher comes away from such a visit with a new respect for school teaching, for there is something about it that gives one new hope and confidence in our schools, especially when we compare our system with that of some public

schools (which we don't intend to condemn, nor to criticize, for they are geared to their needs). And we thank God that we live in a country with a government that respects our right to have schools according to our way of life.

This brings up another point, which, in my opinion, is neglected in our schools, and which I'd try to impress on the upper grade pupils, were I to teach again.

We teach them American history, the story of the founding of our country and its development. At the same time our schools are being taken for granted, especially by the younger children. Very few of them realize the freedom and the privileges, or what it means to have that freedom. Very few of us can fully appreciate what it really took, or what foresight the founding fathers had in setting up our Constitution and its Bill of Rights.

When Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and the rest of them met in Philadelphia several centuries ago, along with Ben Franklin as their wise old advisor, there was one thought foremost in their minds: Protect the individual, and the religious rights of future American citizens. They worked for months, each daily session starting off with a prayer and ending with one.

It was a long and tedious task, getting all the different ideas and opinions welded together into what is now the document which protects our rights to our own schools. When all was completed and signed, George Washington said, "Plainly the hand of God was with us in this work."

So, in summary, if I were to teach again I would want to try harder than ever to be a better teacher in all respects, and especially, I would not only teach the full story of our Constitution's birth, but the full meaning of it to us in our religion and with our schools, in contrast to the situation in some other countries. And that this did not all come about by accident, but by the efforts of deeply-concerned men who valued religious liberty very highly.

Let us do what we can to conduct our schools in appreciation of what the founders of our nation did. We can do this by working for good, clean, well-conducted schools, working for good attendance, doing our part to have good relations with public officials, and working together—teachers, parents, and school directors.

It took breaking away from teaching school to help me realize what we have, why we have it, what it took to get it, and some of the things we could do to improve our schools.

— R. 1, Box 53A
Middlefield, Ohio

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BELLEVILLE, PENNA.
February 20, 1967

To all readers, a warm friendly greeting:

Maybe I should use this opportunity, which is granted to all of us, to encourage those who are running our Amish schools. That takes in a pretty wide field. Teachers, school directors, and of course parents—and it seems to add up to this, that the pupils are our chief concern. Or at least they should be.

I have a special feeling for teachers who are just starting with parochial schools. Isn't it funny how things seem to get fumbled up just at the time we think, "Well, surely, now today it will go better"? And what does that do? It almost makes us say, "Well, I'm no good at this. I may as well give up and let someone else teach." But wait a minute! Why do you think that?

Is it because you pictured a teacher, or a

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Return to:
THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
R. R. # 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

director, for that matter, as a person who should know everything and never makes a mistake? Especially not with other people's money and children entrusted to their care! Or, did you expect that what you do will bear fruit right away, and to your disappointment, the opposite seems to be true? These things can become quite frustrating.

The first is nothing serious, especially if we think of all the great men before us and of the mistakes they made. It wasn't the mistakes that made them great, it was how they reacted and what they did to correct their mistakes. An innocent mistake can at times cause harm, but never as much harm as one that is knowingly and willfully made. I think at times that a small mistake is only a challenge, and if it is grasped it can help a person to avoid a larger mistake that might be disastrous. So if you don't know it all, and make a few mistakes, don't be discouraged. It will only put you down to the common level, and that's where you need to be to work with the common people.

And as for seeing the fruit of your teaching, or of your endeavors to start your own schools, —to have fruit one must first sow seed. Who of us would think of sowing some garden seed today and expect to eat of the fruit tomorrow or this afternoon yet? Some seeds that are sown such as the hickory nut, take as long as twenty years to bear fruit. And some seed, such as lettuce, may be ready to harvest in as little as four weeks.

Many a time people have sown seed and not lived to see the fruit. So this seems to be the lesson for us—get that seed in the ground! Don't withhold that seed for fear you'll not see the fruit. Don't be discouraged if you don't see any fruit. But again, get that seed in the ground!

What does it matter if you don't get any fruit. If you have only sown good seed, someone is sure to get the benefit from it. At least you will have been a link in the chain that ties one generation to the other, and maybe one of the strongest links at that, hidden from sight. But that doesn't matter either, just so you get that seed in the ground, and be sure it is good seed!

We may be surprised what the next generation can harvest. Each generation has some fruits to harvest, sown by the generation before them, it may be good fruit or bitter. Let us make every effort, with the help of God, to sow some seed that will bear future generations good fruit, and not bitter fruit.

Quite a challenge, isn't it? And not only that, it's an opportunity and a privilege.

Sincerely,

Ezra Kanagy

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

"Train up a child in the way he should go and
when he is old, he will not depart from it."
Proverbs 22:6

VOLUME 10; NUMBER 9 APRIL, 1967

CHIMNEY SOOT AND POKEBERRY JUICE

The Story of the Ephrata Martyrs' Mirror

The little man leaned forward in his chair. He made an impatient gesture with his hands. "I tell you, Peter," he said, clearing his throat, "you don't know what you are getting into. What do you know about printing? And the size of that book! Think of all the paper it will take. And what about ink? Why, our ink supply would hardly print the title. I haven't been printing all these years without knowing what I'm talking about."

The printer settled back into his chair. He had said what was on his mind but he was still worried. He had sensed trouble ever since those two Mennonite men came walking in to the Cloisters at noon. If Peter were not so impractical he would realize that this job was too big for them to handle.

But if Peter Miller was impractical, at least he was patient. "Wait until I explain," he said. "These men want to hire us to do the job for them. Their own people will buy the book when they are finished. You know the Mennonites are opposed to war the same as we are. By the way

things look now, war might not be too far off. This large book the Mennonites want printed is about their forefathers and how they gave their lives for what they believed right. It tells how they returned good for evil and even sang at the stake and prayed for those who were torturing them."

"O yes, they'll buy the books," the printer admitted, "if we ever get them finished. But that job will take years at the best and who is going to see that we are clothed and fed meanwhile? You know we are already in debt, and this deal is bound to land us all in the poorhouse. Besides, by the time we get them printed, those Mennonites will be out of the notion."

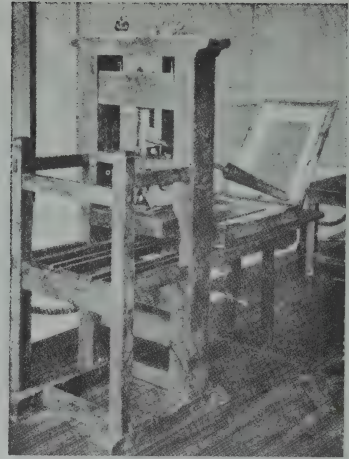
Peter didn't say much to this. Perhaps he was impractical. At least money wasn't very important to him. He believed if it was for a good cause God would supply the needs. He had talked with these men himself and he was con-

- By Elmo Stoll

vinced that they were serious about having this book printed. He didn't think they would back out after having called a meeting back home and praying and counselling all night about it; and then walking all the way to Ephrata to find a printer. "No," Peter concluded silently, "this is a splendid idea and I think we should do our part to help them out."

When Peter did not answer, the printer decided he must be gaining ground, so he tried again. "And why do they come all the way up here to find a printer? Why doesn't Christopher Sauer at Germantown do it for them? That would not be so far. 'Twould make more sense."

"They did ask Sauer and he would like to do the job. But he can't because his press isn't big enough. He doesn't have enough help either. And besides," Peter's voice turned suddenly serious. It was his turn to lean forward now. He swallowed. He began again, "And besides, you know no one else is set up to handle the job the way we are. With all of us living together at the Cloisters here we have the help available. We have a paper mill of our own. We have one of the largest and finest printing presses in the country. Not to mention the excellent printer we have." A slight smile played at the corner of his lip as he said this and there was a twinkle in his eye. "Also we are a religious group," he was in earnest now again, "and in sympathy with the Mennonite stand on nonresistance. Almost I could quote Mordecai when he said to Esther, 'Who knowest whether thou art come to the kingdom for



Hand press at Ephrata Cloister similar to the one used for *Martyrs' Mirror*, 1748-49

such a time as this?"

"In what language is this Martyr book written?" The printer was getting uncomfortable and decided to try a different approach.

"It is in Dutch now, but they want it printed in German. It will need to be translated first." Peter smiled to himself and thought, "I have another long argument coming now."

"Who is going to do this translating, If I may ask?"

"I will," Peter answered. "It will be a lot of work but I believe it should and can be done."

"You!" The printer was disgusted now. "How are you going to have time with all the other things you look after?"

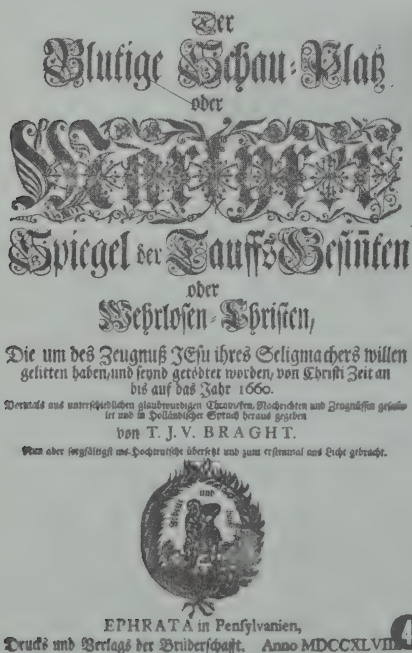
"I'll just have to take time," Peter said simply. And take time he did.

Peter was a real scholar and knew seven languages. He liked to read and study. But even so, translating a large book of over 1500 pages wasn't a small job. Sometimes he worked day and night, putting in 24 hours at a time translating.

Six men were put to work in the paper mill to make large stacks of good quality white paper. Eight more went to work in the print shop. Paper swished and men sang and the old press went, "Boop-bob," with each impression. And then one day the ink was gone.

Even the printer was sorry. It had been going surprisingly well. Perhaps it wouldn't be such a hopeless task after all if they only had ink.

"If we can't buy it, why don't we make it," someone suggested. The idea caught on. Monks scurried everywhere. They carried pots and pans about. They tried this and that. Nothing seemed too absurd to try. "After all," they reasoned, "ink is made of something and all we



need to do is keep trying until we discover what."

The ink had to be thick enough so it wouldn't soak into the paper. It had to be black enough so it would stand out in contrast to the white paper and be easy to read. And it had to be durable enough so that it wouldn't fade in a few years. Finally they had it. The mixture was made of chimney soot, flaxseed oil, oak galls, and pokeberry juice.

Do you doubt that this makes good ink? The proof is that today, over two hundred years later, copies of this edition of the Martyrs' Mirror are still in good condition and the type readable.

At last one day in 1749 the job was finished. The last copy was off the press and bound in good strong leather cover with brass clasps. All together, 1300 copies had been made. It

had taken fifteen men three years, and they worked hard. The edition of the Martyrs' Mirror they printed was the largest book in Colonial America. It sold for 20 shillings which was about as much to the early settlers as thirty dollars would be today.

But the Mennonites had little reading material and were eagerly waiting for the day the book would be finished. Every man who could possibly afford it, quickly purchased a copy for his home.

The printing of Martyrs' Mirror did not put the Ephrata Cloister in the poor house. Instead, they were able to pay their debts. And perhaps even the printer's faith was strengthened when he thought of this. And of the miracle that had been wrought with chimney soot and pokeberry juice—and God.

- Wellesley, Ontario

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

"Der Alt Schulhaus..."

Most of our readers learned Pennsylvania "Dutch" at their mother's knee. We apologize to the few who don't know the dialect, for printing in this issue a famous old poem they will not be able to read. It is "Der Alt Schulhaus an der Krick", written by H. Harbaugh a good many years ago, and submitted by a reader, Carl Zimmerman.

Last week I had an experience similar to the one described in the poem. After 22 years, I had the privilege of visiting our former home near Litchfield, Michigan, and the school I attended from 1942-45. This was the first time I had been back. The school house is now a home, but it has changed little except that it is much smaller than I had remembered. It is not "an der Krick", but the playground where we used to play Pom-Pom-Pullaway and softball, and the nearby fields where we boys used to hunt rabbits with sticks during recesses, are still the same, and I could agree with the poet, "Wie heemelt mich do alles aw!"

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Twelve Issues a Year?

A suggestion from a reader: "Why not keep

the Bulletin going all year around? This would mean only two months more. Then the teachers and parents could discuss the experiences of the summer vacation and give ideas and plans for the next term. I don't think anyone would mind if the June and July issues weren't quite as big as the rest."

Our comment: "Maybe next year, D.V."

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A Geographical Dictionary

From Martha Helmuth, Kokomo, Indiana: "In answer to the request of Laura Z. Martin for a dictionary of cities and so on..."

"We have in our school just what she needs, a Webster's Geographical Dictionary. It is about the size of their collegiate dictionary, and gives geographical information about all the important places in the world, plus the pronunciations and locations. It has 40,000 entries and 159 maps. Published by the G. and C. Merriam Company, Publishers, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

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Diplomas

A letter from Mrs. Samuel E. Miller, R. 2, Wolcottville, Indiana 46795, states that she will need full information for any diplomas she is to make, and this in the first letter. She writes, "To those who send in requests to have diplomas filled in for their eighth or ninth graders, please

give: 1. Pupil's name. 2. Grade completed. 3. School's name. 4. School address. 5. Month, day, and year certificate is given, and 6. Teacher's name (Unless the teacher wants to sign it personally, which she should do to make it truly legal)."

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We Need Good Writers

Teaching is not the only new skill our Amish people are learning. Writing is another. Ten years ago the Amish wrote very little except news letters to the BUDGET. Our Pathway papers have brought several hundred new writers onto the scene.

What is good writing? It is not easy. Nor is it really that difficult. It is mainly a matter of hard work. And having a message. I read once that almost anybody is a fluent speaker if he has something to say and believes in it! The same is true of writing.

We like to make ourselves believe that some people are just born with the talent to write. But being born is not enough. For every person who uses his talent, there are probably a hundred more who are born with the same talent, but never dust it off and use it.

The following four sentences, picked from articles in this issue, are examples of what we consider good writing:

1. "About midnight one night someone awoke us and there he stood beside our bed, a pale lamp in his trembling hand, and in a voice we never heard before, said, 'Get up, Mother is dead.' "
2. "Paper swished and men sang and the old press went 'Boop-bop' with each impression."
3. "The north wind scratched all the windows with its sleety fingernails."
4. "Today the thermometer pulled down its little red tongue and dared anyone to go outside."

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 EDITORIAL

A Brief Report on F. A. C. E., March 28-29

In the March issue we mentioned that a national conference on education was to be held in Chicago Tuesday and Wednesday, March 28-29 where the Amish school troubles in Iowa were to be specifically discussed. Perhaps we owe our readers a brief report of this meeting.

We do not have copies of the speeches or of the recommendations that came out of the meet-

Visitors

Recent visitors to the Aylmer community have been Andy Kinsinger and daughter Susan of Gordonville, Penna. Andy is on the Amish state committee in Pennsylvania. He is also a printer, and Susan is his right-hand helper.

On April 6 David Schwartz, Noah Schmucker, and Jacob J. Graber of Allen County stopped in. They visited the print shop and one of our schools.

On Friday March 31, a carload of visitors from the Old Order Mennonite section near Elmira, Ontario called at our schools and also at the print shop. Among them were teachers and school board members.

We are always glad for visitors. Come again.

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Controversial Letters

Sometimes we have to read between the lines when letters come to us, intended for publication but smelling of controversy. It would take the wisdom of Solomon to always know what is best to do in such instances. Which is something your editor doesn't have.

We know we have made mistakes, both ways. We have sometimes published letters we shouldn't have, at least without further investigation. At other times we may have refused letters, or parts of letters, that would have been all right. It makes a great difference whether or not the writer is willing to sign his name to his letter. If not, there is already reason to be suspicious.

In a recent issue we did print a signed letter which has brought some criticism and comment. "Only one side of the picture was given," we are told.

We see no reason that we should become involved in local disputes about school policy. Nor do we want to take sides. We would much rather that writers would not discuss points of disagreement in their letters to the Bulletin, unless it can be done in a humble upbuilding way.

- J. S.

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ing, so must rely on notes and memory to make the following observations:

The meeting was called F. A. C. E. (Freedom and Control in Education), and was financed by private funds. Representatives from many of the State departments of education were there, and also representatives from about every group operating non-public schools.

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One of the background papers was a full account of the Iowa difficulties, "Showdown at an Amish Schoolhouse", written by Donald A. Erickson. His study of the troubles at Hazlet-town is detailed, and as far as I could learn, entirely accurate.

The opening speech was by Governor Hughes of Iowa, a man who has been very sympathetic to the Amish. Governor Hughes, naturally, is a politician, and his aim is to keep as many people as possible happy. He stated at the outset that there is no solution to the problem, only accommodation. But he, for one, would rather bend laws and logic than human beings.

Governor Hughes seems to have his heart set on a permanent program similar to the temporary plan now in effect, in which certified teachers would be supplied without cost to the Amish schools. The governor joked that perhaps such a plan would bring the Amish flocking from other states to Iowa, but he is ready to welcome them. If Mr. Hughes honestly thinks this is a possibility, we are afraid he is badly mistaken. In fact, when I talked with the Amish school leaders from Buchanan County, they insisted they will not be satisfied unless they can have their own Amish teachers. And if this is not granted them, they will consider moving out of Iowa!

We were impressed with Governor Hughes' closing statement that "Iowa and America are big enough in space and spirit" to accommodate minority groups such as the Amish. We wish him well, but we fear the probability of a satisfactory settlement in Iowa is not bright. Too many bridges have been burnt.

The second address was by Jules Henry of St. Louis. Dr. Henry is an anthropologist, and he made many cutting remarks about the failures and weaknesses of modern society. The main question he asked was, "On what does the public base its right to impose its culture on minority groups?"

Or, in other words, how does the public dare to restrict or condemn Amish schools when its own educational system and way of life are in many ways proving a failure? "Who are we to cast the first stone?" he asked.

Dr. Henry also commented, "The Amish ask, 'What is best for the child?' The public schools ask, 'What is best for our society?'"

John A. Hostetler, the next speaker, stated that the Amish are not alone in their opposition to high school as a preparation for life. He thought the idea of making a difference between elementary grades and high school was quite sound. He mentioned the practical education Amish boys and girls get on the farm and in the

home. "An Amish girl of thirteen," he said, "can prepare a complete meal for twenty threshers."

Following the speeches, there were usually questions from the floor. The representative from the Michigan Department of Education at this time asked, "May I ask Dr. Hostetler what would happen if the girl were unable to prepare the meal for twenty threshers?"

Hostetler answered simply, "Her mother and her sisters would help her."

Several of the next speakers did not particularly refer to Amish schools, so we will not mention them here.

On Wednesday morning the group heard two outstanding addresses by Franklin Littell and Donald A. Erickson, both of whom had previously written articles in favor of the Amish and their right to educate their own children.

Littell's speech was based on the history of the Amish and Mennonite groups. Many in the audience knew very little about the Anabaptists, and the position they held during the Reformation. Littell stressed that the Anabaptists considered themselves "pilgrims, aliens, strangers in the land, who have here 'no continuing city, but seek one to come'." As descendants of the Anabaptists, the Amish and Mennonites still hold to these principles. He mentioned the fact that the Anabaptists were pioneers in education, teaching their members to read and write long before literacy was common among the peasants of Europe. Also, that the Amish still believe in this type of education, and in wisdom, although they are suspicious of higher learning.

Littell spoke of "educated barbarians", the highly-trained scientists of our day who understand the atomic bomb but have not the wisdom to control it. "Which is more dangerous to civilization," he asked, "opposition to technology, such as the Amish show, or the neglect of wisdom so common in our world today?"

Dr. Donald Erickson, who was the director of the conference, summed up much of what had been said earlier, and suggested ways to control those non-public schools that are truly undesirable or a threat to the public, while at the same time assuring freedom of religion to such groups as the Amish and Mennonites.

The state representatives of Georgia and Tennessee stated that their problem is not schools operated by religious groups; not at all, for they welcome them. But they do have trouble with fly-by-night schools, private schools that are out to make money or to defraud the public. Or, in some cases, schools that spread ideas definitely a danger to society (an example

- Continued on page 207

UND LERNET NICHT IHRE WEISHEIT

(DO NOT LEARN THEIR WISDOM)

- By a Sister

Shall our children be taught in the worldly ways—
To try and win self-honor and praise?

See the walk of the girls, the head held high;

The strut of the boys, the evil eye.

And parents there are who cannot see
That worldly wisdom a sin can be.

Worldly wisdom will come to naught,
But godly wisdom can not be bought.

"Thr sollt nicht der Heiden Weise lernen." Jer.
10:2.

- Sarasota, Florida

* * * * *

HOW CAN TATTTLING BE CONTROLLED?

- By Mrs. Esther W. Wenger

Greetings to all the readers. I enjoy this paper, and am very much interested in our schools. I believe it is very important that we give our children proper instruction.

Teachers probably all have trouble with tattling. Sometimes it can be turned to good use, but it must be kept under control.

I once had a teacher who taught us a few things. If we complained that someone had hit us, he would ask, "Why did he hit you? What did you do?"

We would of course usually answer, "Nothing."

But he would say, "Surely he would not hit you if you were nice. What did you do? Did you push, or stand in his way?"

It often turned out that the one tattling was the most to blame. He would give some thought to the matter before tattling again!

Often the one at fault is the one that tattles. But not always. If the one who causes the trouble knows that the teacher will not listen to complaints, he will keep on tormenting others.

Our teacher would take us to the bookroom and talk to us in private. In this way the rest of the school could not know what was said, and there was less temptation to make fun of the one punished. If one pupil did make fun of another, he too was taken to the bookroom. This method overcame many problems.

If the pupil who is misused complains to the

teacher and is then punished for "tattling", this will not overcome the trouble. Quite often both parties are at fault. The teacher should talk to both and get them to see where they are at fault. Thus the matter should be corrected. If the trouble continues, punishment must follow.

- R. 1, Box 80
Mechanicsville, Md.

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CHERRY RIDGE SCHOOL
R.R. # 2, Box 267A
DALTON, OHIO 44618
March 1, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

I will write a few lines for the Bulletin, although I don't feel my writing is worth printing for a paper which so many people read. I am waiting here in the schoolhouse as the children come with their "Good mornings", and then go out to play. They play basketball and tennis in the basement, or go sled riding down the lane just beside the schoolhouse.

This is my first year of teaching at this school. I finished a term at another school before. With 44 pupils, I am really kept busy. There are five beginners, and they are doing fine. They can read, write, and spell quite well.

I was still single when the term started, but married in November. My husband and I now live only a half mile from the school on a farm of more than one hundred acres. I am kept busy helping with the chores and doing the housework, and then being ready for school on time.

We sing four German hymns in the morning. Each morning I draw four names from a box, and these pupils lead the songs the following morning. Singing has really improved, and they sing many more songs now.

The end of the term will soon be here. The year didn't seem long, but I will be glad when it is finished as I will have spring work to do. But I'm sure I will miss all the children.

My husband taught two days while I had the flu. He likes it too. Our attendance has been good, which means a lot to the teacher.

The pupils play nicely with each other, which is not the case in some schools. I don't think they realize how nice they themselves and the teacher and the parents have it if they get along so well. I think if the parents get along with their neighbors, it is a great help in school, too.

Most of the children are now here, and they

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gather around my desk to talk. I feel very thankful for the co-operation we have from the board and the parents. And I certainly have nothing to complain about the children, as they are willing to listen and learn, and are very kind and helpful in many ways. We received many nice and useful gifts on my birthday, at the wedding, and at Christmas.

We have had some visitors. Last week a neighbor, Mrs. Ronald Smith, and Gloria Smith of Columbiana, Ohio were here part of a day. The pupils sang awhile for them. Three high school students were here one day, too.

Our school will probably close April 20. If anyone plans to visit us, try to do it before that date. Visitors are always welcome.

Best wishes to all teachers and readers.

- An unworthy teacher,
Mrs. Levi S. Miller

* * * * *

CALL ON THE MASTER TEACHER

- By Anna E. Weaver

Sixty-two penetrating eyes on me,

Eyes that are open and made to see,
Watching that teacher—what will she do now?
Wondering, seeking, finding out how.
"How do we do this? How do we do that?"
"In such and such a case, then what?"

Where is the substance the minds to fill
Of the hungry scholars who live with me
still?
Day in and day out they're depending on me,
By the things that I say and the things they
can see.

My actions speak louder than words, I believe,
So I must do good, for them to receive,
But how can I find it, and where can I go?
I'm just like the scholar who wants to know.

Then I look to the Master Teacher in the skies
With my tear-filled and wondering eyes,
Longing to know more about this and that,
"In such and such a case, then what?"

And then so gently with His loving hand,
The Master Teacher has it all planned.
"Here, here, my child, peace, be still—
Thy emptiness and longings I will fill."

And you know, I feel better to know such a One,
The All-in-All Master has it all done!

He doesn't say, "Wait dear, I'll try and find out,"

But exceeding abundantly pours it all out.

So where can I go some matter to find,
The substance to fill a wondering mind?
No place but the Master, the Teacher of men,
And He will freshly supply me again.

Then back to my desk, the place I'm to fill
With the young scholars' eyes looking on me
still,

And only now can I feed them some more
From the sufficient supply of the Master
Teacher's store.

- Myerstown, Penna. 17067

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BOWLING GREEN, MISSOURI
March 8, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the name of the One from whom
all blessings flow.

I greatly enjoy the B. B., and will try in my
weakness to write a letter for it. "Use the
talent you have. The woods would be mighty
silent if no birds sang except those who sang
best," has helped me gather courage to write.

We were blessed with a nice blanket of snow
during the night, which freshens up everything
and makes a sparkling scene as the sun shines
so brightly.

After a good night's sleep our minds feel so
fresh and our hearts so light as we hurry along
the road to school, thinking of all that can be
done before the pupils arrive. How we rejoice
to see those beaming faces come in with pleasant
"Good mornings!"

After a day's toil, we trudge slowly home-
ward, thinking of the day just past, and where
the teacher could have bettered herself, won-
dering if the pupils have learned enough to make
it worthwhile. We hope and pray the next day
may be of greater worth. Is there any wonder
why it takes longer to reach home in the even-
ing than it took to get to school in the morning?

When I hear parents say, "I haven't heard
anything. I thought all must be going fine," I
must wonder, do they realize how hard a teacher
is working, and the patience that is needed, the
explaining and re-explaining, one way to one
child and another way to another child, and yet
there are some children who can't see into
things either way! How much it means to a
teacher when pupils try hard to do their best to

please her, even if it is different from what they're used to at home!

There are many more incidents which I feel it is unnecessary to mention, in which parents who have not had the experience themselves take too much for granted. They do not realize what it is like to have two dozen of someone else's children to care for five days a week. They may think, (especially if they "hear nothing") that a teacher does not have such a hard task. They can not understand how hard the teacher has worked and must keep on working without becoming discouraged, to make it so.

I must say, though, I feel very thankful to the board, parents, and my respectful flock for the good co-operation they have shown me, and for all they have done for me so far. And above all, I feel thankful to the Giver of all gifts! Without help from above, I would not have gotten very far.

May we all remember each other in prayer. "Seven days without prayer makes one weak."

I wish you success in your work.

- An unworthy teacher,
Martha Hershberger

* * * * *

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO 44062
March 12, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Cor. 15:58.

How often do we feel our labor in vain, or allow the routine of school life to dull our sense of the value of each fleeting moment. The way today's moments are spent may determine the destiny of many lives for eternity.

As another school year draws to a close and we take inventory of the past months, what do we see? Has our teaching been effective? Have we passed a right sense of values on to those who are watching our every move?

I have enjoyed the Bulletin ever since reading my first one three years ago when I began teaching school. I especially appreciate the practical features such as "Using the Dictionary". It is important to be able to correctly pronounce words, as well as to understand the meaning of them in our personal reading.

It is rewarding for the teacher to take a few moments of time from a busy schedule to look up a word, right in the classroom. Maybe we are afraid the children will think less of us if

we admit we don't know the exact meaning of a word. But I've found the opposite to be true. The children learn more by example than by talking, and when they come to a word they do not understand, why shouldn't we expect them to follow teacher's example and look it up in the dictionary? This will take time and it isn't accomplished in one day, but it is worthwhile.

I find this is a helpful habit in Bible reading, too. The children often do not understand the meaning of simple words they read. How can they live by something they don't understand? When they look these words up, they can use their findings to enrich their lives for God.

Inside the front cover of my dictionary I have copied a paragraph, as follows:

"This great university you have at your elbow will award you no diploma to hang on your wall, and instead of cap and gown it will cloak you in the quiet confidence born of knowledge, that has added depth to your thinking, authority to your ideas, and conviction to your speech. By entering these gates of scholarship you will attain the commanding stature of one who has achieved mastery of his native tongue."

Could this be an answer to the constant cry for higher education?

May we redeem the time and lay up treasures in heaven.

Sincerely,
Ruth Martin

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SUNNYSLOPE SCHOOL
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO 44633

Dear B. B. Family,

Greetings of love in the Saviour's name.

The Blackboard Bulletin is an interesting news sheet and a very welcome visitor at our house. But it calls my attention to a piece of writing paper, which I should fill to be relieved of a feeling of guilt. But the tool that I have to employ, as you can see, is very "hinna noch am denka". Also, as only a "relief man" (substitute teacher), I think those with more experience and ability should be the ones to undertake duties such as this.

We begin our day with three songs, then German reading, and arithmetic for grades one through eight. It seems the pupils never forget to remind the teacher of his turn to lead a song. I suppose this one needs it.

Following the morning recess comes reading, health, and history. Now time slips by and soon it is noon. Half the day is gone, and we were supposedly all "busy" at one thing or another. Noon is soon past, too, and this is when the "relief man" gets up a sweat. For the sixth,

seventh, and eighth grade English classes are coming next. They are diagramming. Diagramming is something we used to do, but not for nearly 26 years.

The pupils ask the question, "Is this right?" What have I remembered? Nothing. How do I know when the lesson is just something new? I am just like a pupil who has not studied his lesson. But I must admit it does help to have time to study before classtime.

Well, we are way off our subject. English classes were in progress. Now the last recess is here, and English is not finished, and there are seven grades of spelling to do yet. I was too low-gearred to get them all done, so I call an older pupil to help with the spelling. Soon it is all over and we are dismissing.

Now I see again that I have been going too fast for the order of things. At noon the Lord's Prayer is recited by one class at a time, but only on "German Day", which is usually Monday.

We have the children remain seated for ten minutes to eat their lunches.

On days when it is too cold to play outdoors, the game of ping-pong is practiced. Also on days when it is wet or muddy. Sometimes ping-pong seems to nearly take over even on sunshiny days.

The girls in our school outnumber the boys, 15 to 9. Even though there are not so many pupils this term, one has to wonder where the time goes so quickly. This winter the weather has not been so cold for those who drive, as it was in previous years.

On "German" days we have the usual arithmetic classes in all grades, then lower grade reading (in English), a Lesebuch class and reading in the Testament. Also three classes of German spelling. Before the lunch baskets start rattling to mark the closing of the day, we usually have a few songs.

We wish each one of you the Lord's blessings throughout the remainder of the term.

- The (Jacob) Hershbergers

* * * * *

BALTIC, OHIO
R. 1, Box 65A
March 21, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

Yes, I'm among the guilty who have been neglecting until spring to write for the Bulletin. I had good intentions, but the Bulletin was so full of fresh, newsy letters, that I felt mine

could be omitted. However, each one of us must do his share if we are to have a school paper.

Just what can we learn from a good old-fashioned visit with an elderly retired public school teacher? I have had the privilege quite often, with one of my best teachers.

Those I have talked to have agreed that we do well to keep our schools on a high moral level. How well are we succeeding? Sometimes I wonder. They admit there is a downward trend in public schools. Another failure of the public schools is that too many teachers are out for the money.

One teacher mentioned the McGuffey Readers as helps in building good morals, if the right kind of teachers are available to relate the stories and lessons to life. In this sense, he said, some of those heart-touching stories can break many selfish ideas.

I especially like when teachers share their teaching ideas through this paper. It is also very interesting to read what the parents write. In such ways we gather new ideas to improve our schools.

We teachers are ever eager to learn. And as teachers are becoming quite scarce in some places, we want to keep up interest in teaching as much as possible. More people need to get this "teaching fever".

Now, as far as my concern about "teaching fever" goes, that is well in its place, but I am also concerned about what it takes to make a better teacher, for I am always wishing to be a teacher like _____ or _____.

This "teaching fever" did not come upon me suddenly, though. One of my teachers once asked me if I would like to be a teacher. Of course, I couldn't hide my secret from him. Very carefully he explained how important this would be for my future, and urged me not to give up the idea. He didn't realize how his statement burned deep within me for many days.

The desire to teach never left me, and after much daydreaming, it finally came true. Now I consider it a privilege rather than a job, for I can do what I so long wished to do,—work among children.

Friends, don't picture teaching as all joy, though. We have to remember that, when we start out, or we will be shocked by disappointment. For this simple reason we do at times talk about our sorrows and joys, so the parents may understand and be a help to us.

We teachers have a very close feeling for your children, and would not want to give up one of them. Even on days of deep sorrow and trouble, we feel willing to bear it for the chil-

dren's sake, and to brighten the way to sunny days again.

Some people tell us, "We are glad you like to teach. I wouldn't want such a noisy bunch!" Or "Teaching would be the last thing I would ever do." Or, "I certainly wouldn't want your job!" Most of these aren't parents though.

By this we realize that teaching isn't just for anybody. We don't mind it when someone just cool-like says, "Teaching school simply would not be for me, as I couldn't stand that much fuss," as long as they don't say it in a manner that sounds as if children were "little bràts". In such a case it almost breaks my heart, for didn't Jesus say, "Suffer the children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."?

We have had a number of school visitors, and parents too. We are always glad for company, and have planned to also go visiting sometime soon. In fact, one morning this week we had planned to go. We were all dressed up and waiting, but we were in for a great disappointment. The driver had forgotten us, and the Volkswagen was in Indiana. I hated to announce to the pupils, "It's all off for today," and to gather them in for classes instead. But with the promise that we would start all over to plan another day, they were soon at their lessons. How thankful I was that they could adjust so well, for I knew how greatly they were disappointed.

The younger children of grades 1 to 5 packed their lunches and were at school in no time. So it turned out to be just an ordinary school day, with a good ending after all.

When things are rather dull, I know from experience that it is good to take the pupils on a visit. When they are a respectful group, this is a nice way to show your appreciation.

This year we have been printing a school paper, which I think is a project well worth the time. In this manner they learn to write so as to be read by others. This helps them to think before they write.

We hear of so much trouble with English lessons. But if I remember right, this was true when I went to school, too. I talked to a public school teacher and he said English is the hardest subject in their schools also. He did admit his Amish pupils are the best in using correct English. So many English people have poor speech habits, he said.

Speaking English at recesses sometimes, helps very much in spelling sentences and arithmetic, as well as in English. But I think we can go too far in this. We don't want to lose our mother tongue.

I am very thankful for the co-operation shown by the parents thus far. Let us pray for each other and not faint by the way.

"Thirty-nine are in my fold,
My occupation I've already told.
Mary Ann is my given name,
Beachy the family from which I came."

* * * * *

LEBANON, PENNA.
March 21, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

I will make myself believe that I'm writing to an especially good friend (which the Bulletin really is). Maybe with such thoughts in my mind I will be able to keep the pen moving like it should. Writing letters "usually" is fun, as you then also receive some again in return!

"Every true teacher loves her work and enjoys it." This sentence, taken from the last B. B., gave me something to think about. But couldn't a similar sentence be used for other occupations too? It hardly matters what your calling is; if you are true and sincere about it you WILL LOVE and ENJOY it. This also includes the pupils as they pass from one grade to the next.

Isn't this the part of the term when a teacher's life is about the hardest? The children are getting more restless with spring just around the corner! Or is this only a reflection of the teacher's attitude? You realize that the "last day" is fast approaching. Oh, dear! we have quite a bit to cover yet in some of those books! Time for final tests is also almost here. I'm so afraid that Jacob or Betsie won't pass! Seems they study just as hard or maybe even more so than the rest but they just aren't ready for the next grade. Wonder how their parents will feel about it! The teachers who have only eight months school are probably past this stage for another term.

A thought that I gleaned from another teacher which in my opinion would be interesting is to keep a 5 yr. diary in the schoolteacher's desk. Then when one of the grades (like the lower grades etc.) is finished with a book and receives the next one, the entry should be made in the diary. (This would be a big help if a beginning teacher would later start in the same school.) Other entries could be: when the first graders could all count to 25; when they received their first spelling; maybe third grade started a certain line of tables; higher grades might be working on something special in one of their studies. Use your own imagination and you'll

be surprised how much you treasure the book after five years of dutiful writing! Wouldn't recommend this idea though to compare your classes from year to year, as each year brings different pupils. Sometimes an entire class goes through a book with flying colors, when it might be the opposite the next year.

Another thing which I as an ex-teacher enjoy looking over is a collection of unusual spelling sentences, absurd answers to geography or history questions, etc. If you add the name and grade of the pupil it makes it even more spicy. And the best time to re-read your collection is at the end of one of those days when apparently nothing went right!

Examples: What route did Drake take to reach home after robbing along the Pacific coasts? ans.: Route 15. English ans.: After a statement should be a statement mark. Spelling sentences: My aunt was by us yesterday. Do you drank the horse? He ran so fast his wind was blown out.

One thing which I used to feel as if it gave me a big lift was when I attended the Lanc.-Co. teacher's meetings. As I was the only Amish teacher from this section when I started teaching I used to think it cost too much to go alone (25-35 mi.) but haven't as yet regretted it that I went as often as possible. Many a pearl was found at such gatherings.

Some very important lessons to teach your pupils are (1.) Cleanliness: not only of their own person and belongings but of the entire schoolhouse and surroundings. What a mess when a child peels an orange or hard-boiled egg while standing at the W. B. and doesn't care whether the peelings go into the basket or not! One way to keep your room tidy is to get the children to do the cleaning. They as a rule won't track in as much mud, if they know how much muscle it takes to clean up. I used to assign new jobs every week. At the end of the year I gave each helper a small gift as a token of appreciation.

(2.) Respecting other's property and rights: covers quite a bit but is very important. They won't, in their teen life, "get a laugh" out of "overturning a disc, etc." for some unlucky farmer if they are taught in their school days to respect other people's property.

"Half the world's troubles stem from misunderstanding." So I would suggest if there are teacher-parent problems in your school to do some ironing (praying). Those wrinkles can at least be smoothed out enough so that your present teacher will WANT to return for another term of teaching. What a relief to the directors if they don't have to hunt another teacher just to

suit one or two families!

Whoa, pen! — Must I remind you that this letter does go to an especially good friend but it's hard telling how many thousand eyes will also read it!

Now to pass the scrutiny yet of our faithful editor! Really wasn't such a hard task.

Sincerely,

Fannie S. King

ARE YOU IN A RUT?

- By Clifford M. Robinson

Would you plant the same crop in the same field year after year? Would you care to eat the same food every day?

The same crop would soon deplete the soil and the same food would become very monotonous. The same lessons always taught in the same way will also have an adverse effect on the minds and bodies of children.

With the above thoughts in mind, Daniel L. Stutzman and I, after having arranged for substitute teachers, set forth for Waterloo County on March 2nd.

Our first call was at Cedar Grove Christian Day School, Elmo Stoll, teacher. We were not sure of our welcome, until we had clambered over a large bank of snow, which completely hid the school from the road. Once inside we found a warm welcome, as we did at all the schools visited.

In the afternoon we visited South Woolwich Mennonite Parochial, Susannah Shantz, teacher and George R. Martin at Martin's Mennonite Parochial. George provided us with delicious meals, comfortable beds, and arranged to accompany us as guide on the following day.

Friday morning we visited Balsam Grove, Isaac R. Horst, teacher and James Bauman at Redhill. Our guide had very thoughtfully arranged dinner for us at the Hoover residence near Redhill.

In the afternoon we spent an hour with Amos Shirk at Beachville School and then to Amish Parochial No. 1 at Linwood, where we expected to find Esther Kuepfer. Her sister was very capably handling her duties.

After this I left Danny and George at Chris Keupfer's to visit with Esther and have supper. I departed for Ripley as the snow was deep and I do not relish night driving on stormy nights.

Danny and I both saw many different ways of presenting a lesson and feel the trip was very worthwhile.

I saw teachers on my visit, doing a splendid

job with a roomful of attentive children. I hope the teachers will pardon me for saying that I noticed some mistakes in spoken English. Here is where the desk dictionary will prove its worth. I humbly ask any teachers who may visit Maple Dell, to overlook my own shortcomings in my native tongue.

I find a greater satisfaction teaching in a parochial school than I did in large public schools. I know the sacrifices involved in supporting both the public school and the parochial school. I know these sacrifices made today will be forgotten when we see the children growing up with a knowledge that earthly treasures are worthless and the only lasting treasures are freely given in Heaven.

- Norwich, Ontario

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AROUND THE TEACHER'S DESK

- By Elmo Stoll

I've often wondered if visitors make other teachers as nervous as they do me. But I've discovered that it does make a lot of difference who the visitor is. Once in a while someone steps into the classroom who doesn't know much more about teaching than I do and I don't find myself getting so upset. But then experienced teachers...ah, that's another thing!

One fine morning not so long ago, into the school walked two men. Is it possible? Yes, it is. "Good morning, Mr. Clifford Robinson and Mr. Daniel Stutzman."

Imagine! Two battle-scarred veteran teachers, experts who know all the tricks inside and out, up and down, invading the premises like that! Really, I'm wondering how you men managed to sneak away from your own classrooms. Too bad you didn't let me in on the secret and I could have tried it this morning....

O well, it isn't really all that bad, I guess. This will be a splendid chance to ask some questions and get some advice and learn a thing or two. I try to persuade myself of this and keep my voice natural as I introduce the visitors to the pupils.

At recess I asked them how many pupils they had. "I have thirty-seven," answered Danny.

"What!" I gasped, "How do you manage them?"

"I don't manage them," came the quick reply. "I have them."

After lunch, as we were chatting, I was gratified to hear one of my visitors say, "That's nothing to be alarmed about if visitors bother

you a bit. I don't think there is a teacher living who can teach perfectly natural when visitors step in. I know it always affects me."

"There is only one fair way to visit a school and get an idea how it normally goes," observed Mr. Robinson.

"How's that?" I asked.

"Get out of bed real early some morning, gulp your breakfast and hustle over to the school before the pupils or the teacher gets there. Slip inside and find your way up to one corner of the attic and get your ear down to a hole in the ceiling and settle down for a fine time."

"Grand idea," I said. "If you notice your ceiling sagging unusually much one of these mornings, you'll know I'm trying out your plan."

The idea appealed to me because the chances of someone hiding out in my attic are pretty slim. First of all, you'd have to get up mighty early to get here before the teacher arrives. I have a room at one end of the school, and I sleep and eat and live right here, day and night.

But lest you resort to hiding in the attic, let me give you a little sample of some of the things you might hear by listening in. If you would have stepped inside the hall the other evening after school was out, you would have heard a father trying to locate his little girl.

"James, where's Kathy tonight anyhow? Isn't she getting ready to go? I haven't seen her around anywhere."

"Kathy? Why Daddy, Kathy didn't come to school. She stayed at home this morning because she had a sore eye."

"Oh, that's right. I forgot. I thought it was funny she wasn't around anywhere."

It was refreshing for me to discover that teachers are not the only ones who are absent-minded and forgetful.

Or during recess you might listen in to a tiny world war sprouting among the ranks of grades one and two. And of all the funny things to quarrel about!

"My father is older than yours."

"He is not."

"Mine is older than any of yours."

"No, mine is way the oldest!"

"I'm going to ask my mother if mine isn't the oldest..."

Or step right in after dinner and hear us reviewing the memory verse for the week. It won't be hard for you to guess that some have problems. Several weeks ago you would have heard a second grader begin, "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall, he shall..."

"He shall direct..." helps the teacher.

"And he shall direct thy path."

"That's fine," encourages the teacher. "Now

The Blackboard Bulletin

what is the reference to that verse, Ray?"

"Problems 3:6."

Or during reading class you might hear the teacher ask a little boy, "Whatever happened with the cover of your reader?"

"It happened last night."

"Did you tear it?"

"No, I didn't do it."

"Did it happen when you had your reader at home?"

"Yes, our boys tore it."

Even grim old teacher has to smile a little at this. "You mean one of your little brothers got hold of it and tore it?"

The little boy nods and wonders what is so amusing about that.

"We've all heard it said that the world is a mirror—smile and it will smile back at you. If this is true of the world at large, it is doubly true in the classroom.

I never cease to marvel at the way children are able to sense moods and feelings and emotions and respond to them. Teaching is pretty exacting in this respect. Take a job like hauling manure now, for example. If you feel out of sorts, it is perfectly all right to stab the fork around a bit viciously, but in teaching now, well it would hardly do to throw a scissiors at an unruly child. Or if you feel moody and dreamy, you can rest on your fork handle and dream away, but try this in the classroom and you are due for a rude awakening. But though it is exacting and demanding, it is more... It is rewarding and challenging. Honest now, you wouldn't really trade your desk on a manure spreader, would you? Would you??

- R. 1, Wellesley, Ontario

* * * * *

"DEAR TEACHER,"

Please excuse us for taking your time with another note. I know how busy you must be.

We couldn't figure out what our son was trying to tell us about a chart you made Monday. Tonight he was vaguely telling about some promised surprises which we gather are to be given to those Friday who have no marks on the—what is it?... Whisper Chart?

He sounded disappointed so we got down to questioning, from which we learned he has four marks!

We admonished him and pray it will help. He needs to come to the point where he is convinced that school is real, serious business.

You will be doing us and him a favor by punishing the very next time this or any similar

mis deed occurs. If this is caught now perhaps it will prevent 10 other greater ones in future years. I know what it is like to punish other people's children. It is not easy, but since we know you stand tall in his small world, we are sure whatever punishment you choose will serve as a help on the road to self-control.

We will try to do what we know and can to help our children grow into faithful, honest, Christians, though we find ourselves weak with our own many failures. Of our own selves it is not possible to train up these children in the way they should go, so that when they are older, they will not depart from it.

We are sure that when they are grown and if their hearts are as they should be that they will thank the Lord for you, their teacher, who set them straight as far back as grade one in school.

Whatever punishment they get in school, they they will get a repeat process here at home, to help them realize that we stand with you.

God bless, help, and keep you in this trying responsibility,

- Mr. and Mrs. Samuel E. Miller

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A REWARD AS PRECIOUS AS JEWELS

Friday was one of those days made for smashing the alarm clock and burrowing deeper under the covers while the north wind scratched all the windows with its sleety fingernails.

But Friday was also made for teaching first grade, and so the teacher must give the clock another reprieve and do its bidding. She dressed hastily, refereed the struggle between the comb and her hair, and gave only a cursory glance at the mirror, for she had long since given up finding any beauty there. Next she devoted five minutes to a bowl of noisy cereal, which claimed to give her enough energy to handle thirty children with one hand and the principal with the other.

The front door, which she slammed in her haste, caught her skirt with fiendish glee and held her there. This meant putting down her lunch, thirty booklets brought home to be punched and tied, thirty paper plates for an art project, six colored magazine pictures collected for the picture file, a new story book, a box of colored stars, a can of cat food for the class pet, and a sack of cotton for the snow man posters—all this so that she could fish the house key from the bottom of her purse and release herself.

After dumping these accouterments on the

front car seat, she cajoled the balky engine into starting, and then noticed that the large E on the fuel gauge was all but shouting at her. So she drove to the nearest service station on faith, and then hurried on her way trying to make up for lost time.

Parking the car, she loaded her arms and hastened into the class-room, only to find that the early arrivals were already waiting for her, each one spilling over with some special news which must be heard and exclaimed over.

Usually recess would give her ten minutes to put new work on the board, check a few work books, and look out the window; but today the thermometer pulled down its little red tongue and dared anyone to go outside. After a few noisy games the children settled down to hear a story.

The thirty-minute lunch period was spent eating with one hand and checking spelling papers with the other. Two fights had to be settled, and a pint of milk had to be wiped up before class could be resumed.

The afternoon promised to pass serenely, but promises are sometimes broken. The library lady came with a new supply of books, and some little eager beaver accidentally touched the fire alarm. Since no principal in his right mind would conduct a fire drill in zero weather, this must be the real thing; so she evacuated her room in record time and kept the children shivering outside until the principal rescued them.

Even as all its ancestors, this Friday afternoon finally came to a close. It was after she had zipped, buttoned, and mittened the last child, her reward came, a reward as precious as jewels—words which would be graven on her heart forever. Two chubby arms were suddenly thrown about her neck, and a soft little voice said, "Teacher, I love you!"

- Selected from Sunshine Magazet

by Mrs. Jacob J. Miller, Bowling Green, Mo.

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A BIG WORD—RESPONSIBILITY

- By Fannie Mae Mast

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the name of our Redeemer, whose sufferings we are reminded of again at this Easter season.

My conscience is once more probing me to write for this paper. May we get courage from the writings of others.

We here at Plainview are nearing the end of

the term. Many a question arises in the teacher's mind. Are the pupils learning what they would in another school, this being their first year in a parochial school?

One word fills a big part of a teacher's life. It is the word RESPONSIBILITY. Every letter carries weight.

Reason with your child, for he needs your understanding.

Encourage him to do his best at all times.

Speak in loving tones, yet grave when the occasion demands it.

Prepare your lessons well; this is often the key to an interesting day.

Own up to your own mistakes, even though your ego is thwarted.

Never punish the child until you are positive he understands why.

Spare your words, but make them worthwhile.

Increase honesty by not letting "little things" go.

Build your foundation on Jesus, and be willing to stand for the right.

Idle hands are no good; teach them to use them wisely.

Listen to their innocent voices. Many a common thing arouses new recognition.

Initiate appreciation. What makes a mind more at ease, or willing to try?

Teach them the road to uprightness; eternity will never end.

You yourself must be an example, so the children will want to follow.

Yes, responsibility is a big word, but it has an even deeper and greater meaning. Love is another important key for a school. How can it be expressed? By mouth? Is it true love to give honorable grades when they are not deserved? Does careless discipline show love? Or showing partiality, "because it's you, we'll let you get by"?

True love goes deeper than saying the word, or practicing it when things go our way. How closely the lives of these little ones become entwined into our own lives!

As I was reading a book recently, I came across these words, "The difference between a good boy and a bad boy lies in the teacher." My first impulse was to cast it aside with the thought, "Oh, no, the parents are first." But again the word responsibility comes in bold letters. The children need us all, parents, teachers, and church. We all have our parts to do.

Others may be problems, but SELF is the biggest here at Plainview. Pray for me.

- Arthur, Illinois 61911

-Continued from page 197

- Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mast

that was mentioned was a school that encouraged homosexuality!)

Miss Anne Strickland of the American Civil Liberties Union was one of the last speakers. She listed the areas in which the state, under the Constitution, has the right to regulate non-public schools. She suggested that when the state has educated all the slum children, they might then have a right to be concerned about the education of Amish children.

One point Miss Strickland made was that when public funds are accepted by a non-public school, the public then has a voice in the operation of that school! State aid means state regulation.

There were Amish present from Ohio, Iowa, and Ontario. They took no active part in the meeting, but as the conference was largely about the Amish, their presence was desired. There were many opportunities to become acquainted with the speakers and others during the recesses and at lunch. One State Commissioner of Education told us he had no idea the Amish way of life was such a rich one, and confessed that he now has a much better understanding of them.

This was one of the main aims of the conference—to bring about better understanding between state officials and non-public schools. There were a few disturbing remarks, such as the one by a state official who thought the Amish, like the Indians, should be assimilated into the mainstream culture, and that it was their responsibility as educational directors to see that this was done. But on the whole the Amish were given fair treatment; perhaps at times more than fair, or more than we deserve.

It is reassuring to see so many prominent men willing to "go to bat" for us. But, we left the meeting more convinced than ever that the real burden of responsibility lies upon us, the Amish of the United States and Canada. We are the ones who are responsible before God to conduct our schools in a true Christian way. It is up to us to be completely honest and straightforward in our relations with public officials, yet always with humility and due respect, co-operating but not compromising our faith. No one else can do these things for us.

Our schools will succeed only if our churches do. If we are what we should be the world will respect us for it, even though they may disagree. If there are inconsistencies, the world will not be blind to them. Truly, it is a time for faith and prayer.

- J. S.

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April, 1967

The dictionary tells us talent means the ability to do something, or a gift. Can we picture a bright talented child, one whom we'd like to teach to write, the value of numbers, the alphabet, etc? He would be given a pencil and paper, a chair and a desk. All his needs would be provided. But he just would not make any efforts to learn. Perhaps he would be afraid to do anything, or he might be too lazy, or stubborn and self-willed. Or maybe he would just be too busy doing other things.

It would take much love and patience to deal with such a child, wouldn't it? Certainly some kind of punishment would be necessary, to break his stubborn will, even though he is just a child.

I believe God has given each of us grown people some kind of talents, which we are to work with... I Cor. 12:8, 9: "For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge, ... to another, faith; ... the gifts of healing..." Or could it be to sing, write or preach, or whatever it might be, let us earnestly use our talents to the glory of God.

For we do not want to be found as wicked and slothful servants on the Judgment Day. Read Matthew 25:14-30.

- R. I, Holmesville, Ohio

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FREDERICKSBURG, OHIO

April 1, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

What an important job this school teaching is! We are working with souls that once were not, but always will be. They will live on, either in heaven or in eternal torment. So this makes our job very important. Without God's help we can do nothing.

I have a school of only 20 pupils. Some are eager to learn, and some are not. We have no third or fifth graders this year. Some of the neighbors send their children to a four-room school at Mt. Hope.

When we teachers get together we often talk about parents visiting the school. I will write about our plan, and perhaps it will interest others also. We put a quilt in a frame, and are making it for the needy. The mothers have all been here except two. We never knew who would be coming the next day. The upper-grade girls quilted too when they had their lessons finished. We certainly enjoyed it. And I am sure the

children enjoyed walking home from school with their mothers.

Some times teachers get impatient. One day I talked too harshly to a little girl who could not understand her arithmetic. She began to cry. I then helped her at my desk, and talked kindly to her. The touching part was that at noon, while she was eating, she suddenly came up to my desk with a big home-made doughnut. Do you think I felt as though I deserved something like that? NO.

Pray for us teachers that we may guide our pupils in the right way, and that they may be kept from stumbling over our mistakes and shortcomings.

- An unworthy teacher,
Mattie M. Troyer

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APPLE CREEK, OHIO
March 20, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

Another washday is past. I sometimes wonder if the way I feel tonight is the way teachers feel on Friday evenings, after the schoolhouse is swept and straightened up. We have three boys and seven girls, ages 1-16, so you can imagine the Monday morning scene,—five lunch buckets to pack, clean clothes to be gotten ready, and the effort to get the pupils off to school on time. Meanwhile, there are four smaller children to be fed and dressed, and the dirty clothes must be gathered together so the washing can be started. Usually there is time to get the sweeping done and things put in order before the school children come home again.

Once read a poem in a newspaper. I thought it "fitted" so well, that I memorized it. Very rarely does a Monday pass that I do not think of it. I wonder if it is the same way in other homes.

"Is your house like my house
Every Monday morn ?
Do the rooms look cluttered,
Dusty and forlorn ?
Are the Sunday clothes
Scattered all around,
And the children's school books
Nowhere to be found ?
Do you burn the oatmeal
When the baby cries ?
Do you hear some spelling words
While the bacon fries ?
Then your house like my house
Is full of love and light;
Children's happy voices,
Baby glances bright.

Tho' we get discouraged
On the verge of tears,
Your heart and my heart
Go singing down the years.
For your house like my house,
Can stand the wear and tear,
If your folks and my folks
Are glad and happy there."

- Mrs. Felty Mast

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AN AGED MOTHER'S WISHES

I wish there were muddy tracks on the floor,
And a door going shut with a slam;
I wish there were thumb marks all over the door,
And a hole in my pot of jam;
I wish there were tops and toys to fix,
A broken window pane,
A little old wagon and worn-out sled,
Out in the storm and rain.

I wish there were little stockings to mend,
A few little bumps to kiss,
A little boy to send to school
For never a day dare he miss,
I wish there were little boys to beg
For cookies or raisins or pie,
I wish my doughnuts would travel off
The pantry shelf on the sly.

But the days of these little tasks are gone,
The days with such care oppressed;
There's a heartache that only a mother will own,
When the birds have all flown the nest;
A longing that only parents e'er know,
A longing that's never guessed—
When loving hearts in young manhood's glow
Are planning for mother to rest.

No thoughts of the memories of olden times
Have my boys grown so big and so strong,
Memories that come like sweet vesper chimes
Of the time when life was a song;
They know not the hours that sometimes are
spent

(They guess not, these grown-up boys)
That mother is silently looking o'er
A box of their worn-out toys.

And you can blame me or wonder instead,
If I long for these old time joys—
Long for the years to turn back again,
When these men were "just little boys!"

- Selected by Mrs.

Joseph N. Peachey, Belleville, Penna.

* * * * *

WHAT SONGS DO OUR CHILDREN SING?

- By Monroe D. Hochstetler

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation." Psalm 95:1.

Singing is important, in the home, the church, and the school. It helps to keep our hearts and minds bound together. Singing cheers and encourages us as we go through life. What would we do if our government suddenly forbade the singing of Christian songs, with a penalty of imprisonment if we disobeyed?

We thank God for the privilege of having our own schools where, among other things, we can teach Christian songs. We may think our children can learn these at church and at home, but even if this were true, what are they singing at public schools? We think many of the songs taught in these schools are harmful to our children.

We do not want to be too critical of public schools, but our Amish parents who send their children there should know what they are being taught. In the left hand column below we will give a few verses of some songs being taught at public schools. In the right hand column, for comparison, we will give a sample of the songs our children can be taught in parochial schools.

Dummy Line

Some folks say that the Dummy don't run,
Come and let me tell you what the Dummy's done,
She left St. Louis at a half-past one,
And she rolled into Memphis at the setting of
the sun.

I got on the Dummy, didn't have my fare,
Conductor hollered, "Whatcha doin' there?"
I jumped up and made for the door,
And he cracked me on the head with a 2x4.

.

Abalone

In Carmel Bay, the people say,
We feed the Lazar only,
On caramels and cockleshells,
And hunks of abalone.
Oh! Baloney.
Oh, some folks boast of quail on toast,
Because they think it's tony,
But my tomcat gets nice and fat,
On hunks of abalone.

.

Wilt Thou Be Mine?

There was a lady loved a swine,
Honey, said she;
Lovely hog, wilt thou be mine?
Oink, said he.
O tell me, wilt thou have me now,
Honey, said she;
Answer, or my heart will break.
Oink, said he.

.

More Like Jesus

I want to be more like Jesus
And follow Him day by day,
I want to be true and faithful
And every command obey.

More and more like Jesus
I would ever be.
More and more like Jesus,
My Saviour, who died for me.

I want to be kind and gentle
To those who are in distress,
To comfort the brokenhearted,
With sweet words of tenderness.

.

Little Ones Like Me

Jesus, when He left the sky,
And for sinners came to die,
In His mercy passed not by,
Little ones like me.

Children, then, should love Him now,
Strive His holy will to do,
Pray to Him, and praise Him too,
Little ones like me.

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Wir sind kleine Kinder

Wir sind kleine Kinder,
Lieben Jesu all';
Singen unsere Lieder,
Hoert ihr nicht den Schall?

Können nicht viel geben
Unserm Jesulein,
Doch das Herz wir geben,
Jesus macht es rein.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING—

Vacation time is just around the corner. Of course, everyone will be anxious to get out into the open air and sunshine. There's nothing like getting into the cornfield, or mowing hay, or going fishing.

But for those who are used to reading a lot there will still be spare time on rainy days or in the evening when a good book will come in handy. We are listing a few books which we think go well with the summer's work. Why not order a few, one for each month and give the children something to do in their spare time?

BAMBI, a deer story. A story as refreshing as the rainwashed forests in spring-time. Bambi, a little red fawn with fine white spots, is born in the depths of the forest. Available in cloth, \$1.95, paperback 50¢.

HOW TO KNOW BIRDS, A helpful book by Peterson. Helps you to recognize birds, tells of their habits, etc. 400 drawings, 72 full-color illustrations. 60¢.

HOW TO WATCH BIRDS, By Barton. A guide for the beginner as well as the more advanced bird watcher. Tells how to attract, feed, and provide houses for different birds. \$1.00.

KEY TO ASTRONOMY, Summer is the ideal time to watch the stars. With maps showing the different constellations. Also tells about the moon and planets. Price \$1.00.

KEY TO KNOTS AND SPLICES. For those who

are interested in the fascinating and useful hobby of making different knots and splices. \$1.00.

MUSHROOMS, FERNS, AND MOSSES—a handbook for those who like to roam the woods for ferns and mushrooms. (Not designed to make it possible to recognize all poisonous mushrooms. Eat only the kinds you know to be harmless.) 55¢.

THE THUNDERSTORM—the workings of the weather, and particularly of a thunderstorm. For the advanced student. 60¢.

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Get the above-named books from your book dealer, or order direct from PATHWAY BOOKSTORE, AYLMEER, ONTARIO. All prices prepaid in American funds.

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Is your child an eager reader?



CLINTON AMISH PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

Cashton, Wisconsin

I will try in weakness to comply with the editor's request for a report on the new schools here in Vernon County, Wisconsin.

As most of the readers probably know, the Amish settlement here is only one year old, the first families moving in Feb. 1966.

We had no idea where we would actually buy when the group was out looking for locations, but we were all agreed to look into the school situation before making any deals for farms, wherever it might be. As we looked in Ohio first for a location, we felt we wouldn't have much difficulty, as our relation with the public officials in Geauga Co. had been satisfactory for many years.

However, when Wisconsin was chosen as the state to move to, we knew not what would be encountered. After Vernon County was selected, we arranged for an interview with the district supervisor. In Wisconsin the individual county superintendents gave way to district supervisors. We happen to be in a 5-county district.

The supervisor's office is in LaCrosse (by the Mississippi River) so a delegation went to meet with him. We were met by a very courteous, respectful man who assured us that his office staff would help us as much as was in their power. He advised us to get in touch with the State Superintendent at Madison. This was done and we were given assurance that our schools would be accepted by them until 1970. In 1970 a new state law goes into effect, requiring all children to be in school until 18 years old.

As we had with us copies of the "Minimum Standards for Ohio Amish Parochial Schools," we showed it to them and they accepted these. We would advise any state to have a standard printed to present to authorities when needed.

Our group hopes we can prove worthy of further consideration by the authorities after 1970, to excuse our children from attending school after the 8th grade. We hope to live up to our promises, i.e. regular attendance, adequate supplies, regular reports, and keeping the children gainfully occupied during vacation and after passing the 8th grade.

We have two schools at present named North Clinton and South Clinton. North Clinton is a remodeled farm house at Gid A. Millers. It has one classroom, and two enclosed porches, one for wood and the other for wraps, etc. It is overcrowded, as there will be 30 pupils after April 5th. The size of the classroom will ac-

commodate only 20-24 comfortably. Menno J. Schmucker is the teacher.

South Clinton is a former public country school moved onto the Amos V. Bontrager farm. Our area had school in our front room last spring and this fall classes were held in a shop at Levi A. Millers until the weather got too cold. School was dismissed for a week and work was started in earnest to get the present school house ready for classes. It has one large classroom and enclosed entrance, used for boots and wraps, etc. A furnace is used for heating, and North Clinton is heated with a Riteway wood stove. At present there are 39 pupils enrolled, which is 9 more than can comfortably be accommodated. Kathryn L. Miller is the teacher.

Recreation for both schools has been no problem as each one has plenty of playground area and with our plentiful snow and hills the children have been enjoying sledding for a long time.

We have one school board for both schools and have teacher-parent-board meetings jointly.

It is planned to erect or remodel a building by next school term to relieve the overcrowded conditions in the present 2 schools.

Menno M. Hershberger

* * * * *

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
March 21, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

I am writing this at ten-thirty in the morning, sitting at a desk in Newcomb Road School. The teachers decided to draw two parents' names each week, and ask them to come visit the school. They have had only a few visitors, and thought this might encourage the parents to come. My name was drawn, and I couldn't find any excuse not to go.

The schoolroom is very quiet, and the pupils have their heads down, doing their work. Some do not know I am here. The teachers are having English classes. I don't see how they can hear the pupils, as they answer very quietly. But I suppose they are used to it.

Now they are having spelling. Grades 5, 6, 7, and 8 are having their words pronounced all at once, but they do not get mixed up.

Eleven-thirty. Some hands go up, "May I read a book?" Some heads turn around to see why the clock doesn't go faster. The school room is still quiet. The bell rings, the waste basket passes through the aisles, and if the pupils are fast enough they throw in their paper. A prayer is said. The first row go to get their

There is no more clock watching. The time to eat has come. And it is now time for me to go home. I must say the forenoon was well-spent. It is very interesting to see how eager the children are to learn, and how hard they work.

[illegible]

* * * * *

Dear B. B. Readers,
Greetings to all.

I have been wanting to write a little of the news from County Line School. The children have been outside playing this past week, without coats and with sleeves rolled up, a sign that spring is here. It makes a person wonder how soon the purple martins will show up.

The teachers took the children for a walk to visit Perry Miller, about 1 1/2 miles from the school. He was in a car wreck, but is getting along fairly well. While they were there, the children sang several hymns, and then started

Our teacher, Susie J. Hostetler, became ill in February and was not able to complete the school term. Mr. and Mrs. David Petersheim took over the responsibility of teaching the group. I believe they enjoy it; the children do. They inform us to look for someone for this fall, so if anyone would like to teach but has no school, please write to us.

Jesus, thou Shepherd of the sheep,
Thy "little flock" in safety keep;
These lambs within Thine arms now take
And let them ne'er Thy fold forsake.
Secure them from the scorching beam
And lead them to the living stream.
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
Oh, teach them to discern Thy voice
And in its sacred sound rejoice;
From strangers may they ever flee
And know no other guide but Thee.
Children of the Heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise
Glorious in His works and ways.
Lord, bring Thy sheep that wander yet
And let their number be complete.
Then let the flock from earth remove
And reach the heavenly fold above.

- Henry J. Eash

* * * * *

This is a book we hope each of our subscribers will read, not once, but many times. It is a big book, and the price is barely half of what similar cloth-bound books by other publishers are selling for.

Almost all of the articles in this book were written by Amish authors. There is no other book like it. Full of inspiring and helpful tips for parents, school board members, teachers, youth, and children.

The book is divided into three units. Unit One is about the home; many hints for parents. Unit Two is on parochial schools, how to build and operate, with the histories of a number of Amish schools. Unit Three is entitled, "Teaching", but it is not just for teachers. Parents and children should read it too.

The first edition of THE CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD was printed in 1964. It was a limited edition, duplicated, paper bound, and sold very well at \$2.00 a copy. This is not just a reprint! The 1967 book has been greatly enlarged and brought up-to-date. The new book is a permanent, cloth-bound, illustrated, printed edition, with jacket. The new price of \$3.50 for the much bigger book is cheaper than the \$2.00 price of the old one.

This is not a storybook, but just as interesting, and (we think) much more worthwhile. We would like to see every Amish family have one. Buy one, or order one by mail, from your bookstore. The price is \$3.50 in U. S. funds.

* * * * *

DER ALT SCHULHAUS AN DER KRICK

- Von H. Harbaugh

Heit is's X-actly zwansig Yohr,
Dass ich bin owve naus.
Nau bin ich widder lewig z'rick ·
Un schteh am schulhaus an der Krick,
Juscht neekscht an's Dawdy's haus.

Ich bin in hunnert heiser g'west,
Vun Marbelstee un brick,
Un alles was see hen, —die leit,
Het ich fer schwappe eenig zeit
For's schulhaus an der krick.

Wer mied daheem is, un will fort,
So lass ihn nimme geh—
Ich sag ihm aw-wer fornea naus
Es is all humbuck owve draus
Un er werds selvert seh!

Ich bin draus rum in alle eck;
M'r mach's es ew-we so,
Hab aw-wer noch in keener Schtadt
Uf e'mol so fiel freed gehabt
Wie in dem Schulhaus do.

Wie heemelt mich do alles aw'!
Ich schteh, und denk, un guk,
Un was ich schier fergesse hab,
Kummt widder z'rick wie aus seim grab,
Un schteht do wie en Schpuck!

Des Kricklie schpielt ferbie wie's hat,
Wo ich noch g'schpielt hab dra,
Un unner selle Holler bish
Do schpiela noch die kleene fisch,
So schmart wie selle zeit.

Der weis-eech schteht noch an der dhier—
Macht Schatte iw-wer's dach.
Die drawwerank is ah noch gree—
Un's Amschel-nescht —guk juscht mol hie—
O was ist dess en sach!

Ja, alles dess ist noch wies war
Wo ich noch war en boo.
Doch anner dings sin net meh so,
For alles dhut sich ennere do
Wie ich mich ennere dhu.

Ich schteh wie Ossian in seim dhol
Un seh in's Wolke schpiel—
Bewegt mit Freed un trauer—ach!
Die dhrene kumme wann ich lach!
Kannscht denke wie ich fiehl.



Do bin ich gange in die Schul,
Wo ich noch war ganz klee.
Dort war der Meeschter in seim Schtuhl,
Dort war sie "whip" und dort sei Ruhl—
Ich kann's noch alles seh.

Die lange desks rings an der wand—
Die grose schieler drum;
Uf eener seit die grose Mad,
Un dort die Buva net so blade—
Guk, wie sie piepe rum.

Die grose un die kleene all
Sin unner eener ruhl;
Un des is yuscht der rechte weg!
Wer ruhls verbrecht, der nemmt die schleg,
Odder verlosst die Schul.

Inwennig, um der Offe rum
Hocke die kleene tschaps,
Sie lerne artlich hart, fershteh,
Un wer net wees sei A. B. C.
Sei ohre kriege rapps.

S's hart zu hocke uf so benk,
Die fiess, die schtehn net uf.
En mancher kriegt en weher rick
In sellem Schulhaus an der krick,
Un fiehlt gans krenklich druff.

Die arme Drep! dort hocke sie
In misserie, yuscht denk!
Es is kee wunner—nemm mei wort
Dass sie so wenig lerne dort,
Uf seller hoche benk.

Mit all was mer so sage kann
War's doch an guti Schul,
Du finscht keen Meischter so, geh'sooch,

Der siefre kann darch's ganze booch,
Un schkippt keen eeni ruhl.

Oh! wo sin nau die Schieler all
Wo ha-we do gelernt?
N'dheel sin weit ewek gereest,
Fun unglück uf un ob gedscheest!
Dheel hot der dodt ge-ernt.

Mei Hertz schwellt mit gedanka uf,
Bis ich schier gar ferschtick!
Kennt heile, is dhut m'r nau so leed
Un doch gebts mir die greeschte Freed,
Dass Schulhaus an der krick.

Gut bei! Alt Schulhaus—Echo kreischt,
Gut bei! Gut bei, zurick;
O Schulhaus! Schulhaus! muss ich geh,
Un du schtehscht nor'd do all allee;
Du Schulhaus an der krick!

O horcht, ihr Leit, wo noch mir lebt,
Ich schreib eich noch des schtick.
Ich warn eich, droh eich, gebt doch acht,
Un nemmt uf immer gut enacht,
Des Schulhaus an der Krick!

* * * * *

WHATEVER PATH WE PLOD

- By "Anniewon E. You"

Dear Readers,

"Whatever tasks we find to do,
Whatever projects we pursue,
Whatever path we plod,
It is a cheering thought that we
In all our daily tasks may be
In partnership with God.
For not alone by pastures green,
Nor where the brooklet flows serene
Does He bestow His care;
Wherever we go and trust in Him
He'll walk beside us there."

We have been getting the Bulletin for quite a while, I think it is an interesting paper, although I am not a school teacher. The teacher has a hard task, and as has been written, they must have the help from above and from others.

There is a great difference in the way children are trained at home. What about the teacher who had as a pupil the little boy who would not listen to his mother? His mother said she is glad when he goes to school; maybe there he will learn something. Isn't that teacher to be pitied? And the same is true of any girl who is to work in such a home.

There are many ways in which parents fail to get obedience from their children. For instance, a certain mother's children were not to play in the barn. She goes out and tells them they are not to, and succeeds in getting them to leave the barn. But in ten or fifteen minutes they are back in the barn. Time and again the mother goes out and tells them not to play in the barn. At last she gives up and says, "Oh well, if they won't stay out, I will let them play, I can't be running back and forth all day."

The next day the mother leaves home for the afternoon. The children are left in the care of the hired girl. "Now, don't let the children play in the barn!" are the mother's parting words. (Why doesn't she tell the children instead of the hired girl?)

The children, of course, are soon playing the same as the day before. What should the girl do? What if one of them fell into the water tank, or was kicked by a horse, or tumbled down from the hayloft? Would she not be responsible if something did happen?

Should she stay out with the children and watch them, or play some other games with them? But what about the work in the house she had been assigned to do? What would the mother think if she came home and the work was not finished? So the girl coaxes and pleads, "Don't you want to play somewhere else?"

"Well, yesterday we played in here."

Oh, yes, how well I remember yesterday! So in they go, and we hope nothing happens.

Soon the mother comes home, and the first thing she asks is, "Why did you let the children play in the barn?"

Aren't those the children who will cause trouble throughout school, and what about when they are church members later?

In other homes the children are told by the parents what they may or may not do, before the parents leave, and the children listen. They do as they are told. Oh, how much easier this is for the hired girl! Here the children also have duties to do, and the work is not all loaded upon the maid.

Some readers probably have no experience working for others. Many of us have never been school teachers. But maybe some have done both. I wonder if a hired girl and a school teacher do not have many of the same experiences, though in different ways.

It is not so much how much we see, as what we learn from what we see. It is not so much how much we learn as what we do with what we learn from what we see.

Best wishes to all of you.

* * * * *

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE PROBLEMS?

Dear B. B. Readers,

I have been thinking of writing for some time, but did not know what to write. Perhaps the following problems might interest some of you. This is not a trial-and-error job. Instead, it is fairly simple.

"If six inches of snow fell on level ground, how deep would it be on a roof that slopes nine inches to the foot? If six inches fell on the roof, how deep would it be on level ground?"

Now, if your dad is a carpenter, don't let him help you with a square, or by measuring it with one. Do it with figures. I did the first part mentally, then used a pencil to make sure, but you may use a pencil and paper to begin with. The answer comes out correctly to a tenth of an inch.

Now I also have a sentence in English for you to consider. Tell me if it is correct or incorrect. If there is anything wrong, what is it?

"Mary stuck a pin in my baloon and it busted!"

If you care to answer, write me. I would be glad if you would introduce yourself by giving the names and ages of all members of your family, together with a few school news. Thank

you.

- Noah S. Miller

Star Route, Millersburg, Ohio 44654

* * * * *

BOWLING GREEN, MISSOURI

March 14, 1967

Dear Readers,

Greetings of Christian love.

We have been readers of the Blackboard Bulletin from its start, and enjoy it. I am no teacher and we have no pupils in school, but we do have dear grandchildren. Though I'm only a grandparent, I have a concern for the welfare of our youth.

I never attended any schools but public schools, and feel these Amish and Mennonite schools are a wonderful privilege. The public schools are no longer what they used to be.

One thing which seems to be lacking in some schools is the proper pronunciation of words in reading as well as in speaking. One example is the sound of ch for j, which has been mentioned in the Bulletin. I would think the dictionary should be a very useful book in the schoolroom.

We wish you all God's blessings. Forget us not, at the throne of grace.

- Mrs. Jacob J. Miller

APRIL MEMORIES

- By Uria R. Byler



The month of April is a time of grass green-ing up, wild flowers pushing through the dead leaves in the deep woods, of singing birds, and of good old Mother Earth awakening from her long sleep. It is also a time of sad memories of long ago.

In the January issue of the B. B. we read a poem, "The Mother's Watch", and again it brought back memories that refuse to grow dim with the passing years. This year will be especially so, for forty years ago this coming April 23, our family of eight children were suddenly left without the tender guiding hand of a mother.

She had been sickly for some time, but for some reason Dad was the only one who really worried. Mother not feeling well? We all shared her misery whenever she had the "blues", for we then had the "blues" with her. Later, when she felt better and was happy and sang her

favorite hymns, "Beulah Land" and "In the Sweet Bye and Bye," we were happy and sang with her.

So, during the first part of April of 1927 she wasn't feeling well again, and wasn't singing, nor smiling much, and we once more suffered with her and probably quieted down some, but we felt sure that everything would work out fine again. That is, all except Dad. He knew things we didn't, but did a marvelous job in masking his worries for our sake.

Came the night when we were all asleep and everything was quiet, and an ambulance backed up to the front door. Tenderly she was carried out, and as she left the house she told Dad, "I'm not coming back alive." We didn't know that

until later, for we were too busy sleeping.

Next morning Dad told us that Mother was in a hospital. We were shocked, for in those days "hospital" was a fearsome word. Now we were worried a little, for that big house just didn't seem right. It was too empty and different, too quiet and strange. Her seat at the table, and her rocker in the room—but it wouldn't be long, we told each other and she'd be back again. Maybe a few days, or a week.

About the second day Dad came home and told us we have a baby brother. What a thrill, for now we were happy again, and sure everything would be all right soon.

One evening we went to see her and the baby. We were happy on the way up, but once more shocked when we saw the wan and deathly pale appearance of Mother. Worst of all, she didn't smile, but was talking to no one in particular, at least not to us, nor to Dad, who tried to get her to see us. Our "Hello, Mother," went unheard, which deeply hurt us, and worried us all the more.

On the way home Dad explained that Mother did not know what she was saying for she had a high fever and was very, very sick, and that she might die. He bravely tried to prepare us for the worst, but we just wouldn't prepare. It seemed too impossible that such a thing could happen, so we went about our chores, went to school a few more days and Dad went to the hospital every evening.

About midnight one night someone awoke us and there he stood beside our bed, a pale lamp in his trembling hand, and in a voice we never heard before, said, "Get up, Mother is dead." He set the lamp on the bureau and went down stairs.

The next few days everything was too different to realize our great tragedy. Relatives from far and near were there. Neighbors took over our chores and housework, and several times a day we would go into a room to gaze upon the frail being that was once our mother. To us younger ones it still did not fully sink in, for there was too much going on around the house.

The evening sun was setting as we wended our way home from that mound of clay. Dad was silent and we talked in low tones as the team slowly trotted along pulling our open "spring wagon" homeward. That trip will always stick in my memory as the strangest ride our family ever had, for something had suddenly gone out of our life. I remember watching the sun getting lower and lower and I wondered if Mother was up there watching us.

When we came home we found a full house

there for supper, and it was late when we finally went to bed, with an unreal vision of uncles and aunts and cousins, the funeral, lowering the coffin into that deep and deadly grave, that homeward trip, all floating before our tired eyes. We finally drifted off into a fitful sleep.

The next weeks and months were different. Suddenly we knew the awful truth and it was not just a passing dream after all; Mother was gone and would never come back. Gone to a better land, Dad said, where she wouldn't get the "blues" any more.

Dad was never a man of many words and now he was more silent than ever. The baby was staying with our aunts and we saw little of it. Deeper and deeper our loss became, and every night for weeks I cried myself to sleep. Now for the first time I knew how much a thirteen-year-old needs a mother.

Several years later I happened to work on a farm where a special nurse was taking care of an elderly patient. One day she asked me if my Mother's name was Fanny, and my Father's name was Reuben. "I was your Mother's nurse," and she began telling about her last days at the hospital.

"You had a wonderful mother if there ever was one," she went on. She said it was a case of saving either the baby, or the Mother. The doctor had told Mother about it, and expressed his doubts that both could be saved.

"Your mother did not hesitate one minute," the nurse related. "'Save the baby and don't worry about me,' she told us. She actually gave her life to save one."

The first any of us knew about it, was when that nurse told the story of Mother's last days. Truly, "There is no love like a mother's love."

This all happened many years before any one ever dreamed of our own schools in our community, and probably this story may not seem to fit a school paper like the Bulletin, but it does not take much imagination to connect it with schools. For example, what would our schools be without the devoted hand of the hard-working mothers who must hustle around in the morning to get their children off to school? It usually is quite a scramble to see that ears are washed, hair is combed, coats and capes warmly buttoned, not to mention lunches to pack and breakfast to get ready. Then when evening comes they again shepherd them through supper, listening to all the school news, possibly help them with some school work, and get them to bed.

Perhaps very few mothers realize how important their role is in the school, not only in the aforementioned tasks, but in molding the

right attitude toward school. Although a mother may never visit school and seldom speak to the teacher, yet there is an unspoken bond there between Teacher and Mother. If the mother is not aware of it the teacher is, day after day. To the teacher the pupil's mother is a very important person.

Getting back to my own parents, back in the small one-room country public schools, I do not remember too much of their attitude toward school except that when any of us boys got into school trouble, we always had sisters who loved nothing better than to run ahead of us and relay the news to Mom and Dad, and all our coaxing and bribing with promises were of no avail. This leads me to believe that we had a good reason for not wanting Mother and Father to know.

During my teaching days the memory of Mother many times came back as I stood there and wondered if those children realized what it is to come home from school to a Mother who shares and understands all their troubles, something that was suddenly ended for us during those sad days of an April forty years ago.

Today as I look around me I can see many people our age and even older who still have what God took from us at a time when we thought we needed her the most. Bent over with age she may be, and "Time's old plow has left its furrow on her brow," her eyesight may be not so keen, you may have to get closer and talk louder, her memory falters sometimes, but inside that frail old body beats the same heart that once would have gone to death's door for her family.

Fortunate is the man or woman of any age who can still say, "I'm going over to Mother's awhile."

- R. 1, Middlefield, Ohio 44601

* * * * *

WOLCOTTVILLE, INDIANA

March 15, 1967

Greetings to you all in the name of our Lord, who has made possible our salvation.

Another day has passed. There is a question in my mind, "Have I done anything for the Lord today? Have I been a good example for others? It is serious to think about, especially during the last four weeks when my wife and I have undertaken the task of teaching 32 pupils. We also have five vocational students on Friday.

Because of her health our former teacher had to leave us. This is quite a challenge for us, who are inexperienced. But if we want our

parochial schools, someone will have to teach, be who it may. Let us pray for each other, not faint by the way, so that we can be good examples for the children, in a God-fearing way.

I have often heard teachers say, "Come visit school," but I never realized what it really means. We feel sorry that we have not done more of it.

My sincere wish would be that we teachers, board members, parents, and students would all answer the questions sent in by Anna Mae Gingerich, in the February issue of the BULLETIN.

I enjoy reading the BULLETIN, but I find it quite a task to write.

To my surprise, I found teaching is much different from what I thought it would be. Time passes so fast! The singing is barely over, and recess is already here! Then noon comes before you are ready.

What is more heart-touching than to hear children singing at the top of their voices? Or to see them in class, heads held high with interest, eager to learn? It is hard for me to tell them they are to go to their seats when it is recess time.

For some reason a rule was made that if anyone is seen whispering, he is to stand in the corner. One result is that a few days later we learned we had spider webs in the corner!

- A humble friend,

David Petersheim

* * * * *

MILLERSBURG, OHIO

R. 3, Box 149

March 21, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name.

I will try and write a little for the Bulletin. If I write, perhaps a lot of others will, too, as about anyone can write better than I can.

I am the mother of eleven children. Two are married. Five are going to a parochial school, and two are not of school age yet. One son is in I-W service in Canton, and one is working at home.

Our children go to Knob View school where Jonas Nisley is the teacher. They usually take a horse and buggy, as they have about two miles to go. My appreciation goes to a neighbor boy who took them along the first year, and a neighbor girl who took them last year. This year they have a safe horse of their own, and go by themselves.

I did not have the privilege, as many of my

cousins did, to attend a parochial school in Holmes County. My school years were about all spent in Wayne County public schools. But we did not go to the city, or with a bus. How I longed to go to an Amish school, where, among other things, we could get out earlier in the spring.

The children can be of so much help on the farm if school closes in April.

As for English teachers, I can't speak better English than others, and I don't think I learned as much as our children do in school now. How we love to hear them sing German songs at home!

Thursday the seventh and eighth grade pupils were on a trip. One of ours was along. They were to various places of interest, including two parochial schools. The day was enjoyed very much.

A verse that we learned in childhood comes to mind,

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots.
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the roots."

I wish you all God's richest blessings.

- Mrs. John G. Yoder

* * * * *

STUARTS DRAFT, VIRGINIA
March 24, 1967

Dear Readers,

A greeting in the name of the One who is worthy of all our trust.

This little paper has often been read by me, and it is greatly appreciated. It increased my interest in teaching to the extent that when I had the opportunity to teach, I accepted with gladness.

This is my first year of teaching. I stepped into the classroom with eagerness. But, as we know, where there is a good thing, Satan is also there to try to destroy it. At times teaching has seemed rather demanding and trying, which may discourage some people from taking up the responsibility. But here is the point. Who minds being tied down if it is a worthwhile cause, and there is assurance that God will help through all the trials and experiences?

There are distasteful things in teaching, but there are also many rewards. If you are interested in teaching, don't push it away because of the many discouragements. Let God help you find your way. If He wants you to teach, He will give you strength and wisdom to perform your work, and blessings besides. It is an experience which will enrich lives, if it is under-

taken in submission to God.

One may wonder, "Just what is there in teaching? Are the rewards worth the struggles?" But we do not want to be blind to the fact that struggles, tests, and trials often bring a reward of deeper fellowship with Christ. And no matter what we are doing, there will be struggles.

The rewards of teaching come in many different ways. Once I was admonishing a pupil when suddenly the pressure became too great. Flinging her arms around me, she heartily said, "I'm sorry for what I did." When we choose sides to play there are some who do not want me on their side, so they can catch me!

These things encourage me, and bring enjoyment. It is good to see the children interested. But I am being closely watched.

One reason I can enjoy my work is because there are many parents doing their part to encourage their children to obey, even when they themselves may not understand. They have done very well, for I realize they have many faults on which to pick.

Even though parents disagree with the teacher, they should not tell the children (not even by the expression in their voices). For if they do, the children will become unhappy and dissatisfied. They will not enjoy school.

The parents do much better by speaking to the teacher if they feel she has made a mistake. I appreciate such parents. The understanding between parents and teacher is thus built up, and this feeling reaches out to the children.

Also, a word of encouragement to the school boards. Back up your teachers, and if you see faults, tell the teachers, not the parents. We teachers here in our new school at Stuarts Draft have had a wonderful opportunity to work with just such a board.

I have grades 3 and 4, with 30 pupils in all. This is a grave responsibility, and sometimes I hardly know what I should do. But if God leads, and I trust in Him, there is safety.

We teachers can be of great help to each other through prayer. I need yours.

- Mary Beiler

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BALTIC, OHIO
March 21, 1967

Greetings to the Bulletin Readers,

Writing the date of this letter reminds me that spring is here, and we can look forward to more and more days of sunshine.

It seems like a miracle to see the changes on the earth, when the flowers, trees and grass

The Blackboard Bulletin

look like new. As the Apostle Paul could say, in Romans 11:33, "Wie gar unbegreiflich sind seine Gerichte und unerforschlich seine Wege!"

What could we parents do to make better schools? Or are they good enough? A few years ago when we were on a visit to another state, I had the chance to listen to different groups talking about church schools. At one place they were talking about faults, and at another place they were discussing ways to improve their schools. It is quite simple to guess which group had the better schools.

The best thing we can do is to try harder to improve where improvement is needed. In talking with different teachers and parents, I have come to believe that behaviour in some schools could be better. Co-operation between parents and teachers is very important at such times.

I have to admit on my part that I could have done better.

So much said, "aus guter Meinung", and not to hurt anyone's feelings. Instead, to try to get things better.

Maybe it would be better to talk to each other instead of about each other.

"Dornen und Disteln stechen sehr,
Böse Worten aber noch viel mehr."

Remember us in prayer. We are likewise minded, but in weakness.

- Vernon J. Troyer

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THE BOY WHO HELPED HIS MOTHER

- Selected By Adam Hoover

As I went down the street today

I saw a little lad,

Whose face was just the kind of face

To make a person glad.

I saw him busily at work;

Blithe as a blackbird's song,

His merry mellow whistle rang

The pleasant street along.

Just then a playmate came along,

And leaned across the gate,

A plan that promised lots of fun

And frolic to relate;

"The boys are waiting for us now,

So hurry up," he cried;

My little whistler shook his head,

And, "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come! Why not, I'd like to know,

What hinders?" asked the other.

"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,

"I'm busy helping Mother;

She has lots to do, and so I like

To help her all I can,

So I've no time for fun just now,"

Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"

I told the little lad;

"Help Mother all you can and make

Her kind heart light and glad,"

It does me good to think of him,

And know that there are others

Who, like this manly little boy,

Take hold and help their mothers.

- R. 3, Ephrata, Penna.

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WHEN VISITORS COME TO SCHOOL

Once there was a teacher with a school just about as average as schools can be.

A concrete-block building, painted white. Inside were 41 small desks, of which 35 were occupied. A larger desk for the teacher, a few book-cases and tables. A big stove in one corner in which coal or wood are burned on cold winter days to keep the room at 70 degrees. Sometimes the stove gets rather hot and the temperature soars as high as 80 or 85 degrees. The teacher doesn't like this for it makes the children dull and drowsy.

One morning the father and mother of three of the pupils come to visit school. As usual, the teacher's pulse speeds up at the sight of visitors. On this occasion it stays rapid longer, for she realizes that here is a parent who really cares what is going on, and will notice her mistakes without trying.

Teacher still isn't exactly at ease but it is time for the bell. After devotions, singing, a few reading classes, then arithmetic, and it is time for recess already.

At recess the father compliments (?) teacher by stating that he fell asleep a few times. He also informs her that he thinks the children should be drilled better on arithmetic. "Our children don't seem to understand it very well and I saw today that some others don't either. I wish you'd take them up to the blackboard more often and drill them on it."

The guests leave at recess instead of staying until noon as they probably started out to do, and as teacher was convinced they would have done, had it been a little more interesting.

This same teacher had often wished her vis-

itors would take the freedom of telling her just what mistakes she does make and where or how the school could be improved.

Nevertheless, this parent's frankness tempted her to be insulted and for the rest of that A.M. there is quite a struggle within. Her thoughts go something like this, "Sure he thinks I should drill them more but when could I? Wish HE'D try the job once. He'd find that time is pretty precious. Yes, he did say that he thinks I could do it in less time than by explaining to each one individually. Just as if I didn't usually work out a problem or two on the blackboard to show them how when there's something new. He always is so critical of my work. I surely wish he would try the job once, but seems there's usually a pretty good excuse when I ask him to substitute!"

At the same time a little voice keeps whispering in the teacher's mind, "Now _____, you know he is right. You really should drill and explain more thoroughly than you have been doing. Arithmetic would probably be enjoyed better by all if you would.—You've often wished for the frank opinions of others, especially parents, and here you have it. Please don't ruin its value by rebelling. Accept it graciously, take his advice, and you and your students can all be so much richer. You'll never be the successful but humble teacher you desire to be if you can't even take advice.

.

At noon, nearly time for the first bell, and a horse and buggy turns in at the school-yard gate. Thinks the teacher "What? More visitors? Oh, it's Johnny's parents. I'm glad to see them. They always greet me with a smile!"

The afternoon passes quickly, as most afternoons do. (For the teacher at least.) With a little hurrying there is still time after classes to sing. After three songs it is time to go home.

Soon the schoolhouse is empty except for teacher and her visitors. "Well," Teacher begins, "What do you have to say now?"

"Oh, this was a short afternoon for me," the father replies.

"Yes," the mother adds, "And I never realized it takes so much patience."

They go on to say that they think it is a nice school and they enjoyed their visit. After discussing school and their own little boy in first grade a bit longer, they leave.

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Now Teacher is alone in the room. Naturally, she is elated somewhat by the recent words of praise.

Sitting at her desk, she thinks over the day's

events. The question comes to her mind:

Which visitor was worth more?

— By a teacher, Pennsylvania

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BALTIC, OHIO

R. 1, Box 168

March 20, 1967

Dear Readers,

First a greeting in Jesus' name.

We have been reading and enjoying the B.B. ever since it was published. When the January issue arrived I started reading it, but before I was satisfied the back cover appeared.

I have taught vocational school for seven years, and am now teaching my first term in a parochial elementary school. Letters from teachers telling of their experiences are of special interest.

While I went to school we had eight different teachers, at three different school houses. In the spring of 1920 my parents and family moved from Charm to Wises School District, where Etta Engel was teacher. She was my fourth teacher, and I was in the second grade. Later Wises School became crowded, and three families were transferred to Sharps School. We were one of them.

My wife's school years are a different story. With the exception of a few months, she attended the same school with the same teacher each year. This was Troyer Ridge School, which is now used for a parochial school, and is taught by Fannie Nisley.

Forty years ago this winter I was in the eighth grade. The experience of teaching has refreshed many school day memories. Our parochial schools compare very closely to the public schools of those days. If I could go back and relive those school days, I would try to get my lessons better and encourage the teacher more.

Teaching school has brought with it many discussions, "How did your teachers do this, and how did he handle that problem?"

We can very well agree with Mrs. Joe J. Miller's letter that Etta Engel was a good teacher. When she said yes, that was it. When she said no, that was it also, and when she said, "Get your lesson!" that was what she meant.

My teachers that had good strict discipline were the ones that had the best schools. These were the schools where the pupils learned something.

When we think of the future, we can be thankful for the vocational and parochial school sys-

tem that we have.

We have thirteen children and twenty grandchildren. All of our children attended public schools except the two youngest, who are now attending Knob View Parochial School for the second term. Three of the grandchildren are attending school, two in public, and one in parochial.

To all teachers: We as parents and grandparents appreciate it that you are teaching.

We would appreciate letters in the Bulletin from other grandfathers and grandmothers, even though they are not teaching.

We have two of Jonas A. Nisley's books in our school. The children value them very highly. The first one we have used to trace. The second one the children have colored. Last week they asked if the first four grades could now also color the first one. After they were given permission, they discovered the pencil crayons were all used up. Now they can hardly wait until new crayons arrive.

Let us give all honor to the Giver of all good, and stand together for that which is right. Remember us in your prayers. We will do likewise in our weakness. Wishing you all the best.

- Eli M. Yoder

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MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
March 20, 1967

A greeting of love to all who may read this. Another month has passed, and the first signs of spring are here,—the birds whistling their sweet notes all around us.

The farmers have had a nice run of maple sap. The neighbors around here have reported 35 to 40 gallons of that sweet stuff from 500 to 600 pails. It takes from 35 to 50 gallons of sap to make a gallon of syrup by evaporation.

I will give a report on the spelldown held March 10, 1967 at Pleasant Valley School. All but South Hayes School were present. They had planned to be there, but their taxi did not show up. We waited until 9:30 before we started. By 11:30 the German spelldown was finished. Esther A. Miller, daughter of Albert A. Miller, was the winner. She received a first prize of \$5.00, donated by the teachers. Second prize of \$3.00 went to Melvin J. Detweiler. These two pupils were both from Fox Run School. Linda N. Detweiler, daughter of Noah N. Detweiler, Valley View School, was third. She received \$1.00.

After the lunch period, the English spelldown started. Bill E. Byler, son of Ervin W. Byler, was the first place winner. He received \$3.00.

Melvin J. Kauffman, son of John S. Kauffman, was second and received \$2.00. Third prize of \$1.00 went to Melvin J. Detweiler, Fox Run School. Bill and Melvin are Bundysburg pupils.

Levi Hershberger, ex-teacher, and Neil C. Hershberger pronounced the German words. John N. Detweiler and Kathryn Gingerich (ex-teacher, and wife of Ray Gingerich, teacher of Hosmer Road School) pronounced the English words.

The Cuyahoga Savings Bank of Middlefield also donated a \$15.00 savings account to each of the first-prize winners.

Elizabeth E. Miller, daughter of Ervin J. Miller, received a box of candy for spelling her words the clearest. She is from Troy School. Katie Weaver, Nauvoo teacher, got the floor when the teachers spelled.

We decided to hold the achievement tests at Meadow Glow and Bundysburg Schools, April 21. If I have it correct, there will be 40 eighth-graders at Meadow Glow and 37 at Bundysburg. In the evening the teachers will meet at Meadow Glow to compare the standings of the tests.

I will add a few lines about Jonas Nisley's Read, Write, and Color books. They are very interesting. People who have no children wanted one almost as soon as they saw it. Young folks have been buying them. And of course, parents who send children to school, when they see a copy, say they want to buy one. Why don't the teachers order six (six copies for \$10.00. Ed.), and show them to the children. Let them take

ABSTRACT POETRY

- By Harvey H. Nolt

many things just happen not
according to our plans
rough and hard may be our lot
this life is like a game of chance
hold fast God's goodness you possess
and cultivate it too
no letter in lUck or sUccess
zestful is as yoU
impossible—may say the fool
methinks it can't be done
many people use this rule
except the folks who prayed and won
rejoicing speaks the optimist
my halfful cup is fine
and, complains the pessimist
nearly half empty is mine
- Ephrata, Penna.

* * * * *

the books home to show their parents, and you have made a sale. Not one book has been returned to our school after the children have taken them home.

(Editor's Note: Please order these books direct from Jonas Nisley, R. 1, Baltic, Ohio, and not from the Blackboard Bulletin.)

The new addition to our school is greatly appreciated by both pupils and teacher this winter. We would like to thank those who helped finance the material. All labor was donated.

Two years ago this spring a family of five purchased a farm a half mile from our house. A neighbor and I remodeled their entire house. Last year when the book sale was on, Mrs. Peter Coppedge, one of the family, said her great-grandfather was a brother to the Man in Bearskin. She was intending to order one of the books but happened to think it might make her father angry if he would read it. After leafing through the book and reading a little, she said this is a very true story of her family.

Saturday and Sunday mornings the temperature dropped to zero again. Quite a change from the 70 degree weather the week before.

Remember all teachers in your prayers.

- Peter E. Miller

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NAPIERVILLE SCHOOL
EPHRATA, PENNA.

Greetings,

While sending an order for books, I'll enclose a few lines for the B.B. This is my fifth term at Napierville, an old stone building on the south side of a woods, where I have 38 pupils plus 14 vocationals. As in all other schools, we have had our cloudy and sunny days, our rough and calm seas to sail on, but by far outnumbered by the sunny ones. Sometimes when perplexing situations arise, I think of a quip I read in a "Reader's Digest"—

"In a Sunday School class a man was asked what his favorite Bible verse was, to which he replied, "and it came to pass." When asked to explain, he said, "I have never yet read that it came to stay, but always, it came to pass."

And truly it is so. Why get the "blues" when storm clouds arise, for we know every cloud has a silver lining?

Teaching has proved quite amusing, especially while correcting spelling sentences and coming across some like these—

"Do you like case?" "I dread on a mouse."

"Do you have a manly?" and, "I was pudding it away."

Following is an explanation of the 23rd Psalm.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

I shall not want rest "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

I shall not want refreshment "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

I shall not want forgiveness "He restoreth my soul."

I shall not want guidance "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake."

I shall not want companionship "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

I shall not want comfort "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

I shall not want food "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

I shall not want joy "Thou anointest my head with oil."

I shall not want anything "My cup runneth over."

I shall not want anything in this life "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

I shall not want anything in eternity "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

- Submitted

Humbly, but sincerely,
J. M. Burkholder

* * * * *

"IF THEY BUT KNEW"

I wonder if the pupils know just half a teacher's heart,

Or feelings that are felt for them, O where's a place to start?

We see them enter into school, so young, so free, so brave.

The first impressions that we make, are oft' more than we gave.

So many different ones have come to enter in first grade,

Some smiled and were so eager then, while others were afraid.

A few could hardly wait for class, with others not so quick,

They'd rather play or look around, to them it was no trick.

A few could count by 5's and 10's, and even some by 2's.

Yet some could barely get to nine, now don't you get the blues!

Some boldly wrote their A B C's and printed

out their names,
 While some could hardly hold a pen, yet
 tried to write the same.

With quivering lips they'd look at you, and say,
 "Teacher, I just can't.
 I've tried and tried to make an A, but I
 can't get the slant."
 So I'll take their little hand in mind and guide
 their pencil right,
 How easy, now, it is for them, we've
 helped them in their plight!

It's day by day and week by week, we try to
 teach them more,
 Of letters, numbers, reading, and spelling
 o'er and o'er.

Obey your teacher and be kind, for that's the
 Golden Rule.
 Take care of books, keep scraps picked up,
 'n we'll have a happy school.

Month by month and year by year they grow a
 little bigger.
 So much has happened since that day their
 lips began to quiver.
 Some seem to learn so easily, 'tis really
 quite a joy,
 On Teacher's part, for Sue's all done, and
 so is little Roy!

But talents are not all alike, when passed out by
 our God,
 Some have more of a struggle as so slow
 they onward plod.
 Now here's where every teacher should get out
 more love and patience,
 Than you'd have thought one could possess,
 it certainly can't be rationed!

It's tell, explain, and tell again, and still they
 can't digest it.
 So start all over, diagram, and hope they
 now can catch it.
 Then when you've done your very best, and feel
 they understand,
 Next day you may be so let down, for they've
 followed their own plan!

Don't start to wonder why you ever, stepped
 inside the door,
 Just find more patience, loads of love, and
 help them work their score.
 The day may come when you'd give much to help
 them in their trouble,
 When only "SELF" and CHRIST can find, the
 answer to Life's Struggle.

I wonder could they ever know just how our
 hearts do jump,
 At thoughts of having to rebuke, and in our
 throats a lump.
 Then as we pray to do God's will, and often lose
 some sleep,
 With pleading hearts we do explain, and hope
 God's ways they'll keep.

These hearts are all so dear to you, as if they
 were your own,
 You'd like to claim them one and all, so
 fond of them you've grown.
 And when it's time to leave the school and then
 part from each other,
 It seems we're breaking up a home, as
 sisters from a brother.

I wonder if they often think, when through the
 school they've passed,
 That Teacher's cares are fleeting clouds,
 none that could ever last.
 And when we meet them afterwards, it glad-
 dens up our heart,
 To have them come right up and smile, 'n
 kind words to us impart.

I wonder if they know how sad it makes one's
 heart to see,
 Things of the WORLD a part of them, it
 seems it can not be.
 In their younger years we tried so hard to teach
 them right from wrong,
 We prayed that God would help them stay,
 away from the wicked throng.

If they could only feel the weight of all the
 prayers being said,
 By parents, ministers, and friends, they'd
 pause a-fore going to bed.
 And they'd get down upon their knees, confess
 their sins to God
 And beg forgiveness from their hearts, for
 the sinful path they've trod.

Now these we hope are just a few of the many
 that we taught,
 And for the many who do obey, we pray they
 won't get caught
 Up in the ways of Satan's snare, but stay right
 with their Lord,
 As slowly but surely they travel along, 'till
 they reach their great Reward.

A simple friend,
 - Amanda N. Hershberger
 Burton Ohio 44621

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Greetings and best wishes to the Blackboard Bulletin readers.

Love is somewhat contagious. Children catch it if parents and teachers possess it. It behooves us to show ourselves as patterns and examples.

Children learn at a very young age to understand if parents and teachers are in earnest.

Never teach a child things that you will have to correct when it is older. As the culture, so the fruit.

Boys often take long steps in order to walk in Father's footprints. Girls watch Mother carefully, and try to do as she does. To teach by precept is necessary. To teach by example is more effective.

The rod of correction, if rightly used, is a cure for many ailments. Be firm, yet discreet and gentle, while administering correction, and your child will love and respect you.

An obedient helpful child who puts into practice what he learns has the qualifications necessary to make home and school pleasant places. Parents and teachers who in their teaching and training are one in mind and purpose and effort, can expect God's blessings upon their work.

Never criticize the ministers or other Christians in the presence of your children. Rash and thoughtless criticism can cause children to become irreligious and skeptics.

Pray with and for your children daily. A motto: "The family that prays together, stays together".

Even though your child is still too young to be instructed, do not neglect its spiritual nurture. Ask the Lord's blessings upon the child, and that His protecting care may be over it as long as life lasts. A devoted mother can get the child's attention, and good impressions can be made as the days go by. If nurture is neglected, future admonition can be a failure. The "Mutterschosz" is the place to begin building character, just as the "Muttersprach" (as much as possible) in our own church schools, should be a pattern of our way of life and training in the home and church.

May God's blessings rest upon our churches, and schools. Let us pray for the guidance of true ministers, parents and teachers, as well as remembering the "powers that be", which are ordained of God.

- Aaron E. Beiler

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"Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Matt. 6:34

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CASHTON, WISCONSIN
March 26, 1967

Greetings!

Easter Day. The day our Redeemer arose, to triumph over hell and death.

Spring has been reluctant to come to our area. We had our first run of sap on Good Friday and today we are having a cold driving rain. The robins have returned and we know that God will cause the earth to green up at its appointed time.

The first year in our new home is now history, and we can see where we could have done better in many ways. The natives have been wonderfully helpful and friendly. As is the usual case when a group of Plain People move into a new location, there had been many rumors about our customs. Some were very amusing and others were ridiculous. Some of the storekeepers were worried about losing their trade, as it was circulated about that we intended to have our own stores. Some heard we would help anyone in need, while others declared we help only our own and ignore others. So we found it a real challenge to prove the faith of our forefathers, and to let our actions speak for themselves. For the German proverb, "Werken reden lauter als Worten," ("Actions speak louder than words,") is still ever true.

Which brings me to the point I wish to discuss in this letter. That is about teaching Scripture in our schools. According to Holy Writ the faith (Glauben) comes from preaching and the preaching from the Word of God.

We wouldn't think of having women preachers, would we? Then how far should we allow girl teachers to go in expounding Scripture? I think if each school is very very careful to hire teachers of humble, quiet nature; in good standing in the church; who keep order and have the gift of teaching, then the pupils will learn many a valuable lesson from their good example.

A general rule to follow which would not be going above a teacher's calling is to start the day with the Lord's Prayer, hymn singing, then the upper grades readout of the German Testament for a reading lesson. At noon, after class was called, we used to read out of Stories of the Bible (for the lower grades), and Biblische Geschichten for the upper grades.

This would familiarize the children with High German and also the characters of the Bible whom the ministers preached about in church.

The teachers should realize how much a good example means to the tender hearts and minds of a child. Oh! that I would have realized it better while I was teaching! We as parents should stress regular attendance and that the children obey their teachers. If our children are obedient and respectful in this, then there is a good chance that they will attend church regularly and be obedient to God and His ministers. How hard it would be for a father to admonish his son against using tobacco if the teacher used it. Or the mother to admonish her daughter against "Stolzheit", (immodesty) if the teacher is stolz.

"Prüf'et alles, das Gute behaltet, aber meidet allen bösen Schein."

Yours for better schools,
- Menno M. Hershberger

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RONKS, PENNA. 17572
March 24, 1967

Dear Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

A friendly greeting in our risen Saviour's name. How uplifting it is to one's spirit to see the spring sun shed its warmth upon the chilled earth. I think spring usually renews our thoughts and helps to bring to life our dreams, to someday reach our goals. There is a little verse which goes, "An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself."

I think the B. B. has so many meaningful lessons and touching, long-to-be-remembered verses and stories. I do so like to read the letters, too.

I had the golden privilege to substitute in a new school, which was built near here this last summer. Two days this fall I spent with the dear little ones, trembling (I doubt if the pupils took notice, for I tried hard to put on a brave front) I stood before them, an eager, wide-eyed group, waiting for me to lead them in their classes.

Now this wasn't the first time (and not the last, either, I hope). For I love it, in spite of feeling shaky. Why then did I feel so great a responsibility? Perhaps because just two months before we had been blessed with a precious baby girl, our first-born child. And as I helped the little children with their reading, I could not help but think that if the Lord so wills it, our baby will sometime also need the guidance of a teacher. This thought filled my heart

April, 1967

with deep concern.

I fear at times we take our own schools and teachers too much for granted. Let us all try and be more grateful to our Heavenly Father, who has provided for us willing workers called teachers. There is a quote, "Never accuse a teacher, if you never were one!"

The day I was to take "teacher's" place at Lydia Fisher's school some years ago, the pupils tried to see what all I would stand for. This is, of course, nothing unusual, and once when I looked back from my class, two boys were giggling away. I asked them to repeat their joke so we could all share it, but indeed, they were too shocked and embarrassed to answer, and quickly returned to their work. A teacher is challenged in many ways, and I believe at times in interesting ways.

May God guide and bless you all is my humble prayer.

A reader,
- Lizzie Fisher

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BELLEVILLE, PENNA.
March 22, 1967

Dear B. B. Readers,

First a friendly greeting in Jesus' holy name. [At] last I have seated myself to write many friends, including those I have never met. I have been thinking of writing all winter, but kept pushing it off. I enjoy reading the B.B., and it is the only newspaper which I read all the way through.

This is my third term of teaching. I taught in Juniata the first two terms, but last fall I changed and came to Big Valley, at home. The schoolhouse is at the end of our lane.

I was sorry to leave the school in Juniata. There I had 17 to 18 pupils, while here I have 37. What a big difference that is! At first I could hardly manage to get the classes done in time, and it still keeps me busy. There is always plenty to do, and sometimes more than I get done.

If anyone feels lonely and does not know what to do for a "pastime", I would suggest school teaching. Here the time is always short.

Often when visitors come they say they wish they could stay for the whole day. I would be glad if they could, but I am glad, too, when they take time to come even for a half day. It means a lot to the teacher and to the children, too, especially when the parents come some day for a surprise.

We have had quite a few visitors in school already this term, but we are looking for some

more. So don't wait too long, or school will be closed for the summer.

We have had many absences this term. So many children in the Valley are having rheumatic fever. One of our pupils has it, and has been absent nine weeks. That is a long stay at home for a young child. How would we feel, we who are used to going out and away when we please, to suddenly be kept in, day after day, while our brothers and sisters would go on as before. I think we would be very glad to see friends, or to have mail coming to our box. We would better realize how nice we had it before. But the best thing to do in such instances is to accept the situation with patience.

Patience is needed in many other places, too. It is needed when we are sick, but it is also needed when we are well, and at school. When we are sick, we need to wait with patience for recovery. When we are at school and are trying to teach those who are slow learners, or hard of hearing, or disobedient—here we need patience, too. When we don't have enough, everything seems to go wrong.

I wish you all the richest blessings from above.

- L. R. Y.

* * * * *

BALTIC, OHIO
R. 1, 43804

Dear Bulletin Readers,

These days in March find us enjoying (?) snow after such a warm day in the 70's, March 2, which was the funeral of John A. Raber, of Raber's Bookstore.

There is considerable interest shown in building additional parochial schools in Crawford Township, Coshocton County, Ohio. This would greatly relieve the crowded conditions in the Rock Ridge and Green Ridge schools. Each has 51 pupils.

Minister Jacob N. Yoder is teaching grades 2, 3, 4 and 5 at Green Ridge. He relieved Dan Nisley early in the winter. Jonathan L. Raber is teaching grades 1, 6, 7 and 8. This is his third year. Em. A. Yoder serves as substitute teacher.

I had the privilege of helping out at school a few days. What I liked best was helping the older grades read German on Friday afternoons. What a wonderful privilege the pupils have to learn reading and spelling of German in school. Wouldn't it be good if German writing were also taught in our schools?

I believe the small Kinderlieder songbooks would be nice to use regularly in schools. At

first we didn't know what the small numbers beneath the titles were for. For example, 8,8,8,8 means there are 8 syllables in each line. On page 33 of the Kinderlieder, song number 32, the same tune can be used as is used on page 70, (Das 13. Lied) in the Ausbund, Melodie 1. On page 29, the 28th song in Kinderlieder, 8,7,8,7, the same tune can be used as on page 786 (Das 134. Lied) of Ausbund, Melodie 9. And on page 11, Kinderlieder, number 7, 12, 12, 12, 12, the same tune can be used as on page 280, Liedersammlung, or page 423 in the Unparteiisches Gesangbuch, "Es glänzet der Christen." This is the only tune I know in German for 12, 12, 12, 12, using two verses of Kinderlieder to make a verse for the tune.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that, for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot conduct. Remember this: They that will not be counseled cannot be helped. If you do not hear reason, she will rap you over the knuckles."

- Benjamin Franklin

MATURITY...

..is the ability to do a job whether you're supervised or not.

..is to finish a job once it is started.

..is to carry money without spending it, and last but not least, the ability to bear an injustice without wanting to get even.

- A. V.

Wishing you God's riches,

- M. E. Hershberger

* * * * *

THE PUPILS' CORNER

SPRING IS HERE

- By Mabel Miller, Gr.8, Brush Run School
Baltic, Ohio

The nice warm summer days are coming,
The brooks so fast and swift are running,
The green grass in the fields is growing,
And the warm winds of spring are blowing.

.

SPRING DAYS

- By Fannie N. Miller, Gr.8, Brush Run School
Baltic, Ohio

In spring there will be no ice or snow,
The springs and streams again can flow.
It is the best season, to my meaning,
Although it is the time for house cleaning.

* * * * *

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MUSCODA, WISC.

March 22, 1967

Dear Readers,

Christian greetings to all.

After putting this off for some months, I'll finally try to express some of my thoughts on paper.

We certainly do appreciate the Bulletin. Let's all help to keep it going.

Spring is here and only a couple months of school left. Time certainly seems to fly.

I'm not teaching school this year, and I feel quite relieved about it. Being a mother of 5 young children, I feel my first duty is here at home. However, I can truthfully say I enjoyed teaching and am glad for my one year of experience.

While teaching, I was made to realize more than ever how much we parents can help in the success of a school. True, a lot does depend on the teacher too. But first of all we all need to depend on the Lord. I don't believe I ever undertook a task that made me feel my nothingness and need for depending on the Lord for help, as much as when I was teaching school. Although I felt I did a far-from-perfect job of teaching, I know He did help me. Many times I felt the Lord's presence near when the many responsibilities of home and school seemed heavy upon me. Ordinarily I would have thought that it's more than I could do, but He always gave courage and strength to go on.

So I would like to encourage all of you teachers to keep on trying, even though some times the task seems great, and perhaps you feel at times you haven't the wisdom to cope with the many problems that come up. Remember, the Lord is always ready to help us if we look to Him.

Probably I learned more in that year than the pupils did. One thing I did learn is that teachers really appreciate when parents show an interest in the school. There can be many ways of doing this, such as by visiting, by inquiring from time to time how your children are doing and if they are accepting discipline as they should. Also by showing an interest in your children's work and being willing to help them at home if necessary. Often when there is an exceptionally slow child, a teacher with eight grades finds it hard to give him all the extra help he needs to keep up with the class. If the parents are willing to help out at home it is a

big help.

There are many other ways, too numerous to mention, in which we can help the school. One thing I especially think of is to try and help your child have the right attitude toward school and his teacher. If we talk of how we disliked school and show no interest in helping him, won't he soon be made to feel that school is unimportant?

No, I do not feel school is the most important goal in life. But since it is required of children to go, and it is also a privilege, wouldn't we be doing them a favor to help them accept it as a challenge and try to make the best of it?

Let us pray for our teachers that they will be given wisdom and grace to faithfully fulfill their duties.

- Mrs. Glendon Kauffman

* * * * *

RAINY DAYS

- By Laura Z. Martin

When the rain is pouring down,
And you feel to scold and frown,

When the boys are fighting,
And the noise is frightening,

When the girls all quarrel,
Temperance is a marvel,

Give a little thought,
Remember what you taught.

Be cheerful, I'll tell you how,
"Turn up the corners of your mouth."

Things are soon going fine.
Just walk a "straight-true" line.

You're the only grown-up around.
Show that you are of "good account."

- Ephrata, Penna. 17522

* * * * *

RONKS, PENNA. 17522

March 21, 1967

Today is the first day of spring but winter is sure trying to hang on with a mixture of snow, rain, sleet and cold. We did have a taste of

spring and almost summer-like weather several times throughout the winter, but we also had several snowstorms and some real cold weather, but were lucky enough not to miss any school days.

The time is here when we are again approaching and looking forward to the end of the school term, but as usual, with very mixed feelings. Thoughts like these arise, especially about those who will soon be leaving the schoolroom, "Have I taught them what they should know? Have they learned enough? Was I, as a teacher, a good example for them?" For the saying goes, "As the teacher, so the pupil," and if you stop and look you can surely see your reflection in the children at times, much to our regret! Most of those leaving my school of late have never had any other teacher, a thought which in itself makes a person feel rather small. But the Lord has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And He has promised to be with those who put their trust in Him, yes, also to lead the way. And so we plod on, through thick and thin, storm and wind, sunshine and rain, failures and fears,

* * * * *

ever hoping and trusting and trying to feel as the poet says:

I don't look back, God knows the fruitless efforts,
The wasted hours, the sinnings, the regrets,
I leave them all with Him who blots the record,
And mercifully forgives, and then forgets.

Visitors in a schoolroom often bring us encouragement. Some recent visitors were John A. Hostetler, from Temple University, and two men from the U.S. office of Education in Washington. They seemed to be satisfied with our set-up.

On the whole, school is running smoothly enough. Little petty annoyances can often be smoothed out by not letting molehills become mountains. Most children respond to reasonable discipline.

An occasional change of scene helps to keep monotony away. Last Friday about twenty-five of the children and I, also several mothers, went to the homes of Sadie, Mrs. John M. Beiler, and another neighbor lady, Mrs. Landis Hoover, to sing for them. Both have been sick since or before Christmas. I hope they enjoyed it as much as we did. At present the children are getting an Easter program together. I'm looking forward to it for I don't know much of the contents. They practice outside the schoolhouse when weather permits.

On March 16th, five of us teachers, namely Lydia Fisher, Rebecca Stoltzfus, Saloma Lapp, Rachel Petersheim and myself, also two boardmembers and their wives, Elam H. Beilers, Paradise, and Benuel Stoltzfoos, Gordonville, were returning a school visit to the Delaware parochial schools, one of which is taught by Annie Yoder, Oakland, Md., and the other by Polly Miller and Katie A. Byler, both from the Delaware section. We were honored in having Joe Stutzman, ex-teacher, go with us all day. Simon Troyer, a board member, and Rhoda Bontrager, ex-teacher, went along in the afternoon. It was in their homes that we were served our noon meal.

Supper was served and a singing was held at Andy R. Bylers. We had to break away before it was over so as to be presentable in our own schools the next day.

The day was well spent and I believe enjoyed by all, and as always, much could be gleaned along the way, for we never get too old to learn. Come again to visit us.

May the Lord bless all those who try to do their best in their given tasks.

Sincerely,
Lydia F. Beiler

* * * * *

Return to:
THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
R. R. # 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

"Train up a child in the way he should go and
when he is old, he will not depart from it."
Proverbs 22:6

VOLUME 10; NO. 10

MAY, 1967

1967 TEACHERS' MEETING TO BE AT AYLMER

The annual Amish teachers' get-together is planned to be held this summer in the Aylmer, Ontario community, Thursday and Friday, August 3-4, (D.V.) Last summer the meeting was in Lancaster County, Penna.

These meetings in the past have been a help and an inspiration to many teachers. Here they meet other teachers, "of like precious faith", and can discuss with each other their experiences, joys and disappointments.

A frequent complaint from teachers has been that the afternoon of the second day is entirely too short for the teachers' visiting and discussion. This year, instead of going to a park or a picnic site and spending the forenoon sight-seeing, the group will remain at one of the Aylmer schools and spend the entire day in discussions.

It is expected that most of the people who attend will be interested in seeing the Pathway print shop, where the Blackboard Bulletin is made. Perhaps the August issue can be prepared a week earlier than usual to meet this date. Those who arrive on Wednesday or stay over to Saturday may want to see the print shop then.

Partial plans for the first day are as follows: The forenoon will be spent getting acquainted, and with tours through the print shop. We urge everyone to arrive early, if at all possible. The day will be too short at the best. We would suggest arriving no later than 9:30 Daylight Time (8:30 E.S.T.). Lunch will be served at 12:00 D.S.T. (11:00 E.S.T.).

The afternoon of the first day will be taken

up with the usual program of introductions, and short talks by the ministers and school board members present. There may also be reports on areas of present or developing school conflicts—Iowa, Kansas, Maryland, and Ontario.

A singing is planned for the evening.

The second day will be devoted to teachers and teaching, though parents and school board members are welcome to be present.

One suggestion that has been made is for teachers to bring along their favorite texts and workbooks, or samples of successful lesson plans and tests. These would be placed on a

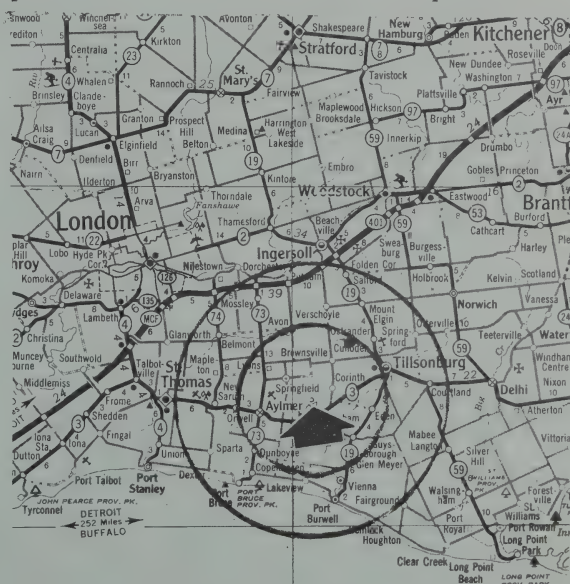


table where other teachers could browse through them for ideas. Teachers! This is one way you can add to the success of the meeting; we would appreciate if you would take part in this.

A great deal of time and expense is involved in traveling to a meeting like this. Let us all come together in a humble spirit, to learn and be a help to each other. Then the cost may be justified.

Teaching is serious business, and this meeting is not intended as a place for "a good time", but to share with each other what we have learned about teaching, and to discuss ways of improving our schools, to the honor and glory of God.

We feel that in the past these meetings have been conducted in this spirit, and we only hope that our group here at Aylmer can come somewhere near doing as well in planning the get-together as former hosts have done. To do better is more than we expect.

There has been some opposition and objection to these meetings in the past, but I believe it was mainly from those who had never attended. However, mistakes have been made and this year's meeting will likely be no exception. We gladly welcome criticism and admonishment, if given in the right spirit.

Transportation

There is Greyhound bus service direct to Aylmer from Detroit or Buffalo, once or twice a day. Check with your local bus station for schedules. These buses pass within shouting distance of some Amish homes, and if you plan to arrive in this way, we suggest you write for full details where to get off, and someone will meet you.

Also, the New York-Chicago NYC passenger train stops at St. Thomas (and at Tillsonburg, by special arrangement). St. Thomas is about 15 miles west of the meeting site, and Tillsonburg 12 miles east.

To those who are arriving from Detroit by bus or train, the best route is often through the large city of London, which is served by several railroads and frequent bus service. A local bus operates four times a day to and from Aylmer.

There is no ferry service anymore across Lake Erie from Erie, Penna. to Pt. Burwell, Ont. However, there is a car ferry at the upper end of the lake, but it cuts off very little distance.

To those coming by car, the map below will show how to get to the site. The exact location where the meeting will be held has not been def-

initely decided. Perhaps it will be in one of the schools, but if there is not room, an implement shed nearby may be used.

Please let us know your plans no later than July 25, so we will know approximately how many to expect. Lodging will be arranged.

To those who are interested in visiting friends or relatives in nearby Amish settlements, Mt. Elgin is about 12 miles distant; Norwich 20 miles; Lakeside- St. Marys, and Tavistock- 35 miles; and Milverton - 80 miles.

Write your plans, and requests for information, to:

The Blackboard Bulletin
R.R.#4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

Remember these dates: Thursday and Friday, August 3-4.

- J. S.

* * * * *

TEACHERS WANTED

We are in need of two teachers here in the Jamesport area for the 1967-68 school term. Experience preferred.

This would be a good opportunity for two girls to come to this community together to teach at Pleasant Hill and Meadow View Schools, which are three miles apart. Room and board available close by. Interested parties write to:

Henry A. Yoder
R. R. # 5,
Trenton, Missouri 64683

.....

A THANK-YOU NOTE

I want to thank the many friends who wrote to me and sent money when a shower was announced for me in the B.B. I am so thankful I can say I'm now stronger than I was before I became ill last summer.

I think the Bulletin gets more interesting all the time. I'm always interested in school, even though I no longer am teaching.

Wishing you all God's blessings.
-Miss Elizabeth Kauffman
R. 1, Box 117
Conewango Valley, N.Y. 14726

Our safety does not lie in the present perfection of our knowledge of the will of God, but in our sincerity in obeying the light we have, and in seeking for more.

The Blackboard Bulletin is published monthly by Pathway Publishing Corp., Aylmer, Ont. in the interests of Amish schools and homes. Subscription rates: \$1.75 per year or \$3.00 for two years.

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Secretary-treasurer: Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks, Penna. 17572

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN AFTER TEN YEARS

Ten years ago this summer, the plans for an Amish school paper were being laid. The number of Amish schools and teachers at that time was only one-fourth as large as it is in 1967, but though the group was small, there was a keen interest in teaching. A teacher from New Wilmington, Penna., Mrs. Mose S. (Lydia K.) Byler, first suggested the idea of a paper for Amish teachers, patterned after the Sugarcreek, Ohio BUDGET, with teachers from different areas writing about their experiences.

The possibility of starting such a paper was discussed at the teachers' meeting at Selinsgrove, Penna. in July of 1957. Everyone was in favor, and it only remained for someone to "go to it, and do it."

The pupils at the Amish school near Aylmer, Ontario had been publishing a little paper, "The Canadian Whistle" for several years, and many teachers in other communities were receiving it. Because of this little paper, someone suggested that the new teachers' paper might also be printed at Aylmer.

Just choosing a name for the new paper was a major decision, and when an announcement sheet was sent out to all teachers early in the fall, they were asked to send in suggestions. The reward for the winning title? A year's subscription free.

Nearly fifty suggestions came in, among them The School Journal, The Lamplighter, Teachers' Whistle, School Bells, The Home Builder, Echoes of School, The Communicator, The Trumpet, The Teacher's Inspirator, The Educational Sunbeam, Classes Calling, School Summons, Teacher's Mirror, The School Challenge, and Trail Blazer. One person even warned us not to call it The Teacher's Tale! The winning suggestion, The Blackboard Bulletin, was submitted by one of the paper's earliest and strongest supporters, Uriah R. Byler of Middlefield, Ohio.

The theme verse, or motto, for the paper was chosen from the Bible, Proverbs 22:6, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and

when he is old, he will not depart from it."

A secretary-treasurer was appointed, Pennsylvania's veteran school-marm, Lydia F. Beiler of Ronks. She had already taught for 11 years at that time.

The first issue contained a report of the teachers' meeting at Selinsgrove, and a directory of Amish schools and teachers. In addition, there was an introductory article by the secretary-treasurer, an editorial, a letter from the lady who had thought of it all in the first place, and a number of selected articles and poems.

The first number did not appear till October 1, and contained 7 pages 8 1/2 x 11, mimeographed. Forthcoming issues were to be printed only every six weeks the first year. By January of 1958 we still had fewer than a hundred subscribers, but these were mostly teachers or ex-teachers, and that was who we were in business for!

Gradually the paper grew larger as more and more material came in. The subscription list, too, began to grow. The rates were a pocket-robbing fifty cents a year! (Though at first glance this may sound cheap, the April, 1967 issue of the Bulletin contained several thousand more words than all six of the first year's issues put together. And the April issue cost only 15¢, so the price is less than a third of what it was then!)

The Bulletin that first year was printed on a neighbor's mimeograph machine (except for the first issue, which was printed in Ohio by Crist M. Hershberger). The sheets were then brought to school, where the pupils helped the teacher during the noon hour to gather, staple, address and stamp them for mailing.

A new stencil duplicator was purchased in 1958, especially for the Bulletin. This machine worked well, and tallied a third of a million copies before it became too small and too slow for the growing paper. In 1964 the Pathway Publishing Corp. was formed, and this company then printed the Bulletin on its offset press.

The Bulletin was never intended to be a

money-maker, and even today costs more to produce than the price of the subscription.

The Blackboard Bulletin has grown in ten years. This growth in itself has brought with it many problems. One in particular is that the larger family of subscribers makes it difficult to keep the paper as intimate and informal as it was the first few years. The paper was really an outgrowth of a teachers' circle letter, and at first the writers felt free to share their personal problems with the small group of subscribers. Today a teacher can not be blamed for being reluctant to open his heart to an audience that numbers in the thousands.

We have been glad to see the Bulletin spread out and new subscribers join us. Without this expansion, the Bulletin could never have become a paper of 28-36 pages. But at the same time, this growth has made it difficult to keep the paper the common, homely little messenger it started out to be. We're trying our best to keep it that way, and welcome any suggestions from the readers to help us succeed.

We wonder how many of our first year's subscribers are still with us. There must be a few who have kept every issue of the Bulletin, and filed them away in some safe place. We would be happy to hear from some of these "old" friends.

For a few years the Bulletins were addressed each month by hand. During this time, and even later when duplicated address labels were used, every subscriber seemed like a personal friend, and what a disappointment when someone whose name had been written laboriously so many times, failed to renew! Many addresses, complete with route and box number, were memorized without trying.

Some of our first writers have stayed faithfully with us through the years. We could always depend upon them to come through with well-written articles. And even a teacher can not identify the handwriting of so many people as an editor.

Other excellent writers wrote only a few years, or have written less frequently as the years passed. One of our better writers has been John B. Zook of Ethridge, Tennessee, who favored us with a series on Christopher Dock in 1958, and also an anonymous series of book reviews signed by "The Bookworm". Another favorite writer of the early years was Crist M. Hershberger, whose "Crist's Column" of verse appeared in a number of issues.

In the first issue the editor's column contained these words:

"First of all, a few words to outline the objectives of this new paper, and to let the

readers in on some of the plans for the future, are necessary. Now, where shall we begin? We do want to put out a paper that is INTERESTING; one that is INFORMATIVE; one that has clean and WHOLESOME material; one that is INSPIRING; and last but not least, one that is SIMPLE and INFORMAL, yes, a publication that will appeal to the readers, one in which they feel they have a part, a share, an interest. That, broadly, is our goal.

"In issues to come, we'll try to discuss discipline, teaching methods, parent-teacher relationships, subject matter, and a host of related school problems. Additional features will include reports on school laws and situations, teachers' biographies, school histories, etc. We have a wide open field to work in, and if we all work together we can put out a paper that will be indispensable to the teacher who is still learning from day to day. (And what teacher isn't?)"

After ten years of experience as an editor, we must look back and wonder how well we have succeeded in reaching the goals we outlined in our first editorial. Sometimes we feel like a failure, but at other times we are reassured by readers who tell us how much the Bulletin has meant to them.

An editor, like a teacher, must be ready to take the blame if something doesn't turn out the way it was planned, but if things do go smoothly, he is the first to admit that the credit really doesn't belong to him. So it is in our case. No one else knows as well as we do how many mistakes we have made. Sometimes we wonder if we have really learned anything in these ten years.

When the Bulletin was only a few months old, we received a letter from a well-wisher, saying, "I foresee great promise for our fledgling paper. It can be a powerful factor in welding our schools into a common organization without name. We hope it may encourage more young teachers, sustain the older ones, and create a bond of friendship among school directors, parents, and teachers of our plain schools."

That is very ably stated. We agreed with it when we first read it, and now, ten years later it is still our hope and prayer.

- J. S.

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The will to labor is a greater thing than genius.

* * * * *

- By Winifred Beachy

I'm going to school everyday,
To help the girls and boys.
Some days are a little harder,
And other days are full of joys.

A new boy entered school,
Lester Lambright of Bland.
Makes an extra eighth grader,
To raise and wave a hand.

To handle all thirty-one,
Surely keeps me busy.
"How do we do this problem?"
"May I talk to Lizzie?"

"Yes, go talk to Lizzie,
Be sure to speak English."
"Now, Amos, for your problem,
I'll explain that if you wish."

Next Rueben wants some clay,
But less than five minutes are up
Before he is waving again,
Wiggling and restless as a pup.

It's high time to start classes,
But Albert needs help, too.
Finally I call sixth grade,
Alvin shakes, "I'm not through."

Well, let's try Grade Two,
I call, "Second grade arithmetic."
Out of their desks they hurry,
A favorite place to pick.

Finally the classes are in,
All except grade four.
Jake just isn't quite ready,
So I wait some more.

That's the way it goes,
All through the day.
But it wouldn't be school,
If it wasn't that way.
- Bowling Green, Missouri

* * *

1. Take twenty minutes by yourself at the beginning of each day.
2. Live above small troubles by losing yourself in big, worthwhile interests.
3. Grow every day; life is so short. Waste not a minute.

There has recently come to our desk a copy of an address by Dr. M. E. Gladfelter, president of Temple University in Philadelphia. This address was to the graduating class of 1960.

In the speech Dr. Gladfelter said, "As we stand here a group of farmers and artisans in a rural township in Lancaster County are carrying mortar and stone across stubble fields and pastures to build a school for their children. It is a new school to which will go sons and daughters who are being reared in the faith of their fathers. Although we might find the tenets of their faith and their reasons for delinquency from school unacceptable, we respect them for their loyalty to truth as they see it and the sacrifices they make for its advancement. A small bell now rests in the open field. When in September from the roof of the school it calls together children strangely but well clothed, from homes that are conservatively but firmly built to classes that will be taught simple truths in unadorned surroundings, we will witness a loyalty to purpose and ideal for which a society of free men must make allowance.

"The trust in your hands is to secure privileges and freedoms such as these—whether in the pulpit, in the schoolroom, or across the editorial page."

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All Readers, Please Note!

There will be no issues of the Blackboard Bulletin in June or July. The next issue you will receive will be the August issue.

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The Editor's Lament

Getting out a magazine has its problems.

If we don't print contributions
We don't appreciate genius.

And if we do print them, the magazines are
filled with junk.

If we edit the other fellow's write-up,
We're too critical.

If we don't, we're asleep.

If we clip things from other newspapers,

We are too lazy to write them ourselves.

If we don't, we're stuck with our own material.

Now, like as not, someone will say we got this from some other paper. We did—From the "Woman's Household", which clipped it from the Indian Head News, which took it from the columns of the Valley Echo, which had gotten it from the Oct., 1965 Firland Magazine.

ADVANTAGES IN EARLY RELIGION

Happy the one whose youthful years,
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinners' path, and fears,
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in His eyes,
A flower when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work if we begin,
To fear the Lord betimes,
While sinners that grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young,
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To Thee, Almighty God, to Thee—
Our youth we will resign,
'Twill please us to look back and see,
That our whole lives were Thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise,
Employ my youthful breath,
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

— Selected from an old hymn

* * * * *

EXAMPLES OF TRUE AND FALSE REPENTANCE

— from an old, old book by Charles Walker.

(A Story to Read to Your Children)

I will now relate two stories about two boys, who were very different from each other, as you will see. James Cole was a smart, active lad, had a lively and cheerful mind, and was a leader among other boys in their amusements. All the scholars in the school wanted James to be with them when they were out at their plays, he was so brisk in his sports, and ready in planning what they should do. And yet it could hardly be said that they loved him, for he wanted every body to mind him, and was often fretful, and would sometimes get very angry. But his worst fault was, that he would often deceive his playmates and frequently tell lies.

The road where James went to school passed by a farmer's field, in which there was one season a large number of melons. James had often looked through the fence to see these melons while they were growing, and thought he should take some of them when they got ripe.

Now this farmer was a very kind man, and would have given the boy a melon at any time when they had become ripe. But James thought he would help himself to some of them, that is,

he would steal them. He knew it was wrong to steal, but he thought that no one would find it out, and he did not think that God would see the wickedness, and punish him for it. He was a boy that did not think much about God, or heaven, or hell. When he did wrong, all that he cared for was that nobody in this world should know it.

At length the melons were ripe; and one evening after dark James climbed over the fence, and felt round on the ground till he found two large melons, which he took, one under each arm, and carried to his father's barn. There he ate what he wanted of them, and hid the rest for another time. In two or three days he had eaten them up, and began to think of getting some more.

The farmer had found out that some one had been stealing his melons, for as James had felt around in the dark to find them, he trampled on the vines and broke them, and thus left the marks of what he had done. The farmer did not know who had stolen his melons, but thought

— Continued on page 242



FRIEDENSHEIM
1 BERLIN 46
KLUBERSTRASSE 26-28
GERMANY
April 20, 1967

Greetings from Germany!

I enjoy reading the Bulletin, for it brings memories of by-gone teaching days, as well as stimulates hopes of returning to the schoolroom some day if that is where the Lord wants me.

In many ways, it is an advantage to be able to have our parochial schools. May we be concerned that we really have something better to offer than the public schools. It is sad when the outside looks in and sees our schools have discipline problems, too. Or perhaps some of our parents think that regular attendance is not important. Is this being a light to the world?? I hope that very few of our schools are confronted with these problems.

Though I'm not teaching school, I do have contact with children and youth almost every day. The contact is not teaching the three R's, but trying to demonstrate the three L's—LOVE, LONGSUFFERING, and LOYALTY. This, however, is impossible in one's own strength. Daily, one needs to draw new strength from the Fountain of Life—Jesus.

We have a great opportunity in demonstrating divine love, for many of these children do not receive it in their homes. We know individual families who show much affection among family members, but unless they possess the love of God in their hearts, they cannot display genuine love. Therefore, the contrast is great between teaching in a Christian Day School and working with children who have no Christian heritage.

In our own circles, we take for granted that the children are taught these things. Praise the Lord for those who are! Many of them daily observe such ungodly acts in adults. What else can we expect of the children?? For some it is just as easy to tell a lie as it is to tell the truth. Much Godly wisdom is required in knowing how to deal with such cases when these children are in our care here at Friedensheim.

A person is prone to question, sometimes, whether anything can be accomplished when the admonishing is one-sided, coming from us and not necessarily supported by the parents. However, it is our duty to sow the seed. God's Word will not return to Him void. He will give the increase whether or not we see fruit of our labors in this life.

I don't believe we can get too much Bible teaching into our children and youth of today. They are bound to have their minds occupied May, 1967

with something. Parents and teachers have a great influence as to what this something will be.

Perhaps some information concerning schools in Berlin would be of interest to many of you. The children are divided into schools according to their ability to learn. Thus the children from one family will likely not all go to the same school. Some may attend a school within walking distance from home, while others ride a city bus (no school buses) to another part of town.

The very slow learners who are not capable of keeping up in the normal school are sent to the Hilfsschule. (School for backward children). They put in more hours and do all their work in school, whereas the others have classes from 8:00 A.M. to 1:00 or 2:00 P.M. and have homework for the afternoon.

The school term begins after Easter and continues six days a week throughout the year with the exception of the following vacations: two weeks at Easter, one at Pentecost, six of summer vacation, two in autumn, and two at Christmas time. However, they are changing over to having their new terms begin in September. The beginners who would have ordinarily started to school this April will wait until September.

Religion is taught beginning in Kindergarten throughout all the school years. Some youth lose respect for their teacher if he doesn't practice what he tries to teach. A 14 year old girl who experienced the new birth last year and learned Bible teachings was bold enough to correct her teacher in class if he misinterpreted something. One day, he flung his Testament at her head for doing so. (This girl has a radiant testimony. She faces opposition at home, and is made fun of in school, but this creates in her an even greater desire to live for Jesus.)

May we be busy in the work of the Lord while it is yet day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

Sincerely,
Eunice Miller

* * * * *

BURTON, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who died on a cross for our sins, but arose from the dead for righteousness sake. As the earth with its green vegetation and growth comes back to life again this time of year, so also should the Christian be mindful of the new hope for all sinners through the death and resurrection of Christ Jesus, that faith in Him can save from eternal damnation and

ment.

Our annual Geauga County Amish Parochial Spelldown was held at Pleasant Valley School on March 10th with all our 8th graders attending (to the writer's knowledge) except one school. This has been our way of competing in spelling for a number of years with all 8th graders attending instead of just the best spellers. This seems to be the fair way to have these spell-downs. Spelling words in front of one hundred pairs of eyes is not as easy as writing them on paper, and we feel the pupils who study hard and conquer the spelling and pronunciation of difficult words need never be ashamed of their efforts in years to come.

At Meadow Glow, the school year has been an average one with problems the same as other schools have where the pupils are of human parentage. The writer substituted several days of school when the regular teacher, Melvin Gingerich, had a hospital appointment to have open-heart surgery for Jamie, their two-year-old son. However, this date was again canceled and the new date is now May 21. Let's not forget Bro. Melvin and family in our prayers.

Hearing the eager little children sing the beautiful hymns in school is always so touching. How little do they realize the privilege of worshipping God in their innocent way in a free country. How responsible we as parents are to instill in their young hearts the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. Is it enough to leave the training of our children to the teachers of our schools or the ministers of our congregations? Certainly, we as parents would feel both teacher and minister can be a great help, but it is our responsibility first of all. A child who is not taught the fear of the Lord is likely to become a trouble-child, especially, when away from the influence of his elders.

How I cherish the memory of a conversation several years ago with one of the parents of South Hayes School. The last meeting for the school year was being held. Certain boys had been found guilty of an act of which I felt they should be punished. This parent thanked me for dealing out discipline to his boy. "That was just what he needed," he said. He told the boy he should be ashamed to act like that toward the good teacher they have. How unworthy I felt! How it humbled me!

May God bless all parents who are willing to have others help in instructing, admonishing, and reproving their children in these perilous times, whether those others be teachers, ministers, or friends. Let us never hold a feeling of prejudice or hatred toward one who reminds us of our children's faults or shortcomings. Let

us thank him instead. May the Grace of God be with one and all as another school term closes.

- An unworthy reader
Levi L. Hershberger

* * * * *

GREENTOWN, INDIANA
April 20, 1967

Greetings to all Bulletin Readers,

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Colossians 3:16.

The above verse brings to mind several things I have noticed greatly among the children since we have our own school.

Such an inspiration it is to listen to them practice their Bible verses which they are studying to say orally. Also the singing is entirely different from what they brought home from the public school. Every morning and evening they used to be in contact with the radio on the school bus for three-fourths of an hour or more.

Yes, I went through all of this myself as we didn't have our own school yet. I wish I could have gone to a parochial school. Teaching methods could have been picked up by those who are interested in teaching, and also many other things learned in a different way.

I am no teacher or pupil in a school room, but I do take a great interest in those who are. A teacher has a great responsibility, but I think it can be a worthwhile and rewarding work.

On April 3, I had the privilege, along with a load from the Kokomo area, to visit several schools in the Middlebury and LaGrange areas.

We visited the Pleasant Ridge, Blue Ridge, Woodside, and Plain View Schools. Several others I also wished to visit but time didn't allow.

When we arrived at the last school they had an interesting period planned, with singing and an arithmetic race. I thought the scholars did very well, but the teacher wasn't satisfied until the visitors all tried their hand at "ciphering". It is surprising how much you do remember after being out of school for four years.

In one school we noted the nice free-hand drawings by grades 1-4. I also noticed the different methods used by the teachers when they had classes. Some are on their feet constantly while others take their classes up in front and sit at tables or just on benches and chairs. For that part, I think a lot would depend on the space that you have available.

My thoughts are often led to the areas where "qualified teachers" (according to our standards) are not allowed to teach. Let's pray that if it is the Lord's will, they can also soon have "qualified teachers" of their own churches.

I will close, wishing you all His many blessings. Remember us and our school in your prayers, and we want to do likewise in weakness.

Sincerely,
Irene Gingerich

* * * * *

KOKOMO, INDIANA
April 22, 1967

Dear Readers,

Greetings in the Saviour's precious name!

Another month has rolled around, another Bulletin has been read, and another opportunity to write for this interesting paper has almost slipped through our fingers. Before we know it spring is here and the last chance to do our duty by this interesting paper is gone until next term.

Yes, time flies. Are we perhaps shirking more important duties than this? Do golden opportunities slip by unnoticed?

We here at Millerview have been sailing fairly smooth seas for the first term. Many adjustments have been made. Many things have been done and many more things still need to be done before school closes. As always, some things may have to be left undone.

Some may think the teacher's load becomes lighter with each term's experience, but I think those who have tried it agree that the opposite is true. Perhaps in some areas it is easier to teach, but the responsibility is as great as ever and probably felt more keenly. Teaching the facts given in the textbooks hardly seems the most important any more. Oh, that these children may be taught so they may lead clean, God-fearing lives; that they may be prepared to withstand the many temptations in this life.

We have a small school here, only fourteen regular students plus three vocationals on Friday. Some have remarked that this would be like playing. It is true that there is less work than there would be with thirty or more. Even so, there are still all the classes to get in and always plenty to do.

We are using the Bible Nurture Reading Series from Rod and Staff. We have no third graders so we only have them in the first two grades. At one time I was reluctant to use them because of the lack of enough word repetition. We decided to draw up our own plan in

using them. We have only the reading texts, reading-phonics workbooks, and the work sheets. According to the lesson plans you are expected to start the first grade in reading during the first week of school, with 150 lessons in one grade. The teacher is advised to spend two days on one lesson, with extra review and drill, if the pupils cannot keep up with the work otherwise. Even if the first grade does not complete all five units in one term and has to finish them in the second grade, they would probably be farther advanced than they would be with other books.

Now, we do not feel that first graders are ready to start reading before they have been going to school at least six weeks. So we used some reading preparatory books until we felt they were ready to start reading. In that time they were also taught the short vowel sounds and most of the consonant sounds, giving them some solid ground from which to start reading. Their first reading word, God, was easily sounded out, as were many others.

This reading program places great stress on phonics, but new sounds and combinations are introduced so rapidly that that alone could easily create frustration if care isn't taken. Whatever you do, don't skimp on the time spent with first grade reading and drilling phonics! Since they go so fast, another good phonics book is in order. For this I would highly recommend the Hay-Wingo Reading with Phonics series.

I have been repeatedly surprised, though, by what the first grade takes in stride. I know that some of the other children are still learning from listening in to my first grade classes. All in all, they are doing quite well and I enjoy teaching from these books. Certainly there is a great satisfaction in teaching them things that will help to mold Christian lives, that will be beneficial to their salvation. The children take a keen interest in their stories, and an older child has expressed the desire for such reading books instead of what they have.

If you are interested in using them, we would encourage you to do so. It is better to only start in with the first grade, then add the next grades as they get ready for them. Also get a good supply of tag board with which to make flash cards. You will need at least two packs. Cut these up in a convenient size in advance. I made four cards from each sheet. Thus the writing will be big enough to be easily read from a distance. If you are fortunate enough to have a paper cutter, you will save hours of measuring and cutting. If you are like I am, you will need guide lines so that the words are straight across the cards. Let the children help you

make those lines in their spare time. Now, using a felt tip pen, make your cards as you need them, or in advance. (The ink from some pens nearly soaks through the tag board. The pens called "Draws-a-Lot" have worked best for me so far. I used a razor blade to shape the felt tip to suit my needs.) Some times the job seems endless, but at least you have the consolation of knowing you won't need to do that next year if you are in the same school!

I was fortunate enough to pick up a sturdy cardboard box with a hinge-type lid that is just the right size for storing the flash cards. I bought alphabet index tabs to fasten to some of the cards so that I can arrange them alphabetically for easy locating.

Time will tell what the final results of this reading program will be, as far as learning to read goes. Probably the real merits will not show up until these children are in the upper grades. We may never be able to measure the influence of these lessons on the lives of the children. The extra work is time well spent if it helps to direct but one life in the straight and narrow way.

Here's hoping that our experience with these books may help others who are finding them a little hard, or those who are still undecided about them.

- Martha Helmuth

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APPRECIATION

- By O. Burkholder

When Mr. Ward came to Loudon to teach the village school, he accepted a position that was more difficult than he had expected. He had a number of years of experience, and, while he had heard that the Loudon school was a rough one, he expected that the stories in circulation were greatly exaggerated. But he had not been teaching many weeks until he found to his dismay that this particular group of children lived up to their reputation. Such fighting and stealing! Usually there are several in a school who apparently would rather do wrong than right, but in this school the one who wished to obey was the exception.

While we do not wish to give the impression that poverty and ignorance are always bosom companions, in this case it seemed that the chief reason for such general misbehavior was ignorance. Most of the families were poor and some of them very poor, and their opportunities for any degree of refinement were few. If they had

been rich and the children spoiled by over-indulgent parents, one might have expected just what Mr. Ward found. Many of the boys came in rags, and some of them were just as careless about their facial cleanliness as they appeared to be about their clothes.

All of these conditions touched the heart of the teacher. How he would like to have helped them to something better. Yet every effort that he put forth seemed to meet with no response, and he began to believe that he was doomed to failure as far as reaching the hearts of his pupils was concerned. However, two little incidents will show how badly mistaken we can be, and how, when we least expect it, the manifestation of love and appreciation for which we long is suddenly thrust upon us.

Mr. Ward went home to his family at noon for dinner. The distance was short, but his walk took him past a large apple orchard. One day while hurrying back to school, he spied a number of his boys in the orchard helping themselves to the apples. Hoping to get them to stop stealing and to go back to the schoolyard, he whistled at them. To his astonishment one of the boys whistled in return. The teacher whistled the second time and was answered by several boys. He tried it the third time but when he received a chorus of shrill defiant shrieks in return, he knew that he was defeated for the time being.

Of course the boys knew better than to act so rudely, but they had become so accustomed to all kinds of disobedience that they became more bold with each escapade. However, the teacher was angry because the boys had stolen the farmer's apples, but more so because they had brazenly flouted his authority, and the boys, from past experiences, knew that the time of reckoning was immediate.

It was a hostile group that gathered when the after-dinner bell was rung, and it was a determined teacher that faced them. Calling them before his desk, he whipped them before the school; he felt that he had punished them so severely that they would hate him as long as they remembered him. Yet after it was all over and each boy in his seat, not one of them shedding a tear, but a death-like stillness pervading the whole room, the teacher wondered of what sort of material these ragged, uncouth boys were made. It seemed to him that they took their punishment as a matter of course, and that, at the next opportunity, they would commit the same sin in the same way. Was there not something to be done to reach them? His many little acts of kindness had miserably failed, he thought. This last severe disciplin-

ing seemed to be a failure, for not one boy winced as he received his punishment. Was he decisively beaten?

As autumn waned and winter came, the number of pupils increased. Several older boys and girls, who worked during summer months, now returned for a few additional weeks of schooling. They did not expect to increase their store of knowledge to any great degree, but they expected to have a general good time. Do what he would, Mr. Ward was a beaten man at the end of many an unsatisfactory day. He began to long for spring and the closing of the school year; to stay another year he positively refused. With this decision firmly fixed in his mind, he accepted the school in a neighboring village three miles away and waited impatiently for the day when he could be released from his present irksome task. He believed the children did not love him; so why should he stay?

Like all disagreeable tasks, this one had an end, and Mr. Ward found himself in his new home in Ridway, teaching a more responsive group of children. His year's experience at Loudon seemed like a night-mare. He was trying to forget as fast as he could, and his present congenial circumstances aided him considerably. However, all unknown to him, he was due for a very peculiar but definite awakening.

One Saturday forenoon while sitting in his study preparing for the coming week, he heard a timid knock on the street door. Not expecting anyone, he wondered who might have an occasion to call at this time. He was greatly surprised on opening the door to see four ragged boys from the Loudon school standing before him. At once he remembered of the time when he had whipped them unmercifully and how he had believed they hated him. He was much puzzled about this visit. Boy fashion, they did not keep matters waiting, and one of them held out a small parcel and said,

"We can't give you very much but we wanted to show you that we appreciated your teaching us last year."

Then Mr. Ward, to the boys' astonishment broke down and wept. For a little while no one could say a word. The teacher was the first to be able to speak, and inviting them to his home, he asked them how they were getting along, and how they liked their new teacher. He found to his delight that he had a real warm place in these four boys' hearts. The boys had brought him a couple handkerchiefs, the money for which they had begged from their parents, but for once it was literally true that the spirit of the gift was what counted more than its material value.

In the journey of life we labor on. We look
May, 1967

for response, and for many weary months there seems to be no apparent sign forthcoming. Discouragement, instead, beclouds our vision. Then like the calm after a furious storm, some-one ministers to our weary hearts; discouragements are dispelled; and the once wearisome task no longer seems burdensome. Let us not gauge the value of service by immediate response. It is after we have been tried and not found wanting that true responses are forthcoming and when they can be most safely appreciated.

- From the book, True Stories From Life;
Selected by Daniel J. Zook,
Mechanicsville, Maryland

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CONVERSE, INDIANA
April 5, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,
Greetings to all.

After having visited different Amish Parochial Schools lately, I feel touched to share encouragement with others concerning our own schools. The schools I had the privilege to visit were four schools in the Middlebury-Shipshewana area, and our own Millerview School, Kokomo, Indiana.

As this was the first time that I had been in a one-room schoolhouse, it was quite interesting to say the least.

One thing that amazed me was the smoothness with which the one-room schools with eight grades operate, and also when there are two teachers in the same room. Quietness of course is a necessity, which is a good lesson for us all to learn.

Another thing I sensed is that the teacher and children do not get carried away from their subjects as is quite often the case when only one grade is in the room. I remember many times in public schools when the children and teacher got carried away from their lessons into topics of other concern for whole periods.

Some may have been interesting, but also I can remember about religious discussions where the teacher should have taken lessons from the children.

That reminds me again of the pureness and sincerity of my classmates when they were young. I have wondered many times how many of the children who went to school with me still believe the way they used to profess. I know of some who don't, or don't live up to it. But what can we expect when they go to these "atheist colleges", which is what most of the state colleges are based upon. These are also the col-

leges that are supplying the public schools with most of their young teachers. In my school years I thought I could sense the spiritual difference between some of the older and younger teachers, but what can one expect after all the schooling and atheist atmosphere they go through for their degree. This kind of atmosphere and belief is also what is pleasing to the flesh, as morals and things like that aren't as important any more. This is invading the public schools at an alarming rate.

While I was doing my I-W service in a big city, I went past a big school every day to work. This school was a colored school but I believe it was a public school. Many times in the evening on the way home I could see a number of boys smartly marching, each carrying a gun. Every so often they would stop, aim their empty guns, and pull the triggers, making quite a click.

This is what they were being drilled to do in school, so why isn't it time we wake up and help our own Christian schools instead of having a tendency to mock at them.

Not that our Amish parochial schools are perfect or ever will be, but let us always strive for improvement in everything, and pray without ceasing.

Remember us in prayer.

- Dewey Gingerich

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THE WEED IN THE GARDEN PLOT

By Mrs. Edward J. Burkholder

The garden plot was plowed and tilled
And ev'ry weed destroyed,
Before the seeds were sown in rows
To later be enjoyed.
The veg'tables were planted for
Some hungry souls in need;
To cheer the faint and poor in health
Was sown the flower seed.

The soft rains fell, the sun shone warm;
The seeds, they quickly grew.
The gardener worked from early morn
Until the ev'ning dew—
To rid his garden of all weeds
That plants might stronger grow;
Alas! he missed an ungly weed
That grew up in one row.

The sandy loam grew hot and dry,—
The weed a tyrant stood;
His roots were spread out far and deep

And robbed all brotherhood.
He didn't care the tender plants
'Round him grew pale and weak,
But with his greed and might
He gloated o'er the meek.

"I'll rule!" he shouted day by day.
At last the gardener came
To look upon his garden plot,
And spied the wicked king.
The gardener's wrath was kindled sore,
And with his sharpest knife
He cut the foe off with a vim—
So that the meek might thrive.

The tender plants grew strong again
And yielded hundred-fold;
They helped to feed some hungry souls—
Their treasures were untold!
The flowers bloomed and brought great joy
To all who passed near by,
The sick were cheered,—their colors bright
Were pleasing to the eye!

Let's not be like the haughty weed
And like a monarch rule,
Lest we should stunt some growing mind
That might become a jewel.
Let's work in faith, and side by side;
Each other's burdens share—
And we can also bring much joy
As did the flowers fair!

- R.3, Box 248, Nappanee, Ind.

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HOLMESVILLE, OHIO
April 6, 1967

Dear Friends,

Greeting you all in Jesus' Name.

Looks like spring is here again, and such nice weather. Will try and write a few lines for the B.B. which I enjoy so much to read.

It seems it can't be that the school term is so nearly past. Time flies. It does seem a little more possible now than it did a few weeks ago, for we are nearing the end of our books. Our school started later than most schools, so we'll have to go a little longer.

On Wednesday, March 29th I took my 9 seventh and eighth graders to visit some other schools. Mr. and Mrs. Sam C. Yoder also went along, with Mrs. Sam Miller as driver. After all piling in, we started out for Knob View where Jonas Nisley is teacher. Here we saw a few arithmetic classes recite and the boys helped play a little ball at recess. Before mov-

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ing on we enjoyed ourselves singing a few songs yet. From there we went to Berlin where we ate our dinner.

Our next stop was Weaver's where Elizabeth Miller teaches. When we arrived they were having noon so the boys got a little exercise playing ball. Then we enjoyed a few songs and a geography class before moving on.

Next in line was north Bunker Hill School where Vernon Troyer teaches. Here they were having reading. Also sang a few songs. We were afraid we would run out of time before schools, so we had to keep on the go. So on to the new school house south of Mt. Hope, South Saltcreek School, where Sheila Sigler and Anna Yoder are the teachers. Here the eighth grade had arithmetic class and the lower grades had spelling tests.

Our next stop was at Boonetown. They were having spelling. We didn't get to stay very long as we thought maybe we could make it to Hill Crest School before school was dismissed. But we met some of the pupils going home before we got there. We decided to go on so the pupils could see their new schoolhouse. We visited a little with the teacher, Susan A. Yoder.

I wish to thank all the teachers and pupils who helped to make our trip so enjoyable. Also Andy C. Yoder who did a very good job of taking over for me, and helped to make this trip possible for us. We had started at about 9:00 and came back to our own school a little before 4:00 o'clock.

I will close, wishing you all God's richest blessings.

- Ruth Anderson

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO
April 22, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

The first answer to my problem in the April issue is 4.8 inches of snow, and to the second part, 7.5 inches.

(Editor's note: The problem was—If six inches of snow fell on level ground, how deep would it be on a roof that slopes nine inches to a foot? If six inches fell on the roof, how deep would it be on level ground?)

To do these problems, we need to find the hypotenuse of a triangle with a base of 12 inches and an altitude of 9 inches. The hypotenuse is exactly 15 inches.

In the first problem, one-half cubic foot of snow would fall on a square foot of level ground. The same amount of snow would fall on 180 May, 1967

square inches on the roof, to make a depth of 4.8 inches.

So it would take 1080 cubic inches of snow on the roof to make a depth of six inches. This much snow on a square foot of level ground would make a depth of 7.5 inches.

Now for the English problem. The sentence, "Mary stuck a pin in my baloon and it busted" is incorrect. The correct way is "Mary stuck a pin into my balloon and it burst." There was one spelling error and two grammar errors.

Using the word into is correct in this case instead of in. Into means to go in from the outside. Example: "The children came running into the schoolhouse when it started raining." "They played in the schoolroom while it rained."

- Noah S. Miller

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SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently; it is better by far
To rule by love than fear:
Speak gently, let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the aged one;
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run;
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard:
They have enough they must endure;
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perhaps unkindness made them so
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently; tis a little thing
Dropped in a heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

- Selected by Ruth E. Anderson

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I have never seen anything in the world worth
getting angry about.

- H. Raymond

* * * * *

perhaps the thief might come again; so he concluded to watch the field a little for several nights.

When James went the second time, and had just got hold of one melon, he heard some one coming, and seizing it quickly, he ran with all his might with the melon under his arm. Being a very active boy, he jumped over the fence and got away from the farmer, who was rather old and clumsy. But the farmer came near enough to him to know who he was. James ran all the way home, and fearing that the farmer would follow him, he did not stay to eat his melon, but hid it quickly in the barn, and then went with haste to bed.

Early the next morning the farmer went to James' father and told him that his son had been stealing melons. Mr. Cole was very much grieved to think that his son had been guilty of such wicked conduct, and he called James and asked him if he had done it. James said, No.

He lied about it; for he thought the farmer would not be able to prove that he stole the melons. And he was so accustomed to tell lies that

it did not trouble him at all to do it.

When James said he did not get the fruit, his father told the farmer that he must have mistaken some other boy for James. But the farmer knew he was not mistaken, and he charged the blame on this boy so much that both James and his father were greatly offended. After much dispute, the farmer thought of a plan to make the matter sure, and to convince Mr. Cole that his son was guilty. He judged that James did not eat the melon the night before, and that by looking about he might be able to find it. So he went to searching, and after a while he found it, where James had put it, in the barn. And he not only found the melon which James had stolen the night before, but he found also the rinds of the melons which he had before stolen.

"Here," said the farmer, calling Mr. Cole to come, "here is the melon, and the skins of the other ones; here is proof that I am right in saying that James is guilty of stealing."

Mr. Cole was now convinced that his son had done it, and the farmer, without saying another word, went home.

After the farmer was gone, Mr. Cole and James talked together in the following manner:

Mr. Cole. My son, I find you have been guilty of stealing and lying, and it grieves me to think you have been such a wicked boy. Are you sorry for it?

James. Yes, father, I am sorry.

Mr. C. What are you sorry for?

James. I am sorry that the farmer came here and found out that I got his melons, and I am sorry that you feel bad about it.

Mr. C. And would you not be sorry, if the farmer had not come, and if the melons had not been found, and if I were not grieved?

James. I don't know as I would.

Mr. C. Ought you not to be sorry that you have done wrong, and have sinned against God?

James. I suppose I ought.

Mr. C. My son, you ought to know that you have been very wicked, and that you have offended God. I must punish you for your bad conduct.

James. Why, the farmer had a great many melons, and I got only three.

Mr. C. But you ought not to have stolen any. If you had got but one, it would have been stealing; and stealing is wicked, whether you steal little or much. Besides, you have been guilty of lying, and told the lie a great many times over. What excuse can you have for that?

James. I hoped you would not find it out.

Mr. C. So, if I had not found it out, you would not have cared any thing about it.

James. I don't know as I would.

WHEN FATHER PRAYS

- Submitted by Noah S. Anderson

When Father prays the house is still,
His voice is slow and deep,
We shut our eyes, the clock ticks loud,
So quiet we must keep.

He prays that we may be good boys,
And later on, good men;
And then we squirm and think we won't
Have any quarrels again.

You'd never think, to look at Dad,
He once had tempers too,
I guess if Father needs to pray,
We youngsters surely do.

Sometimes the prayer gets very long
And hard to understand,
And then I wriggle up quite close,
And let him hold my hand.

I can't remember all of it,
I'm little yet, you see,
But one thing I can not forget,
My father prays for me!

* * *

Mr. C. O, my son, how hard and stubborn you are in wickedness. I fear that God will punish you, for he says that "all liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." You ought to humble yourself before God and repent.

James. I do repent.

Mr. C. What makes you think that you repent?

James. Because I am sorry.

Mr. C. But would you have been sorry if your stealing and lying had not been found out?

James. I don't know as I would.

Mr. C. Then you do not feel right, my son. You are sorry, not because you have been a very wicked boy, but because you have been found out in your evil doings. This is not true repentance. God knew you had done wrong before the farmer and I knew it; and if you were truly penitent, you would be far more sorry that you offended God, than you are that we know it.

James. Well, father, I am sorry that I have offended God.

Mr. C. Why are you sorry that you have offended God?

James. Because I am afraid he will punish me.

Mr. C. So, if you were not afraid that God would punish you, then you would not care any thing about it?

James. No, perhaps I would not.

Mr. C. Then you do not truly repent. You are not sorry for your wickedness; you are not grieved to think that you have a bad heart, and have been guilty of evil conduct, but you are troubled only because your evil doings have been found out, and you are afraid of punishment. This is not true repentance. I feel sad about you, my son; for unless you have better feelings than these, God will not forgive you, and you will grow worse and worse while you live, and when you die you will be wretched for ever.

After talking some time longer, Mr. Cole told James to go directly to the farmer, and ask his pardon. James hated to do this, and at first refused to go. His father told him that if he did not do it without delay, he should take a rod and punish him severely. James thought he would rather go to the farmer than receive such a punishment. So he went and asked pardon. But it was plain that he did it in a sour, unwilling manner. He was not humble; he had no proper feeling of his guilt. This the farmer saw clearly enough; but being a kind man, he told the boy that he would forgive him. "But," said he, "if you are not more humble and penitent before God, he will not forgive you." James did not mind this, for he only went to the farmer's to

avoid the whipping, and having escaped that, he did not seem to care for any thing else.

When James went to school again, he was more unpleasant in his temper than ever. He was cross, did not restrain his angry passions, and would often abuse his playmates. Now it was plain from this, that he did not truly repent of his sins of stealing and lying. For if he had truly repented of these sins, he would have repented of all other sins. He would have been more mild and humble in his temper than he used to be. He would have been more kind and peaceful. He would have loved his playmates better, and they would have loved him better than ever. But there was nothing of this. He was plainly worse, in all respects, than he was before.

All my young readers see that James did not truly repent. And yet he was sorry, very sorry, that he stole the melons and told the lies. He wept much about it while his father was talking with him, and he wished a thousand times that he had not done so. But his tears were shed because he had been detected in his wickedness. His wishes that he had not done so, arose from fear of being punished. He did not humble himself before God, and pray that he might have "a new heart and a right spirit." He did not humble himself before his father, whom he had grieved, nor before the farmer, whom he had wronged. The same proud and stubborn spirit which he had before, he still had. It is certain, therefore, that he did not truly repent.

Some people, if they had seen James crying, and saying he was sorry, would have said that he repented. But we must have other proof besides sorrow and tears, to convince us that a sinner repents. His feelings and conduct must be changed. He must be, as the Bible says, "a new creature." His former sinful feelings and conduct he must hate, and he must do right, must begin to obey and serve God in earnest. Then he repents, and not before.

* * * * *

Now for the story about the other boy. His name was Samuel Gale. He had no father or mother; they both died when he was a little child, and he did not remember any thing about them. He lived with Mr. Smith, a very kind gentleman, who had taken the orphan boy, and treated him as a son.

Samuel was a modest and sober lad, not much inclined to play, and not very active in his motions. He was not cheerful enough to be a pleasant playmate, and the other boys did not like him very well, for they said he was always sad, and always thinking about something. And

it must be owned, that he was rather easy to get offended, and was sometimes peevish and fretful.

But with all these faults, Samuel was a very good boy to learn. He loved his studies, and was very fond of reading his Sabbath-school books, and such other books as he could get.

Mr. Smith had a peach-tree in his garden, and one summer it was loaded with very fine fruit. Wishing to have the peaches get fully ripe, he gave strict orders to all his family not to pluck any of them from the tree, till he should tell them they might. Samuel, who was often in the garden, watched the peaches as they were getting ripe, and changing their color. When they began to put on their yellow coat, they looked very beautiful, and Samuel longed to get a taste of them. One day he found that one had fallen from the tree. It was a very large and fair one. Taking it up in his hand, he thought it would not be wrong to eat it, as he did not pick it from the tree.

So he ate it, and it was so good, that he had a strong desire to get some more of them. However, he restrained himself at that time from taking any. But he kept thinking all the afternoon how good the peach tasted, and how many other good ones there were on the tree.

In the evening, when it began to grow dark, he went into the garden again, and thought to himself that he might get a few of the peaches, and nobody would know it. He knew it would be wrong, and sometimes he determined that he would not do it. But as he stayed about the tree, he felt his appetite grow keener, and at length he gave way to the temptation, and said he would have some of the fruit.

As he could not reach the peaches while standing on the ground, he climbed up into the tree. The shaking of the tree made some of the fruit fall to the ground, and as it was now dark, and he could not see the peaches, but was obliged to feel about with his hand to find them, he knocked off a good many. And now he began to be sorry that he had climbed the tree. He had knocked off so many, that he feared Mr. Smith would find out that somebody had been there.

But, poor boy, a worse thing still was about to happen to him. In his haste to get down, he stepped with his whole weight on a large limb, already loaded with fruit, and the limb broke, and he fell to the ground. The fall hurt him some, but he did not care for that. What troubled him then, was, that he had left so many marks of what he had done, that he feared he should be found out as the rogue. He was so sorry that he had meddled with the tree, that he could not eat a single peach; so he took out all

that he had put into his pockets and threw them on the ground. He went into the house, and soon after went to bed.

This was a sad night for Samuel. He could not sleep. He lay uneasy in his bed, and blamed himself for his folly. As he lay thinking what he should do, he sometimes almost concluded that he would get up in the morning, and go directly to Mr. Smith, tell him what he had done, confess his faults, and beg forgiveness. This would have been right, but he was not penitent enough to do it. At other times, he thought it might not be known that he did it, and so he might save himself the disgrace of confessing. There was a hard struggle in his mind. He wept much, and sleep departed from his eyes.

When the morning came, and Samuel arose from his restless bed, if he had gone at once to Mr. Smith, and confessed his faults, and become a good boy, and obeyed his master, and served God ever afterwards, that would have been repentance. But though he thought some of doing this, yet he was not humble enough to be willing to do it. He felt that he should be ashamed if he confessed his fault. So he did not then repent, though he was very sorry that he had done the wicked deed, and shed a great many tears about it.

Soon after breakfast, Mr. Smith went into the garden, and saw one of the large limbs of his peach-tree broken off, and many of the peaches scattered about on the ground. The sight made him sad, and almost angry. He went into the house, and said that some one had been stealing his peaches, and had nearly spoiled the tree. Samuel dreaded to hear him speak; and thought if Mr. Smith should ask him if he did it, he would say he did not. Ah, this was a bad thought; he did not at that moment consider, that telling a lie about it would be as bad as getting the peaches, and even worse.

Samuel was not apt to tell lies, but he had done it a few times, and now concluded to do it again. So, when Mr. Smith asked his family if any one had been getting the peaches, they all said they had not; and Samuel, too, said he had not. If Mr. Smith had observed closely when Samuel spoke, he would have seen a blush of shame, and the marks of guilt in his face. But as he had always been a pretty good boy, and had seldom been caught in a lie, Mr. Smith concluded that somebody else had done it.

He asked his family who they thought it might be. They all guessed that it was Thomas Reed, a boy in the neighborhood, who had often been guilty of such deeds.

Samuel felt glad for a moment that he had not been found out. He soon left the room; but when

he was alone, his mind was much troubled. His lie now gave him as much pain as the other trespass. All the forenoon his feelings were very painful. Sometimes he tried to excuse himself, but he knew there was no excuse, and his trying to do it made him appear worse in his own sight. Once he thought to excuse his lie in this way. He said, "Mr. Smith asked if I had been getting the peaches. I told him, no; and I did not get any of them, for I left them all under the tree."

But this plan quieted his mind only for a moment; for he knew that he did get his pockets full of the peaches, and only left them under the tree because the limb broke. He knew himself, he felt himself guilty. No excuses could satisfy his mind. He was uneasy and wretched.

In the afternoon, while Mr. Smith and some of his neighbors were looking at the broken peach-tree, Thomas Reed and his father came along. They called Mr. Reed and his son into the garden, and charged the boy with robbing the tree. Thomas denied it, as well he might. But one of the men said he saw Thomas looking through the fence at the tree the day before.

This statement, and the fact that he had often been guilty of theft and other bad conduct, made them all think that Thomas was the rogue. So Thomas' father took a large rod, and gave him a severe whipping. Samuel saw the blows, and feeling that he deserved them himself, he was more unhappy than ever. He almost concluded, when he saw Thomas smarting under the rod, to run to them and confess that he was the guilty boy, and so save Thomas.

But he was not yet humble enough to do it. So he ran away by himself alone, and cried much about his own guilt and Thomas' suffering. But still, this was not repenting, for he did not do what he knew he ought to do. This was proof that he did not yet repent; for you must remember that every true penitent will do what he knows he ought to do.

Samuel did not sleep much more this night than he did the night before. He felt that he was more guilty now than he was the last night. He went to his bed with a sad heart. As he lay there, uneasy and weeping, he thought of a great many things that he had done in his past life, which were wrong. He seemed to remember all his wicked feelings and conduct. Before this time, he used to think himself a very good boy, and did not feel that he was a great sinner. But now it seemed to him that his whole life had been wicked. He felt that his heart was full of evil.

While he lay restless and unhappy on his bed, he remembered what the Bible says: "The

wicked are like the troubled sea that cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Samuel felt that all this is true. He thought how often he had been disobedient, and fretful, and angry. He remembered that he had been guilty of lying before. He found that he had been disobeying God all his days. These thoughts troubled him much. "How foolish and wicked I have been," he said. "I never considered that I was such a sinner before." Again he considered his late bad conduct. He thought of the peach-tree, and his disobedience and theft. He thought of the wicked lie he had told. He thought, too, of Thomas Reed, and seemed almost to hear him cry again, while suffering the stripes which he ought to have borne himself. His heart was full of anguish. He could endure it no longer. "I will confess," said he; "I will tell Mr. Smith it was I that got the peaches, and broke the tree. I will tell him that I told a wicked lie about it. And I will go to Thomas Reed and beg his pardon."

Now Samuel was humble. Now he truly began his repentance. He was honest in what he said, and was resolved to do it as soon as the morning light should come. Now his mind was more at peace. Though his conduct seemed to him as bad as ever, yet he now resolved to do what he knew he ought to do. He did not think so much, at this time, whether Mr. Smith would forgive him, or whether God would forgive him; but he resolved to confess and forsake his sins. This brought some quiet to his mind, and it being almost morning, he got a little sleep.

Early in the morning, he arose and kneeled down by his bedside, and confessed his sins, and prayed to God for some time. Samuel never prayed in such a manner before. There, on his knees before God, he resolved to do all that he knew he ought to do, and he prayed God to help him to keep this resolution as long as he lived. This was repenting.

He went down to Mr. Smith's room, and as soon as Mr. Smith came in, he went and kneeled down at his feet, and said, "It was I that got the peaches. It was I that broke the tree. I told a very wicked lie about it. Thomas Reed was not to blame."

Mr. Smith was very much surprised; and as Samuel seemed very humble and penitent, he said, "I will forgive you, my boy." As Samuel felt that he was almost too wicked to be forgiven, he hardly thought Mr. Smith would pardon him so soon. He felt that he deserved punishment, and was willing to be punished. But he was glad to hear the words of pardon, and he thought he should love Mr. Smith better than he ever did,

and should not disobey him again. All the family were glad to see Samuel so penitent, and they all most fully forgave him.

He then asked Mr. Smith if he might go before breakfast and see Thomas Reed. Mr. Smith gave him leave, and he ran with great haste over to Mr. Reed's. As soon as he found Thomas, he said to him, "I knew you did not get the peaches. I was sorry to see you punished yesterday. I was the one to blame!" Thomas was rather cross, but Samuel asked his pardon a good many times, and told him that he would always do him all the good in his power. He then went home, praying to God as he walked along, that, for Christ's sake, he would forgive him, and make him ever after a good and pious boy.

We have reason to believe that God heard the prayers of Samuel, and granted his request; for he was very much changed, and was in all respects a much better boy afterwards. He remembered his promise, to do every thing which he knew he ought to do.

He read his Bible much more than he used to do, and the more he read that holy book, the better he loved it. He spent a short season two or three times a day, in earnest prayer to God. His temper was better than it was before. He was more cheerful and happy, and his school-mates, and all who knew him, loved him better. After a few months, he thought that he ought to obey the Lord Jesus Christ, in making a public profession of religion, and confess him before men. So he was united with the church, and he lived ever afterwards such a blameless and pious life, that every body believed he was a Christian.

Here, my young readers, you see what true repentance is. You see that it is a confessing and forsaking of sin. You see that when one repents, he is humble, he is not ashamed to

confess his guilt. And you see, also, that when a person is in a state of mind to repent of one sin, he will repent of all sin. This last thing, I wish you always to remember. Many people deceive themselves on this point. They think they have repented of some very wicked act, because they are sorry for it, and intend not to do it again; while all their other feelings and conduct are not changed at all. It is plain, in such cases, that they do not truly repent of the one sin; for if they did, they would have a state of mind which would lead them to repent of all sin.

This was the fact with Samuel. He first repented of his sin of robbing the peach-tree and lying about it. But as soon as his mind was in a humble and penitent state, he repented of all sin, and was much changed in all his feelings and habits. His repentant state of mind showed that he was what the Scriptures call "a new creature."

Another thing, which I want all my young readers to remember, is, that when any one repents, he will be ready to do his duty. This is so important a thought, that I have before mentioned it several times in other words, and I may repeat it again before the close of the book. Some people seem to think that they have repented of a sin, or of all their sins, while they neglect many duties. They do not observe all the duties of religion. They seldom read the Bible; they neglect prayer; they refuse to obey the commands of the Saviour; they do not live pious and Christian lives. Yet they think they have often repented of sin. But it is not so. They deceive themselves. If they had repented of one sin, they would repent of all sin. If they had repented of any sin, they would obey God in the duties of religion. If they had penitent hearts, they would endeavor to do all that they know they ought to do.

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THE PARABLE OF THE TREES

- By Elmo Stoll

Many, many, long years ago, in the land of Present, there stood a famous forest named Society. This forest was exceedingly old, and although a close examination revealed that the hearts of the fine trees were greatly decayed, still the forest appeared more stately and grand each passing day.

Many animals lived in the forest and they became very proud of their home. At first there

was some concern and alarm at the way the trees were decaying at the centers, but it came to pass that some very clever and learned animals thought of a solution. A formula was discovered whereby paste could be mixed in a special manner. Workmen set to work at once carefully covering all the cracks in the trees where the decaying marred their beauty. It is true that the inside kept right on decaying and

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already many of the trees swayed to and fro dangerously in a storm. Howbeit the dwellers of the forest, for the most part, were so impressed with the grandeur of the trees that they felt secure and happy.

Close to the forest was a meadow and a church. To the animals who had lived in the forest all their days, the gray slopes of the meadow appeared exceedingly drab and bare. For this cause, no small number of the animals scorned the meadow and would not pass near it except to laugh and stare. Forasmuch then as the animals with one accord despised the meadow, it was nearly vacant except for certain sheep which grazed contentedly thereupon.

It came to pass one day that the animals were gathered together to discuss their forest abode.

Fat Mr. Bear was the chairman and he sat up very straight on a stump and called the meeting to order. He held his paw across his chest and looking very splendid, he spoke on this wise, "We certainly have every reason to be happy and pleased over the progress we have made the past years. Our forest appears more impressive every day."

"What you speak is true," agreed Mr. Beaver, who was the head of the Department of Patching Trees. "But we are hindered in our work inasmuch as there remains always a shortage of workmen who are skilled enough to mix paste and apply it to the cracks."

Mr. Goat stroked his white curvy whiskers and said with great dignity, "It is plain to see that we shall need to improve our educational system somehow."

"And that right rapidly," grunted Mr. Tortoise, flicking his eyelids and drawing back his head.

"I have a plan," suggested Mrs. Loon, pointing her beak straight up like a lightning rod.

Just then Mr. Owl arrived and perched on a branch a safe distance above Mr. Bear's head. "Wait until I'm settled before you decide anything important," he called. He removed his spectacles from his eyes and gravely proceeded to clean them.

"Go ahead, what is it?" growled the chairman, vexed at the way Mr. Owl took his time.

"Well then," spoke Mrs. Loon, "I suggest we appoint Mr. Fox to inspect all our fine schools!"

All the animals were of one accord and it came to pass that Mr. Fox was appointed as Inspector of Schools in the Forest of Society.

The sun was high in the sky one day as Mr. Fox ventured out from the Forest on his way to inspect the Sheep's School at the far side of the meadow.

Inspector Fox knocked politely at the door
May, 1967

and waited until Brother Sheep, the teacher, came and invited him in. Fox felt a bit out of place at first, but Brother Sheep seemed friendly enough, so he bravely proceeded, "Do you mind if I take a look at the books and check through some of the lambs' work?"

"Not at all," said Brother Sheep, "and feel free to make any suggestion you like."

Thus encouraged, Inspector Fox set to work. The books were neatly kept and very little seemed amiss. "It's just on the surface," Inspector Fox thought within himself, "I shall probe deeper. I am too clever to be fooled by a front like this."

Thereupon he scanned about the room until his eyes lighted upon an ewe-lamb in the second row that looked very timid. Going up to her he said, "Can you tell me how to catch a mouse?"

Little ewe-lamb looked bewildered.

"You needn't go into detail," honeyed Fox, "Just state briefly the most successful procedure, in your opinion."

In no small misery ewe-lamb shook her head.

Thus encouraged, Inspector Fox raised his voice and asked in a loud tone, "Who will volunteer to tell me how to catch a mouse?"

Whereupon all the lambs gazed anxiously into the face of their teacher and were not a little perplexed.

Rapping on the desk with the hoof of his right foreleg, Brother Sheep announced, "Inspector Fox, we don't teach that subject."

"You don't teach it!" gasped Mr. Fox, looking very shocked indeed. "That can't be true. You're just kidding me. How can you pretend to teach school and not even teach how to catch a mouse?"

"I find there are many other subjects more important to teach and so far I haven't seen the need of Mouse Catching."

"That's ridiculous," snapped Mr. Fox, "How do you expect them to catch mice, if you don't teach it?"

"Catch mice?" asked Brother Sheep calmly, "And why do they need to catch mice?"

Inspector Fox's tail jerked angrily. "They'll starve once they're on their own and must make their way in this world. Why that's the first subject I would want my children to learn." Mr. Fox clicked his teeth in a manner which caused the lambs closest to the front to look exceedingly alarmed.

"My dear Fox," reminded the teacher quietly, "You forget that sheep don't eat mice. We are very well satisfied with grass."

"Well, what do you teach then, if you don't teach Mouse Catching?"

"First, we feel it is very important to teach

them to get along with each other and be considerate of each other's rights. Also, just as you knocked I was busy teaching them how to stand together in a tight circle with all their heads facing outward."

"Why do you want to teach them such a childish game? We teach nothing so foolish."

"This is very important to sheep. I'm sorry to say, but sometimes dogs or wolves will attack us and we need to stand together so they can't feed on us."

"That's your imagination!" barked Mr. Fox huffily. "I know several dogs that are real gentlemen and Brother Wolf is extremely kind. You should make friends with him instead of teaching your pupils such outdated bunk. I fear I shall not be able to return with a complimentary report of this type of a school."

"I'm very sorry indeed," said Brother Sheep. "We are teaching what we feel they will need to learn. You can hardly blame us for not teaching mouseing, can you?"

Whereupon Inspector Fox made an evil face and said, "I certainly can. What will become of these poor lambs if they want to move to the forest and live with us when they grow up? I bet not one of them has enough education to know how to mix paste or patch tree trunks. Do they? How will they get a job?"

"Oh it seems they are able to pick that up soon enough if they have a mind to. But I'll be frank, I'm not overly enthused about your smearing campaign. Wouldn't it be much better to get to the heart of the matter and stop the trees from decaying? I can't see where just smearing the cracks shut is any lasting benefit!"

"It appears to do a great deal of good, and I am in a position to know. I've studied these things for years." Mr. Fox spat the last statement in a way which plainly said, "The discussion is closed."

Ere Inspector Fox stalked out, he turned for one last word, "If no one were more concerned to see that the country is educated and armed than you stupid folks, the red tigers from across the river would come tomorrow and take away our fine forest and kill us all. How would you like that?"

Brother Sheep was exceedingly patient. "I regret that I need to remind you again of our position. You forget that we have a Master to whom we belong. He is wise and good and well able to care for us. It is by your own choice that you must look out for yourself so anxiously. We choose to live under the Master's care."

It came to pass that at this saying, Inspector Fox turned and walked away, sadly shaking his head to and fro. "Such a school," he mumbled,

"I shall certainly have some interesting things to tell my superiors."

- Wellesley, Ontario

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LINWOOD, ONTARIO

R. R. # 1

March 29, 1967

Dear Readers,

Greetings and best wishes to all.

One does not realize his writing weakness until he attempts to prepare a letter which will be laid open to public scrutiny. Should we not be equally cautious in all matters of eternal consequence?

The BULLETIN can not be printed without the healthy participation of its subscribers, so I shall try to do my part.

On September 6, 1966 I stepped into an environment which was until then completely new to me. After having worked on the farm for five years, I found the change quite abrupt. The work was so different that for a few weeks I felt as if I were in a tropical jungle without sun, moon, or compass for a guide. The first step was to get my bearings. Then came the challenge of steering a straight course. This challenge, I'm sure, will not be removed, no matter how long I teach.

What work is more rewarding than teaching? None, that I have found. Here we have a part in the moulding of the lives of future generations. What a challenge!

In the March issue Ezra Kanagy stressed the importance of sowing good seeds in time. If the seed-bed has not been prepared before the child enters school, honestly, I fear the seeds sown at school will not grow as they should. I am no parent myself, so I do not want to be overly outspoken, but I sincerely believe a child's future is much determined in the first five years of life.

The parents have the opportunity to prepare the seedbed they desire. If the good seeds are to grow, the soil must be cultivated, and evil influences rooted out.

As teachers we must strive to be as a sweet tree bearing goodly fruit. If we ourselves do not live upright lives, it is improbable that our pupils will. Our pupils will not remember that they did poorly in a certain subject. What they will be concerned about is, "Was I allowed a bringing-up, to the glory of God?"

Here we come to a question, "What is meant by 'a bringing-up to God's glory'?"

Just as a seed cannot grow without a seedbed, neither can a true spiritual seed grow without a

spiritual seedbed. It is the duty of the parents of school-age and preschool children to mould the children's conscience in such a way as to allow the sprouting of the seeds of righteousness when the appointed time comes. This is also the teacher's responsibility. We cannot make a seedbed with seeds only, so let us learn this lesson.

At present I have 22 pupils, 4 in grade one;—quite a chore. Six in grade seven;—really a challenge! We are conducting classes temporarily in a house, but hope this can be remedied in the near future.

If my seven months of teaching experience are a true indication, I would have this to advise any would-be teachers: (Can you answer yes to these questions?) Do I like children? Am I patient enough? Do I like books? Can I see the bright side even though there seems to be none? And last of all, is my life being led in such a way as to be a good example to the pupils?

Do not try to convince yourself that you can lead a questionable life behind the scenes and step into the classroom as an altogether different person. Be able to be yourself.

The following poem was written last fall when all seemed beyond help. I pulled through, the Lord be praised.

In closing I wish you all what I look forward to myself, namely, a heavenly home and life everlasting.

— Just another teacher,
Amos M. Sherk

* * * * *

ONE DAY AT A TIME

Guide my footsteps, O my Lord,
They'd gladly go astray;
And keep me safe from the tempter's snare,
Just for another day.

'Tis all I ask, O gracious Lord,
Just guidance for one day.
Oh, free me from the lust of sin
And show the rightful way.

If Thou art leading, Lord my God,
Though thorny be the hill,
I'll never on a sharp thorn tread,
Unless it is Thy will.

So if the thorns are round my feet
And rocks are in the way,
I'll never forget, O gracious Lord,
'Tis only for one day.

May, 1967

Let not tomorrow trouble me!
Nor yesterday's hard climb,
For I shall only have to live
But one day at a time!
— Amos M. Sherk
* * * * *

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA
April 27, 1967

Dear Readers,

Our editor wants writers, and has given us samples of good writing. Though I'm sure many can and do write better than I, yet if no one would try, I'm afraid Joe would resign.

One of the good things I learned in school 65 or 70 years ago, was about three boys. One would say, "Oh, I can't!" The second was stubborn; "I won't," he said, but he finally came under Captain You-Must. The third said, "I'll try," and he became a partner in Success and Co. We know if we don't try we'll never accomplish anything.

Looking back over the years, we see we made many mistakes. But we can learn by our mistakes. "A just man falleth seven times but he riseth again." We need not let our mistakes discourage us.

The other day I visited a school for seriously-retarded children. There were two teachers, with 14 boys and 7 girls. There is one Amish girl and four Amish boys.

It is interesting to see the methods used, how patiently the teachers show them again and again such simple things as matching colors or numbers. Some were putting together simple puzzles. For some of the pupils, it takes a year or two to get the idea of simple numbers. How sad it is when other boys and girls who could learn are either too careless or too lazy to try in earnest.

Yesterday we visited several Amish schools. When we came to Lydia F. Beiler's school, we were surprised to see a group of teachers from Holmes County, Ohio. At Mary Huyard's school, Katie Beiler was substituting, as Mary's mother is very sick. These schools are almost like home to me, for I was in and out of them many times between 1938 and 1960.

It is surely a pleasure to hear the young children sing Christian hymns. It reminds me of our school days when we would sing, "In the sweet bye and bye", "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and many others.

When we see the trend of the times, we fear what may happen to our "Sweet land of liberty".

Let us earnestly pray for our authorities, and for the wisdom from above.

- Noah Zook

* * * * *

A LIFE OF QUIETNESS

Dear Bulletin Writers and Readers,

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength." Isaiah 30:15.

"And that ye study to be quiet," I Thess. 4:11.
"That we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty." I Timothy 2:2

In this age of rushing to and fro seeking earthly pleasures, it would be well to spend more time in quietness.

I am not a teacher, nor a pupil, but am interested and concerned in the younger generation. It is encouraging that there are so many younger people interested in having our own schools, and also teachers to give of their time and talent.

I do not feel that I am much of a writer, but do enjoy reading the Bulletin. It gives a person much food for thought.

I am sending an A.B.C. of Christ's character or influence.

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| A - Allmächtig | N - Nützlich |
| B - Barmherzig, | O - Osterlamm |
| Bräutigam | P - Prophet |
| C - | Q - Quell |
| D - Demütig | R - Rast (Rest) |
| E - Erlöser | S - Sanftmütig |
| F - Friedlich, | T - Tröster |
| Freundlich | U - Ueberflüssig |
| G - Gerecht, Gnädig, | V - Vollkommen |
| Gütig | W - Willig, |
| H - Heilig | Wahrhaftig |
| I - Immanuel | X - Exempel |
| J - Jesus Christus | Y - |
| K - König, Klug | Z - Züchtig |
| L - Langmütig, Licht | |
| M - Mitleidig | |

- By a Concerned Grandmother

* * * * *

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
April 24, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Wishing all of you the grace of God.

I will give a report of the eighth-grade achievement test held Friday, April 21 at the Bundysburg and Meadow Glow Schools. Just as the pupils from the different schools were arriving, about 8:00 o'clock, it began to rain and

continued most of the day. Everything was completed by 2:30, except for the singing of hymns to finish out the day.

At 5:30, thirteen teachers, Uria R. Byler and John Fisher (husband of Sara Fisher, Newcomb Road lower-grade teacher) had a fish dinner at the Skyroom Restaurant at Geauga Livestock Auction Sales Barn.

Then the teachers held their last meeting for this term at the Meadow Glow School. Several parents were present. After the meeting coffee, tea, cookies, and popcorn were served. Uria Byler was the main speaker, and brought up the topic of how to keep up the school premises during the summer. Another subject that was discussed was to obtain a centrally-located building in which to store textbooks. Many public schools are discarding good textbooks for more modern ones, and these older books are available for hauling them away.

Now back to the achievement test averages:

Nauvoo School (Katie Weaver, teacher) -	91%
Meadow Glow (Melvin Gingerich)	90
Nash Road (Wilma Glick)	89
Pleasant Valley (Ada Miller)	88
Fox Run (Enos Schrock)	88
Meadow Lark (Ida Miller)	87
Hosmer Road (Ray Gingerich)	85
Newcomb Road (Linda Byler)	85
Troy Parochial (Monroe Schmucker)	84
Parkman Parochial (Emma Miller)	83
Valley View (Ida Detweiler)	83
Bundysburg (Peter E. Miller)	83
South Hayes (Emma J. Miller)	63

The teachers listed in each case are the upper-grade teachers. Last year 89% was the top average, achieved by Fox Run School, teacher Enos Schrock.

Bundysburg School will have nine more days this term, as our picnic day is scheduled for May 5, the day after Ascension Day. Valley View School had their picnic April 22, if I am informed right. The rest of the Geauga County Schools will close sometime the week of April 24.

The Geauga teachers have decided to take a day off some time in May, to go to East Branch Reservoir, fishing. Monroe Schmucker has been appointed to make arrangements and decide which day, and let the teachers know.

Peter Miller was asked to make arrangements and to see about transportation to the teachers' meeting in August at Aylmer, Ontario, D. V.

Sincerely,

- Peter E. Miller

* * * * *

"YOU BE THE JUDGE" SALE

We have just received several shipments of books containing some new titles which we have not had time to evaluate. They look interesting to us and we believe they are at least harmless. Perhaps some of them may not be worth the money; we'll let you be the judge. Order any titles which you would like to see and if after two weeks you think they are not worth the money, return them in good condition for full credit.

POISONS IN THE AIR, a report on air pollution, two hundred million tons of poison. Tells about fog and smog. Price \$1.00; HOW TO EXERCISE WITHOUT MOVING A MUSCLE, isometric exercises for everyone. Price \$1.00; FEEL LIKE A MILLION, proper nutrition, the natural way to good health and vitality, 75¢; FOLK MEDICINE, a famous doctor's secrets about honey, cider vinegar and foods for good health, 60¢; THE L-C DIET, low-carbohydrates as a key to reducing weight, \$1.00; THE LOW-CALORIE DIET, a cook book with calorie counter for those who watch their weight, 50¢; BABY AND CHILD CARE, 627 pages, by Dr. Benjamin Spock, 50¢; FAMILY MEDICAL ENCYCLOPEDIA, 75¢; THANK YOU, DR. LAMAZE, a mother's experience with natural childbirth, \$1.00.

SMITH'S BIBLE DICTIONARY, paperback edition of this well-known book, \$1.00; LIVING GOSPELS, popular translation by Taylor of four gospels and Acts, 75¢; CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE, by Smith, 60¢, larger print, \$1.00.

BEGINNING SPANISH, self-taught. Getting ready for a trip to Mexico, Central or South America? This book will help you, 95¢; ENGLISH-SPANISH PHRASE BOOK, a traveler's phrase book, 60¢; NEW MERRIAM WEBSTER POCKET DICTIONARY, English dictionary 50¢; 30 DAYS TO MORE POWERFUL VOCABULARY 60¢; RIPLEY'S PUZZLES AND GAMES, puzzles and brain-teasers, \$1.00; HIROSHIMA, a story of the effects of the first atomic bomb, 50¢; HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING by Dale Carnegie, some practical advice (non-religious) which may help you overcome the worry habit, 50¢; HOW TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE, Carnegie, some practical pointers on getting along with people. This book is not religious but even religious people might do well to observe some of the ideas of common courtesy advocated in this booklet, 50¢; GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS, answers your questions on the biggest, smallest, and extremes of many aspects of the universe and of the accomplishments of man. A good way to settle (and start) an argument, \$1.00.

THE AMISH OF KISHACOQUILLAS VALLEY a short history, \$1.00; AMISH FARM AND HOME DIRECTORY OF LANCASTER AND LEBANON COUNTY with map, \$3.25.

NOTICE: the PAULA book is in print again and orders can be filled at once, Price \$2.10. SPECIAL NOTICE: ENGLISH MARTYRS' MIRROR, at very special price of \$7.50 each but your order must be postmarked not later than June 1, 1967. All prices prepaid.

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FRED S. BUCHANAN COMPLETES STUDY OF OHIO SCHOOLS

We have been given the privilege to read, critically, a manuscript on the Amish school conflict in Ohio (especially 1957-58) and a specific study of one Amish school in Geauga County. This writing was recently completed by Fred S. Buchanan, a student at Ohio State University in Columbus.

Buchanan wrote in a personal letter, "One year ago I knew virtually nothing about the Amish—today I still don't really know much, but I have never spent a more worthwhile year of research and study. The two weeks I spent in an Amish settlement have had a profound effect on me personally; and even if no dissertation

were involved, I would count my time and energy well spent."

The manuscript shows remarkable understanding and insight of Amish school problems, especially chapter III "Conflict and Detente". The author lists eight factors, one or several of which have figured in almost every legal dispute about Amish schools. We hope Mr. Buchanan doesn't mind if we list these eight points, and then quote a few paragraphs.

1. The existence of informal "verbal" agreements between the Amish and school authorities.

2. The transfer of school authority to new personnel.

3. The existence of local public pressure on school people to make Amish conform to school laws.

4. New regulations established by state authorities.

5. The absence of clear-cut legal procedures in enforcing the laws.

6. The lack of sensitivity on the part of schoolmen to Amish values.

7. Amish intransigence.

8. The lack of dialogue between the two parties.

Under sub-heading 6 "The lack of sensitivity on the part of school men to Amish values" Buchanan has written, "From the writer's contacts with public officials it is apparent that little effort was expended to understand even the barest outline of what religion means to an Amishman. Few of the men involved in prosecuting the Amish have ever attended an Amish worship service; and although most of them express admiration for Amish thrift, honesty, and industry, they fail to see that the Amishman's religion is not just a series of abstract statements or beliefs about God. For the Amish there is no division between their religion and their everyday living: ploughing and praying, reaping and reading, sowing and singing, working and worshipping—all are one in the Amishman's life.

"Even his church service is a true community get-together, and after the three-hour long service, the congregation stays at the home for a simple lunch and an afternoon of visiting. When asked where his religious life began and his everyday life ended, one Amishman replied that he had never even thought of the two as being separate. It is perhaps understandable that schoolmen accustomed to the secular emphasis of modern society should fail to comprehend Amish religion—the Amish attitude is certainly an anachronism and an insult to the highly specialized, non-religious technical society of today.

.....

"This is not to say that public school officials are bent on "persecuting" the Amish—indeed, some have tried to help the Amish resolve the problems amicably. It must be remembered that they are often caught on the horns of a dilemma and are under pressure to "do something". Nor should the foregoing lead to the impression no Amish ever deviate from the norms of their own group. As schoolmen and letters to the editor continually point out, the Amish are not perfect; but this state of affairs is no less reason for attempting to understand their religion and its ramifications for their everyday existence and especially its relation-

ship to the kind of schools they attend."

We hope that at least part, if not all, of Mr. Buchanan's writing will be available in published form sometime. Perhaps both the Amish and public school officials could learn from it.

- J. S.

* * * * *

TRoubles TO PASS

- Laura Z. Martin

(As you read these lines the message don't miss.)

A man was asked what his favorite Bible verse is.

He replied, "My favorite verse is, 'It came to pass.'

We never read that it stayed, but 'It came to pass'."

Then why do we complain and fret and worry so, As we meet all these troubles here below? Will not these aches and pains and cares pass away?

Yes, they came, but they don't come to stay.

All these troubles come, but only to pass.

Yes to pass, to pass away at last.

Let's be happy and grin and smile,

For these troubles will pass after awhile.

Remember there is sunshine after rain.

In life's song let this be our refrain,

"Troubles will come but not to last."

So be patient till they are past.

- Ephrata, Penna

* * * * *

ADULT BEHAVIOR MOLDS THE CHILD

Psychologists know that children are molded by their environment, particularly the home. Here are some things to remember about your attitudes in the home.

A child who lives with criticism, learns to condemn.

A child who lives with hostility, learns to fight.

A child who lives with ridicule, learns to be shy.

A child who lives with jealousy, learns to feel guilty.

A child who lives with tolerance, learns to be

patient.
 A child who lives with encouragement, learns confidence.
 A child who lives with praise, learns to appreciate.

A child who lives with fairness, learns justice.
 A child who lives with security, learns to have faith.
 A child who lives with approval, learns to like himself.
 A child who lives with acceptance and friendship, learns to find love in the world.

- Selected by a Reader

* * * * *

SOMEBODY ELSE

The Lord had a job for me, but I had so much to do,
 I said, "You get somebody else, or wait till I get through."

* * * * *

I don't know how the Lord came out, but He seemed to get along,
 But I felt kind of sneaking like—knowing I'd done God wrong.

One day I needed the Lord myself, needed Him right away!
 And He never paid heed at all, and I almost could hear Him say,
 Down in my accusing heart, "I've got so much to do.
 You get somebody else," He said, "Or wait till I get through."

Now when the Lord has work for me, I never try to shirk,
 I drop what I have on hand right now, and do the good Lord's work.
 And my own things can run along, or wait till I get free.
 No one else can do the job the Lord's marked out for me!

- Selected by a Reader

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There was once a man who lay dying. The minister asked him if he would like for him to read something from the Bible. The man said he would rather have some water. The minister brought him some.

"Put something under my head," said the man.

The minister pulled off his overcoat and made a pillow for him.

"I'm cold," said the sick man. The minister put his coat over him.

Then the man said, "If there is anything in the Bible that will make a person do as you have done, you may read it to me."

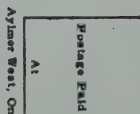
- Adapted by a Reader, Oakland, Maryland

* * * * *

It is better to be a simpleton that is right, than to be an intellectual and be wrong.

* * * * *

Return to:
THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
R. R. # 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



Aylmer, Ont.

One day, in huckleberry time, when little Johnny Wales

And half-a-dozen other boys were starting with their pails

To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking to him, said,

That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead.

"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and then stick to it till

You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will,

In search of better bushes, but it's picking tells, my son;

To look at fifty bushes doesn't count like picking one."

And Johnny did as he was told, and sure enough, he found

By sticking to his bush while others chased around

In search of better picking, it was as his father said,

For while the others looked, he worked, and thus came out ahead.

And Johnny recollected this when he became a man,

And first of all he laid him out a well-determined plan;

So, while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brains and push,

Wise, steady-going Johnny won, by "sticking to his bush."

- Selected by a Reader

* * * * *

REMEMBER



Your subscription may be expiring soon. If so, we will stamp the expiration date in the blank space below.

If the space is blank, your subscription is not expiring. Thank you.

How to read your expiry date? The month and the first number to the right of it, are the ones that apply. For example, May 7-8-9-0 (etc.) is read as May, 1967.

The

BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

VOL. 11; NO. 1

AUGUST 1967

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he will not depart from it."
Proverbs 22:6

AMISH SCHOOLS IN 1967

Forty-three years ago—October, 1924, to be exact—some Amish farmers near Dover, Delaware placed hammers and saws on their buggies and set out for Samuel Hertzlers. There in the big Hertzler orchard they began to build a school. That school, Apple Grove, was opened in January of 1925, the very first Amish or Mennonite elementary school in twentieth century America.

For more than a dozen years Apple Grove was the only Amish school. But when it opens its doors to begin the forty-fourth term in just a few more weeks, the doors of nearly two hundred other Amish schools will open with it. From Pennsylvania to Missouri, and from Virginia to Ontario, more than six thousand of our boys and girls will enroll in parochial schools.

Half of these schools were built since 1960! Sobering thought? Indeed!

The line graph on the next page shows the growth of both Amish and Mennonite schools since 1940. In that year there were three Mennonite schools and four Amish schools. (By Mennonite, we are referring to the main body of Mennonites, sometimes known as "Scottsdale Mennonites").

We can often learn from others—from their mistakes as well as their successes. So it might be worthwhile to study the history of Mennonite schools by way of comparison to Amish schools.

The 1940's were the years of greatest growth for Mennonite Schools. The editor of "The Gospel Herald" called this growth phenomenal. If this was phenomenal, what must the growth of Amish schools in the 1960's be?

But today Mennonite elementary schools are on the decline. The highest number of schools in operation—53—was reached in 1955-56 and since that time the number has grown steadily

smaller. At least 19 schools have closed since 1950.

Why?

If we can learn the reason for the failure of the Mennonite school movement, we may be able to keep the same thing from happening to our Amish schools.

One Mennonite educator has listed seven reasons for the decline in interest. We will list only the three we feel are most important:

1. Financial difficulties.
2. The schools were partly an attempt to save non-conformity. When they failed in this (because it was already too late), one reason for their existence was removed.
3. Shortage of qualified teachers.

The first and third reasons are related. Because college-trained teachers were considered necessary, Mennonite schools had to compete with public schools in salaries in order to get the teachers they wanted. Added to this were high transportation and building costs.

But probably the main reason Mennonite schools are becoming fewer in number is that they have less and less reason for existing. Many Mennonites dress, live, and act the same as the world about them, so why go to different schools? Actually, most of the interest among Mennonites was in the more conservative East. Public schools were good enough for the progressive ones.

Similarly, there is still a very active and growing interest today among Old Order Mennonites and some non-conference groups.

There are important basic differences between our schools and Mennonite schools. It may make us feel better to know this. But there are also enough similarities to make their mistakes worth keeping in mind.

Review of the Past Year

During 1966 at least 25 new Amish schools were opened. This year there may be almost as many. We have likely reached the climax in rate of growth, and the next few years will probably see a leveling-off in number of new schools.

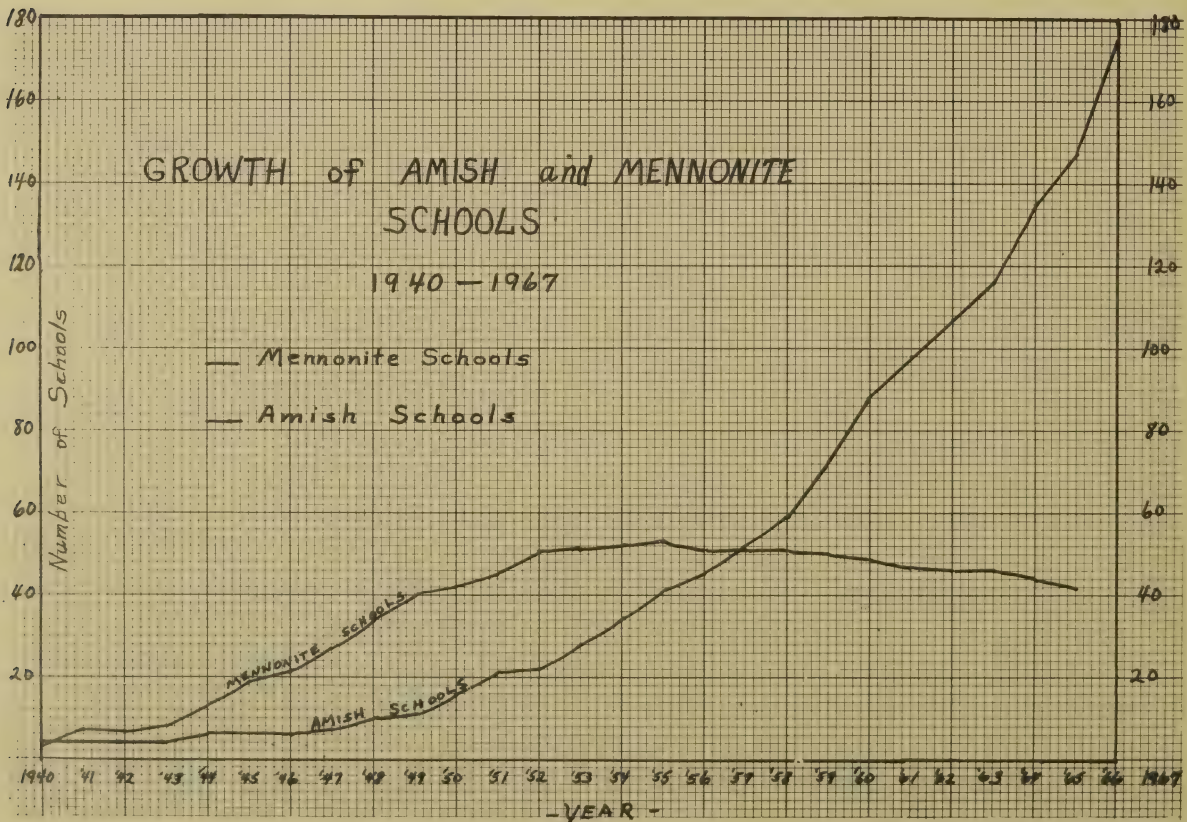
The problem today seems to be no longer one of promotion—most of our parents see the need for our own schools—but one of control and improvement of the schools we have. In other words, making our schools the kind of schools they should be.

A number of events and changes have occurred in the past year or so. By way of review we will list them.

1. Summary of Survey of Amish Schools in Indiana. This booklet was widely distributed, free of charge, by its author. The message of the booklet is mainly a protest against letting our schools become too modern.
2. Publishing of The Challenge of the Child. This second edition is clothbound and enlarged, a collection of articles from "The Blackboard Bulletin", and printed only a few months before the tenth birthday of the "Bulletin".
3. The F. A. C. E. Conference (Freedom and Control in Education) at Chicago, March 28-29,

1967, where state and national school officials met with representatives of parochial schools. The legal troubles over Amish schools in Iowa (and elsewhere) were at the heart of the conference.

4. The National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom was formed in 1966, with a membership of nationally-known ministers, educators, and lawyers. This group, along with the A. C. L. U. (American Civil Liberties Union) is sponsoring the appeal of the Leroy Garber case to the Supreme Court of the United States.
5. Provisions made by Iowa, Maryland, Indiana and Ontario in recent months to allow Amish schools more freedom. We feel assured these changes are at least partly a result of the meeting in Chicago in March.
5. Work begun on Pathway Readers for grades 5-8 in our schools. This task was started in the summer of 1966, and the books for these four grades are scheduled to be ready by next summer. (D. V.)
7. A 3-year study of Amish schooling and child-training was begun in June, 1966 by Professor John A. Hostetler of Philadelphia. This study is financed by a grant from the U. S. Office of Education. There will be some testing of Amish children in schools, both public and private.



8. A teachers' manual to help beginners face the problems they will meet is being written by a retired, Amish teacher.

Problems our Schools Face in 1967

There are few really new problems, although the rapid growth in number of schools does bring pressure to bear upon certain areas that might not otherwise be serious problems.

For example—teachers.

We need twice as many as we did in 1960, and then some. We might as well face reality—if we are to find enough teachers of the kind we want, no effort dare be spared to make a teacher's life as attractive and rewarding as we possibly can.

Teachers are the heart of our schools.

And good teachers do not grow like thistles—in every fence corner.

Therefore we must work our ground well and sow good seed.

A teacher is entitled to:

- A. The support and co-operation of parents and board.
- B. Decent pay.
- C. No overloading.
- D. A nice bright school and the necessary supplies.
- E. Books in good condition.
- F. Appreciation.

One of the reasons for the closing of many Mennonite schools has been the financial burden. We can be thankful that our people have been so willing to go to their pocketbooks to pay for our schools. I am convinced very few parents consider it money unwisely spent.

No doubt the added cost of schools has meant a sacrifice for some parents, but if the school is what it should be, it is a sacrifice indeed worth making. Financing our own schools has been, in many communities, a good lesson in sharing and working together.

But we are all human, and sometimes problems and ill will have arisen about school matters—problems that some people are quick to point out would not have occurred if we had continued sending our children to public schools. Is this then a reason for dropping the whole thing, or for an "I told you so" attitude?

Would church troubles give us an excuse for going back to the Catholic church our forefathers left 400 years ago?

If differences between brethren cannot be peaceably solved and grudges forgotten and forgiven, then something else besides private schools is at the root.

Our schools face still other problems.

They are being founded in order to get our children out of the secular and worldly atmosphere of the modern consolidated school. At the same time, they give us an opportunity to teach our children positive truths as we want them to be taught.

But there is still danger! There are weak points in our armor. The Enemy is not idle, and if he can get our schools coming his way, he will be quite satisfied.

Can a school be stronger than its parent church? Hardly. If there is worldliness and neglect in the church, it will be reflected in the school. If pride and pleasure are what the hearts of our young people desire, how much of the good they learned in school will survive the adolescent years?

If ever our churches and homes and schools needed to join forces, prayerfully, it is now.

.

Our schools are in the public spotlight. They are being observed and closely studied by scholars and education officials. What they see, good or bad, may make our future.

We may dislike their prying eyes, but there is no escape. We should have nothing of which to be ashamed anyhow.

There is one danger in being watched by so many eyes. We may begin to do things just to please them. We may neglect spiritual training in an effort to teach the secular subjects thoroughly, because we know it is by secular norms that we will be measured. We may even become so conscious of our "untrained" teachers that we become embarrassed.

We need not. Our task is to teach our children the "three R's" as efficiently as we can, but to remember that we are not in a competition with public schools while doing so. That is not our reason for existing.

Our reason for existing is to prepare our children for life. Life here on earth? Yes, but much more. It is also a preparation for the life to come. That is our real reason for existing, and let us not forget it!

As the number of Amish schools grows there is an ever greater need for working together—within each community and each state and as a whole. There is no particular virtue in absolute uniformity—in fact, should not each school continue to be controlled by its own supporters, the same as each of our churches is independent? But much is to be gained by working together harmoniously, helping and strengthening each other wherever there is opportunity.

For we need each other.

EDITORIAL:

ARE J. N.'S GOOD ENOUGH?

Finding the right kind of story for a reading book is more difficult than a person would expect. This past summer Elmo Stoll and David Luthy have been helping me search for suitable stories for the proposed PATHWAY readers for grades 5-8. The three of us have found a number of excellent stories, we think, but for every story classified excellent, there are dozens marked—"fair", "to be revised", "poor", "objectionable". And then there are a few marked "J.N."

Now, what is a J.N.? I can hear you saying, "Never heard of that term before!" Neither had I until one day a few weeks ago when the question was asked, "Just how many J. N. stories can we use in our Readers?"

"J. N. stories?" I asked.

"Yes," came the answer. "We'll never find enough excellent stories—stories that teach a Christian lesson, or have a good moral, so we may have to use some J. N.'s."

I was puzzled more than ever by the term J. N.

"You see," explained David, "Elmo and I have found a number of stories that are not objectionable, but neither do they teach anything in particular. They are just nice. So we call them J. N.'s."

.

Are J.N.'s good enough? We discussed that question with regard to stories and poems for reading books. There are many angles to consider, and not everyone may come to the same conclusion.

But my thoughts have gone farther, especially the past few days during the teachers' meeting. Do we have any J. N. Schools?

There is wide agreement that one reason for parochial schools is to get away from the evil of worldly schools. It is seeking an escape from worldly dress and speech habits, evolution, gym classes, distorted sex education and many other dangers that have multiplied with consolidated schools. In the same way our own read-

ing books are to protect our children from stories of war, violence, and nonsense. But is this enough?

How can it be? No school can operate in a moral vacuum any more than a person can be neutral about his soul.

If sound Bible principles are not taught and a Christian atmosphere maintained, the school will not long be J.N.—it will be N.N., not nice.

Too often our schools are thought of as "private schools" and not enough as "Christian schools". If the school is not the work of the church, how can it be Christian? The order of control of a school has been so well pointed out as follows:

GOD

The church (represented by the ministers)

The parents (represented by the school board)

The teacher

The pupils

This is a five-step program, and if we try to make it a three-step program and forget God and the church, we are doomed to failure.

We have reason to be encouraged by the many people who show a deep concern for truly Christian schools. This concern is evident at school meetings and in letters and writings.

One reason for this concern is the occasional doubt—"Are our parochial schools really a success? Do our children grow up to be better church-members because of having attended a parochial school?"

One person wrote to me that he is afraid many of our Amish schools are not a success because the young people in some areas are no better (and even worse) than they were twenty years ago. This hurts. If it is true, is it the failure so much of the schools as it is the failure of the homes? Or of the church?

I have heard teachers relate with tears in their eyes how pupils barely two years out of school changed from obedient children to wild, pleasure-seeking youth after they joined the young people's group.

I wonder if this is not partly because parents expect their boys and girls to be J.N. and nothing more—an impossibility. There are don'ts, don'ts, and don'ts, but rarely a do. They do

not want their sons and daughters to live in sin. This is good. But at the same time there seems to be a fear of encouraging them to read and pray and study the Bible earnestly, or of providing Christian activities for the young people to do together—making scrapbooks and singing for sick and shut-ins, helping the needy, Bible study under the direction of the ministers, and so forth.

Stories, schools, or young people—Let's put a better label on them than "J. N."

* * *

Thinking Back Over the School Meeting

The teachers' meeting is still fresh in our minds, and joy and regret mingle in our thoughts. Joy and thankfulness for the interest shown in our own schools, but with regret for the mistakes we made during the meeting. It seems like a dream that it is now past.

There has been some concern that these meetings are becoming too large. This may well be, although we need to remember that 5000 men, plus women and children, gathered to hear Jesus preach. The size of the crowd alone should not be the determining factor.

But there are problems with a larger group that are not present when the group is small. These problems should be openly and frankly discussed, and if no solution is possible, it might be best if the group could be somehow limited in size.

We are very thankful for a few points of criticism that were offered about the meeting this year here at Aylmer. In this way it may be possible to avoid the same mistakes another year.

So if those who attended have any suggestions or criticism to make, we urge that they write to us, and we will see that the advice is made available to the next hosts. In this way we can help each other. Thank you.

- J. S.

* * *

NOTICE:

We have around 200 desks in good shape, which we would sell to anyone wanting them. We purchased two schools with contents. If interested in these desks, write to:

Abe S. Kinsinger
R. 1, Meyersdale, Penna.

or to: Floyd Brenneman
Springs, Pennsylvania

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

A note from David Yoder, R. 1, Ashley, Indiana says he still has copies of "Summary of a Survey of the Amish Schools of Indiana" available.

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We neglected to obtain a separate list of teachers during the meeting, so the only sources we had for the list of "Teachers Who Attended the Meeting" in this issue were the names registered at mealtime, and our memory of who was a teacher and who was not. We hope we did not by mistake make teachers out of unwilling material!

.

Another matter we neglected during the rush was to announce plans for this year's "Directory of Schools and Teachers". It would be greatly appreciated if every teacher would send the usual information—(1.) Name of school, (2.) Name of teacher, (3.) Address of teacher, (4.) Enrollment—to the following addresses before September 10. Why not send it in the first week of school?

- A. INDIANA teachers-
Martha Helmuth
R. 4
Kokomo, Indiana
(after school starts)
- B. PENNSYLVANIA teachers-
Lydia F. Beiler
Box 16
Ronks, Pennsylvania 17572
- C. OHIO teachers-
Mr. and Mrs. Eli E. Weaver
R. 1
Dundee, Ohio

(Note: For a number of years Mary W. Weaver of Fredericksburg has helped us with the Ohio schools for the Directory. She has asked to be relieved of this extra work this year, so we are asking Eli and Katie Weaver to help us. Many thanks to Mary for her faithful help in the past.)

- D. ALL OTHER teachers-
Send direct to
The Blackboard Bulletin
R. R. #4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

You can save us much work and postage by

sending this information promptly and without being reminded again. We appreciate it! Thank you.

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On display at the school meeting was a set of 66 "Ah-bay-tsay" cards, covering all the capital and small letters and many combinations. This is an excellent set available postpaid at \$1.00 from Abner F. Beiler, Gordonville, Pa. 17529. Quantity price is twelve sets for \$10.00.

* * *

WEST MONTROSE, ONTARIO
July 25, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love in Jesus' holy name.

I've enjoyed reading the Bulletin the past two years. Before that I knew very little about parochial schools. However, for a long time I have been convinced that it is the Christian's duty to teach his own children, and not to turn them over to the government or state to be educated. We can find many Scripture passages which direct parents to be very careful what they teach their children, and to do every possible thing, take every precaution, and put their full efforts into teaching their children the ways of the Lord. And it is also necessary that they be taught to make an honest living to support themselves and help others as the Lord prospers them.

Here in Ontario the small rural schools are being rapidly closed. About a year ago the schools in this area were to be closed, but much protest from the plain people slowed things down somewhat. In the heart of the Mennonite settlement some of the small public schools were kept going. With much praying, planning and many meetings, seven parochial schools were established last September in Woolwich, Peel, and Wellesley townships. This was to avoid larger schools or being transported back and forth.

After having farmed twelve years, I found myself in a classroom in front of seventeen pupils with inquisitive eyes, wondering what was going to happen next. This change for me cannot be fully described. I had not been around children for a long time, as the Lord blessed us with our first child only two weeks before school opened.

The year was a short one for me, and I enjoyed it, although I must admit I nearly groaned with tension and strain till I finally had a chance to catch my breath during the Christmas holi-

days.

Sometimes when I'm alone the thoughts come to me and I wonder at the way these concerned parents in our township decided something had to be done to save their children from worldly influence. And how they went ahead in unison and with prayerful hearts, and built two portable schools to accommodate the pupils, although this meant hard labor and expense. Susannah Shantz was hired to teach the one school and I the other.

I found that these children are taught much more at home than I could ever teach them at school. It seems to me the school is a place where the children are taught the things that are necessary to make an honest living, a task too inconvenient and time-consuming for parents to teach at home, so someone is hired to do this. Of course, while the children are at school, they are in the teacher's care and the teacher is expected to do what he can for them, working with the parents to bring up the children in a godly way while educating them to make an honest living.

When these thoughts go around in my mind, I feel myself far too unworthy to be a teacher of God's children, but on the other hand, it is very challenging, rewarding, and satisfying. I do love them, one and all. It is interesting to see what they can learn, and to find out their ideas about things.

I've often been asked about discipline. So far I've had no problems at all, for which I'm thankful. What I say is obeyed, and this shows again that they are taught at home and I have only to stand behind the parents.

However, children are children. When a pupil steps over the traces, I usually give him a hard look of reproof and without any words he usually steps back and walks along nicely with the rest.

Maybe this is a weakness of mine but one of the hardest things for me to experience was to "part with them" when they're through school, but if our efforts are worth what we hope, we'll meet some day where there will be no parting.

As I stated, farming is my occupation, and the farm, I believe, is the most wonderful place to be alone with God, to walk and talk with Him and to be in His presence. I sorely missed the opportunity to be at home with my wife and in-laws, working alone in the fields or barn. This is about the only thing I don't like so well about being a school teacher.

I would like to hear from other teachers whether they also get burdened down so much sometimes that the good seed gets choked out by

too much studying and care. With the help from above, I'm looking forward to doing better the second year.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Psalm 51:10.

- George R. Martin

* * *

ONLY TWO TALENTS

- By a Reader

Willy was an ordinary little Mennonite boy who was trying very hard to cope with the problems a shy first-grader faces at school. He had liked being told he was tall for his age, but he did not realize until he tried playing ball with the boys and found that he could not scoop up the ball as nimbly on the run as they could that God had not given him the build of body and the talent to manipulate it that many others had.

His sensitive feelings began to hurt when the others mocked his awkward efforts at hitting the ball. Finally, with an inferior feeling he sat under the trees with a few others and watched the ants carry and drag burdens of food from the boys' lunches into their homes. The sound of the bell was welcome. In the classroom, at least, he was able to learn his words without feeling like a misfit, or a square peg in a round hole.

One night on the way home from school, as he was trailing the other boys, he suddenly became aware that he was the butt of their joke. Their whispering made him feel the more inferior. It soon became apparent to Willy that they were planning to run away from him. Fear welled up in him and a lump formed in his throat. After some crying and gasping for breath, he arrived home and between sobs asked his mother what made the boys mock him so and what could he do?

His question brought memories of her own childhood to the mother's mind. She knew from experience how her little boy felt, and that the devil was powerful, even tempting small children to prove their superiority by belittling others.

"Well, Willy," she replied, trying not to show tears, "ask them how they would like being mocked? Remind them to do unto others as they would like others to do to them."

As the mother returned to her work in the garden, her thoughts went to acquaintances of her own age—physically attractive and talented

people who exude the kind of pride that suggests they themselves had given the Creator a few points of advice in the design of their bodies!

She found satisfaction in the thought that as long as Willy could take it, the experience he was having would help him develop a habit of accepting belittling remarks and still know that he could be of value in the eyes of God and his fellow-men, without proving his superiority in worldly activities or in acquiring material possessions. It could also help him remain a steadfast Christian when he became old enough to understand.

- Waterloo, Ontario

* * *

A COMPARISON OF SCHOOLS

(- From the writings of Johann Cornies, (1789-1848) Mennonite leader in Russia)

School X

In a room of a miserable-looking house which is the dwelling of the school master, his wife and children, sits the teacher dressed in a linen gown; he wears a cap on his head and probably holds a pipe in his mouth. He is surrounded by dirty books, paper, and instruments of all kinds for punishment.

Around a table a group of pupils are seated in no recognizable order. On the walls of the dark room hang saws, planes, shoemaker's knee-straps, and other household tools. The stove is behung with old stockings, trousers, and other articles of clothing. A little baby is crying in a cradle, which one of the girls has been asked to rock. A hen with her chicks and some pigeons are roaming about among the feet of the children. There is no schoolroom discipline apparent. The teacher proceeds aimlessly from one task to another. Preparation and planning of work is foreign to him. With books of spiritual devotion and meditation, a few story books, and an arithmetic book constitute the library.

Since the schoolmaster is unable to arouse or hold the interest of the pupils, they resort to all kinds of idle pastimes which cause the teacher to rant, yell, and curse. He punishes by having the disobedient child kneel on peas, or stand with a picture of a donkey hung around his neck, or whipped with a stock. These punishments are administered in the name of good discipline and child training.

Instruction is carried on as follows: The beginners devote two or three years learning

the alphabet and some spelling, both of which they find dry and boring. Little more is learned except to repeat mechanically the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. The older children read with great effort in a monotonous, dragging manner without any reference to commas or periods. Since almost every pupil has a different book, class recitations are impossible. One by one, each pupil appears before the teacher to repeat by memory that which has been assigned to him. In such a procedure each pupil receives about two or three minutes of instruction. The remaining part of the day is literally wasted for each child. Drawing is substituted for writing, and arithmetic consists merely in copying the problems the teacher has solved. The last two studies are pursued only by the boys, but they soon forget because they have not learned the practical application of the subject matter. Memorization is concerned only with the ability to repeat accurately. Interpretation of subject matter is of no concern to the teacher.

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School A

In School A the room is dry, well-lighted, and roomy. Its pleasant appearance is attractive, and its purpose is easily determined by a passerby. The living quarters of the teacher are separate from the schoolroom.

In this school the children are seated according to classes, ability, and sex. The pupils sit on appropriate benches with their faces directed toward the teacher.

The teacher wears clothes which are clean. In this respect he sets an example which he wants his pupils to imitate. He observes and supervises his students with dignity and friendly determination. He moves about the room, rarely sitting in his chair. His diligence aims to keep his pupils constantly busy.

Except for a blackboard and some teaching aids, the white walls are free from distracting things.

In his presentations he alternates easy with difficult subject matter. Before each recitation he prepares the lessons with the help of the books that he has bought with part of his income that many would spend on beer. He becomes steadily more skillful and understanding, and his knowledge more extensive. The realm of his services increases.

If a child errs in School A, the teacher reprimands him in a fatherly, kindly manner, pointing out the consequences of such errors. Only the child that persists to err is finally punished. Rarely does the teacher use instruments of

punishment; no punishment injures the child physically or mentally. Through such kind treatment and his interesting recitations, the teacher wins the respect and love of his children. The relationship between teacher and pupil is like that between friends. In order to stimulate the interest and develop the concepts of the pupils, he points out things in their surroundings.

The teacher constructs questions in such a manner that the children feel they are furnishing him with information. In the course of a series of questions the children are led from the known to the unknown; they are led to distinguish the good from the bad in the things about them; they are led to separate the truth from the sham. Through the questions the children are led to think for themselves. The ability to understand is emphasized more than the ability to memorize. They become convinced of the religious truths and the responsibilities of church and community membership necessary for their future lives.

Teaching aids are used to stimulate and facilitate the teaching of reading and the use of the German language as the chief means for the acquisition of learning. In the class discussions the teacher makes the meaning of abstract and concrete subjects clear and understandable through his natural and living explanations, and through the stories woven into his discussions, and through the inspiring melodies sung harmoniously. And all instruction is given in classes equipped with uniform textbooks. By this method, whatever is said to one pupil automatically includes the whole class.

Class instruction stimulates competition and a sense of worth, two qualities necessary in the pursuit of knowledge. Through such instruction the greatest benefit in the learning of writing and arithmetic are obtained and their lifelong value realized. Such method of instruction leads the children to a knowledge of God and a natural religion rationally perceived. The children learn the story of Jesus Christ and His Gospel.

In the instruction, subject matter is analyzed and explained until the mind and the heart perceive and remember indefinitely. Through such teaching Christian attitudes and principles are planted into the souls; and reverence and devotion towards God, gratitude for His Grace, and an earnest desire to be in His will will develop in the child.

Through the instructions in School A, every child will be developed to a full realization of his native capacities in order that he may serve in the welfare of the church and community.

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WHAT IS EXPERIENCE WORTH?

- By Lydia F. Beiler

The saying goes, "Experience is a dear teacher but fools will learn in no other." Let's hope this is not true in teaching school. Experience is a good teacher if we are willing pupils.

What is experience? Webster defines it thus, "practice; knowledge gained by doing things." Another saying is, "Practice makes perfect." This is true in some instances, I know, but in teaching—sometimes I wonder. For teaching is such a touchy job, yet such a very important one. So much can be gained or lost by a few words or even by a look, and this makes it important to do and say the right thing at the right time.

I could say this, the more years you teach the more insignificant you feel and the more important the job looks to you. Perhaps some such feelings come from wanting to do more than there is time for, or from getting so many good ideas from fellow-teachers, yet not being gifted enough to get it across to your own pupils. But the Bible says, "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness," James 1:17. Therefore, we should try to work with the gifts God has given us, for we cannot work with what He has given to someone else. But woe to us if we do not use what God has shared with us. All our help comes from above.

Many years of teaching, therefore, does not necessarily bring perfection but it does bring experience, and this is a big source of help, both for ourselves and in advising and helping others. We must daily and constantly rely on a higher Source for our help, and in this respect the younger teacher has the same privilege as the more experienced ones. His grace is sufficient for all.

We should continually strive for improvement, and pray that God may help us in this, for we cannot do it ourselves. A quote: "We are all improved by adding to our interests, and by associating with those who have what we lack, but who also see something in us that they lack." New knowledge and new interests feed the mind and this gives us a desire to learn still more. Devoting a portion of each day to reading is profitable. There is a saying, "Never stay on a job in which you cannot learn something new each day." Surely school teaching gives us this

opportunity, and it also gives us great privilege to read.

But no matter how gifted we may be, we need to be encouraged and a little inspired to keep on advancing. We need to be pushed intimately by friends who have faith in our ability and integrity. It's these little pushes that send us forward when we have difficult times, or when we grow discouraged. "But never let us be discouraged with ourselves; it is not when we are conscious of our own short-comings that we are the most wicked. Keep looking ahead! Keep growing UP. There is more room at the top than at the bottom.

But coming back to our subject, experience does teach us many things and one of those things is the necessity of reminding parents to prepare their children for school. That is by telling them either in deeds or words the necessity of learning; encourage them to get everything out of school they can, for our school days come only once in a lifetime. I suppose though, we are all going to "school"—and are still learning. "School days are not the end, but the beginning of an education."

The little first grader should be especially encouraged for he is stepping into a new world. He does not need to be taught much book-learning before he goes to school, but he should be taught to take care of himself and to prepare for difficulties which he is sure to meet. Other points to keep in mind are to get the child out of bed in the morning in time to eat a good breakfast unhurriedly. Avoid too many luxuries in his lunch; have his drinking cup and clothing properly marked, especially his boots and rubbers and HANKIES; and also coats and sweaters. This will prevent much work for the teacher.

And last but not least, teach him to have respect for authority, respect for school property, and encourage the older ones to be a help and good example for the smaller ones. Tell them it is their duty to help keep the school house and grounds clean. Have your children in school on time, which is very important.

To the teacher: Be prepared for each day, especially the first one. Don't expect too much of the children. Expect the best of them, though, but respect them in spite of their shortcomings. Get them to help themselves as much as possible, for this adds much to their education. Be firm but also flexible; kind, not obstinate; and always use good judgment.

Yours for a happy school year, and may God bless your efforts.

- Box 16, Ronks, Penna.

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-Daniel L. Stutzman

(1) She is a "chosen vessel...to bear my name" (Acts 9:15); mere clay but emptied of self, filled with God, with patience, with idealism, and with love; the greatest factor in discipline.

(2) She is teaching herself, a self-disciplined and God-disciplined example.

(3) She is kind, cheerful, and happy, not austere and unduly or one-sidedly severe.

(4) She is natural, not artificial. She is her real self.

(5) She is understanding, sympathetic, knowing the child, and remembering her own childhood.

(6) She encourages, always seeing a break in the clouds, never overcritical.

(7) She is a praying teacher, praying for the child, praying with the child, "in league with God," with the omnipotence of God at her disposal. Then the Holy Spirit will be active in the teacher and through her.

(8) She will be waiting upon the Holy Spirit, will not seek to do the disciplinary work of the Spirit, presuming to take it out of His hands, but places herself at the Spirit's disposal.

(9) She is Christlike so that we may paraphrase II Cor. 3:18, "and the children with unveiled face beholding in the face of the teacher as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory even as from the Lord the spirit."

- Extracts from C.M. Schoolland's Christian School address

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RULES FOR STUDY AND LEARNING

Read the Bible as if you had never read it before. Believe that God is who He says He is, and you are who He says you are.

Believe He can do all He says He can do. And believe you can do what He calls you to do.

"The will of God will not lead you where the grace of God will not keep you."

"The real secret of an unsatisfied life lies too often in an unsundered will."

John 5:12: He that hath the Son hath life and he that hath not the Son hath not life.

A heavy rain was moving around us in the north. Hurriedly I scattered ammonia nitrate on the last of my cucumber plants. Then it happened. A roar came up the road, accompanied by a bus which stopped in front of our house. Soon half a dozen people were off the bus, introducing themselves and generally talking as people do who have just arrived.

No, we were not surprised at all, for we had been expecting this invasion from Pennsylvania. We welcomed the group, most of them from Lancaster, Lebanon, and Juniata Counties.

After we had found beds for all (but not a taxi for Tavistock - Sorry!) it was time to retire, for nobody wanted to be late for Aug. 3. This was the date set for the annual teachers' meeting in the neighboring Aylmer community.

Next morning, as rain clouds disappeared, and the fog lifted, things began happening at Aylmer. From north, south, east, and west they came, all motivated by an interest in teaching or schools.

The forenoon was spent registering at the Kilmer School, getting acquainted, and touring the Pathway print shop, which was in full operation. One of the interesting features was the informative display showing "Fifteen Easy Steps to Produce a Paper", such as the BULLETIN.

By noon the people had gathered at the Kilmer School where lunch was served. In the afternoon we were all assembled in Jake Eichler's machine shed where board members and teachers sat in groups by states and province. After a brief opening by Bish. Pete Yoder, the ministers present were given an opportunity to say a few words. They stressed the need for our own schools and voiced their convictions concerning the church of the future. It will largely be as our schools are.

Each group of board members spoke a little on their school situation at home. Many had a kind word for the teachers. Dave Schwartz of Indiana gave an outline of the proposed new plan they and the state are working at.

Andy Kinsinger of Pennsylvania spoke so humbly, yet forcefully, of the responsibilities to be faced. He encouraged beginning teachers and "battle-scarred" veterans alike.

The teachers stood in groups, introduced themselves and their schools, and many added a few comments on teaching and asked to be remembered in prayer. One thing impressed me - most of the senior teachers noted that the sense of responsibility grows ever stronger. Most of us, I am sure, feel that the academic lessons should take second place beside

the moral lessons which need to be planted in the tender innocent hearts.

A short report was given on the new Pathway readers which are being prepared for the upper four grades. From the selections I have seen, I personally feel that they will be very good.

After a song, the meeting was dismissed for supper. I was sorry to miss the singing, but duty pressed at home.

Possibly all the spare beds in the Aylmer settlement were sagging with the weight of tired pedagogues that night.

August 4 was slightly cooler and more comfortable because of a light shower during the night. It took me about two hours to drive the 18-20 miles, so I missed the beginning of the second day's meeting. By the way everyone seemed absorbed while I was putting my horse away, the discussion must have been interesting. Upon entering the shed, I found the talk centered on putting pupils to work.

Next the discussion turned to geography, and how to make it interesting. These points were stressed:

1. Know your subject well.
2. Mix personal experiences with the lesson by showing places where you have been, travel literature and picture cards.
3. Have a good set of maps.

Someone also suggested a sand table.

The next topic was music or singing in the classroom. Some points given were that the teacher has to have an interest in it. (That point hit home as I am not a good singer). Also, pupils sing better if they stand in groups instead of singing from their seats. An interesting dialogue developed about "balker" singers. (Some boys have a reputation for this sort of thing). Abe Troyer's suggestion was to encourage singing rather than pushing it.

After this Bish. Pete Yoder talked to us about the talent for singing. He said not all people can sing. We should not look down on them, for they often have other talents just as worthwhile. He also noted that German singing is not better than English singing, but he warned us not to think that English is better than German, either. He stressed the need for preserving our German language.

Uria Byler (on two minutes' notice) told of the need for proper discipline. Discipline is the first step toward successful teaching, and we might as well not start as to think we can handle everything with psychology alone; although it is important, too.

He felt that to deprive a pupil of time at recess or noon is one of the best punishments but it should be fitted to the offence. Corporal punishment should be used as a last resort. Some of the rewards of teaching were also noted.

-Continued on next page

TEACHING

- By Laura Z. Martin

You tell me the work's hard
I've chosen for my part,
And the job is cheap
Because I don't make a heap.

A little child I love more
Than money in store;
I love the work and strain
As I build and train.

I don't care if it is such—
And that I don't get very much.
Money is not everything;
Happiness it cannot bring.

Nor the sweet smile of the child
Who is not always mild—
(My eyes glisten
When he does not listen.)

A child is a tender thing
With a conscience true and keen.
He makes me feel so close
Soothing his woes.

These children must be led,
And trained for years ahead.
See! This work I choose to do
Is not what it seems to you!
- Ephrata, Penna.

* * *

I'M NOT ALONE

I'm not alone, though others go
A different way from what I choose;
I'm not alone, though I say "No",
I know that I will never lose.
I'm not alone, though others tease
And urge that I should go their way;
I'm not alone, though I displease
My friends by what I'll never say;
I'm not alone, for I now choose—

Tho other folks may call me odd,
Tho now it seems that I might lose—
To go the way that Jesus trod.

* * *

I desire no future
that will break
the ties of the past. - George Eliot

* * *

Lydia Beiler stressed the following points in classroom management:

1. Prepare your lessons well.
2. Teach new lessons thoroughly.

One teacher said that a daily plan book is a handy reference. To beginning teachers, I would say it is a must.

Now lunch time was drawing near, so we headed our way back to the schoolhouse again where we did a vocabulary test (to check the validity of the tests, and not of the teachers!).

After lunch the teachers were divided into groups and given questions from the question box. After discussion, we reassembled and the results of the discussions were given.

Then we all gathered in the schoolhouse and filled it to capacity.

David Luthy stressed two things—vocabulary teaching and the need for better readers. Really, he showed the negative side of the latter topic before talking about the positive side.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE

Could the empty schoolhouse speak

Through the long vacation,
This is what I think 'twould say
In its desolation:

"Oh, dear me! where can they be,
All the feet that went a-tripping
In and out, and out and in,
Round and round me skipping?
Where today the mice at play
Are the only sounds I hear.

"Where are all the little men,
Where each little lady?
Some are in the sweet green fields,
Some in woodlands shady.
Some float in a painted boat,
Glide along with easy motion,
Some are building sandy towers
By the big blue ocean.
Far away shouts at play
Are the only sounds I hear.

"Yellow leaves are falling now,
Summertime is over;
They will soon return to me,
Every little rover.
Girls and boys, with pleasant noise,
Happy little voices humming.
They will gather round my door—
Listen! they are coming!
Laughter sweet and hurrying feet
Are the merry sounds I hear."

- Youth's Companion

Amanda Hershberger told of P.T.B. meetings as practiced in Geauga County, Ohio. If any parents have grievances, they are to air them there or not at all. They would not want to be without these meetings.

James Hershberger gave six positive reasons why teachers should be on the playground with the children:

1. To know what the pupils are doing.
2. To keep the children active and organized.
3. A better relationship between pupils and teachers.

Having trouble getting the parents to visit school? Rachel Petersheim shared many good ideas. When people ask how school is progressing, tell them to come and look. After they are there, the teacher must calm the butterflies and present interesting lessons so the visitors will want to come back.

The writer briefly explained the Phonovisual Method of teaching phonics. Since the meeting I have received literature from the company, too late! If any one would like to have more information, drop me a line and I can send it, or write to

Phonovisual Products, Inc.
P. O. Box 5625
Washington, D.C. 20016

If you live in Canada, you can write to EducatorSupplies Ltd., 105 Falcon St., London, Ontario.

If you are seriously thinking of introducing a formal phonics program, I would recommend Phonovisual as the best and most interesting method, unless you use the Rod and Staff readers.

"Interest is the mother of attention. Attention is the mother of knowledge."

The display table drew much interest. I am sure some of the gadgets will prove to be real time-savers.

After singing the familiar but touching hymn, "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" the meeting came to a close.

I am sure everybody present will join me in saying Thank You to all who made the meeting a worthwhile affair. It was very well organized, but it must not have been an easy job. Thanks!

To those who attended, the need for better schools is clear and apparent. Now we will again stoop to help these children go the way they should go. It may well be our last opportunity. So it is my hope and prayer that we will not fail them.

Ostrander, Ontario

- By John Ruskin

Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continued, and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise, but above all, by example.

In our youth there are many influences that leave lasting impressions upon us. Naturally our parents and close friends exert the strongest influence. Yet, running a close second in importance are the teachers in our schools who supervise the learning processes for many hours.

I shall always be grateful to certain teachers who opened new doors of insight by their enthusiasm, their interest, their ideals and their dedication. I am thinking of the high school teacher who first suggested that she thought that I should be a minister. There was the college teacher who helped me to come to love the book of Psalms, and the teacher who engineered an appreciation for good literature.

Of all the professions, I think being a teacher can have the most far-reaching effect. For the opportunity to give the young, eager, not fully-formed personality direction in the pursuit of knowledge, truth, and being a worthwhile person is a great privilege. Unfortunately, too many teachers never know what they have accomplished. We never think to tell them.

It may have been an old-fashioned method, but I shall always appreciate the teacher who made us come to class each day with a new word, its definition, its meaning and how it could be used in a sentence. How we hated it, but now how much we have appreciated this discipline!

I hope it is not too late to tell these teachers how much we appreciate their efforts of years ago.

- Submitted by Susie

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What we need, in education, is some sense of far horizons and beautiful prospects, some consciousness of the largeness and mystery and wonder of life.

- By Raymond S. Weaver

"He that is of a proud heart stirreth up strife." Prov. 28:25.

The dictionary defines pride as; "a high opinion of one's own importance or worth, undue sense of superiority; high spiritedness, etc." One definition in a few simple words might be, "to esteem self above others." The Bible teaches us to esteem others higher than one's self. This, of course, is quite the opposite to what the old Adamic nature is inclined.

I hope we are all well aware that our children are born with and possess this Adamic nature which fosters pride. And a little support by the parents can readily turn this little evil into a monster that can stir up strife in a school, as our text implies.

Pride, cultivated and developed in the child, has caused many a school problem. Quite often do we find a party-spirit where a certain group of children will not readily play with others of the same age. This can usually be attributed to pride of some kind. It is all too true as the Bible says: "Only by pride cometh contention." Prov. 13:10.

Of course, there are many different ways that pride creeps in among our children, but what I would like to discuss is this question of dress. We notice that the world all about us is simply going wild over styles and fashions, dress and undress.

Womanhood in general is dressing in such shameful and disrespectful ways, it is quite embarrassing indeed, to say the least. It is the Christian's duty to witness against such evil by word and deed. And here is where we must hang our heads in shame.

This is the time of year when our mothers spend many an hour at the sewing machine, preparing the new clothes that are needed for the coming school year. I would especially appeal to these mothers. Where will we hold the line? Wouldn't it be worthwhile to stop and ponder a bit our motive while making these dresses?

It is often found by our teachers that the child with the proudest dress possesses the proudest heart. We might say such a small matter as dress wouldn't make a difference.

A few years ago a certain school in Boston ran an experiment on dress. The students were allowed to dress in Tee shirts and other unseemly forms and the behaviour pattern was

markedly for the worse.

It seems there comes a time nowadays, and especially so in our larger Amish communities, where decisions have to be made. Are we going to follow the general trend toward short, knee-length, transparent dresses and showy and flashy material, or are we going to stay in line with the Bible teachings of modesty and purity?

It is truly sad to see that some have fallen in line with these modern forms of dress. But

if we stop and think—while we live we still have opportunity to repent and amend our ways. True, we need not wear odd or ill-fitting clothes, but the Bible calls for modesty. Let us love God's Word and return to it and abide by it, no matter what the cost. We parents can be a great help to our teachers and the school by properly observing God's teaching on this subject, found in I Pet. 3:3 and I Tim. 1:9.

- Millersburg, Ohio

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A story to read to your pupils:

THE DAY THE WORLD WAS ANGRY

- By Elmo Stoll

"Elam, are you coming?" called Mother from the bottom of the stairway. "It's high time to get you. breakfast and feed the chickens."

Elam was usually up bright and early, but this morning he didn't feel like getting out of bed. Mother had already called him twice. Finally he wearily rolled out of bed, dressed, and hunted for his shoes where he usually put them beside the dresser. Not finding them there, he got down on his knees and looked under the bed. They were not there either. He made a hasty search of the room but with no success.

"Elam!"

"I'm coming as fast as I can, but I can't find my shoes," Elam answered. "I suppose Alvin put them on again. He always does when he gets half a chance." This wasn't very fair to Alvin for he had put on Elam's shoes only once two weeks before and that was by mistake.

Stomp, stomp, stomp, went Elam down the stairs. He was peeved at not being able to locate his shoes. Coming into the dining room he glared at the table strewn with dishes and plates. "Have the rest eaten already?" he demanded.

"Yes," said his mother, "but I kept an egg warm for you, and there are still a few biscuits of shredded wheat left in that box. Sit down and I'll bring a clean plate for you."

"Why didn't you call me in time?" Elam pouted. "It's no fun to eat all by myself."

"I did call you, but you didn't come. You went to bed so late last night that I thought I wouldn't make you get up, if you didn't feel like

it."

Elam sulkily pulled up a chair really feeling sorry for himself. Why was everyone making it so hard for him this morning?

"Mom," he grumbled, stabbing at his egg in disgust, "You know I don't like my egg fried as hard as a brick."

"Well, you don't like it if it's cold either, so I kept it on the stove. It wouldn't have been that hard if you had come the first or even the second time I called you." His mother stacked the pile of dirty dishes in the sink. What was wrong with her boy this morning?

"Please see that the chickens have water and feed before it gets much later," Mother reminded him gently when he finished eating. "It's already nine o'clock."

"Well, I can't find my shoes," Elam objected.

"Where did you leave them last night?"

"In my room of course, I always do. Alvin probably didn't look this morning and got my pair. Can't see what makes him so careless."

Mother ignored this and suggested that he look in the living room as she had seen a pair of shoes under the sewing machine that could have been his. Sure enough, there they were, sitting in plain sight for all to see. Exactly where he had put them the evening before, Elam recalled. Angrily he grabbed them and put them on. He yanked so hard on one of the laces when he was tying it that it tore. "Why does everything have to go wrong this morning?" he growled to himself. "I feel like going back to bed."

At the chicken coop things went no better. He was in too much of a hurry to latch the gate

when he went through the barnyard with his pail of chicken feed. He set the pail down in the chicken pen and glanced behind him. He turned just in time to see Molly the Brown Swiss cow go galloping through the open gate, and swinging her head, run down the lane.

There was nothing to do but leave the chickens and chase after Molly. "Silly old cow," he shouted, "get back in there where you belong." Even Molly was against him and ran into the buggy shed. When Elam followed her he bumped his knee and it hurt.

He finally coaxed the wayward animal into the barnyard, but when he returned to where he had left his pail of feed he found the hungry hens had overturned it, and the feed was scattered over the ground. "Pesky gawks," he screamed, kicking at them angrily. Who would have thought that even the chickens were in the conspiracy against him?

Then when he wanted to give the hens water there was none at the faucet. He had to pump it all himself and carry it from the well. Elam began to feel very sorry for himself. "Everything is against me," he muttered, "The whole world is angry today."

Then just to prove that it really was so, he began to go over his troubles that had accumulated since morning. Elam held out his hand and began counting on his fingers. "First thing I discover Alvin has my shoes on," here he stopped as he remembered something. "Well, at least I couldn't find them." He resumed his count. "The others ate before I got up." Here Elam paused again as he recalled Mother saying she had called him in plenty of time. The thought nagged him but he went on undaunted.

"Then my egg was too hard for anyone to enjoy and my shoelace had to break. Next Molly got out and tried to run off." He didn't like to think about who left the gate open so he hurried on. "And the hens dumped the pail of feed on the ground, and I had to carry water and I bumped my knee, and, and.... Was that all? Elam thought there would be a much longer list than that. He had planned on going over the list for Alvin, but suddenly he was glad he had reviewed them in private first. He could almost guess what Alvin would say about most of them.

Absentmindedly, Elam watched a saucy little English sparrow hopping around helping the hens pick up the feed they had scattered. "I wonder," he mused thoughtfully, "Perhaps Alvin would suggest that it wasn't the world that has been angry this morning."

- Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

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WHAT GOD HATH PROMISED

God hath not promised
 Skies always blue,
 Flower-strewn pathways
 All our lives through,
 God hath not promised
 Sun without rain,
 Joy without sorrow,
 Peace without pain.
 God hath not promised
 We shall not know
 Toil and temptation,
 Trouble and woe.
 He hath not told us
 We shall not bear
 Many a burden
 Many a care.
 But God hath promised
 Strength for the day,
 Rest for the laborer,
 Light for the way,
 Grace for the trials,
 Help from above,
 Unfailing sympathy,
 Undying love.

- Selected

* * * *

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP No. 1

- By David Luthy

1. genial (jeen' -yul or jee' -ni-ul)—a. alert; b. strenuous; c. pleasant; d. excellent
2. clandestine (klan-des' -tin)—a. secret; b. futile; c. average; d. constant
3. deflate (di-flāt')—a. remove; b. collapse; c. destroy; d. uncover
4. cherub (cher' -əb)—a. rascal; b. insect; c. orphan; d. angel
5. procure (prô-kyûr')—a. restore; b. obtain; c. test; d. arrange
6. magistrate (maj' -is-trāt; -trit)—a. vertebrate; b. teacher; c. scholar; d. officer
7. bogus (bo' -gəs)—a. counterfeit; b. occasional; c. temporary; d. important
8. obscure (əb-skyur')—a. interesting; b. unusual; c. not clear; d. unnecessary
9. fetid (fet' -id)—a. entertained; b. foul-smelling; c. wasted; d. blazing
10. leash (lēsh)—a. tong; b. strap; c. whip; d. hinge

(Turn to page 16 for answers.)

- Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

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- Selected

I pray to God He won't turn down
Whoever it may be
Who giveth forth the surliest frown,
As long as it's given to me.

I feel that God shouldn't condemn
Any human who angrily
Pours his wrath upon a man,
As long as it is poured on me.

I ask of God that soon or late
He won't impatient be
With those who hate with the greatest hate,
As long as they hate only me.
I can not say that I'm surprised
If folks impatient be,
With their fellow man whom they despise
As long as it is only me.

* * * *

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP ANSWERS

(from Page 15)

1. genial: c. pleasant; as, genial look on her face. Latin genialis, "of one's guardian spirit."
2. clandestine: a. secret; as, a clandestine meeting late at night in a hidden room. Latin clam "in secret."
3. deflate: b. collapse; as, to deflate a balloon or tire. Latin de-down + flare—to blow.
4. cherub: d. angel; as, The chubby, innocent-looking child needed only wings to give it the appearance of a cherub. Heb. kerub, "an angelic being."
5. procure: b. to obtain; as, to procure the needed supplies in town. Latin procurare, "to look after."
6. magistrate: d. an officer; as, The chief magistrate of the U.S.A. is the president. Latin magister, "master."
7. bogus: a. counterfeit; as, the children's bogus money. Origin unknown.
8. obscure: c. not clear; as, The implication of the statement was obscure. Latin ob-scuus, "covered."
9. fetid: b. foul-smelling; as, the fetid remains of the dead buffalo. Latin fetere, "to stink."
10. leash: b. strap; as, the leash for walking the dog. Old French lesse, "loose."

* * * *

There is wealth that is not counted
By the sordid dollar scale,
And he finds it who has mounted
With a faith that would not fail,
Over hardest, roughest places,
Up the crucial ways of life;
Wrestling from them saintly graces,
Worthiest trophies of the strife.

If the hard, hard testing places
Shall be passed in days of youth,
With a strong unflinching courage,
On the granite rock of truth,
They will lend a strength immortal,
And the soul with wealth endow,
Leading till at heaven's portal
Crowns shall grace the victor's brow.

- Selected by Mrs. Levi Miller,
Paradise, Pa.

* * * *

CHURCH COWS

As I drive along the road
Many things I see.
Yonder are a dozen cows
'Neath a maple tree.
While the fiery sun above
Glow in burning heat,
There they lie and chew their cud,
In contentment sweet.

As I sit in church sometimes
Something there I see,
That reminds me of the cows
'Neath the maple tree.
Men and women, boys and girls,
People here and there,
Jaws amoving just like cows,
No difference I declare.

There's no sin in chewing gum;
Guess it isn't wrong.
But there are some places where
It surely doesn't belong.
Chew it here and chew it there,
Any place you roam,
But when you go to church, my friends,
Leave your gum at home.

- Selected by a Reader

* * * *

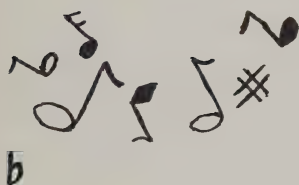
Talk to your children. Help them to understand you. Children are like butterflies, grasp them too tightly in your hand and you can crush out their life. Hold them with an open hand and they're yours to love and behold.

Children often act so it is hard for the parents to love them. Parents on the other hand lay down rules they themselves do not observe—and then react with pain when they are imitated instead of obeyed.

* * *

Happiness depends chiefly on our cheerful acceptance of routine, on our refusal to assume, as many do, that daily work and daily duty are a kind of slavery.

* * * * *



COME, CHILDREN, LET'S SING!

- By Martha Helmuth



"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation." Psa. 95:1.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands, serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing." Psa. 100:1,2.

What do we enjoy more than time spent in singing hymns together, drawing the bond of friendship with fellowship in song? Probably most people have precious memories of time spent in this way.

As I look back I can think of many such occasions. Those pleasant mornings in school when the children sang so well, such as the time we were singing and I glanced out the window. A neighbor was standing in the road staring at the school house. He'd take a few steps, then turn and stare again. He was listening to the strains of "Rest By and By".

Or perhaps the evening when I should have been doing my school work, and one of the girls started to sing. Before we knew just how it came about, we were all seated around the table singing, my school work forgotten.

Or of my nephew, whose seat of honor was his grandpa's lap, and one of the first sentences

I was a merry farmer boy,
A life of mirth and glee,
I prized my native country side,
I love the life so free.

When recollections of the past
Present themselves to view,
They thrill the heart with joy supreme
As we the scenes renew.

Let others choose the city life
With all its pomp and noise,
But give to me the country life
The place for girls and boys.

- Submitted by Mrs. Milo Yoder
Oakland, Md.

* * * * *

he formed was, "Daudy, vella singa." He has somewhat outgrown Grandpa's lap and it has been some time since I've heard him say those words, but he still likes to sing. It is pleasant to listen to him and the others, especially when they don't realize someone is listening.

Then there's the little girl singing lustily the songs she learned in school, somewhat off tune, perhaps, but singing nonetheless.

There are also the times when the girls at school spent their recess singing, sometimes while sweeping the schoolroom, or just standing in a group.

Thus I could go on and name many more instances. They are pleasant memories that help to erase the not-so-pleasant ones when their singing lagged.

I think, for those who have just started their own schools, the appreciation for the change in singing is mentioned almost more than anything else. Yet we hear some teachers lamenting about the singing. How can I get my children to take an interest in singing? Nothing seems to help. What can I do to get some of them to lead songs? Some of the children are afraid to let themselves be heard.

I suppose most of us teachers have had these

problems. I wish I knew all the answers. I don't, but I'll try to give a few tips.

I feel there are at least three factors which contribute to the singing in school: natural talent, the teacher, and the parents.

Some children learn songs and sing them with no effort while others have to keep trying. Still, much can be gained by practicing and cultivating the talent you do have. Don't bury it just because you have the talent of a sparrow instead of a wren or canary. I well remember the time when I had a hard time carrying a tune. I still have to make more effort to learn a new song than some do, but it's quite a bit easier than it used to be. I greatly enjoy singing or listening to someone else singing.

A number of years ago I read an article on singing. I don't remember all of it, but it was something to the effect that if God commanded us to sing, there must be very few people who really can't sing. They may not all be song leaders but they CAN HELP to sing. We should never say, "I can't sing," or "I don't sing." (Of course, at times one's throat is somewhat out of commission due to a cold or laryngitis.)

What can a teacher do to promote singing? First of all, be an example. Don't let your own singing be listless. Show your interest and enjoyment in the singing by the way you sing, even if you don't really feel like singing every morning. If possible, leaf through the book and pick out the songs beforehand. Perhaps you may let the children suggest some song they'd like to have you sing. Don't lead all the songs yourself, but do lead one or two each day and let the children lead the rest. Keep up the variety. Keep up the supply of new songs. Try teaching them a new one at least every two weeks. To do this, you have to be on your toes yourself. Be alert for opportunities to learn new ones to pass on to the children. Many unexpected opportunities arise. (I suppose this would be harder if you live in the same community and teach in the same school all the time. The first years I taught school I believe I learned more songs from my students than I taught them.)

Then don't let the children drag the songs. That tends to make them feel listless and sleepy, while singing just a little faster will keep them awake and thoughtful. Too fast isn't good either, but don't drag the songs. Get them to open their mouths when they sing; to form the words distinctly and clearly. Don't let them mumble their songs, but don't let them yell either. Good singing is not necessarily the loudest singing, nor the screechy modern-day singing. It is to make melody clearly with words. How do you get them to sing that way? Mostly by example

and by encouraging them to sing like that.

To encourage them to lead songs have them take turns. This way they know when they are to pick out songs and their opportunity is not taken by a more willing one. It is embarrassing for children to try to lead a song, then get started wrong, perhaps getting stalled completely—so be prepared to help them as soon as you hear them going wrong. Also be prepared to help them get the pitch higher or lower, if need be.

Still, with all your efforts, you can't make a child sing when he doesn't want to. Singing can't be forced. How then do we awake in the children a desire to sing?

Here is where the parents have a big influence. The children, of course, inherit their talents, but abilities and skills are not inherited, they are learned. They are developed from their experiences and environment. The talent or adaptability is inherited, but it is useless if it's buried. The things children enjoy, they have learned to enjoy because of their experiences at home or elsewhere, so why not help them learn to enjoy singing? How? Well, I can speak from experience, and I know that the students that enjoy singing the most also sing a lot at home with the rest of the family. Also, I've seen children who, when they realized how their parents appreciate and enjoy the hymns they are learning at school, wake up to the fact that they enjoy them too. I was amazed at the talent that was there all the time, but hidden. Children like to be appreciated. A little sincere appreciation shown for merits often does more than scolding for demerits. Please help them to enjoy singing!

I appreciated the article in the April, 1967, issue of the Bulletin on the different songs that can be sung with the same tune. I had not realized what those numbers above the songs in the Kinderlieder were for. It prompted me to do some investigating of my own. It is surprising how many songs are written to the same rhythm. I'd like to share my findings with you. The following tunes can be sung on songs with accompanying rhythm. Use two verses of the song where indicated.

8, 6, 8, 6

"All Hail the Power of Jesus Name"

(Repeat last two lines)

"Oh, For a Heart to Praise My God"

"How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds"

(Repeat last line)

"God Moves in a Mysterious Way"

"Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone"

"O Weary Wanderer Come Home"

(or Remember Me)
 "I Owe the Lord a Morning Song"
 "The Glory Gates" (two verses)
 "I Love to Steal a While Away"
 8, 7, 8, 7
 "I Would Love Thee"
 "'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus"
 (two verses)
 "God is Love, His Mercy Brightens"
 "Savior, Breathe an Evening Blessing"
 (two verses)
 "There Is Not a Friend Like Jesus"
 (two verses)
 7, 7, 7, 7
 "Praise to God, Immortal Praise"
 "Savior, Teach Me Day by Day"

"Book Divine"
 8, 8, 8, 8
 "Sweet Hour of Prayer" (two verses)
 "Just As I Am"
 "When I Survey the Wondrous Cross"
 7, 6, 7, 6
 "Who At My Door Is Standing" (two verses)
 6, 5, 6, 5,
 "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton"

Most of these songs are found in the Church and Sunday School Hymnal. I'm sure others could find more to use. Try it, it's interesting.

May God bless each of you as you step into the schoolroom this fall, undertaking your grave responsibilities.

- Nappanee, Indiana

* * *

VISITING PENNSYLVANIA'S AMISH SCHOOLS

- By Mary W. Weaver

As the closing days approached for the Holmes County parochial schools, plans were being laid by seven of the teachers to tour some of the eastern schools. The group consisted of the following members: Mary Ann A. Beachy, Amanda B. and Susie A. Yoder, Fanny and Amanda A. Nisley, Elizabeth L. Raber, and the writer, with Mrs. Mary Miller as the driver.

On Monday morning, April 24, we headed for Lancaster, Pa. We arrived too late to see any schools in session that day. Our first call was with Mary Huyard. She was caring for her very sick mother (who passed away since that time); therefore we made our call brief. We had planned to give the pioneer teacher, Lydia F. Beiler, a surprise visit the next morning. However, eyes popped on both sides when she drove in at Mary Huyard's place just as we were ready to leave. For intruding on our plans, we captured her for a guide. She directed us to David and Christian Eshs for the night.

The writer obtained an alphabet set for her school from Christian. (Commission money obtained through the Pathway Book Sale made this possible.) As we visited the schools the following days we found a set in almost every schoolroom.

We joined Christians' little daughter Sarah on her walk to the Harristown School the next morning. Her "daddy" used to teach this school, but it is now taught by Rachel Beiler. We found a very quiet and orderly school. A sand table with farm animals, etc. was stationed in the

center of the room. I could see that many recess hours are spent there by the smaller boys—a grand asset where there is a large group of first and second graders. Christian and David Esh also spent the morning hours at school, after which Christian served as a reliable guide.

Our next stop was at Pine Grove where Sarah Beiler teaches in a very neat, new school house. The look on Sarah's face told us we weren't expected. However, her "Busy Bee Cleaning Committee" had the schoolroom ready for unexpected visitors. She recited arithmetic while we were there. They had reading-type problems. Each pupil had to explain how he worked a problem before the answers were checked. The third stop was at Iva School where Rebecca Fisher teaches. The fourth stop was at Clearview where Saloma Lapp teaches grades 1, 2, 3, 5 and 6 upstairs and Elizabeth Esh teaches 4-7 and 8th grades in the basement. Saloma's parents living close by had a beautiful dinner ready for us by now.

Our first stop in the afternoon was at Newport where Rebecca Fisher teaches. Here Christian left for home and John Beiler served as our guide. New Milltown where Hannah Stolzhus teaches was next. She was having other company too. The seventh and last school for the day was at Hollow where Rebecca Beiler was teaching. Their schoolhouse burned to the ground a few weeks previous and they were now conducting classes in an abandoned public school building. Mrs. Beiler, the guide's wife, had the

table laden for supper.

On Wednesday morning our first call was at Muddy Run, also a new school, taught by Nancy Lapp. Next we stopped at Cherry Lane where Mary Fisher teaches. We heard good singing throughout all the schools, but these lower grades excelled them all. The third school was at Far View where Rachel Petersheim manages a group of 51 pupils amazingly well. Here we heard very good reading among the lower grades; loud with emphasis and expression. This is lacking so much in our schools and we noticed most of the Pennsylvania schools we visited have the same trouble. Could it be a reflection on the teacher? Maybe we should use more expression in our own reading and speaking. Rachel's large group of first graders also recited a memorized verse for us. Most of them had some motions included. The motions along with the strong emphasis surely made an impression.

The fourth stop was at Pleasant View where we hurriedly ate the packed lunch the teacher, Lydia F. Beiler, had brought along for us. Now we were ready to listen to some interesting English classes. From here Sarah Beiler accompanied us as a guide for the remainder of the day. Our first stop in the afternoon was at Hawksville where Nancy Esh was teaching. The second was at Nickel Mines where Mollie Reno was teaching. By this time it was raining and one of the group was sick, (too much education too fast!) so we hurried along at a rapid pace. The last school for the day was at Oak Grove where the regular teacher, Mary Huyard, was missing, due to her mother's illness. Ex-teacher Katie Beiler was substituting for her.

Thursday morning we took our reliable guide, John Beiler, along and left for the Honeybrook section where only one parochial school is in operation. This school consisted of 28 pupils, all in the 7th and 8th grades, and taught by Lydia Fisher. We spent all forenoon here. They have very interesting art projects and studies. The outlines and pictures in their geography booklets give proof that they are doing a thorough study of the subject. At noon we left our guide and headed for the beautiful Kishacoquillas Valley. We stopped at the Hershey Candy Factory enroute.

Before leaving Lancaster in the background, let's note the annual visits of the county's head directors. We were fortunate to visit many of the schools with them. After watching classes for a limited time and a few songs by the children, they were usually called upon to give a little talk. Much encouragement was given to

the pupils and teacher. The teachers know that the directors have a real interest in the school and are deeply concerned how the school hours are spent. We hope this will become an annual practice among the directors in all communities in the near future.

Continuing with our traveling, we made calls in the evening with teachers Catherine Swarey, Hettie Mary Peachy, and ex-teachers Mrs. Chris Peachy (Rebecca Wengerd). The next morning Mrs. Peachy and small stepdaughter accompanied us as a guide to visit the schools. The schools where Catherine Swarey, Hettie Mary Peachy, Lydia Wengerd, and Ella Peachy taught were visited respectively. One of the first things we all noticed as we stepped into the first schoolroom was that here the girls were all wearing caps. This looked more like home to us. In Lancaster only the girls in the 8th and a few in the 7th, were wearing a head covering. We were not traveling to find faults and we don't want to criticize the customs of other communities, but we do think a girl of very tender age should be taught it is Scriptural to wear a headcovering. However, a headcovering such as is worn by some of the girls in our home communities might implant more pride than Scripture. If mothers could only realize that by dressing their children in immodest clothing, and thus sending them to school, they are implanting selfishness, pride, and mocking in the children.

We ate a packed lunch on the mountain side, took our guide home, and left for Somerset County. We made a call with teacher Nancy Brenneman. Saturday morning we made a call at Yost Summys before starting for home. Here is a good place to count your blessings. The father, 82 years old, is sick in bed from a stroke, his mind almost completely gone. The mother is also well advanced in years. And Nancy, the only daughter at home, is an invalid. She seemed cheerful and contented. Let's remember them.

We rolled up and down the mountains toward home, arriving there around six o'clock in the evening. Thanks to all who helped make this trip so joyful and worthwhile. We welcome you all to repay the visit. However, I'm wondering, "What would a Pennsylvania teacher want in my school?"

This is a belated sketch of our trip, but upon finishing it I received an S. O. S. from the editor for material for the Bulletin. So I guess I'll send it in after all.

- R. 2, Fredericksburg, Ohio

* * *

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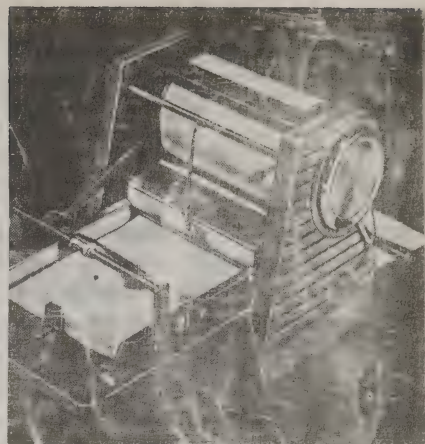
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MAKERS OF MEN

A teacher tells this story:

Mary was late again. All the third graders had worked hard for 100% attendance for prompt arrival. Mary always spoiled the record. I greeted her crossly. "Why can't you get to school on time as the other children do? Haven't you learned to tell time yet?"

"Yes. I can tell time at school but I ain't got no clock at home."

"Well, I think you had better tell your mother to get you one so you can get here on time," I said.

"I ain't got no mother either." Her lips quivered.

I thought, "No clock, no mother. There she stands, eight years old, uncared for, undernourished, a victim." Her head was bowed in shame. All thoughts of class discipline fled, as I picked her up and fondled her on my lap. Her life was empty, her voice was full of despair. My heart ached for her.

"How long has your mother been gone?"

"I don't know. It's a long time. Before school stopped last summer." For two weeks—it was September now—Mary sat in my room just one of forty-five. Mary seemed wiggling and uninteresting. I had learned her name but not much more. But suddenly Mary became a frightened child in need of love and understanding. On my lap she felt some assurance because she said further:

"Mother was bad sick for a long time. But she always got brother and me to school on time but now Tony won't get up on time and he won't hurry for me. Sister is sixteen. She gets up early and works in the factory. Father leaves early for work. He cooks dinner every night."

"Where is brother?" I asked.

"He's in first grade. I'll get him." She soon returned, dragging brother with her.

"Here he is. Tony, look at the teacher; she won't hurt you." Tony's hair was plastered

tightly to his head. His face was still wet and soapy. His sleeves water-soaked half way to his elbows. Mary had her arms around him.

"See, I had to wash and dress Tony and give him breakfast. And he wouldn't get up early when I called him—but you will tomorrow, won't you, Tony?"

Now Mary was different. The teacher saw her a motherless child trying to give Tony what he missed from Mother's absence.

The teacher managed to say, "Take Tony to his room," but her heart was almost too heavy to begin the day. What about the other forty-four? How was she to find out how many of the other listless, disorderly, restless boys and girls had burdens too heavy for older shoulders to bear?

"Here is my appointed field," she said. "I must know my children so that I may help them!"

.

BULLETIN BOOKSHELF

AUGUST SPECIAL-

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ELMIRA, ONTARIO
August 6, 1967.

Christian greetings to Bulletin Readers,

On Thursday, Aug. 3, a group of twenty teachers and board members from this district set out for Aylmer, Ontario. We arrived at the Pathway print shop shortly after 9:00 A.M., in time to see the "Ambassador of Peace" being assembled and addressed, and the "Blackboard Bulletin" being printed.

Toward noon we walked one-fourth mile to the lower-grade school, taught by Magdalena Eicher. Here after some visiting among friends and total strangers, dinner was served to some 275 people, almost 100 of them being teachers. It was amazing the number of people in the group who had never seen Canada before.

After dinner we gathered in Jake Eicher's machine shed, adjoining the printery. A short devotional period opened the meeting with the Amish ministers present giving short talks of encouragement and admonition. The afternoon was spent by school board members giving short talks of activities in their districts. The Amish teachers then introduced themselves.

A letter from Christian Esh was read, and also one from the Ontario Department of Education. The latter was quite encouraging with regard to teachers. They informed us that although they would prefer us to have teachers with Grade 12 education, if this is impossible they will be satisfied if we do our best; they do not wish to interfere.

We now had supper on the school lawn and afterwards gathered in Jake's machine shed for a singing. Some of our board members left for home, while the girls went to Pete Stolls for the night and we went to David Waglers.

In the morning we had a discussion period in the machine shed, several worthwhile topics being considered. At noon, back to the school again for lunch and discussions in the classroom.

The need for able and willing teachers was quite apparent as one heard of several schools where no teachers had as yet been obtained for opening day in the fall.

- Isaac R. Horst

* * * * *

A REPORT ON THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE BOARD MEETING

This annual meeting was held near Littlestown, Pennsylvania (Adams County) on June 2, 1967, at the home of Mose Stoltzfus. It seems the group becomes larger each year. Interested people gathered from nearly every county in Pennsylvania where Amish live, and also some from surrounding states.

Every year some newly-formed board of directors attends, or people from areas where new schools are being built. As public schools become more progressive, there are more people who see the need of having our own schools. The breach between us and the public school system continues to widen.

Chairman for the meeting was as usual A.S. Kinsinger, but as his term expired this year, we for a short time had no chairman. Votes were taken and the candidates became A.S. Kinsinger and Elam H. Beiler. Kinsinger received the majority of votes, so he will again be our chairman and head of the Old Order Book Society for the next six years. I heard no complaints from anyone, so evidently the majority of the people are satisfied.

Among the topics that were discussed was the need of teaching German in school, but not necessarily to relieve the parents of their responsibility in this matter. A teacher with all eight grades is unable to give the help needed by the children who are just learning German—the third and fourth grades, and even the fifth grade. Help from home, I know, is greatly appreciated.

Another thing mentioned was the importance of regular attendance. A child is not legally absent from school unless he is sick or is attending religious services, if I am informed correctly. In Pennsylvania three days of grace are given, however, before the truant officer takes action. Many people have the mistaken idea that three days are allowed. But the term "three days of grace" makes the meaning clear.

I know teachers appreciate perfect attendance. It does help to make the burden lighter.

Another thing mentioned was the importance of a teacher being a good example for her pupils, not just in precept, but also in such matters as dress. If a teacher shows pride in dress, naturally this will influence the pupils, for children are great imitators. But speaking of dress, here parents can be a big help. Many

school room problems would not occur if children were dressed more nearly alike. I recently heard of a private school (not Amish) where the children wear uniforms. A mother told me this certainly lessens the problems.

This was rather a last-minute call on a report for this meeting and I had not prepared for it. But the others were batting the call back and forth and most of the cinders fell on me. I was told to write what I can remember. Now if I left out anything important, perhaps someone can fill in for a later issue.

Oh yes, there was a period for open discussion, but not many questions were asked. What is wrong? Do the people know most of the answers by now, or were they too bashful to have their particular question or problem discussed in public, or were they taken by surprise and just couldn't think? This open discussion helps to make the meeting interesting and much can be gleaned from it. As this comes up every time, why not prepare yourself for the next time, and don't be afraid to speak out.

The next meeting is to be in Lancaster County the first Friday in June. Plan to attend.

Written by one who was there.

- L. F. B.

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Would you turn a deaf ear? - You have already transgressed the first of all commandments which is "Hear",... Mark 12:29

And let us not be weary in well doing: For in due season we shall reap if we faint not. Gal. 6:9.

All the water in the world,
However hard it tried—
Could never sink a single ship,
Unless it got inside.

All the evil in the world,
The wickedness and sin;
Can never sink your soul to doom
Unless you let it in.

"If God sends us on stony paths, He provides strong shoes."

The whole armor of God is awkward for an easy chair.

WE HAVE THE KEYS

Several years ago Clyde brought his little brother to school, he said, to show him around. So as I walked up the steps Clyde said to him: "Do you know who that woman is?" The little brother's prompt reply was, "Of course, she's your teacher, because she has the keys." We do have the keys. I've thought about that often and hope that we will always be teachers because we have the keys. It is understanding that unlocks and opens the door for the child to look out and for us to look in. No teacher can be truly great until she learns how to open the door and learns to see rightly when she looks in. For this she asks:

Grant us, Great Teacher, eyes to see
Ears quick and keen; strong tender hands;
And lips that laugh—but more than all
A heart that loves and understands

- Selected

* * *

PRAYER FOR A SCHOOLHOUSE

For a schoolhouse anywhere
I send up a silent prayer:

"Christ, great Teacher, bless this place;
On it shed Thy love and grace.
Teach the teachers: let them see
That they shape earth's destiny.

Home and church and school—these three
Carry on Thy ministry.
As from Thee comes growth of seed,
So to Thee we bring our need:

What to plant, and how to sow—
That is what we pray to know.
Let schools be in Thy pure sight
Bethlehems of truth and light."

For a schoolhouse anywhere
I send up a silent prayer.
- Selected

* * *

The impression that a praying father and mother leave upon their children is life-long. Perhaps when you are dead and gone your prayers for them will be answered.

* * *

THIS FRIEND

- By L. Z. M.

Just tell me who this friend could be.
Every time I call I know He will hear.
Softly and sweetly He talks to me.
Use your eyes and look very near.
See this friend is also for thee.

- Ephrata, Penna.

* * *

BEGINNING READING IN THE FIRST GRADE

- Fern Trissel

Learning to read! How every child has looked forward to this time! And what a thrill a little child gets when he can point to a printed word and say, "I can read that."

Knowing how very important it is to the child, the first steps or lessons in reading should be carefully and thoughtfully planned, so that above all else his first experiences with reading will be satisfying.

Usually the first word the pupil learns to read is his own name. Then an easy "go" from there is to take the first basic book the child is to use and make a list of all action words he will encounter: go, jump, run, etc. Teach these words in connection with his own name. Use a pocket chart or the blackboard and build up short sentences: "Mary, jump," or "Run, Mary." Let the child respond by doing what it says. Always have him read aloud after he has acted.

Another list of words to make from the vocabulary for his first book is that of nouns or picture words: dog, house, names of children. Cut pictures from catalogs to represent these words and mount on small pieces of cardboard. Children like to match these pictures with words. You will soon teach words that can be used in very short sentences with the verbs that you are teaching. Study each word taught and present it as quickly as possible with other words that the child already knows, and in a variety of ways.

Use labels freely in the first grade room to label materials. Put short captions under pictures on the bulletin board. Write short announcements on the blackboard. Always be sure the pupils are told what these words are.

You will be surprised at the many words children add to their vocabulary in this way and

when actual reading from a book is begun, the child will progress much more rapidly by having had a variety of reading experiences.

- From "The Christian School"

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PREPARING FOR THE SCHOOL TERM

- By Edwin L. Kuhns

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." What a wonderful promise God gave soon after Noah left the ark. We can see that God in His wisdom still sees fit to let day and night, seasons and times, pass as before—while the earth remaineth.

The summer's end is again nigh, and before we know it, these precious youngsters will again be leaving for the schoolroom. How well are they ready and prepared? The average older pupil will be as eager to see the first day of school as he was to see the closing day in spring. But for the tender beginner a little more preparation may be needed. A great change in life is about to be made. For him school is something new, and chances are, school life will absorb nearly all his interests for a while. The house will be painfully quiet, the dog a bit lonesome, and the sandbox and wagon neglected, for some time at least.

If the beginner does not look forward to that first day of school, the parents can do much to give him a good start. We go to school to learn, but Junior should long before learn to follow instructions, sit quietly, listen attentively, and to get along with others. If he can do this, he already has a good start, but parents and older brothers and sisters can give him an added boost by helping him to print his own name, to say the ABC's, and to start counting. If they know what to expect with the first lessons in school, school may have a brighter outlook.

Get the child to be interested and enthused about learning, then the battle is three-fourth won. The secret of good teaching is to capture the child's interest so much that he will want to learn more. Trying to teach a disinterested and indifferent mind is much like pounding on cold steel. Let us not neglect those first graders; their first year is the most important.

As this goes to print many new teachers will be preparing for their first experience at teaching. Although I taught only three terms, I can tell by experience that here also careful planning and preparation is essential. A schedule

should be worked out at the very first and each pupil should make a copy or have one within sight. Rules should be made and well explained; it may even be advisable to let the children have a part in making or recalling them. The most important one, the Golden Rule, would be almost sufficient in itself. It is better to keep the rules few and simple, and as circumstances require changes can be made.

On those first critical days, beware of unfinished lessons, messy papers, and improperly labeled answers. Curbing these habits is much like running down a steep hill—the longer you continue, the harder it will be to stop. Some day your pupils will appreciate your efforts to curb these habits.

An old saying is, "Experience is the best teacher." Or, one might say, "Teaching is the best experience." If you have chosen teaching, you have chosen a worthwhile task. May God bless you all.

- R. 1, Box 218 A
Bremen, Indiana

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PROHIBITION, 1967

- By Harvey H. Nolt

It isn't quite clear to us,
Nor do we understand;
That 'Bible Prohibition'
Ever settled in the land.

Lord, could you send a leader?
Like David, or A. Lincoln.
Intent on slaying this Goliath,
Great giant 'Atheistic Thinking'.

Even fools have said in heart,
No God there is that hears.
Conscience still can prick their thoughts,
Enough to rouse their fears.

'Religious Freedom'...noble words,
Joy of the pioneers.
Our forefathers made law of these words,
Upheld them through the years.

Recently a change was sought,
Now...freedom 'from' religion.
Atheism must be cast overboard,
Lest the 'Ship of State' start sinking.
- Ephrata, Penna.

* * *

UNITED WE STAND

- By David Wagler

At the recent school meeting held near Aylmer, Ontario, there were people present from perhaps more than a hundred communities and school sections. Two days were spent in exchanging ideas and gathering information on the subject of parochial schools. It was encouraging to notice that there were quite a few people from communities that do not yet have schools. No doubt it will only be a matter of time until these districts will be able to organize and operate their own schools.

It is a sobering thought that 300 persons were willing to spend time and money to be present at the meeting. Some of these came as far as a thousand miles to attend. Was it worth the cost in time, money, and effort?

Considerable time was taken up in discussing specific teachers' problems. This was worth a lot to the teachers as well as to the parents present.

But perhaps the greatest over-all value was in the general agreement which was reached as to the aims and purposes of the school movement. We all know that in some states our people have had a hard time in getting and keeping their own schools. But because they were devoted to the cause and were able to give a good account of their schools, it looks like the various states are at present more lenient in their dealing with parochial schools.

It is a heartening fact to know that so many people from so many different communities can reach an agreement on school matters. Some of the points might be listed as follows:

1. We do need our own schools and are willing to endure persecution if necessary in order to get them. It is the responsibility of the church, not the state to educate our children.
2. Since we believe it is our responsibility, we are willing to bear the cost in time and money needed to build and operate these schools.
3. Since it is the responsibility of the church and for the good of the church to have our own schools, then the church should also be responsible for the support of the schools. We believe it is the duty of the church to see that men are appointed as directors who will look after the operation of the schools and will collect the funds necessary to operate

the schools. It is often unfair to assess the costs of the school against the parents according to the number of pupils they have in the school. It is better to bear the costs according to the ability to pay.

4. We believe that the education which is offered in the public schools today is not satisfactory according to our understanding of the Bible for our way of life. Therefore, we believe that our schools should be operated in such a way that our children will learn what they need to know. This will include not only a thorough knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic and other related subjects, but also the virtues of honesty, diligence, dependability, respect for authority and the fear of God.
5. It is the responsibility of the church to see that the parents and teacher co-operate in administering discipline and keeping order in the school.

If these ideals can be achieved, then it will help a lot in winning the confidence of the state authorities. Some of these officials seem to think our schools are oversized baby-sitting institutions, and unless we can prove this is not true, we are headed for trouble.

The reports from the various states were encouraging. Several areas where trouble had been threatening have reached a satisfactory solution. These include Iowa, Maryland, Michigan and Ontario. It was pointed out that one reason these states were able to reach an agreement on the school issue is because parochial schools in other states were operating satisfactorily.

The school meeting was also encouraging because of the attitudes shown by the teachers. As a group they seemed to be earnest, hard-working and devoted to their job. Although some had been teaching as long as 21 years, yet they are still anxious to learn and to help each other in the problems they face. There is something about school teaching that is interesting and binds the group together. They seem to be aware of the responsibilities which go with school teaching, as well as the rewards (the latter may not be very great financial-wise).

But this is no time to relax. We should be concerned that many areas do not yet have their own schools and that some schools that are operating are below the desired standards. We should not be satisfied until all of our children are going to a school where they can learn what they need to know to meet the problems of life.

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A BRIEF REPORT OF THE MEETING

The thirteenth Amish school-teachers' meeting was held as scheduled, Aug. 3-4, at Aylmer, Ontario. More than a hundred teachers and ex-teachers were present, and also many ministers, board-members, and others.

Thursday forenoon was spent in becoming acquainted, and many of the people visited the Pathway print shop at this time. The Pathway building is located one-fourth mile east of the school, so transportation was no problem.

Lunch was served at the school, cafeteria-style.

Right after lunch the group moved to Jake Eichers' machine shed, which was large enough to easily hold the crowd. After a hymn "Jesu, Jesu, Brunn des Lebens," the meeting was opened by the home bishop, Peter Yoder, who then asked the other ministers present to speak a few words. They admonished the group in many ways.

The teachers and board-members had been seated in groups. David Schwartz of Indiana explained the plan worked out by State superintendent Richard Wells with regard to Amish schools and teachers. This plan has not yet been signed by the Amish, but it is seriously under consideration. A system of testing for Amish teachers is included, and Dave explained this to the Indiana teachers.

Following this, the remaining Indiana board-members present introduced themselves and spoke a few words. When they were finished, the Indiana teachers stood up and introduced themselves.

Lester B. Miller of Kalona, Iowa spoke on the settlement reached in that state. A law has been passed whereby the Amish can apply for exemption for two years at a time from some phases of the state school laws, particularly regarding teacher education.

Several teachers and board members from the states of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri were next introduced.

Ohio was the next state. Uria R. Byler of Geauga County told of the growth of schools there, and of some problems they face. There were very few board members from Ohio present, and the teachers from there explained that this was because they had to stay home to thresh. We are sorry the dates chosen did not fit in better with their plans.

However, a large number of Ohio teachers

had come, and they were introduced one by one.

The next group was a large one, Pennsylvania. Andy S. Kinsinger inspired us all with his admonitions, and then the other directors spoke, too, followed by the many teachers. There was one lone male teacher, Valentine Petersheim of Mifflintown.

A letter from Mechanicsville, Maryland was read, telling of the building of three new schools there this summer. The only teacher from Maryland, Delaware, or Virginia was James Hershberger of Stuarts Draft, Virginia, an O.O. Amish teacher in the new school opened jointly last year by the Beachy Amish and O.O. Amish of that area.

The Ontario group was made up of Amish and Old Order (horse-and-buggy) Mennonites of near Elmira. David Wagler read a letter from the Department of Education and explained the situation in Ontario. The Department has assured us they will not interfere with our schools, even though we are unable to staff them with teachers having the education they suggested.

Enos Martin told how the Old Order Mennonites last year opened their first schools in Ontario—seven in all, and of further plans for new schools this year.

A letter from Christian G. Esh, Gordonville, Penna. was read by Elam H. Beiler. The title was "Wishful Thinking".

Joe Stoll reported on the work that is being done toward Pathway Readers for our schools. Grades 5-8 are planned to be ready by next summer.

The closing hymn, "Es wahret nicht mehr lang", was sung, and the group dispersed.

At 7:45 that evening the group gathered again in the shed for a hymn-sing. For several hours voices were raised in songs of praise. Then following prayer, the singers set out for the homes where a night's lodging had been arranged. A few loads went to other Amish settlements for the night, but most of the group stayed at Aylmer. Surprisingly, a number of beds were empty.

Friday, Aug. 4

The program for the second day was planned mostly for teachers, but many others also attended. Originally the plans had been to have the discussions on the school lawn, but circumstances sometimes alter cases. It so occurred

that the county gravel trucks were roaring past the schoolhouse at the rate of one a minute. They agreed, for safety's sake, to slow down to ten miles an hour while passing the school, but this still did not eliminate the noise, so on Friday morning it was decided that the second day's meeting would have to be held in the machine shed the same as the day before.

The morning session covered the subjects of discipline, teaching geography, singing, getting the pupils to help, classroom methods and many others. The response from the teachers was enthusiastic and the discussions very helpful.

The teachers returned to the school for a vocabulary test before lunch. Lunch was served the same as on Thursday.

After lunch the teachers were divided into eleven discussion groups, and each group given a question. A spokesman for each group read the question to the entire gathering, and then reported on the answer or conclusions they had reached. The teachers felt this was quite worthwhile.

By the time this was finished, the cooks and kitchen help had cleared the school of tables, and the benches were set up in the classroom, tightly together. Then the group crowded into the school for another two-hour session of discussions. In the afternoon some of the subjects covered were visitors at school, parent-teacher "bored" meetings, playground activities, the teachers' display table, and phonics.

One highlight of the afternoon was David Luthy's booklet of clippings from readers, showing objectionable pictures and stories from reading books. David is helping with the editorial work on the Pathway Readers.

Uria Byler spoke briefly on the manual for teachers he is compiling. Questionnaires were sent out some time ago to experienced teachers, and the answers are being used as the basis for the book. The manuscript is not quite completed. It will be published by Pathway.

An explanation of John A. Hostetler's study of Amish education was given. This is a three-year study begun last year.

The meeting adjourned with the parting hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." There were hurried good-byes, and within an hour all but a few stragglers had left the school ground.

It was hard to believe that the teachers' meeting had come and gone, but so it had. We had beautiful weather, and much to be thankful for to our heavenly Father. We pray that the time thus spent may be to His glory, both in this world and throughout eternity.

We wish to thank all who came and helped to

make the meeting worthwhile. Our wish was to meet humbly, in His name, and though mistakes were made we trust they can be forgiven.

When the teachers and school board members were being herded into the shed to take their seats on Thursday afternoon, a brother who was neither of these asked, "Wo solli die commoni Leut hocki?"

The answer was, "In the shed."

That's where we all were, and I trust that is how we all felt.

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PATHWAY PRINT SHOP TOUR

"Is everything ready to begin? Is someone behind the desk?" inquired David.

Upon receiving "Yes," for an answer, he immediately set to work.

At last! The hour has come of the 1967 Teacher's Meeting tour through the Pathway Print Shop at Aylmer, Ont. The machinery is to be in operation on Thursday and Friday A.M. from 9:00 to 11:30, D.S.T.

People begin streaming in, mostly teachers, but also others, known and unknown, from far and near, and of every description and size.

Upon entering the front door they pass through the outer office into the second office, where a long line stand waiting to register their names into the Guest Book. Also behind the desk several girls are kept busy taking "Blackboard Bulletin" and "Ambassador of Peace" subscriptions.

Passing over to the north wall a display of "Fifteen Easy Steps to Print a Paper" is viewed. The first step is writing, showing several written letters. The fourteenth step is your mailbox and your easy-chair. The editor emphasizes the fifteenth step, which reads, "Same as step one—after you have read, Write!" So this time after you have finished reading your paper, write an article for next month!

Next came the bookroom, where people could browse around and a clerk is nervously fumbling for the correct change for her sales.

In passing on we arrive at the printing-room, where most of the machinery is in operation.

The visitor's first attention is drawn to the stitcher, where eight to ten boys are sitting along a conveying chain assembling the "Ambassador of Peace". After the inside sheet is placed on the chain, it moves on down the line, each boy placing another sheet on top. The cover is put on last, then stapled, and it passes out on a platform, the finished product.

The printing press is then watched with interest, as it prints 6,000 sheets of the "Black-board Bulletin" per hour. A demonstration of the paper cutter can be seen, too. Better be careful with your fingers around this machine!

Last in this room is the folder. An interesting piece of machinery to watch while it folds approximately 420 sheets per minute.

In entering the outer office again, a demonstration of addressing and bundling the "Ambassador of Peace" is seen. The addressing machine is operated by hand. Behind the table several people are busy sorting and counting the papers according to Post Office before they are ready to be bundled and mailed.

This completes the tour, and the visitors file out through the front door.

(Now it is past and in history. Gone, but not forgotten.)

- A. Y. A Pathway Worker

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HINTS FOR THE NEW TERM

- By a Group of Teachers

A new year! The clock is faithfully making its rounds, and it will soon be time to pick up the dinner pail and quickly scamper up the path to school. Thank God for the opportunity of teaching! And don't forget to ask for God's guidance for every move. That first morning is the chance of a lifetime.

If possible, spend some time at the school before opening day. Prepare outlines and become familiar with your books and supplies.

Don't go to school feeling you know it all, but it's not necessary the first morning to let the children know you don't know everything. They'll find that out later.

Greet them with a smile and a peck of confidence, although you may be shaking in your brand new shoes. Be especially friendly to the little newcomers.

If your pupils are strangers to you, make a seating chart the first day. Mark your paper in squares, one square per desk. In each one fill in the child's name, grade, and parents' name. Use this for reference, and for reports later.

Don't try to get organized all in one day, but do a thorough job of it during the first few weeks. You'll be living with them at least eight months, and a good start is important.

Have the pupils suggest rules for a nice orderly school. Be consistent—make rules that you can expect to be obeyed, and then be firm

in enforcing them. It is possible to be too strict, but never too firm.

When teaching the first grade, teach confidently. Expect them to grasp the lessons, and you'll be surprised how much they will grasp. Get them started with some easy activity to break the ice—"Raise your hand when I write your name on the board", or "Let's take turns counting to ten". Let them color, write their names, or something they like to do. First impressions are very important to a child, and may mean the difference between liking or disliking school.

Try to get your pupils enthused the first day so they will be impressed and be eager to come back for more. (I don't remember my first day of school, probably because I wasn't impressed. I can remember very vividly incidents that occurred when I was only three years old!)

Give an assignment the first day, even if it is but a small one. The pupils will then start the year knowing that school is a place of responsibilities. In this way they will also have something to do the second day while you are adjusting yourself to the new school, pupils, books, etc.

Don't be discouraged if the second graders remember only half of the things they learned the year before. It will come back quickly.

Don't be surprised that first evening if you feel as though you had washed and ironed for a large family, plowed a field, or washed walls all day. In other words, if you're exhausted. Just think of the many others in the same shoes and take heart.

As you proceed, smile often, because after all it is good for you. But be careful to be a good example.

So many of us ask, "What grading system shall I use?" A very good question, and my suggestion would be to "bother" some experienced teacher for help, and then use good reasoning. Pick up your grading pencil and begin—there is a busy year ahead.

A note to parents: Please buy only the small box of eight crayons for your first grader. If he has more he'll need help to select the right color, and will become confused.

When you are buying something for your pupils, think of the sound effects if half a dozen of them were dropped on the floor at one time. Then buy the silent kind.

Don't be surprised if butterflies are crawling around inside. It's butterfly season!

- The Meeting Leftovers
(F.M., M.F., A.H., E.M., M.E., and W.K.)

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TEACHERS AND EX-TEACHERS ATTENDING THE MEETING

Eli M. Yoder	Baltic, Ohio	Lydia S. Beiler	Leola, Penna.
Mose L. Yoder	Sugarcreek, Ohio	Lydia S. Beiler	Bird-in-Hand, Pa.
Levi M. Beachy	Sugarcreek, Ohio	Wilma Kuhns	Bremen, Ind.
Uria R. Byler	Middlefield, Ohio	Annie F. Stoltzfoos	Kinzers, Penna.
be A. Troyer	Plain City, Ohio	Susie L. Petersheim	Gordonville, Pa.
Amanda N. Hershberger	Burton, Ohio	Lovina Miller	Arthur, Illinois
Mary H. Fisher	Ronks, Penna.	Emma Yoder	Kalona, Iowa
Sarah S. Beiler	Ronks, Penna.	Elizabeth Mast	Chouteau, Okla.
Nancy S. Esch	Lancaster, Penna.	Rebecca Stoltzfus	Oxford, Penna.
Martha Helmuth	Nappanee, Ind.	Emma Miller	Paradise, Penna.
Rachel K. Stoltzfus	Millheim, Penna.	Rebecca Zook	Kinzer, Penna.
osie S. King	Ronks, Penna.	Daniel L. Stutzman	Ostrander, Ont.
Magdalena Otto	Nappanee, Ind.	Aaron Hochstedler	Burr Oak, Mich.
Anna Mae Gingerich	Arthur, Illinois	Fannie Mae Mast	Hutchinson, Kans.
Martha Farmwald	Bremen, Indiana	Catherine M. Swarey	Belleville, Penna.
Katie Yoder	Jamesport, Mo.	Annie Yoder	Aylmer, Ontario
Carrie Kuhns	Bremen, Indiana	Elizabeth Raber	Baltic, Ohio
Rebecca King	Christiana, Penna.	Fannie Nisley	Millersburg, Ohio
Lavina Hershberger	Fairbank, Iowa	Katie Miller	Baltic, Ohio
Martha Hershberger	Fairbank, Iowa	Patrick Russell	Danville, Ohio
Polly Borkholder	Topeka, Ind.	Rob R. Schlabach	Millersburg, Ohio
Ada Miller	Topeka, Ind.	David Hostetler	Aylmer, Ont.
Amanda Yoder	Apple Creek, O.	Peter E. Miller	Middlefield, Ohio
Katie Hershberger	Apple Creek, O	Lester Marner	Montgomery, Ind.
Clara Weaver	Fredericksburg, O.	Mrs. Lester Marner	Montgomery, Ind.
Miriam Gingerich	Middlebury, Ind.	John Zehr	Grabill, Ind.
Katie Schrock	LaGrange, Ind.	James D. Hershberger	Stuarts Draft, Va.
Ruth Anderson	Holmesville, Ohio	David Luthy	Aylmer, Ont.
Katherine Miller	Danville, Ohio	Kanoshia Schmucker	New Haven, Ind.
Verna Knepp	Montgomery, Ind.	Esther Kuepfer	Linwood, Ontario
Wilma Jean Yoder	Loogootee, Ind.	Lydia Fisher	Honeybrook, Pa.
Sara Kathryn Wagler	Montgomery, Ind.	Mary F. Huyard	New Holland, Pa.
Valentine Petersheim	Mifflintown, Pa.	Monroe Schmucker	Burton, Ohio
Polly Miller	Chouteau, Okla.	Melvin M. Hershberger	Middlefield, O.
Lizzie Ann Nisley	Millersburg, O.	Ray Gingerich	Middlefield, O.
Nora N. Yoder	Sugarcreek, Ohio	Mrs. Ray Gingerich	Middlefield, O.
Amanda Hershberger	Apple Creek, Ohio	Magdalena Eicher	Aylmer, Ontario
Mary Ann Eicher	Grabill, Ind.	Elmo Stoll	Aylmer, Ontario
Elizabeth S. Esh	Gordonville, Pa.	Joe Stoll	Aylmer, Ontario
Rachel S. Beiler	Gordonville, Pa.		
Mollie E. Renno	Mifflintown, Pa.	Saloma Rudy	Waterloo, Ontario
Elizabeth S. Peachey	Mifflintown, Pa.	Esther Frey	Elmira, Ontario
Lydia T. Schwartz	Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa.	Malinda Martin	Elmira, Ontario
		George R. Martin	Elmira, Ontario
		Susannah Shantz	Waterloo, Ontario
Lizzie R. Yoder	Belleville, Pa.	Hannah Horst	Elmira, Ontario
Idasue Bontrager	Centerville, Mich.	Isaac R. Horst	Elmira, Ontario
Fannie Miller	Topeka, Indiana	James Bauman	Wallenstein, Ont.
Ida Detweiler	Middlefield, Ohio	Clifford Robinson	Ripley, Ontario
Lydia F. Beiler	Ronks, Penna.	Rachel Showalter	Teeswater, Ont.
Rachel Petersheim	Lancaster, Pa.	Mary M. Yoder	Belleville, Pa.
Fannie S. King	Lebanon, Penna.	Amelia King	Belleville, Pa.
Saloma F. Lapp	Ronks, Penna.		

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WISHFUL THINKING

- By Christian G. Esh

July 23, 1967—As we rumble through the woods with a grain wagon this beautiful summer morning—the cardinals flashing, the bluejays screaming, and the rabbits and squirrels scampering among the flowers and ferns—memories of olden times come flooding to our thoughts. We remember bringing the pupils up here for hikes, back in the good old days of teaching school.

We remember the autumn days when trees were flaming with color and the Indian Summer heat made concentrating on lessons almost impossible. And the spring days when new beauty was bursting forth in every corner and spring fever tugged at our already lazy nature. Then we would close the books and head for the woods.

The dirt road was seldom used and the only house was occupied by an elderly widow and her daughter, a former teacher. They were delighted when the children sang for them and treated them with cookies. Those two women lived here in the woods close to nature and God, and with deep affection for each other. The mother was taken sick and removed to the hospital. Her daughter couldn't stand the shock, and they died a short time apart.

Yes, we greatly enjoyed those hikes in the woods. When tired, we would gather in a cool, vine-covered spot and listen to a story, have a rare treat of popsicles, or explore a nearby cave. How I wish we could gather here again and discuss the adventures of life since that time!

School memories do not stop there. They go to the friends made through teaching, and to the meetings of these friends. Now, with this summer's meeting to be at Aylmer, it is rather hard for us to decide to stay at home and miss it. We would like to see Niagara Falls again, visit Aunt Malinda (Henry Hertzlers) of Tavistock, and with great pleasure would I meet the folks at Aylmer.

There have probably been many changes there in ten years, with the young folks of that time, like myself, now being married and having homes and families of their own. The Pathway Publishing company has been established since then, too.

But the highlight of the trip would be the Teachers' Meeting. I would try to encourage the new teachers, and assure the older ones that

folks still do care and wish to understand. (It seems that after teaching school awhile, a person gets a little hard to understand sometimes. And no wonder. Teaching is so far removed from farming or housekeeping that it takes just a little different kind of thinking, which is reflected in everyday living.)

So many times there have been shy young folks who hardly dared to start teaching school, yet had no real reason to turn it down. It seems that once started, the moral strength of such a person gives way to a new spirit from a Higher Hand. To bravely stand up in front of a room full of pupils and perhaps a few visitors, and read the Bible and lead the morning devotions without a visible quiver requires more than human strength. To carry on bravely and cheerfully all day is the same—it takes just as much leaning on a higher Power. The reward of it all does not come at pay day, but in the days and years to follow.

Meeting friends made through teaching is one of the greatest rewards. Those special smiles from former pupils are enough to make one wish to be back behind the teacher's desk again. Then there are the fellow-teachers, parents and board-members. Yes, it makes life more worth living to receive letters and to visit with teachers.

We had a nice break from farm work last spring when we were pleasantly surprised by a group of Holmes County teachers and went visiting schools with them. (The next time bring some men along).

There is so much I'd like to say by way of encouragement but when I get up to say it there are so many mistakes. Now if I just stay at home and put it on paper, it can be erased or discarded altogether and no one will know the difference. But if we could go, how we would enjoy the atmosphere that always holds the group together in mutual understanding! When teachers meet, it doesn't take many words to bind a lasting friendship.

Leaving Aylmer, we would like to go to Windsor and Detroit to visit Emanuel and Sarah King. I am sure a visit and words of encouragement would be greatly appreciated.

Then, we would not want to miss Geauga County to see those good old friends living there. Of course, it wouldn't be the same with Menno's, Crist's, and Gid's moved to Wisconsin. And Bishop Neil Hershberger, how I loved to visit with him! Maybe we could better realize the change if we would visit his home, his widow and family.

This would just be a beginning in visiting with school-minded friends.

But this is all wishful thinking. We feel that we should stay at home with our children and dairy farm, but maybe sometime...some day... Get up, Jim, c'mon Jenny, Stevie Fisher wants to thresh wheat today.

- R. 1, Gordonville, Pennsylvania

* * *

DISPLAY TABLE—WORTHWHILE IDEA!

A worthwhile addition to this year's teachers' meeting was the display table. Sheets of plywood had been placed upon two rows of desks to make a continuous table all along one wall of the schoolroom. This gave all teachers (even those otherwise too bashful to voice their suggestions) an opportunity to place their ideas, projects, or experiences on paper and to put it on this table.

The table proved very interesting, and during every free period it was crowded. The purpose of the table was to share ideas which might be helpful in the classroom, and not to show off anything. Many of the teachers were taking notes and copying verses, addresses, and suggestions.

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R. R. # 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

I have been requested to name a few of the things I noticed on the display table, and I hope others will mention still more in their letters to the Bulletin.

Samples of the Rod and Staff readers; a booklet of offensive pictures from public school readers; German flash cards; school newspapers, copies of different text books; displays of art work, mottoes, geographical charts, achievement tests, writing and theme books, seatwork for the lower grades; phonics methods; family trees; ideas of how to make geography and history more interesting; summary of a teacher's questionnaire; school standards; workbooks; ABC's to Success; duplicated papers to take home; copies of Challenge of the Child, "Who Shall Educate Our Children?", and other books; school duplicators; a set of world books; newspaper clippings about Amish schools; and many, many other things which I cannot all remember or name.

One thing which caught the eye of those who didn't already have one was the E-Z Averager and Grade Finder. Anyone who has spent hours and hours averaging grades can imagine what a help this little gadget can be. (For those who are interested, the address where these can be obtained is E-Z Grader Co., P.O. Box 4531, Cleveland, Ohio 44124. The E. Z Grader is priced at \$1.00 postpaid, and the E-Z Average Finder at \$1.50.)

Thanks to all who helped make the display table a success, both in the giving and receiving. For we are here to help each other. Especially do I thank the Aylmer community for their wonderful co-operation in the planning, meals, and lodging over this time. I have found it very worthwhile to visit and spend my time here. I feel I have much to take home. Let us strive for better Christian schools.

- Amanda N. Hershberger

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TIPS TO TEACHERS

Most Attendance and Grade Record Books have a numbered list for pupils' names. If each pupil's name is listed after the same number in both books, and these numbers are printed on the upper left-hand corners of the report card and envelopes, much time and trouble can be saved at grading time. Especially is this true if the report cards have no names on the inside. Instead of always turning the report card and tracing down names in the book, you can quickly glance at the number.

- Edwin Kuhns



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VOL. 11; NO. 2

THE WORLD AROUND THEM

- By Titus

"What subject do you like the least?" I asked my fifth graders one morning. The children did not hesitate to answer, "GEOGRAPHY!" Truthfully, I was taken aback; I had expected them to say English or Health. But when I thought later about their answer, I began to see why they might dislike geography.

"Atahualpa!" Can you pronounce that name? Probably not; neither can I, to be honest. Atahualpa was the Indian chief in Peru whom Pizarro, the Spainard, killed near Cajamarca. Read the preceding sentence a second time. Now ask yourself, "What is a fifth grader going to get out of that?" Five of the six proper nouns are meaningless to the average fifth year scholar. So it is with much of the geography lessons. The children are reading words they do not understand, describing places they have never heard or dreamed of.

During one of the classes in geography early last year, a bright-eyed girl asked me, "Why do we have to know all this?" I paused for a few seconds and pointedly answered, "Somehow by the end of this term I want you to realize the world is a little larger than Middlebury and Shishewana." It suddenly came to me that their world in fifth grade was no larger than LaGrange and Elkhart Counties, with the exception perhaps of the realization that Canada lies somewhere north of us, as does Michigan, and

we go east a ways to visit relatives in Plain City. But basically their world has a ten-mile radius. A small world, isn't it, compared to the real world with its 4,000 mile radius? Is it fair, then, knowing the small circle of geographical reference that a young pupil is used to, to expand his concept of the world so drastically and suddenly? Aren't we trying to cover too much of the world in a single book and going into too much detail? We are attempting to teach too much about too many places in too short a period of time. In the end some students will have a smattering of information about a number of places but no deep and lasting knowledge of any particulars. Most students, having become confused and disinterested, will hold their memorized information from lesson to test, but seldom further.

How then to make geography more rewarding for teacher and pupils? The teacher must ap-



preciate the child's small concept of the world and then patiently attempt to expand it. Remember that geography to a fifth grader is like food given to a person who has been starving for a week—give small amounts in the beginning and increase as time goes on; too large an amount may be thought to help the needy one, but it will do them more harm than good.

The process of expanding the child's geographical circle of reference should be a four-year process. One method might be to take a world map and draw circles on it. For example: a teacher in Middlebury might draw his first circle to include just Indiana; the second the Mid-West; the third, the United States; the fourth, North America; the fifth, Central and South America; the sixth, Eastern Europe and Africa; the seventh, the remainder of Europe and Africa; and the eighth, the Middle and Far East. As the circles become larger and farther away from the student's prime area of concern, the emphasis on detail should become less. After all, which is more important for the student to know, the crops grown in Afghanistan or the agriculture of Iowa?

Someone might complain, "But my fifth grade book treats South America; whereas the seventh grade is mainly United States geography, and we don't teach Europe until eighth." Let's not become SLAVES to text books. Let us recognize the needs of our particular students in our particular schools and society and go ahead from there, using the texts as aids—not dead-set paths which we feel forced to follow.

Another might complain, "This method requires that geography be taught separately to all

four upper grades." Yes, the circle idea would work best when grades are not combined for class. This will be no problem for the teacher who sees the need for a reformed geography system. But do not think that this method would require four sets of books. Most current text books contain over four hundred pages which by all rights should be taught over a period longer than one year, if the student is expected to retain anything more than a few facts.

Let our goal, then, in teaching geography be to gradually expand the children's world and not hop one unsuspecting morning from Shipshe-wana to the court of Kublai Khan.

- Aylmer, Ontario

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DON'T FORGET—HE'S JUST A BOY

Get to understand the lad—
He's not eager to be bad.
If the right he always knew
He would be as old as you.
Were he now exceeding wise
He'd be just about your size.
When he does things that annoy,
Don't forget he's just a boy.
Could he know and understand,
He would not need a guiding hand.
But he's young and hasn't learned
How life's corners must be turned.
Doesn't know from day to day
There is more to life than play;
More to face than selfish joy.
Don't forget—he's just a boy.

Being just a boy, he'll do
Much you will not want him to;
He'll be careless of his ways,
Have his disobedient days,
Willful, wild and headstrong, too,
Things of value he'll destroy.
But reflect, he's just a boy.
Just a boy who needs a friend—
Patient, kindly to the end.
Needs a father who will show
Him the things he ought to know.
Take him with you when you walk,
Listen when he wants to talk.
His companionship enjoy.
Don't forget, he's just a boy!

- Selected by a Reader

WHAT WILL WE CHOOSE?

Christ could have come in a palace fair,
He could have had fine clothes to wear,
And could have ridden in a chariot grand
And enjoyed the best wealth of the land;
But what did He choose?

A manger for His first lowly bed,
Later had nowhere to lay His head;
The foxes have holes, but He was alone
On a mountain in prayer, for strength to go on;
He said, "Follow me, I will give you rest,"
He's the way unto the life more blest;
What will you choose?

- By a sister

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EDITORIAL

SLAVES TO METHODS AND TEXTBOOKS

One writer in this issue has stated, "Let's not be slaves to textbooks!" What did he mean? Probably this—no textbook is custom-built for your class. The contents are necessarily general in nature, and are often watered down to be applicable to the greatest number of classrooms.

Too many of us teachers are likely to open our textbooks, check the number of pages, and divide that number by the number of school days in the term. Then we have a general idea how many pages to average a day.

Within limits this is all right. But a closer study of the textbook may show us that our plan needs adjustment. If it is an arithmetic, we may decide that some chapters are relatively unimportant. (There may even be some lessons—on life insurance, for example—that we may skip altogether.) Other lessons may be particularly useful to our rural way of life—perhaps weights and measures—and here we should spend a profitable extra week "making up" problems of our own.

And as the writer in this issue has stated, when we study geography we may find the textbooks not planned the way we like them. It is indeed true that a thorough study of some particular area or country is worth more than a sprinkling of facts from everywhere. So the teacher may choose to make a detailed study of Switzerland (home of many of our ancestors), or of Australia (always fascinating because of its uniqueness), or of the home community. Such a study in depth, reaching out for source material beyond the textbook, is what makes school interesting, both for teacher and pupils.

For instance, some projects I fondly remember teaching a number of years ago (long after I have forgotten the routine textbook lessons) are the following:

1. A detailed study of the geography of Bible lands, using Hurlbut's Bible Geography as a

guide.

2. A visit to our county museum, and following the visit, a study of pioneer days in our local community.

3. A history of our Amish settlement, compiled by the pupils.

4. A study of Anabaptist history (This is an excellent project; I know of Amish schools where a course in John Horsch's Mennonites in Europe is taught to 14-16 year-olds. But this book is too broad and difficult to be an ideal text).

5. One year in Bible study we listed all the men and women in the Bible, with a paragraph about each one.

These are just a few ideas where a teacher can add interest and value to school life. In almost every subject we have the challenge of viewing events and facts from the Christian standpoint and thus interpreting them to the pupils. In so doing, we can escape from the narrow realm of the textbook.

Slaves to methods

Teaching can become too mechanical. In fact, I think this is a particular danger in our schools, especially with conscientious new teachers whose prime concern is to "get through the books" in time.

When is a teacher really teaching? The answer, obviously, is that the teacher is really teaching when the child is really learning. And the child learns best when he has a motive for learning—when he sees a need and a reason for it, and his interest is aroused.

A teacher is a failure who has taught her pupils only to memorize facts. Facts are important, but not unless they are useful. Take for instance the statement, "Columbus discovered America in 1492". Some time during his school life a child is expected to learn this fact,

but how and in what context?

Have we not all seen the following question, or similar ones, in tests: "In which year did Columbus discover America?" This is a poor question! Is it the date that is important? A much better question would be to ask what significance the discovery of America has in the history of the world, or even in our own lives. The child should be helped to think and understand the reasons behind events, and not merely to memorize the bare facts.

It is not enough to assign a half-dozen pages and then ask routine questions at recitation time. Or in arithmetic to always follow the same outline — 1. assignment 2. explanation 3. seatwork 4. correcting of papers—even though this program is basically sound. Extra time should be spent in explanation and in helping the pupil to see through problems, thus understanding the relationship of numbers to each other, rather than just memorizing assorted facts.

Real success in teaching, of course, lies in application—the pupils being able to apply their knowledge to everyday problems!

There are many variations of methods to make school life more interesting and successful. The teacher must decide upon different ones at different times, partly to avoid monotony, but mainly to use the method by which the pupil truly learns the most.

- J. S.

* * *

TIPS TO TEACHERS

Number Puzzles

3	8	4	6	50	12	10
7	17	9		101	31	

Pupils are told that each number in the second row is obtained from the number above it by the use of a certain rule. They are to try to discover the pattern and, when they think they know it, to fill in the missing numbers in the chart. I find that children enjoy this.

You can make many different versions of this. Also have the children make some for the teacher. My children love that!

Also, instead of always assigning arithmetic to grades 1 and 2 in the conventional way, try this:

$2 + \square = 3$ $\square - 2 = 6$ $3 \square 4 = 7$

- Daniel L. Stutzman

* * *

BUD DISCUSSES CLEANLINESS

First thing in the morning
Last I hear at night,
Get it when I come home from school,
"My, you look a sight!
Go upstairs this minute
And roll your sleeves up high
An' give your hands a scrubbing
And wipe 'em till they're dry!
Now don't stand there and argue
And never mind your tears,
And this time please remember
To wash your neck and ears."

Can't see why ears grow on us,
All crinkled like a shell,
With lots of fancy carvings
That makes a fellow yell
Each time his ma digs in them
To get a speck of dirt,
When plain ones would be easy
To wash, and wouldn't hurt;
And I can't see the reason why
Everytime ma nears
She thinks she's got to and me
To wash my neck and ears.

I never wash to suit her;
Don't think I ever will
If I was white as sister
She'd call me dirty still.
At night I get a scrubbing
And go to bed and then
The first thing in the morning
She makes me wash again.
This strikes me as ridiculous,
I've thought of it a heap,
A fellow can't get dirty
When he is fast asleep.

When I grow to be a man
Like pa, and have a wife
And some children of our own;
You bet, they'll have an easy life,
We won't be at them all the time
The way they keep at me,
And kick about every little dirt
That no one else can see.
And every night at supper time,
As soon as he appears,
We will not chase our boy away
To wash his neck and ears.

- Selected by a Sister

* * *

Study in the Rural School

Please note in this issue the request by Daniel L. Stutzman, R. 1, Ostrander, Ontario for teachers' ideas and time-savers. He would like to gather these into a duplicated booklet, which would then be available to other teachers. If you think our teachers need to share ideas, write to Dan and tell him you are interested. Also at the same time, send him some of your own favorite little methods. This is similar to the "Tips for Teachers" column we have printed in the Bulletin in the past.

This will be a success only if you teachers participate.

.

If you have not already sent in the information for this year's directory of Amish schools and teachers, do so at once. Remember, all Pennsylvania teachers send information to Lydia F. Beiler, Box 16, Ronks; Ohio teachers send to Mr. and Mrs. Eli E. Weaver, R. 1, Dundee; Indiana - Martha Helmuth, R. 4, Kokomo; and all others direct to The Blackboard Bulletin, R. 4, Aylmer, Ontario, Canada.

List the name of your school, teacher's name and address, and enrollment. Thank you.

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Writers! Take up your pens and write for the Bulletin. We were short of material this issue, but we expect more letters and articles now that school has begun. The deadline for material to reach the editor is the 25th of each month.

Some people say, "Oh, I'm not a writer. I don't have the talent to write." Well, talents do differ, we all know. But anyone who can teach school should be able to write for the Bulletin. And most parents and board-members, too. It is more a matter of practice and effort than most of us realize.

How many of us are born with a natural talent to farm? It is true, not everyone makes a good farmer, even with training. But isn't training the greater part of it? So it is with writing. Anyone with an interest in writing and a reasonable education can produce a fair product, good enough at least for the readers of the Bulletin.

The main point is to write simply and clearly, and if possible, to say something worth saying!

So, let's hear from you! Thank you.

* * *

In the average rural school the work of study is usually neglected because the teacher does not know its importance or how to train pupils in good habits of study. Much of the pupil's time is wasted in gazing at the page in listless, purposeless reading, or possibly in mischief. Some teachers tell even little first-grade children to go to their seats and study their lessons. When you think of it, what a ridiculous direction! How can small pupils study a reading lesson? What would such study be like? Small pupils cannot do successful individual work. Their study needs to be supervised; carefully directed group work with small children is the best solution to the problem. Usually the smaller pupils in a rural school should either have profitable, directed, individual, educational seatwork or group activities, or be out-of-doors playing.

In the rural school the teacher need not and should not "hear recitations", one after the other, all day. She requires time between classes to supervise the work of individuals in all grades. It will often be time well spent, if teacher and pupils will work together in a group exercise, where study, rather than recitation, predominates.

It is well to keep in mind that when you are working with a pupil in his study activities, you are teaching him as truly as when you hear him recite his lesson—often more so. Pupils vary greatly in their need for help. Some need just a hint; others require repeated and daily assistance in all the steps of their study and acquisition. No child should be helped to the extent of robbing him of the power and joy which comes through personal victory in overcoming difficulties. It is a fine art, learned only by practice, to know when to help and when to keep hands off in this supervised study. Many times the teacher's function is simply to show pupils where they can find the help they need, and then to leave them to work out the problem by themselves.

It happens many times that a child has difficulty because he does not read carefully, thoughtfully, adequately. By the use of a skillful question or two the teacher should stimulate the pupil to go over the paragraph or topic again to find the facts which he has failed to get before. In all of this individual work with a pupil

the teacher can easily train the child to make notes in good form, which is one of the important factors in successful study. A well-kept notebook in geography, history, and other subjects may certainly be an objective worth considerable time and thought.

In the work with individual pupils at their seats a teacher will be able to observe the study habits of each child. If a pupil is wasting his time, the teacher should know why; there are various reasons, the chief of which are lack of interest and of sufficient knowledge and skill in the art of study. A great deal of time is wasted, also, because pupils have wasteful habits of work. If the child is discouraged or finds study distasteful, the teacher should know it and find ways of overcoming the difficulties. Inquire into his methods of attack, and teach him to go below the surface. Use whatever time is necessary to show pupils how to use dictionaries, encyclopedias, and other references.

The Recitation of Lessons

It is no doubt true that the average rural teacher is spending a good deal, perhaps most, of her time in hearing pupils recite book lessons. The lesson is usually assigned by pages or topics and the pupil is given but little help in the mastery of the printed page. The idea of problem making and problem solving or even of thinking aside from its relation to specific problems quite likely does not enter the mind of the average rural teacher. For the most part, we still have a question-and-answer process in which the chief activity is purely a memory response of undigested textbook facts.

What is needed most of all today is intelligent procedure, based upon the principles of learning and the result of study and analysis on the part of the teacher. Until such a time comes in the life of a teacher, she is not really teaching. She is only the hearer of book lessons which are often a sorry spectacle of mechanical, unthinking routine, devoid of all valuable educational results.

In the average school we still find too many so-called recitation periods during the day, most of them of only ten or fifteen minutes' duration. During the recitation period the teacher calls the pupils to the recitation seats apart from the rest of the school, and there she does the best she can to teach her class. What takes place during such a period will be determined by the teacher's ideals, her objectives, and her standards of procedure. If she has never studied the real meaning of teaching and

has never had a skillful teacher herself, she will be quite likely to confine herself to textbook material and to expect pupils to memorize the text to a greater or less degree.

The recitation period is a golden opportunity to instruct, to guide, to inspire. The child's mental horizon can be widened, his feelings aroused and cultivated, his attitudes formed, and his whole life lifted to a higher plane.

Every good recitation stresses the importance of accuracy in the acquiring of knowledge. Pupils should be trained to learn correctly and as fully as their stage of progress will permit. When a child develops respect for a fact and really desires to know the truth, it is a distinctive day in his progress.

Children should not be permitted to guess as a general thing, at least not in fields where they can and should know. They either know or they don't know; if they know accurately and well, they can tell, for knowledge presupposes the words in which to clothe the ideas. As one writer well says: "Ideas are born with their skins on." Early in their school career and all through it pupils should have daily training in the formation of clear-cut images, and in the gathering of data from which to draw definite conclusions. If a teacher teaches her pupils to see things as they are and to get thought from a printed page, she is indeed doing much for them.

- Everyday Problems of the Country Teacher
by F. J. Lowth

* * *

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SUSANNAH WESLEY'S GODLY WAY OF REARING CHILDREN

(Susannah Wesley was the mother of nineteen children. The following is a letter she wrote to her son John, the founder of Methodism.)

July 24, 1732

Dear Son, — According to your desire I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family; which I now send you as they occurred to my mind, and you may dispose of them in what order you please.

When turned a year old (and some before), they were taught to fear the rod, and to cry softly; by which means they escaped abundance of correction they might otherwise have had and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house; but the family usually lived in as much quietness as if there had not been a child among them.

In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees as they are able to bear it: but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once; and the sooner the better. For by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which is hardly ever after conquered; and never, without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which, in a while after, they have severely beaten them for doing.

Whenever a child is corrected, it must be conquered; and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement.

I insist upon conquering the will of children betimes, because this is the only strong and rational foundation of a religious education;

without which both precept and example will be ineffectual. But when this is thoroughly done, then a child is capable of being governed by the reason and piety of its parents, till its understanding comes to maturity, and the principles of religion have taken root in the mind.

I cannot yet dismiss this subject. As self-will is the root of all sin and misery, so whatever checks and mortifies it promotes their future happiness and piety. This is still more evident if we further consider that religion is nothing else than the doing of the will of God and not our own. So that the parent who studies to subdue this self-will in his child, works together with God in the renewing and saving a soul. The parent who indulges it does the devil's work, makes religion impracticable, salvation unattainable; and does all that in him lies to damn his child, soul and body forever.

— From the Heart of John Wesley's Journal

* * *

Teach me to know Thy will, O Lord,
For every moment of the day;
May I offend no man or Thee
In what I do, or think, or say.

— Selected

* * *



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* * *

WHY PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO GIVE TO THE SCHOOLS

Is it because—

1. They are not concerned about the future of our children? Maybe hoping on "chance"—a chance that they may be builders of the church, though reared on secular teachings.
2. They are not spiritually enough inclined to realize the great dangers of an education in a public school system, minus Christian moral teachings?
3. They put material things first?
4. They think only of the cost, and do not have faith that God can and will supply our needs?
5. They do not know the facts, or perhaps do not care to know them?

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GIVE US MEN

- By Momie Ozburn Odum

Give us men to teach our children,
Men of courage and of scope,
Men that know eternal rightness,
Men of honor and of hope.

Give us men steady as mountains,
Men broad-minded as the plains,
Give us men with rightful living,
With high purpose in their mien.

Give us men for future leaders,
Men to meet life's stormy blast,
Men that have no fear in daring,
As forefathers of the past.

Give us men to lead our nation,
Men that merge the heart and brain,
Men that stand up under pressure,
When things go against the grain.

Give us men to lead us upward,
Men who are worthy of the sod,
Men to teach the rule that's golden,
Men who walk in fear of God.

Or do they say—

6. "Let the ones pay who have the schools"
They forget about the verse,
"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." Gal. 6:2.
7. "They're always asking for money!"—"Give and it shall be given unto you." Luke 6:38.
8. "I see no need for our own schools—yet."
"—ihr sollt nicht der Heiden Weise lernen"
Jer. 10:2.
9. "Oh, I know there are many worldly activities in the public schools, but our children needn't follow them!" "Wer Pech angreift der besudelt sich"—Sirach.
10. "We still have it nice in the public schools." Blindness?

Give us men of noble vision,
Standing strong in health and sorrow,
Building firm and ever upward,
Ideals for a great tomorrow.

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STICKING TO THE TRUTH

A small boy was on the witness stand in an important lawsuit. The prosecuting attorney cross-examined him, then delivered, he thought, a crushing blow to the testimony.

"Your father has been telling you how to testify, hasn't he?"

"Yes." The lad didn't hesitate with an answer.

"Now," said the lawyer triumphantly, "just tell us how your father told you to testify."

"Well," the boy said modestly, "Father told me the lawyers would try to tangle me in my testimony, but if I would be careful to tell the truth, I could repeat the same thing every time."

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WHAT AM I?

(A Riddle)

I am a little thing with a big meaning;
I help everybody.
I unlock doors, open hearts, dispel prejudice.
I create friendship and goodwill;
I inspire respect and admiration.
I bore nobody,
I violate no law,
I cost nothing,
I am pleasing to all people.
I am useful every moment of the day.
Many have praised me, none have condemned
me.

What am I?

(See answer on next page.)

* * *

HELPING OUR TEACHERS

How do we parents feel when someone tells us our child has not behaved? Human nature is ready to defend our own flesh and blood, and it really hurts. I think that for someone who loves his children this feeling is natural, but we should never let it show through to the children. They should see that we are saddened because they have done wrong, and not angered because someone has reported it.

We have heard parents remark, "That teacher nags too much and scolds all the time!" But before we say something, let us mothers just look over our own lives. Haven't there been times when we, with our five or six, have been impatient, too? Haven't we often prayed for forgiveness for our impatience with the children and asked for help to go on the next day?

We must remember that the teacher has more than five or six of these lively little youngsters. There may be twenty or thirty or more.

And we all know that the best-natured of our children are not always angels at home, so how can we expect them to be so away from home and parents?

In another week school will start again. How time does fly! Let us start this year with earnest prayers for the teachers and children, as well as for us parents, that we may all do our part willingly.

Let us encourage our teachers and help them carry the load this year. If our children say something about the teacher at home, I think it would be much better to talk with the teacher about this right away, instead of harboring bad feelings or saying things to the children. Do we have the right Christian attitude if we really intend to hurt the teacher with our words? How different things often look when we talk with the person involved!

- An Ex-teacher's wife

SUGAR 'N SPICE

- By Betty J. Rosentrater*

"I can say 'Jack and Jill,'" bragged Ray.

"And I can say 'There Was an Old Woman!'" boasted Eldon.

"You don't know what little girls are made of." Ray swaggered four-year-old self importance. There are some things you learn from listening. "Sugar 'n spice, 'n everything nice." And do you know what little boys are made of?" he asked with smug satisfaction.

"Uh huh. The same stuff," replied Eldon.

"Naw," said his big brother, "'Snakes and snails and puppy dog tails.' But I don't believe it."

"And who can tell me what men are made of?" I called from my mixing bowl. The little boys stopped still. They hadn't heard that before.

"They're not made out of nuthin'," answered Eldon as he put the last block on his stack. "They just grow."

"Big men," I said, "are made of little boys. What kind of men are you going to make? If you want to be a kind, helpful man, you must be a kind, helpful little boy."

The nursery rhyme game continued. I hope that when the boys meet temptations they will remember that men are made of little boys. I hope they will be strong enough to be the kind of boys that make the men we admire and appreciate.

- Nappanee, Indiana

* Mrs. Rosentrater teaches grade one in a Nappanee, Indiana public school. She has a large number of Amish pupils.

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term as I, they'll be doing fine. I've discovered there is a vast difference between knowing a subject well enough to do the lesson or knowing it well enough to teach it. It is simple enough to tie your shoe, but did you ever try to teach a child how it's done? If you want to teach something and get the point across, you have to really understand it and know what you are talking about."

"Ah," sighed the visitor, "I guess we all experience pretty well the same things. You find some of your older pupils pretty close on your heels then, too?"

"Close on my heels? Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever catch up with them! No, I guess it isn't that bad but they do keep me running. Not all my pupils, naturally. It's not difficult to keep a fair margin between myself and grade one but with a few of my better eighth graders, it's something else again."

"How do you keep them from guessing how close behind they are? I find that's a problem for me."

"Keep them from guessing? Why have them guess? I tell them frankly. I never pretend to know it all. I tried that at first too, but apparently I'm not much of an actor. Even when I could fool them I'd feel sort of guilty. So I began to wonder really what I wanted to teach my pupils. Is anything more necessary than to learn to say 'I was wrong'? Those are supposed to be the three hardest words in the English language and I'm thinking that for a teacher at least, a close second would be 'I don't know'. I decided that the first lesson I wanted my pupils to learn was to be able to face themselves squarely, and if they didn't know something, or couldn't do something, or made a mistake, to have the humility and spunk to admit it and make no excuses.

"Twenty-five years from now," Dan continued, "it may matter little whether Johnny remembers if in the war of 1812 Tecumseh was a prophet or the brother of one, but the way he faces his shortcomings and mistakes may well affect his whole life and the lives of others.

"Naturally I try to study up and know my subject, but anyone who has ever had the experience knows that it would take a virtual seer to foretell what all may turn up in a discussion class in subjects like geography, history, or natural science. I know of no possible method of steering the discussion within the limits of my own knowledge, and really there is not much point in it anyhow. If a question like that comes

up, why not just say, 'Yes, that is an interesting question. I don't know if I can answer that myself right now. I would surely be interested in finding out though. Helen, we'll give you the assignment to get some information on that subject and you can tell the class what you learned tomorrow. There should be several articles in the World Book to help you out."

Dan paused, then went on, "I admit that in case I'm asked to spell some tricky word and I'm not certain whether it should be 'ie' or 'ei', my conscience does allow me to say, "What are you going to do when there is no teacher around to ask? You should get in the habit of using your dictionary and now is a good time to begin. Look it up and see for yourself."

"Granted," said the visiting teacher, "I think you have a point and I'm positive every beginning teacher finds lots of times when he has to admit he was wrong about something. But isn't there some danger of the children losing respect for the teacher if he admits not knowing something?"

Continued on page 44

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP

No. 2

- By David Luthy

1. tributary (trib'-u-ter-i)—a. feeder stream; b. penal court; c. journal; d. waterfall
2. vivid (viv'-id)—a. lazy; b. brilliant; c. diseased; d. awkward
3. subside (sub-sīd')—a. to relish; b. upset; c. turn over; d. sink
4. risible (riz'-i-bl)—a. lifting; b. amusing; c. tearing; d. flowing
5. dingy (ding'-ē)—a. dull; b. muddle; c. row-boat; d. pulley
6. apprehend (ap-rē-hend')—a. abuse; b. ignore; c. catch; d. distinguish
7. zealous (zel'-us)—a. lucky; b. humorous; c. enthusiastic; d. impudent
8. tyrant (ti'-rənt)—a. president; b. dictator; c. marshal; d. cruel master
9. taboo (ta-bū)—a. forbidden; b. scarred; c. unfinished; d. eccentric
10. fracas (fra'-kəs)—a. epidemic; b. brawl; c. fracture; d. dance

—Answers on next page

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"I know what you mean but I wouldn't exactly call it losing respect. I believe they will respect me as a person if I'm the kind I should be, but they may well lose confidence in what I tell them if half the time I have given them incorrect information. Certainly I don't want to defend the teacher being lazy and ignorant and careless and inaccurate. I want to do my utmost to avoid being any of those but then if after I've done my best and I'm still corrected by one of my pupils I want to be humble enough to admit it."

"This has been a profitable visit," said the visitor, "Now I'd better go home and do my homework for classes tomorrow and let you do yours. Good-bye."

- Aylmer, Ontario

* * *

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP ANSWERS

(See preceding page)

1. tributary: a. a feeder stream; as, The Illinois River is a tributary to the Mississippi. Latin tirbuere, "to allot."
2. vivid: b. brilliant; as, The picture was painted in vivid colors. Latin vididus, "lively."
3. subside: d. to sink; as The crest of the tidal wave began to subside. Latin subsidere, sub-under + sidere-to settle.
4. risible: b. amusing; as, The story was of a risible nature. Latin ridere "to laugh."
5. dinghy: c. a rowboat; as, They took the dinghy to reach the ocean liner. Hindu dingi, "boat."
6. apprehend: c. to catch; as, to apprehend a thief. Latin apprehendere, "to seize."
7. zealous: c. enthusiastic; as, The zealous worker was at his desk twelve hours a day. Latin zelus, "to boil."
8. tyrant: d. a cruel master; as, His laws were so abusive that the dictator was considered a tyrant. Greek tyrannos, "master, usurper."
9. taboo: a. forbidden; as, For Hindus killing cows is taboo. Origin obscure.
10. fracas: b. brawl; as, A fracas took place in the cloakroom of the schoolhouse. Italian fraccassare, "uproar."

* * *

OUR CHILDREN, THE FUTURE CHURCH

- By Mrs. Joseph J. Eicher

Certainly the responsibility of teaching our children lies upon us and not upon the world. We are thankful for the many concerned parents and board members and consecrated teachers who are interested in the spiritual welfare of our offspring.

Although many are awakening more and more, almost everyone agrees our churches have declined spiritually compared to the church of our martyr forefathers several hundred years ago. Why?

"The sly old world laughed within,
And mockingly said aside,
'The church has fallen, the beautiful
church,
And her shame is her boast and pride.'"

There are concerned ones among us who feel that if our religious and family-life freedom is snatched from us, it will be because of the fall of the churches. So it is high time we seek mercy upon our knees, and amend our ways ere this overhanging doom sweep down on us. We have been warned again and again. We hear of war and the horrors of communism in other countries. Let us not stop our ears, but repent as did the people of Nineveh. Many say, "We wish conditions in our churches were different, but what can we do?"

Let us not say, "Lord there is nothing I can do," but rather "Lord, show me what and how," for there is something for all to do. We are all needed to repair the city.

Let us take heed unto the future. Who will be our future church? Who will be the parents and leaders of tomorrow (if the Lord tarry)? Yes, mostly our children. Will their humble peaceful lives shine as a light unto the world to the glory of the Father?

...Our children...the future church... Who bears the responsibility today of bringing up these young ones in the fear of the Lord? Whose duty is it to supply their characters and souls with edifying material? Yes, the church, the home, and the school. In a way the greater responsibility lies on the church and the home, yet surely a teacher's responsibility is not a small one, being with the children seven or eight hours a day, five days a week, eight or nine months a year for eight years of their lives. Parents aren't with their children as much as

they were a hundred years ago. Thus their privilege of teaching and implanting good into the children is shortened and the responsibility added to the teacher's. So dear teacher, although you may have many trying experiences, do not lose courage or be disheartened, for you will never be sorry for teaching our children in the way they should go.

How shall we teach? No doubt this is as broad and great a question for the teacher as it is for the parents. In Bible times we read much of the Lord controlling the weather and incidents in the lives of His people. Today we are prone to say, "It happened!" Apparently we have been overtaken too much by the spirit of just living without being aware of God's presence and guiding hand in the little everyday details of our lives. This lukewarmness has greatly affected our thinking, attitudes, and speech. Seemingly, some find it strange to hear the name Jesus or God pass from their own lips. A minister related how as a child and youth he would have been ashamed to have his parents hear him pray, because he was never helped in this by them. Must we live so distant from the hearts of our children, or the children we teach?

"I've found a little remedy,
To ease the life we live
And make each day a happy day,
It is the word, forgive."

Children are not too young to ask to be forgiven and to pray. Indeed, if they have not learned this before they leave school there is much danger that they never will, for by that time many will have gone quite a ways in changing from childhood to adulthood, not only physically, but also mentally and in character. And the Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." No, we can never teach them so perfectly that they will not need the new birth, but our lack of proper teaching may hinder them from receiving the same, without which they cannot enter heaven.

Teacher, have you tried adding to your discipline tactics, the asking of forgiveness? Perhaps sometimes you have found it necessary to take aside a disobedient one and talk with him privately, or even whip him. Have you ever prayed with such a one? Or would this seem odd to you? Does it seem strange and queer to us parents, or can we confidentially pour out our heart's desires for the sake of our children? It is true, sometimes our feelings are too deep for words. At such times we need not be ashamed of our tears before our child or

pupil.

If in the home and in the school we could ever be more conscious of God's guidance in the everyday details of our lives, it would surely affect our children. Our housecleaning work or our work in the garden can be likened in so many ways to the spiritual growth and cleaning in our lives. Sowing, cultivating, and harvesting farm crops is symbolic of many a spiritual lesson.

What spiritual lessons can we gain from school subjects? May we suggest a few? In history we learn war creates more problems than it solves; modern inventions and factories have taken parents out of the homes, especially fathers, leaving the children to grow up instead of being brought up; history repeats itself; a nation rises to material greatness, declines morally, and falls, and although God lets one nation punish another, He always overrules.

In geography we behold and appreciate the handiwork of God, for "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." Yes, God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation, that they should seek the Lord..." Acts 17:26,27. There are many peoples, many cultures, and many languages and we must not despise one another for God has created us all. But why are there so many languages? Although they are all good, yet the differences often cause confusion. It was not God's original plan, but the consequence of man wanting to make a great name for himself. Wouldn't it be a lot handier if all men would speak one language? Let us take a lesson.

While studying science we admire the marvelous laws of nature which God has established, "seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Acts 17:25. When David beheld the wonders of the sky, he was awestruck, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him?" Psa. 8:3, 4.

When we find an incorrect answer in arithmetic, what is the first thing we must do? Find out where the error is and how we made the mistake. Next we must learn how to correct it and then do the correcting. Is this not symbolic of life's problems? If we are unconcerned to understand the why and how of our problems, we will scarcely attain the solution.

If the stories in our reading are good ones

we can learn many a lesson from them. It is more important to understand and remember what we read, than to read much. The ability and privilege to read we can especially appreciate, for if we had not this skill we couldn't read the Bible, the most precious Book. In the days of our pioneer forefathers in America the Bible was their main textbook in school. Have our schools no need of it today?

The study of the English language and grammar we also appreciate, for thereby we can learn how to better express ourselves and understand others. Wouldn't it be nice to also have a course in the German language and grammar in our schools? It is a shame that some of our own people fail to understand a great deal when the Bible is read to them in German. Do you suppose they get much spiritual value from our services?

Singing supplies a great channel for Christian fellowship. Tell the children we will all help to praise God and sing the new song in heaven. What a joyful time it will be when all of God's singers come home! Surely they'd like to learn to sing and praise Him here too, for even now He is listening.

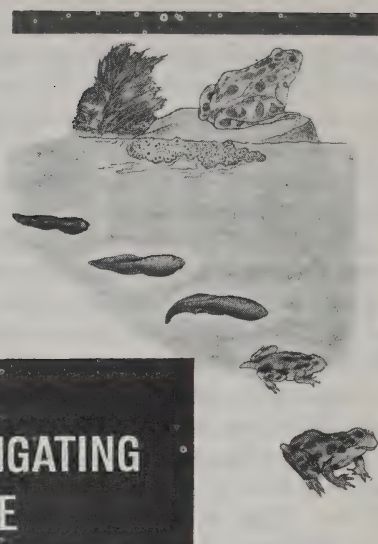
We agree with the editor, let us learn a lesson from the decline of Mennonite schools. Let us cling to nonconformity as did our martyr

-Continued on Page 47.

BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 9

1. Who became blind on the road to Damascus?
2. How did Jesus get to His disciples while they were out in a boat?
3. Where was King Nebuchadnezzar the seven years he lost his reason?
4. What little dancer asked for the head of John the Baptist?
5. At what pool did an angel stir the water?
6. On what did God write the ten commandments?
7. Of what woman did Jesus ask for a drink of water as He sat by a well?
8. What man came forth from his grave after Jesus called his name?
9. What was the name of Joseph's youngest brother?
10. On what island was John a prisoner?

(Turn to page 47 for answers.)



- By Samuel Hertzler

When the subject of science is spoken of, we often do it with a questionable attitude. Foremost in our minds is the thought of evolution. Because of this we form the opinion that science and Bible teaching do not agree with each other.

The word science means a proven and established fact in any department, and covers the fields of biology, botany, astronomy, geology, and many others.

By referring to an almanac we can learn if there is to be an eclipse of the sun or moon during the year. The almanac will state exactly what time the eclipse begins and ends, in which parts of the world it will be a total or only a partial eclipse. Scientists have studied the heavens until they can correctly forecast an eclipse many years in advance. That is science in its true sense.

The Bible is the greatest of all books on science. It teaches us how the world came into existence, who created it, and also the order in which it was created. The Bible also foretells the coming end.

If we use the Bible as we do the multiplication tables, we will find it works out just as exactly. In each case we must have a certain amount of knowledge to be able to get the correct answers. We would not expect a first grader to be able to understand the multiplication tables fully. In the same way, we cannot successfully use the Bible without a reasonable knowledge of it. The multiplication table works out by reason and the Bible by faith. The one is a function of the head, and the other of the

heart.

Paul warned Timothy against science, falsely so-called. (I Tim. 6:20).

The scientists who promote the theory of evolution (an unproved opinion) are hunting for what they call the missing link between man and the monkey. That is science, falsely so-called. True science teaches us that all flesh is not the same flesh, but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. (I Cor. 15:39).

The theory of evolution is due to willful disobedience and ignorance, as the following proves:

"For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, ... because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it unto them.

"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse: Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.

"Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." Romans 1:18-22.

If we study history we find that the nations of the world have prospered or decayed according to the extent they obeyed or disobeyed the greatest book of science, the Bible.

- Lakeside, Ontario

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(OUR CHILDREN - THE FUTURE CHURCH,
Continued from page 46.)

forefathers. See Menno Simons, page 377, paragraphs 3 and 4. Wherever style and fashion have crept into our churches, let us repent. How can mothers send their children to school in immodest, flashy clothing, usually an indication of a proud heart.

Dear teacher, here you also play an important part. You stand before the school, before many watchful eyes and impressionable hearts—an example of nonconformity and Biblical simplicity, or a model of style and outward adornment. Sister, is your dress short or form-fitting? Is a tight waist and a wide, flare skirt modest? What about your devotional covering? Does it really cover, or do little girls want to push theirs back when they see you? As they notice how you comb your hair, do they wish their mothers wouldn't comb

theirs down so flat and straight, and resolve to fix theirs up too when they get big, or even before that if they get a chance?

The same could be asked of you brethren. Is your hair cut and combed more stylishly than the little boys you are teaching? What about your beard? Did God make a mistake by letting yours grow before you're married? Once two little pre-school boys were overheard having a conversation about their fathers' beards. Both of them ended with, "When I grow up, I'm going to have a beard like my daddy." Will the little girls who are watching you someday want husbands who dress and live as you do? If so, will they help to build up the church spiritually and preserve nonconformity?

Yes, we are thankful for the many consecrated teachers who are learning and trying to do their best for our children and their future. Let us all encourage and support one another in prayer. A parent's duty is not a small one either. If we would only dwell discouragingly on our own mistakes and failures, we could never write an article like this, for everything we say to improve our schools points back to us in the home. But let us ever look up, from whence cometh our help and unitedly strive for the spiritual welfare of our children—the future church.

- Aylmer, Ontario

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ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS:

(From page 46)

1. Saul (Paul)
2. Walked on the water.
3. Out in the fields.
4. Salome, daughter of Herodias.
5. Pool of **Bethesda**.
6. On tablets of stone.
7. Samaritan woman.
8. Lazarus.
9. Benjamin.
10. The Isle of Patmos.

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Facts may or may not "stick" but the attitudes changed and the emotions touched are most important. You are not teaching lessons, but children. The textbook they will perhaps best remember is yourself.

- Selected

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BULLETIN BOOKSHELF—

SEPTEMBER SPECIAL— DIE WANDELE SEELE, a new printing of this old favorite now available in the German. Stories from the Creation to the destruction of Jerusalem. Hard cover—\$2.50.

Large print World Bible No. 552C, reference, concordance, etc. \$7.50; Students' Bible Atlas, special, \$1.00; Ger-Eng. New Testament, \$1.50; Flexible cover, \$2.00; Bremers Konkordanz, Ger. \$7.00; Egermeier's Bible Story Book, \$4.50, Deluxe \$5.50; Clarke's Commentaries, 6 vol. set, \$30.00; Cruden's Complete Concordance, \$5.00; Four-Translation N. T. \$3.50; Smith's Bible dictionary, \$4.50, pb. 95¢; Cassell's large Ger-Eng. Dictionary, \$7.00; Cults and Isms, \$1.50; Begebenheit (Dienerversammlung 1865) 50¢; Living Letters, 75¢, 1.75, 3.00; Living Psalms and Proverbs, \$4.00; Mennonites In Europe, \$2.75; Bernese Anabaptists, \$2.75; Dietrich Phillip Handbook, Eng. \$2.50; Serious Call to Devout & Holy Life, \$1.95; Trial and Death of Jesus Christ \$2.95; Mary Jones and her Bible, 65¢.

Challenge of The Child \$3.50; How To Win Over Worry 50¢ or \$1.00; Nervous Christians, 40¢; Above Ourselves \$1.00; Roget's Thesaurus \$4.50, pb. 75¢; I Found God in Soviet Russia, \$2.95; I Was a Slave in Soviet Russia, \$1.00; All Things Common (Hutterites) \$5.00.

Baby and Child Care, 50¢; Folk Medicine, 50¢; Medical Encyclopedia, 75¢; None of These Diseases, \$2.95, pb. 60¢; Modern Body Builder, \$3.50; Back To Eden, \$6.00.

Black Beauty 75¢; Heidi 75¢; Bambi 50¢; Lassie Come Home 50¢; Indian Lore \$3.00; Key to Astronomy \$1.00; Jacob Have I loved \$3.75; The Long Cry (Jeremiah) \$3.00; Martyrs of the Catacombs 60¢; Not Regina \$3.00; Uncle Tom's Cabin \$1.60; They Said Kathy Was Retarded \$2.35.

SPECIAL FOR SCHOOLS, A few copies of the out-of-print book, LANTERN IN THE WINDOW are available to schools only. This is the story about the Quakers and the underground railroad. Grades 5-8. Price \$3.25. Send us the name of the school.

All prices prepaid on orders of \$4.00 or more. American Funds. Order from:

PATHWAY BOOKSTORE, Aylmer, Ontario.

A NEW ROAD

God took her hand in His and said,
"Come walk with me a way;
And I will show more wondrous things
Than your heart has dreamed could be."

Trembling, she came, afraid, and yet,
Trusting in faith, her Lord
To lead the way, this strange new way,
Believing in His Word.

The path was dark and steep and rough;
The climb was hard and grim;
And often, she would fail in strength
And lean more close to Him.

And when the way grew stranger still,
Perplexing doubts would stir
Oh why, she wondered now and then,
Was this road planned for her?

But kindly, He kept urging till—
At last they came upon—
The strangest scene—a sacred scene,
Her heart stood still with awe.

For there before her wondering eyes
Revealing, undefiled,
Pure in the glow of Heaven's dawn
Was the innocent heart of a child.

Dear precious sight, no words can tell
The boundless beauty there—
Unselfish heart, submerged in love;
Secure in angels' care.

So long she gazed, intent, amazed,
Her thoughts seemed far away;
And then she whispered, "Thank You Lord,
For leading me this way.

O make me worthy of my task,
O help me do my part;
O lead me Lord and keep me as—
Thy child with humble heart."

— An Ontario Poetess

* * *

To each is given a bag of tools,
A shapeless mass and a book of rules
And each must make, ere life is flown
A stumbling block or a stepping stone.

— Anon.

* * *

TIMES HAVE CHANGED! OR HAVE THEY?

"Our youth now love luxury. They have bad manners and contempt for authority. They show disrespect for elders and love idle chatter in place of exercise."

"Children are now tyrants, not the servants of their households. They no longer rise when elders enter the room. They contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up their food and tyrannize their teachers."

These comments are quotations from the writings of Socrates, who expressed the thoughts above in the 5th century, B. C.

Hard to believe, isn't it? that in 70 generations so little change has taken place. And there could be no complaint then about the influences of movies, radio, and television. Perhaps they blamed it on scrolls and statues. (From the writings of Delbert Harmon, of the "Holmes County Herald").

Yes, this was before the time of Christ, but after Christ died and arose again, the Christian era came into being and what concerns the people today is not so much the youngsters of the world (the unbelievers), for the world at all times lies in wickedness—and has its works of darkness, but the children of so-called Christian parents, for among these we find so many who love the world and they show it in their dress, their talk, their activities. Yes, and their pleasures are foremost in their minds, but maybe the parents have too much of the world in their hearts yet, and find their day too rushed to call the family aside for Bible reading and prayer. These things cannot be neglected if we wish to rear God-fearing men and women.

- A sister

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HOW TO BE HAPPY

Keep your heart free from hate, your mind free from worry, live simply, expect little, give much, sing often, pray always. Fill your life with love, scatter sunshine, forget self, think of others. Do as you would be done by—these are the tried and true links in contentment's golden chain.

- Selected

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POUTING TOWN

Have you ever been to Pouting Town
Where every person wears a frown?
There is no smile upon a face
For none is happy in that place.

Each one does his things for spite
Trying a neighbor to backbite;
There abides no peace or cheer,
Only mockery and tears.

Everyone pouts all day long
Because they think the world is wrong;
This they want others to know
So pouting on their way they go.

In their heart self-pity lies,
Unshed tears are in their eyes;
A pouting face does betray
A childish trait, wanting its way.

In silence asking for pity
But none is found in "Pouting City",
For o'er this town the clouds hang gray;
Each hour is like a dismal day.

The wild wind moans, the air is chill,
The flowers fade, the song birds still,
There are no joys for those who stay
In "Pouting City" every day.

No need to stay in town is there
If only we will say a prayer
When trouble comes. The world turns bright
Bringing joys in darkest night.

God will roll dark clouds away
When we trust and humbly pray;
He fills our hearts with love, to chase
Every pout from every face.

- A Sister

* * *

WANTED:

Teachers' ideas, time-savers, short cuts, methods, displays. Send to Daniel L. Stutzman, R.1, Ostrander, Ontario. These may be compiled and shared with other teachers.

* * *

WHEN HE IS OLD HE WILL NOT DEPART FROM IT

- By J. R. Rice

Can we so rear our children as to guarantee that they will live godly lives? That is exactly what the Bible teaches! Proverbs 22:6 says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Even when a child is grown, away from home, away from the restraints of father and mother, he will never depart from the training he had as a child, if he were really reared in the way he should go, says the Scripture.

I had this Scripture seriously challenged one day. I was a young preacher and used this verse as my text in a sermon on the Christian home. A prominent man in the church, deeply distressed, asked me to go to his home with him. There he told me, "What you preached this morning is not so. You said if we would bring up a child in the way he should go he would never depart from it. I know that is not true. I know I did bring up my boy right."

"But," I said, "that is not my statement. That is a statement from the Word of God. Here it is in the Scripture, 'Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.' You are challenging the Word of God."

"If the Bible says that, the Bible is wrong," he replied. "I know I did bring my boy up right. I am not to blame that he went wrong."

I told him that no man has a right to maintain membership in a church of Jesus Christ and deny one verse in the Bible. And since he had made an issue of the matter and declared that the Bible teaching of Proverbs 22:6 was untrue I demanded to know where his boy was. At first he refused to tell me, out of embarrassment and shame. But when I insisted, he said that the boy was in the Texas State Penitentiary at Huntsville, Texas. "But I know I raised my boy right," he said. "I am not to blame that my boy has gone wrong."

Since he had made God's Word out to be a lie, I determined to go to the heart of the matter, and I said,

"You say you raised your boy right. Then tell me this, did you whip your boy and make him mind? Did you make him get up the first time he was called? Did you require that he say, 'Yes, Sir!' and 'Yes, Ma'am!' to you and his mother? Did you whip the boy and make him obey?"

He replied, "You are young and you think

such a rule will fit everybody. My boy was high-strung and nervous. We could not bear down on him sharply and demand strict obedience as can be done with some children. He wouldn't take it. He was too nervous!"

(Incidentally, I remember that I was very nervous and high-strung as a boy, too. But my father solved that difficulty very easily. He just got more nervous than I did!)

"So you did not make your boy mind. You did not believe the Scripture that says, 'The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.' You did not believe the Scripture that says, 'Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul.' And your boy is in the penitentiary and you blame God! Tell me another thing. Did you have a family altar at your house? Deuteronomy 6:6-9 commands the father to teach the words of the Bible diligently to his children; to talk of them when he rises up and sits down, and to have them on the walls of his house. Did you have family worship? Did your boy learn the Bible in the home and learn to pray?"

He replied, "You city people may have time for that, but we farmers have to get up early and work long hours. We didn't have time for any foolishness."

The boy who did not have time for fifteen minutes or thirty minutes daily of family worship, had plenty of time to spend several years in the penitentiary! (And this man certainly misjudged me if he thought I was from the city!)

This father did not believe the Bible was true. He denied the truth of the Scripture, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Yet he himself had never whipped his son, never demanded and never gotten obedience. He had never taught the child the Word of God. He had never had Bible reading and prayer in the home. He had never tried to show the lad that he was a sinner and needed a Saviour, never tried to bring him to trust in Jesus.

And now that the boy was in a state penitentiary for his crimes against society, the father insisted that he had reared the boy aright! But you and I know that the father was to blame. You and I know that he had not reared his child for God, had not brought him up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

- From the book, The Home

QUOTES FROM THE FOUR WINDS

- Compiled by the Editor

1. John Steinbeck in "What's Happening in America?", The Reader's Digest, September, 1967:

"In nothing are the Americans so strange as in their attitudes toward their children. I have studied children in many countries, and I find nothing to approximate the American child-sickness. Before it appeared, parents were delighted to have children at all and content that they might grow up exactly like themselves. Farm boys grew up farmers, housewives trained their daughters to be housewives....

"Suddenly it was no longer acceptable that the child should be like his parents and live as they did; he must live better, know more, dress more richly and, if possible, change from his father's trade to a profession. Since it was demanded of a child that he be better than his parents, he must be guided, pushed, admired, disciplined, flattered and forced.

"If the hope was not fulfilled, the parents went into a tailspin of guilt, blaming themselves for having done something wrong or at least something not right. This feeling of the parents was happily seized upon by the children, for it allowed them to be failures through no fault of their own. Laziness, sloppiness, indiscipline, selfishness and general piggery, which are the natural talents of children and were once slapped out of them, now became either crimes of the parents or sickness in the children, who would far rather be sick than be disciplined.

"Into this confusion the experts entered, and American parents put their troubles, and their children, in the hands of the professionals—doctors, educators, psychologists, neurologists, psychiatrists. The only trouble was and is that few of the professionals agreed with one another except in the belief that the child should always be the center of attention—an attitude which has the full support of the children."

2. "Seven Rules for Self-discovery", By A.W. Tozer. We may be known by the following:

- . What we want most.
- . What we think about most.
- . How we use our money.
- . What we do with our leisure time.
- . The company we enjoy.
- . Whom and what we admire.
- . What we laugh at.

3. In a letter to the editor, from a public school teacher in Indiana:

"In our local paper there was an article stating that there would be a big exodus of Amish from the public schools here in a couple of years. I trust that this won't be a running from, but rather a going to something planned and superior for the purpose. It won't just happen. It will take much hard work, sacrifice, prayer and planning."

4. In a letter from an Amish teacher:

"We are here on earth to help each other with the talents the Lord gave us, and I was taught at my mother's knee to help anyone and everyone I can and not feel proud about anything, but be thankful to God that I am able to help. One of her sayings was, 'Es ist eine grosze Sünd für ein Mensch sich maina vegi anich ebbes, und em groszer zähli als andera Leut.'"

5. John Brademas, "View from Capitol Hill", Grade Teacher magazine, September, 1967.

"Last year the nation's schools were short some 170,000 teachers. ... informal estimates by education authorities in Washington and elsewhere suggest that the shortage will continue.

"Not only are there too few teachers, but many people now teaching do not meet the minimum certification requirements established by state laws. The U. S. Office of Education reports that in the fall of 1966, an estimated 90,000 teachers did not come up to the minimum standards set by state and local school officials, a jump of 6,000 over the figure of the previous year."

6. John R. Rice, in the Book, The Home—Courtship, Marriage, Children, page 91.

"God intends men to set the pattern for the family. Husbands should be examples to their wives and to their children.

"... One day a father stopped his cultivator at the end of a long cotton row to talk to two preachers, while his little son, seven or eight years old, rode his stick horse nearby. The stick horse that day was very fractious! But the little boy conquered the stick horse in heroic and manly fashion, according to his rights.

Beating on the broomstick, he threatened and cursed! The father was embarrassed and angry. He seized the boy by the shoulder, shook him vigorously and said, 'If I ever hear you use a word like that again I will wear out a cotton stalk on you! Don't you ever let me hear you curse again!'

"But the preachers knew, just as the little boy knew, exactly where he got his example. The father, too, had cursed his horse, and the little son was simply following the most powerful teaching a child ever receives, his father's example.

"Perhaps the child did not curse any more where his father could hear him. Perhaps he gave it up for the time being, but in his heart he said, 'When I am a man like Dad then I can curse as Dad does.' Men, whether you like it or not, your example is molding your home, molding the lives and eternal destinies of your children."

7. Alfred North Whitehead in The Aims of Education

"Where attainable knowledge could have changed the issue, ignorance has the guilt of vice."

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8. Menno Simons, in Complete Writings of Menno Simons, page 792.

"I have preferred to be the fool of the world's learned ones, in order that I might be found of God to be wise, rather than to be one of the most famous of the worldly wise, and at the last be a fool in God's sight."

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9. Joost de Tollenaar, 1589, in Martyrs' Mirror

"Our enemies gather great treasure for their children, which is opening a wide door by which to introduce them into the world. But the best treasure which can be left to children is this: To instruct them from their youth to fear God; to present to them the Word of the Lord, as far as their understanding can comprehend it, and as the forefathers taught their children, to fear God, to shun sin, and do good, as we have examples in Abraham, who commanded his children after him..."

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10. "Lustgartlein"—

"You cannot have disputes and divisions with fellow humans and still have peace with God. If you love God, you must also love your fellow men, because God has commanded it."

* * *

THE PUPIL'S CORNER

AUTUMN DAYS

Autumn days come flying,
As summer days go passing by,
The cornfields are turning brown;
Overhead, the wild geese fly.

Gay little children talk happily,
As they enjoy their walk to school;
Trampling down the leaves and nuts;
In autumn days, so brisk and cool.

The leaves are taking on new colors;
Splattered with red, gold, orange, and brown,
Forming a crisp and crunchy blanket:
As they come falling down.

- By Mary Ann Yoder
Grade 8 Age 13

* * *

DO YOUR BEST

Kindly do right for wrong,
And make your life a song.
Those kind deeds of love,
Inspire us to look above.

Early in this life's day,
Never forget to kneel and pray.

Greet each morning with a song.
Oh! the joy this brings along.
Onward let us daily labor
Doing the best to help each neighbor.

Letting our lights shine bright,
Always doing what is right.

Using the talents that are our lot,
Reading daily in the Word of God,
Answers to problems there we'll find,
Zealously seeking for treasures divine.

Many troubles this life does bring,
Also happiness that makes us sing.

Racing along, the days go fast,
Telling us life here will not last.
In Jesus we'll trust and do our best,
Nowhere else will we find sweet rest.

- Ephrata, Penna.

* * *

I can do no good. And neither can you; But with
God there's no limit to what we can do.

C.A.

* * * * *

WHAT MATTERS

Myrtle Barber Carpenter

My mother says she does not care
About the color of my hair,
Nor if my eyes be blue or brown
Nor if my nose turns up or down—
It really does not matter.

And Mother says she does not care
If I am dark or if I'm fair,
Or if I'm thin, or if I'm fat;
She does not fret o'er things like that—
It really does not matter.

But if I cheat or tell a lie
Or say mean things to make folks cry,
Or if I'm rude or impolite;
And do not try to do the right,—
Then that does really matter.

It isn't looks that make one great
But character that seals your fate
It's what's within your heart, you see,
That makes or mars your destiny,—
And that does really matter.

—Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.

THE BUS TRIP TO CANADA

- By Lydia F. Beiler

The bus was nearly full on Tuesday, Aug. 1, 1967, when we picked up our last passenger, Rachel Stoltzfus, at Lewisburg, Penna. (Rachel has taught one year at Bartville School in Lancaster County, and now intends to teach the new school being built on the Elam Beiler farm in Center County, Penna. This is a new settlement in the Brush Valley district.)

On our bus were twenty-one teachers from Lancaster, Lebanon, Juniata, and Center Counties, plus a few board members and parents of teachers.

Near nightfall we arrived at Niagara Falls and spent that night and the next forenoon there, mostly on our own. At noon we gathered on the bus again and went to the Whirlpool Rapids, cable car, floral clock, and the boat locks. We saw several ships go through the locks. They are a wonderful work of engineering and are interesting to see.

That night we lodged in different homes in the Norwich settlement. Thanks so much to those who made this possible, and especially to Dan Stutzman, the teacher, who made the arrangements. This was rather a thrilling experience to most of the group, stepping into homes of perfect strangers and receiving such a hearty welcome.

Gathering up our load the next morning, we journeyed the twenty miles to our destination, the Pathway Publishing building. Here we saw the Ambassador of Peace being put together and part of the August issue of the Blackboard Bulletin being printed. Witnessing this operation makes us realize in part the amount of work it takes to make these papers possible for us to enjoy. Why should we not be willing in return to help make the editors' burden lighter by supplying them with material? Then they will not have to send out S.O.S. calls so often.

Buggies, cars, and station wagons kept coming until the noon hour. At exactly 12 o'clock the noon meal was served at the schoolhouse.

The rest of the meeting was described in detail in the August issue, and we can only voice our thanks to everyone who helped to make our trip and the meeting interesting and worthwhile. It was a success and very carefully and humbly planned, I would say.

One of the outstanding points of the meeting was the well-organized way the food situation was handled, and the thriftiness of the meals. We were made to realize that we "eat to live and not live to eat", as is too often the case in some of our larger communities, or so it seems sometimes. Everyone had enough to eat, but the meals were simple.

Another thing was the way the questions and answers were handled. It was surely a time-saver. We also appreciated having both a forenoon and afternoon session the second day, for there is never time enough.

Especially appreciated was the admonition given at the close of the meeting by Pete Yoder, the bishop at Aylmer. His timely advice on the improvement of our meetings should be willingly accepted and followed. One point was to be on time when meetings are scheduled. We as teachers do not want the children to be late for school, and we expect them to come in promptly when the bell rings. Let us remember this at our future meetings and try to be a good example for our pupils.

Let us also remember to do our visiting before and after a singing period and not during the time a song is being sung, which is irrev-

erent.

Pete had also earlier told the group that they want no part singing, which leads to group singing and is more for the praise of men than for the praise of God. As far as I know his wish was respected.

At 4 o'clock the meeting was over and the crowd scattered; some to different localities in Canada and some to their homes. Our bus group went back to the Falls, arriving there just before dusk. We again saw the display of different-colored lights on the falls, and it was much more beautiful than it had been three nights earlier. The difference must have been in the shifting of the wind.

After a hasty breakfast on Saturday morning we were ready to start for home. We went by way of the Peace Bridge, which is near the head

of Lake Erie. We also stopped at Watkin's Glen and walked through the glen from top to bottom. This took nearly an hour. Those who hadn't seen it before thought it was almost as beautiful as the Falls.

We dropped off our first passenger at Lewisburg at 5 o'clock, ate supper at the Dutch Pantry at Selinsgrove, where the Juniata group left us, and arrived home safe and sound, happy but tired, around 10 o'clock.

We feel thankful to our heavenly Father for all the good things encountered on our trip—favorable weather, good luck, delicious food, comfortable beds, kind hospitality, and excellent driver, and a very interesting meeting.

All in all, we had a very co-operative group and I dare say the trip was enjoyed by all. Thanks again to everyone.

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AN EVENTFUL TRIP TO CANADA AND INDIANA

- By Elam H. Beiler

"C'mon, it's time to get up and get ready," said Mom at 3 A.M. on the morning of August 1.

Getting me out of bed at that hour of the night would be quite a job any other time but this was different. You see, we had planned to join a chartered bus load of teachers and several other directors on a trip to Canada, and this was the morning to start. We were to be at the Belmont road at 4 A.M., so there was not much time to lose.

We made it in plenty of time as the bus was a little late. As usual, the schedule of stops in such a case doesn't always prove out, but our leader and manager, Lydia F. Beiler, did a very good job. After all had been gathered up, including several at Snyder County, the list totaled 36 adults and our five-year-old boy.

We arrived at Niagara Falls at 5:30 P.M. After arrangements at tourist homes had been made for the night, we ate supper at a restaurant and then headed for the Falls and sight seeing. I had never been there before and was really amazed. I had seen pictures and heard people talk about the Falls, but here I was viewing the sight with my own eyes, nearly unable to grasp it all. Truly, I thought, what a marvelous work of our Creator! Then, too, man has added artificial beauty by turning on colored lights.

After a good deal of walking and just plain

looking at the multitude of sights to be seen, the group returned to the lodging places for the night. Early the next morning, refreshed and lively again, we gathered at a nearby restaurant for breakfast, and then set out again for the Falls, taking in what we had missed the night before, including a ride to Goat Island on the miniature train, a ride on the boat, Maid of the Mist, up on the Skylon Tower, down to the Whirlpool Rapids, and so forth. Only five of the group were daring enough to take a ride on the Spanish cable car over the whirlpool. You may wonder, why didn't the rest go on? Were they cowards? Well, no, not exactly, but—all of a sudden it was time to leave and start for Norwich, and we wanted to see the floral clock yet, and of course, the ship locks. This was especially worthwhile to the teachers who have tried to explain to their pupils how locks work.

At about 7:30 we arrived at the home of Daniel Stutzman, who was expecting us and proved to be an excellent host in having arranged lodging at different homes for the whole group that night. The writer and wife and five others were at Gid Millers.

After a good night's sleep, we headed for Aylmer, arriving at the print shop at Jake Eichers about 9 A.M. Quite a few travelers were already there and others were arriving. Considerable time was spent in shaking hands and becoming acquainted. After that we went

through the print shop, which was really interesting to see in operation. We watched the B.B. being printed and the Ambassador getting its final form and being stapled. I am sure from now on these two magazines will be all the more interesting to us who saw where they are printed and assembled, and met the crew who do such an excellent job. Very likely our minds will wander back to the printery every time we receive our copy.

After this we went to the school house. I will not go into detail, for it was fully explained in the August B.B. But I do want to give our sincere thanks to all who helped to make the event so interesting and successful.

After the second day's meet was past, good-byes were given, which was rather hard, especially to the rest of the group who were now entering the bus to start back to Pennsylvania. My wife, son Elam and I joined a station wagon load bound for LaGrange, Indiana to spend the week-end with friends there.

We arrived at Leonard Millers, who were expecting us, at about 11:30 that night. The next day we spent at Freeman Yoders where we had a circle-letter get-together. Another enjoyable day.

We made several calls before evening, and then went to John M. Bontragers for the night. The next day we attended church at Dennis Millers in Henry Miller's district. More calls in the P. M., and to Sam Wingards for supper and to Leo Yoders for an old folks' singing and overnight.

The next day Leo's took us on calls through the area where the tornado hit two years ago. We stopped at places where some of us had helped to rebuild. Memories of how things looked at that time returned to me. The great contrast between now and then is hardly believable until you see it. Practically all buildings have been replaced and painted. I was surprised to see how well the trees had recovered from severe damage.

Leo's left us at Pre. Dan A. Millers in the evening for supper and singing, then to Orva A. Millers the rest of the night. The next day Orva's took us visiting, making calls, then to Dan Hochstetlers for dinner. At 5 P.M. we met Freeman Yoders with a driver and went to Howard County. Arrived at Allen Bontragers at 7 P. M. where some of their friends and neighbors and a delicious supper were awaiting us. We stayed there for the night, and they went with us Wednesday forenoon for several calls. (To Martha Helmuth: we saw your school—a

beautiful and well-planned building, with a spacious playground.)

At noon Freemans and we left for Allen County, and had dinner at Jake Grabers. Jakes went with us for several calls, then to Dave Schwartz's for supper. From there we went to Ft. Wayne to meet the 9:17 train for Lancaster, and Freemans left with the driver for home.

We wish to say many thanks to all whom we met for the fine hospitality, and hope we can sometime return some of the favors, however humble it would be. Wishing you all the grace and goodness of God.

Come visit us sometime.

- Paradise, Penna.

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A LESSON IN CONTRASTS

When I started teaching everything went so smoothly, and I enjoyed it so well that I feared it wouldn't last, although I secretly hoped that it could continue in this way. In my heart I knew that trouble would come sometime, for it is something a teacher cannot avoid, but I didn't expect to see such stormy days ahead as I had to experience.

One day when I rang the school bell two of my older boys (I shall name them "Abe" and "David") came into the school house late. I called their attention to this and jotted down their names with the intention of punishing them by not excusing them at the recess period with the other children—according to the length of time they had been late.

David at once resumed his lesson, only partly hiding his unsubmitive spirit. Abe sat at his desk staring at me. After an hour of continued staring, I asked, "Are you feeling well this morning, Abe?"

"Uh-huh!" came the answer rather mockingly. I rebuked him for not doing his lessons. Instead of inclining to my demands, he became rebellious, and called me a name not very fitting for a teacher. This incident was rather discouraging and I but little realized what sorrow it would bring me in the days to come.

After this I had much trouble with these two boys. A friend advised me to let their parents know of their actions. I was expecting they would cooperate with me so their sons would learn to be obedient boys, but I soon learned differently.

One day I met Abe's parents. I felt it was

necessary to try and heal the breach caused by the small incident in school. I found out that they felt bitter towards me and my heart was heavy, although I fostered no evil thoughts of them.

They accused me of misusing their son, of having favorites, and also that I didn't explain the lessons to him when he sought my aid, which was the reason for the low marks on his grade card.

In school hours there were times I was too rushed to explain individual lessons to the pupils who came up to my desk, and instead of waiting patiently until I had time, the pupils often returned to their desks and worked the answers themselves. In this way I discovered they usually could solve their problems if they worked a little more diligently.

I tried to explain to the parents my actions but it seemed for some reason they didn't understand. Can prejudice blind a person's reasoning power? Thus we parted with no peace in sight and I knew my only answer was prayer.

David and Abe were breaking more rules of the school, and influencing other children to do so also. When a smaller boy confided in me of their evil intentions they were abusive to him,

and I knew other steps had to be taken.

I spoke to the school board, seeking advice; then David's parents were told about it. They at once came to me to see what part David had played in the trouble. When I told them what had happened they seemed greatly concerned, and were very sympathetic. This lightened my heart of part of its heavy burden. They wanted to know whenever David didn't behave. What great power cooperation has! Afterwards David, who was once so very much like Abe, became meek as a lamb and very pleasant to work with.

What a contrast to Abe who knew his parents believed everything he said—and it was all "the teacher's fault". What a bitter root developed—bitterness in the heart of the child, which was sad indeed, and bitterness in the hearts of the parents. Yes, when people fail of the grace of God, a bitter root springs up which defiles many, (Heb. 12:15). How very true in the school, as well as in the home, and in the church! Didn't Abe's parents pray for me? Couldn't they see what this would do to their boy?

I realized, too, I made many mistakes in my work as teacher, but this family's attitude was no help to me. I needed prayers and advice much more than unfair criticism.

I tried to accept it as a chastening rod for my own good—to bring me closer to God—to seek in earnestness His strength and guidance, but must chastisement come through the disobedience of a child and the uncooperative spirit of parents who would not want to be termed other than "Christians"?

My trouble with Abe continued, so some friends advised me to use corporal punishment. Before I had meted it out, Abe's parents informed me they would not give their permission to spank their boy. "If you do we will withdraw him from the school," they said.

What was I to do? Reasoning with the boy proved a failure, so one day I turned to the rod. This also proved a failure, for he became so belligerent toward me and then refused to return to school—his parents willing to let him remain at home. How different this was from David's parents, and David proved himself to be a model scholar—a joy to the teacher.

The school board intervened and soon Abe was back, unrepentant and as troublesome as ever, much to my sorrow. I tried to endure patiently to the end of my school term. Abe spoiled my lovely school through his evil influence, but was he to blame?

(Name withheld)—Ohio

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
R. R. # 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



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The BLACKBOARD BULLETIN



VOL. 11; NO. 3

LOVE NEVER FAILETH

- By a Teacher

Today at school I had a rather heart-rending experience. I would like to share it with you Bulletin readers, if I may.

One of my little second-graders has been quite a trial. He is the kind who is always in mischief, and does things just to provoke you. Know how I mean?

Anyway, today I was having classes and he was busy finding all kinds of mischief. After speaking to him several times, I decided I'd had enough. So I said, "Bennie, you come over here and sit with me."

He came—but with a big grin. This was going to be fun! He was really doing it now, sitting on a bench in front of the blackboard where everyone could see him. I could see by the look in his eyes that I'd better not let him know how provoked I really was. So I looked at him with half a smile and said, "So you think this is funny, do you?"

"Yes," he answered, with a broad smile.

"Well," I replied. "You'll just stay there till you don't think it is funny."

I continued with my classes and he enjoyed himself immensely. He was the center of attention now. And he did everything he knew to keep from losing that honor—clapping erasers together, writing on the board with chalk, and such things.

But I just completely ignored him. This he couldn't quite figure out. After a time he hardly knew what to do. Lunch time came and I brought him his pail and told him to eat right there. I asked him if he still thought it was funny.

"No," was the answer.

"But now I think it is," I said. "So you'll just sit there awhile longer."

We were by that time alone in the school-house. I asked him, "Bennie, do you like to go to school?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because the teachers are so bossy."

"Are they bossy to all the pupils?"

"No-o-o."

"Then why are they to you?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you think it might be because the other children behave better than you do?"

"I don't know. Don't care either. That doesn't matter anything."

So, as you can see, Bennie was still quite rebellious. I let him sit for awhile, and then tried again.

"Bennie, are you going to be a good boy now?"

"Yes." (The tears were close).

"Are you really going to try your best?"

"Yes." (Meekly).

"Bennie, what would you most like to do this afternoon?"

"Play."

"No, I mean in the schoolhouse. Draw, or color, or what?"

"Color something, I guess."

"All right, after reading class we're going to get you a nice picture to color. Okay?"

"Yes." (A smile on his face.)

"All right. Now run out to play."

He ran out, glad to be free, but he left a teacher with mixed emotions. He reminded me so much of a boy I had last year. With this boy last year, I was almost ready to give up in despair when I read something in the Bulletin that set me to thinking. It was this, "Children need love, especially if they don't deserve it."

That fitted my problem exactly. And so often these pupils who make trouble at school are the same at home. They get so used to scoldings that it doesn't mean a thing to them, but rolls off them like water off a duck's back. So why not approach them a different way? Give them an extra heavy dose of love and kindness. Pay special attention to them by asking them to help you in this or that. At first they may not know how to react to such kindness. Provoking the teacher—sure, they're familiar with that, but not with being treated as someone special.

The pupil doesn't exist who can't do something well. Let him do it often and be free with praise. When he gets to know how pleasant it is to please the teacher, he'll try in other things too. It may take a while, but don't give up. In time he'll have to respond. And in the meantime you'll be learning just what a little dear is hidden under all the rebellion.

Let's remember what the Bible says, "Love never faileth," and make that our motto. If we really love our pupils and let them see it hurts to have to punish them, they'll learn to love us in return. And no pupil, large or small, who really loves his teacher, will do anything willingly to provoke her.

Let's remember that "love begets love."

Yours in love,

A Reader and Teacher

* * *

HAZLETON, IOWA
Sept. 6, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. For my help cometh

from the Lord, which made heaven and earth."
Psalm 121:1, 2.

Christian greetings of love and best wishes to each one of you. May we be blessed in faith, courage, and love, as our earthly journey continues.

Although I knew summer vacation would pass quickly, it has seemingly ended very suddenly. As September neared, an uncertain feeling stirred within me. Should I really attempt the job again? Wouldn't the responsibility fit someone else better than me?

Yes, I'm reminded once more that this is butterfly season. I tried to push aside thoughts of uncertainty when I thought of school starting the following day. I hope the pupils were able to sleep better than I did.

As I entered the school yard on the morning of September 4, happy shouts greeted me. Some of the pupils were already there. The sound of hammering was heard as the last nails were being driven to finish some outside jobs. Inside, seats were being moved about to provide room for all. The last curtains were being hung, and other small jobs were attended to. Thus our first morning of the new term was a pleasant and happy one.

At last the bell rang. Slowly and shyly the boys and girls entered by groups. Surely that shyness will soon wear off and the slowness disappear.

Now, where are the books? With patience and sorting and planning, they are passed out. Assignments were given in a few subjects the first afternoon. Soon dismissal time came.

In a few moments they were all hurrying up the road for home. What would they say when they reached home?

After an hour and a half of after-school duties, I also left. By that time the butterflies had settled, and I felt my tired self. Indeed, it was enough to call a day.

This is my fourth term at Amish School No. 2. We open at 9 A.M. and dismiss at 3:30 P.M. The Lord's Prayer in German starts our day, followed by three or four songs.

I wish all teachers a successful year and the grace of God.

Many thanks to all who helped to make the teachers' meeting at Aylmer worthwhile. I certainly wouldn't have wanted to miss it.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy path."

Sincerely,

Miss Lavina Hershberger

The Blackboard Bulletin

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EDITORIAL

OUR MIXED-UP WORLD

It happened in a little country public school in Iowa. The teacher was the sort who considered it her duty to teach her pupils patriotism. So she said one day after a lesson in history, "Boys and girls, you must love your country. Perhaps some day you will have to fight for it."

Most of the pupils were Amish, and I suppose they wiggled in their seats at this. Love and respect their country? Yes! But fight for it! That was different.

One of the lads at length raised his hand. There was puzzlement on his face.

The teacher nodded to him.

The boy swallowed a deep breath and asked, "Then why daren't we fight on the playground?"

I don't know what the teacher answered to that, but she likely had an answer. Adults usually do. Their answers are not always consistent, and it takes a child's frank thinking to occasionally show us how mixed-up the human race really is.

Why should fighting for our rights on the battlefield be any different from fighting for them on the playground?

Our world today is certainly full of violence and hate, and conflicting ideas. The war in Viet Nam re-echoes in the rioting on America's city streets. The build-up of nuclear weapons and the continuing population explosion do not speak well for our earthly future.

In such a confusion, we non-conformed and non-resistant Christians face the challenge of keeping the faith once delivered to the saints. We do not like to be alarmists, but this is certainly no time to be unconcerned about our salvation and that of our children.

It is rather a time to close ranks against the onslaught of the world, to stand back to back and face the dangers with eyes open. The enemy is seeking to penetrate further the defenses we have set up, and one strategy is to attack our children in the public schools, as illustrated above.

But the battle is not won merely by establishing parochial schools, however necessary that is. Satan has a master key to

unlock any schoolhouse door, public or parochial. We are able to withstand him and to keep out the tide of worldly philosophy only by seeking the will of God. Then we can see the contrast between good and evil, the blessing and the curse, God's will and man's will.

Or as Paul states it, "That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world; holding forth the word of life." Philippians 2:15,16.

-JS

* * * *

FULL CIRCLE

History has an uncanny way of repeating itself. Likewise, we sometimes see churches going full circle and returning to the very things their forefathers shed blood to escape.

I don't recall seeing the word "ecumenicalism" very often when I was a boy. Today it pops up in the news all the time. The popular churches are fast moving toward a common melting pot of worldliness, in which the last traces of Reformation differences may be forgotten.

We do know that the state church of 350 years ago was in sad need of reform. Menno Simons tells us the kind of life he led before he became an Anabaptist. As a Catholic priest, he represented the spiritual leadership of the people, yet he confesses, "I spent my time emptily in playing cards, drinking, and in such diversions as, alas, is the custom of such useless people."

These words of Menno came to mind at once when I saw a picture in a Mennonite periodical recently. Four college students who had attended the Mennonite World Conference at Amsterdam this summer were shown seated on the sidewalk of some European city, playing cards! What a mockery their pilgrimage to Holland becomes, when they spend their time doing just what Menno Si-

mons did before his conversion.

Yes, many of the descendants of Menno have gone full circle, and are back in the camps of his opponents. But in no case do we want to point a finger, self-righteously, at others. Instead, we state this comparison as a warning.

For we too sometimes forget our heritage. I sometimes wonder — supposing it were possible — if we were picked up en masse and dropped into sixteenth century Europe, just how many of us would take our places by the side of our martyr forefathers?

And speaking of card-playing, isn't there a bit of it around in our Amish communities? There have even been comments in the BULLETIN about certain forms of card-playing in school. To those used to them, these card games may appear harmless, but there is a real danger here. A deck of cards does not fit well with plain clothes and a Christian life. And so it is with many things in our day.

Others may have gone full circle. How straight is our path?

- JS

* * *



NOTES FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

A number of new writers have sent us material recently. Welcome, and thank you. We invite the rest of you readers to follow their example — all of you who have been too bashful or too busy.

The 25th. of each month is the deadline for material to reach the editor. May we suggest that you type or write your letter every other line only? This saves us both errors and eyestrain.

.....

The annual directory of teachers and schools is planned for the November issue. Thanks to the many teachers and others who cooperated so well in this project.

.....

TEACHERS, don't forget to send your ideas and timesavers to Daniel L. Stutzman, R. 1, Ostrander, Ontario. He is collecting them, and needs your help.

-JS

* * * * *

THIS AND THAT FROM BALTIC

- By Melvin E. Hershberger

School is on the go again with Eli M. Yoder teaching the 24 pupils at Green Ridge. What a contrast to the last few years when there were 50 or more pupils! Katie D. Miller is making use of her teaching talent at the new school, White Oak Parochial, with an enrollment of 21 pupils.

"I wonder what the new teacher will be like?" was one of the remarks made by our children when they came home from the first half day of school.

"Oh he is very kind-hearted!" one of the boys said, and the other two nodded their approval.

One well-known educator has made the following remarks: "Alas, the civil service method has now contaminated our schools, so students are moved ahead on seniority (years in school) rather than on output. They are promoted, like civil service workers, on the basis of time on the job, rather than on efficiency or proficiency. And don't blame the teacher! They are ordered to promote the students or the parents will raise a rumpus with the local school board."

My memory takes me back to the year 1940 when I was a small five-year-old starting school. It was with a sense of dread that I approached the school, for in my imagination the basement window screens made it appear almost like a zoo. But I soon learned otherwise.

But we did have a rather rough teacher. He forbade the drinking of water after the bell rang. A certain eighth grade boy whom we shall call Ted took a drink one day. This aroused the teacher's temper, and words of argument followed. The pupils took their seats. The teacher called Ted to the front of the school room, and began to beat him unmercifully. As soon as the teacher was finished, Ted left for home, a distance of only a few hundred feet.

When Ted's dad came home and learned about it, he went to talk to the teacher at once. He ended with, "I will give you a chance to resign, or you will be fired." So he resigned that same day.

I must admit we had some very good teachers afterwards, though I didn't realize it so much at the time.

We received the September B. B. and have read most of it. I saw the remark that scien-

tists are still trying to find the missing link between man and monkey. A while back I read a humorous article stating that the missing link has been found, it is you! True, some people today act worse than monkeys.

Well, math fans, sharpen your pencils:

Arrange the numbers from 1 to 9 in a square, with three numbers on each side, so that you get a total of 15 whether you add them vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. Not so easy! But it can be done. Try it. Use this form, and place numbers where there are dots:

* * *
* * *
* * *

Another one? Choose any two-digit number, Double it, add 26, divide by 2 and subtract 13. What do you get? Try this with several different numbers. Can you explain why this works the way it does?

I do not know the author of the following poem "You Can't Do Wrong and Get By":

There's a God who's standing at heaven's door;
He's looking the universe o'er,
And He sees each mortal with a searching eye—
You can't do wrong and get by.

Out into the darkness you alone may go
And seeds for the wicked one sow;
But there's an eye that watches from heaven on high—
You can't do wrong and get by.

Yes, He knows your secrets, everything you do;
He knows if your life is untrue.
You can ne'er deceive Him, there's no use to try—
You can't do wrong and get by.

- R. 1, Baltic, Ohio 43804

* * *

THE BLACK PLAGUE

In the fourteenth century the population of Europe was 100,000,000. Suddenly dead rats by the thousands appeared in the streets of great cities. Before there was time to analyze the situation, people great and small became infected with the dread plague. Within a few months one-fourth of the population of Europe—25,000,000—were dead.

There is no twentieth century immunity to the plague. The disease hit San Francisco in 1900. New Orleans had an epidemic in 1914,

Pensacola in 1922. There have been only 121 cases of the plague in one city during a recent period of four years, but 113 of them died.

- Selected

* * *

SHIPSHEWANA, INDIANA
September 25, 1967

To remove oneself from thoughts of farming and the cares of this world to write an article for the Blackboard Bulletin takes some self-discipline, at least for me. For I'm the type who is hard to get started—and once started, hard to get stopped—and I'd rather wait till I'm caught up on farm work before I transfer my thinking.

The responsibilities seem to increase; my mind goes in circles. I did want to write for the B.B., and in time for the September issue. For I know I would have appreciated it, were I the editor. But the thing is, I'm not sure my writing will be worth reading. There is plenty to write about, but it takes practice. And we learn by our mistakes and the mistakes of others. (So you learn by mine, and you won't have to make so many yourself.)

We again have a child in the first grade this year. What a mixture of feelings this creates! I still see him that first morning with the thrill of anticipation and uncertainty. But he was all eagerness, for he knew the teacher and his classmates.

This leaves us with only one pre-schooler at home, we who were just married a few years ago, it seems—one of the young families in our church! But of course, we are now turning gray and becoming hard of hearing.

I know the editor would like to have something to print concerning our working with Mr. Wells, the State Superintendent of Education. But I had not intended to write about this, except perhaps briefly, and hope someone else will also write from their point of view.

Before Mr. Wells was in office, in December of 1966, we met with him and a few legislators. A schoolroom full of Amish people from throughout the State attended. Our point of view was given, and some of our local difficulties explained. He seemed willing to work with us and said we should get together and decide what we want, then come to his office to work out an agreement. He said we should have our own schools if we wanted them, and definitely our own teachers.

On April 8, 1967, we held a meeting at Nappanee, Indiana, and drew up our proposals. We took these to Indianapolis on May 25, and discussed them with Mr. Wells and his deputy, Mr. Jerry. Five Amish brethren were present.

Following this trip to Indianapolis, Mr. Wells drew up his proposals, and his curriculum director, Mr. Karr, brought them to our annual meeting in Nappanee on June 30. He read his paper and explained it, then got our reactions to it, after which Mr. Wells rewrote the proposals.

Then on July 12 we were to Indianapolis again and went over everything once more. Quite a few changes were made. Ten Amish brethren were present, including Andy Kinsinger and John Beiler from Pennsylvania. This was quite a session lasting from 1:30 until 6:00.

Mr. Wells is under pressure from the public, and naturally cannot see through our eyes. But we could reason with him, and when he saw we were all agreed around the table, he always considered it. So I feel this is the important thing—unity.

Mr. Wells now drew up the agreement, and on August 22 we were down again. The agreement was signed by seven Amish representatives and Mr. Wells and Mr. Jerry.

Whether this was the proper procedure remains to be seen. In other states the Amish have taken their stand, till the public granted them their schools. What I appreciated here was the sitting down and counseling and reasoning together. Which is all right, provided we are not persuaded to forfeit a principle of faith!

Here again, our big problem is differences of opinion among ourselves, so we must also sit down and counsel and reason together. For we should "all speak the same thing" and "be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment." I Cor. 1:10.

Mr. Wells is taking political credit for working with the Amish, and calls it upgrading our schools, which we need, too, but more in a spiritual sense, than in a material sense.

Here is where I feel he does not understand our faith, although he wants to claim he does. In our vocational set-up he requires a project similar to 4-H project, and after having tried to put this into practice, I wish it weren't signed this way. But I hope we can come closer together in this point. Maybe it is a misunderstanding on my part.

What we want is that the children can help along with the necessary work, and thereby are learning their life vocation by doing. But to the

public this looks too much as if we want them at home to help do our work, which we cannot deny in many cases; for this all fits in with our way of life and our faith. They are helping do the family work, under the care and discipline of the parents, and are learning something more useful than all-day book learning.

Last week I had a letter from a mother who has twelve children, with the oldest one in the vocational class this year. We all know how well she could use her oldest daughter. Now, how to make a project out of the necessary work to be done—a dozen or two different tasks daily, and different ones every day. It looks rather complicated, but maybe it isn't as bad as we think. Mr. Wells said, "We want them to think and write," so if they can make notes of what they do, and write reports, once we get started it may work out after all. It will take some initiative. Do we have some, teachers and pupils?

I had other things in mind to write. Maybe next time.

Sincerely,
John M. Bontrager

* * *

 CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLE?

Before Adam I was,
Innocent as can be,
For good I was made
And good I still be
If wisely I'm used.
By many I'm hated,
By many I'm loved,
By many I'm feared,
And by many I'm scoffed,
And sorely abused.

You may use me in this art lesson, but please don't misuse me. WHAT AM I?
(With the following clues you have all the tools to make me.)

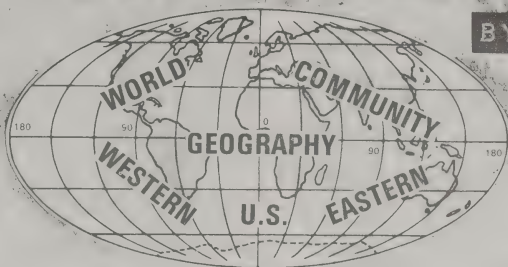
three-fourth of a cross
and a circle complete
an upstanding upright
where two semi-circles meet
a right-angle triangle
standing on feet
two semi-circles
and a circle complete.

Take a pencil and paper and try it, then send your answer to: Pathway Publishing Corp.
R. 4, Aylmer, Ont. Can.

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CREATIVE BULLETIN BOARD PROJECTS

BY TITUS



Article II: Sequel to: THE WORLD AROUND THEM (See September issue)

"Bismarck, Rio Grande, Tallahassee, Appalachian, Mojave"—names...names...names! United States geography is filled with names. "Tiber, Calcutta, Amazon, Hong Kong, Himalayas"—world geography is filled with names. Did you ever stop and think what a mammoth task a grade schooler has in pronouncing and remembering names? A fifth grade geography book currently being used lists 700 proper nouns. Fantastic, isn't it?

Yes, geography for grade school children has many stumbling blocks that cause them to lose interest. Reducing the scope of geography to each proper class level is a giant step in leading the student to active interest; yet this should be supplemented with creative and original aids that will stimulate interest in the area being studied.

Here bulletin boards can come to the aid of the teacher. They should not be used to decorate but to instigate—instigate interest in a school lesson. Teachers who are slaves to their text books and routine have no time for bulletin boards; they are much too busy herding their students through every page, column, and blank of their books, as if knowledge came through having every lesson scrupulously completed. But for those who know that students need to be constantly inspired, class projects are a must.

Geography can become alive; children will be seen huddled in groups chatting about Mt. Vesuvius, the Coliseum, Venice—try a bulletin board display on Italy and see. Cover the board with white paper. Divide the board into three

equal vertical sections, painting the left one green and the right one red; leave the center section as it is, white. What do you have? The flag of Italy of course. Have a student draw a large map of Italy to paste on the center section. Outline the map with a dark color, paint the rivers in, and print the major cities. On the green side staple drawings by the class of things mentioned in their lesson, (for example: a gondola, Mt. Vesuvius the volcano, Italy's crops bunched together, or famous buildings). On the red side fasten one-page reports of famous Italians, cities, or events. (This could also serve as a penmanship lesson.)

But by all means don't make the poor fifth graders tackle a job like the Italy bulletin board. That is outside their geographical circle. (See September issue of the B. B.) Let them make flags out of colored construction paper of the Western states for a display of their own. Have them each take a state or two and draw its state tree, bird, and flower. Maps, showing the large cities, rivers, capital, and products of each area, make an interesting display.

Postage stamps are often collected by upper grade boys. They are a geography lesson in themselves. But put this hobby to work in the class room as a geography aid. If you are studying Central and South America, why not draw an extra large map for a bulletin board project. Fill in the usual details, such as cities, rivers, and mountains. But in the remaining blank spaces glue stamps from the appropriate countries. Where will the stamps come from? As an English composition lesson have the students write letters soliciting stamps either from mail order houses or post offices in the countries themselves. A once blank wall will become a panorama of color, information, and interest. (Note: For schools that dislike

visitors, don't do any of the suggested bulletin board projects.)

Bulletin boards are not the only aids to create interest in geography. A good pictorial atlas dealing with the different continents is an asset. Also, for those schools that encourage games during noon time on rainy days, there are for sale a number of educational games with a geographical emphasis.

Stories and individual books dealing with children in foreign lands are easily obtained. Another possibility is the use of study booklets. The children arrange their lessons in chapters with art work throughout, receiving a grade for the geography lesson, art work, and penmanship. The booklets are eight by eight tablets which are bound vertically. They also make nice items for visiting parents to view.

Creating interest in geography is a challenge. May we ever strive to meet it, remembering the words of William Halsey. "There are no great men, only great challenges that ordinary men are forced by circumstances to meet." Are we always meeting ours?

Take some time off from your routine checking to plan a geography bulletin board. You will be amazed at the class interest it will create.

- Aylmer, Ontario

* * *

CONTENTMENT

- L. Z. M.

Do we have to be healthy,
Own a home, and be wealthy —
Must life in this way be spent,
In order to be content?

Must we have diplomas to show
All the wisdom we do know?
Must we have a great name
If contentment we would claim?

Oh no, my brother, nay!
Contentment isn't what they say.
It isn't money. It isn't health.
It isn't honor to oneself.

Listen here, to gain this bliss,
The key to contentment surely is:
"To want no more and no less
Than God has graciously given us."

"And be content with such things as ye have; for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." -Heb. 13:5.

* * * * *

NOT JUST PRIVATE SCHOOLS

- By Daniel D. Miller, Jr.

With so many new Amish schools opening this term, we should be concerned that they are really Christian schools, and not just parochial schools. Do we want them to be schools just to get our children away from public schools? This is important, but is it our most important concern? I am sure it should not be.

What we teach our children when they are young, in both the home and the school, is the way our churches are going to be when they grow up. If we do not teach them the Christian way today, how can we have a Christian church tomorrow? I know of some who don't want Christian books in our schools, and some don't even want Christian teachers! They say a child will learn more if there is a non-Amish teacher. Maybe they will learn more, but of the wrong things.

We should be very much concerned that what we teach our children in the home and at school is according to the Bible. "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." I Cor. 3:19.

So why should we try to teach our children the things of this world that are of no value to their natural lives, or to their salvation.

Let us teach our children true Christian discipline, and thus have Christian schools indeed, not just parochial or private schools. Let us pray for all our teachers, new and old, so that they can train up our children in the way they should go.

- Milford, Indiana

* * *

ANABEL, MISSOURI
September, 1967

Greetings to all Bulletin Readers,

If our minds could be refreshed in the way the earth has been refreshed by recent rains, I think we would all be more willing to try anew and be in greater earnest to take advantage of the great opportunity God is giving us—the opportunity to teach our own children in our own schools with our own teachers. In our area we have had the nice co-operation of our local school board and the superintendent of the newly-consolidated school district. They have sold us two good school houses and most of the contents,

just what we needed to get started.

When our board members met with them, they stated that they wanted to do as nearly as they could what was right, and had decided whatever the Amish wanted for schools would be the nearest right thing to do. For they did not believe it was necessary to have so much trouble about schools as has occurred in some places.

So why should we not thank God daily for such blessings? And then try to work together among our own people in a peaceful way, too.

I had the privilege of attending the school meeting at Aylmer, Ontario this summer, which I thought was interesting and worthwhile—to meet so many people interested in the same thing. But as I listened to other people's problems, I saw that ours would be somewhat different, due to the reason that we had two schools to move instead of building new ones. I think we saved quite a bit of money in this way.

And I always think it is interesting and also worthwhile when a big group of people gather to get a job done. Like the day we were moving the last school house. I just had to marvel at the way the men and boys would run and grab those planks, and keep them under the wheels whenever we called that we were approaching a soft spot. We hardly had to stop. I want to thank everyone who helped, for it was greatly appreciated by the ones who were responsible to see that the job was done.

Now, after everything is in order (or is it?) and having taken a peek into each school room while in session, I have hopes that the new teachers will get along all right. That is, providing they have enough material in the line of books and supplies, and receive the co-operation of the parents, which is very important, I believe.

But how shall we decide, or who shall decide, which books or workbooks are really necessary to provide the right material for a new private school? (Or should I say, a Christian or parochial school?) Can someone give the right answer for this?

So we hope to be remembered in your prayers, that we may keep going in the right direction, and God can send us His blessings.

Hoping the Blackboard Bulletin will keep on bringing us useful information, as it has in the past.

- David S. Borntrager

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The future that we study and plan for begins today.

* * * * *

A WORD FROM ILLINOIS

- By Jonas M. Schrock

I'll write a few lines to let the readers know about our new school, Prairie Lane, and also about Plainview School. Prairie Lane started having classes September 13, but not all the brick work was done. There is still work to be done on Saturdays and evenings after school. It takes a certain number of man-hours to build a school, and the more people that help the quicker it is done. Let us all ask ourselves, "Did I do my part to help get the school finished in time?"

There are 41 pupils in Prairie Lane and 54 in Plainview. Plainview lost four families to the new school, but five other families took their place.

While building new schools, one hears the remark, "We'll have so many new children to break in." Yes, that's so, but I'll say we also have parents to break in. One hears parents say, "We find out what is going on in school now. Before we didn't know." What! Didn't the teachers want to talk, or didn't we give them a chance?

I'll say Amen to the article by Raymond Weaver in the August Bulletin, about pride. The following is a true story that happened in a school. There was a child who was not very popular—the other children wouldn't sit beside him to eat, and they didn't want to play with him. The teacher wondered why, until one day she overheard one child say, "My Mom said so and so is a bad child and we can't play with him." So it was a mother that caused this teacher's trouble!

By the fruits one knows what kind of a tree it is. Also, by our children the teachers know what kind of parents we are.

Let us pray for our schools and teachers. God bless you all.

- Arthur Illinois

* * *

WORK AND SHIRK

Work and Shirk are two little brothers.
Work's always busy, helping others.
Shirk is lazy—lies around the house,
Stretching, yawning, useless as a mouse.
All through the day Work makes things hum,
But Shirk sits around and just looks glum.
Which do you think is loved by others—
Work or Shirk, those well-known brothers?

- Selected

" ME, A TEACHER? "

Good teaching is never in vain, even though the child may not grasp some truths until many years later. The following experience is one of many that prove this.

"Me, a Teacher?"—Those were my exact words, expressed to a fellow classmate some twenty years ago. We girls had been discussing our future. I could think of no job that would seem duller, or more time-consuming, than being a teacher. Nor of one in which a person was so likely to age while still young.

Now today I find myself a very busy teacher. It is true I have no class sessions, no work-books to grade, no bell to ring. Yet I am teaching eight lively youngsters. One needs special help in pronunciation, another in manners, another in unselfishness, and last of all, baby brother needs a hand learning to sit up on his own. It is time-consuming, at times a bit dull, and I am aging (young?), but praise Him for His helping Hand!

Giving godly instruction is true teaching, whether it is at home, or at school, or to a questioning stranger on the street. "So shall my Word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void." Isaiah 55:11.

My deepest lesson came with the problem of one of our children, termed as a "slow thinker" by the teacher at school. As I helped him at home, my patience was often taxed, for I was able to comprehend things so much more quickly than he. Later I realized I hadn't explained thoroughly. Losing confidence in himself, our slow thinker was easily frightened and even classed a "fraidy-cat" by playmates at

school.

To help our child regain confidence, we as parents stressed God's protecting care and His nearness (Acts 17:27) and the necessity of being thankful in all things. (I Thess. 5:18).

One spring evening our home was destroyed, leaving scars and a vivid memory of our "slow one" sobbingly assuring his frightened brothers and sisters that "God will take care of us," and moments later in the face of ruin, falteringly thanking a merciful God.

Surely this could be encouraging to any teacher—a teaching mother such as I am, a preaching father or grandfather, or a concerned "Mommy"—to teach it well and teach it young!

- A teaching Mother

* * *

BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 11

1. For whom did an angel open the door of a prison and help escape?
2. When were Jesus, Elijah and Moses seen together?
3. What is the feast called that commemorates God's deliverance of the Israelites from Egypt?
4. What animal spoke to Balaam?
5. Where did Jesus pray till his sweat fell like blood?
6. What woman complained to Jesus about her sister?
7. How many friends tried to comfort Job?
8. What young boy saved Paul's life?
9. What lives on after death?
10. What prophet was fed by the ravens?

(See answers page 68)

THE HUMBLE PLACE

I would rather be a stepping stone
Than to be a stumbling block—

I would rather be a pillar than
Some ornamental rock;

I would rather be a lowly cellar
Filled with food-stuff rare,
Than to be a lofty pinnacle
Containing naught but air.

It's not the place you occupy—
But how one occupies it.
There is honor in the humble task
Well done—then why despise it?

* * *

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of;
in nothing on which you might not pray for the blessing of God;
in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed;
in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing if death should surprise you in the act.

- Richard Baxter

" CHILDREN WILL BE CHILDREN " (?)

Good morning!

A beautiful wash day, as shown by the fluttering line of sheets, diapers, socks, and what have you, all clean once more for our loved ones. It's so interesting for mothers to sort Monday's wash, to find the accumulation of objects in pockets. Or this morning's big find in the bedroom laundry hamper — the flashlight we searched most diligently for since Saturday. Did two-year-old brother slip it in while playing, or did sister scoop it up with the sheets she removed Saturday? Who knows?

Once more we enjoyed our September Blackboard Bulletin, introducing us to another school year. We also realize many new schools opened this fall, and are more concerned than ever with the conduct of the children in these schools, and particularly with the behaviour of pupils to and from school.

Needless to say, not everyone sees the point in having our own schools. They will naturally be watching the "fruit" of our attempt. When they see well-behaved children cheerfully on the way to school, they will be encouraged to give the matter deeper consideration.

But when they see children boisterously riding along, hands or feet or even heads dangling, or they observe them making vulgar gestures or shouting at cars and passing buggies, what will they think of our parochial (?) schools?

Children will be children, true, but let's be God's children. We pray that our schools may be a godly witness, and that thereby more of our people will be encouraged to support them.

More and more we realize the scent of militarism in our public schools.

- A Concerned Mother

* * * * *

THE EARLY MORNING DEW

- By Monroe Hochstetler

Why must I use money and time
When I can view glories divine
In the sparkling early morning dew,
The Creator's majesty to view?

Behold the beauty of a clover bloom,
Emitting a scent of fragrant perfume,
Heavily-bedecked with sparkling dew.
More marvelous scenes I rarely view.

One can see God in the creation,
And nothing gives me greater elation
Than the freshly-turned earth and flowers
Sparkling in the morning hours.

Pause, O world, where are you going?
For your salvation God is longing.
In nature's wonders you may view
The God of creation calling you.

Oh! dazzling, glittering drops of dew,
What more is there to say for you?
You speak to me of God's kind care,
And yours is the message I wish to share.

- Corinth, Ontario

*

*

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP III

1. mandate (man'-dāt)—a. duck; b. cashew;
c. order; d. letter
2. pagoda (pə-go'-dā)—a. thistle; b. shrine;
c. vessel; d. sensation
3. bizarre (bi-zār')—a. fair; b. difficult;
c. maze; d. odd
4. brawl (brol)—a. to cry; b. move slowly;
c. fight; d. scale
5. docile (dos' əl)—a. easily handled; b. factual;
c. giddy; d. cute
6. dorsal (dor-səl)—a. motionless through
sleep; b. on or near the back; c. able to
withstand decay; d. without a doubt
7. effervesce (ef-ər-ves')—a. to enlighten;
b. bubble; c. comprehend; d. steam
8. scrupulous (skrōō'-pyə-ləs)—a. partial;
b. reluctant; c. eager; d. careful
9. torpedo (tor-pē'-dō)—a. underwater missile;
b. limbless reptile; c. larva of a beetle;
d. Mexican food
10. condole (kən-dōl')—a. to tolerate; b. donate
unselfishly; c. express sympathy; d. re-
gard haughtily

—Answers on next page

*

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*

HE KNOWS

- By James I. Metcalfe

God knows what you are doing ... Every moment of each day ... In labor and in leisure ... And all along your way ... He knows what you are thinking, ... And how much you are sincere ... As you proclaim His glory ... In pursuit of your career ... He knows if you are honest ... In the very smallest thought ... So never try to cheat on God ... Because you will be caught.... And as you know He knows your thoughts ... Implore His help today ... And ask Him to forgive you for ... Your sins at work and play ... Remember always that there is ... No secret you can hide ... Almighty God knows everything ... However far and wide.

- Selected by a Reader

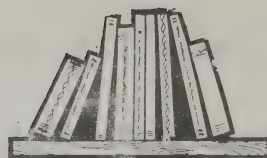
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(See preceding page)

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP ANSWERS III

1. mandate: c. an order or command; as, The mayor issued a mandate concerning curfew hours during the riot. Latin mandare, "to command."
2. pagoda: b. a shrine or temple; as, The Japanese took off their shoes before entering the pagoda. Sanskrit bhagavat, "Deity."
3. bizarre: d. odd, fantastic; as, The African jungle was filled with bizarre noises. Origin unknown.
4. brawl: c. fight, quarrel noisily; as, Tough boys enjoy brawling with each other over small matters. Origin unknown.
5. docile: a. easily handled; as, The lion cub was as docile as a real baby. Latin docilis, "able to be taught."
6. dorsal: b. on or near the back; as, The hook caught the dorsal fin of the fish. Latin dorsum, "back."
7. effervesce: b. bubble; as, If you shake a bottle of coke, it will effervesce.
8. scrupulous: d. careful, exact, cautious; as, The girl was so scrupulous about neatness that she ironed her homework papers. Latin scrupulous, "small, sharp stone."
9. torpedo: a. an underwater missile; as, The submarine shot a torpedo at the hull of the ship. Latin torpere, "to be numb."
10. condole: c. to express sympathy; as, Aunt Martha felt she should condole with the young widow upon the death of her husband. Latin con, "together," dolere, "to grieve."

* * * * *



BULLETIN BOOKSHELF

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* * * * *

REFLECTIONS OF A TEACHER...

or

DER LEHRER SPIEGEL

- By Harvey H. Nolt

Ruhm ich meiner Schwachheit doch,
 An zu halta mit dem joch.
 Ya Herr..ich bin in groser noth;
 Mach uns dein jünger bis in den tod.
 Offenbar zu mir von zeit zu zeit,
 Noch was ich tun soll fir die leit.
 Demuth shenk mir wie ich sie brauch;
 Recht zu lehra in dem lebens lauf.
 Schaf zu huta in Deiner herd;
 Ach kann ich dan...bin ich es werd?
 Unwürdich knecht...des sind wir leut;
 Doch suchen wir gnade bei Dir heut.
 Erhalt uns Gott...in dieser zeit,
 Recht zu lehra bis zur ewigkeit.

- Ephrata, Penna. 17522

* * *

IT TAKES COURAGE

To refrain from gossip when others about you delight in it.

To stand up for an absent person who is being abused.

To live honestly within your means and not dishonestly on the means of others.

To be a real man, a true woman, by holding fast to your ideals when it causes you to be looked upon as strange and peculiar.

To be talked about and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.

To refuse to do a thing which is wrong though others do it.

To live always according to your convictions.

To dress according to your convictions and your income, and to deny yourself what is excluded by this.

* * *

Hold yourself responsible for a higher standard than anybody expects of you. Never excuse yourself. Never pity yourself. Be a hard master to yourself—and be lenient to everybody else.

- Beecher

* * *

Most of the big jobs are held by people who have swell-proof heads.

THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the wind go "Yoooooo"?
 'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
 It seems to chill you through and through
 With a strange and speechless fear.
 'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
 When folk should be asleep,
 And many and many's the time I've cried
 To the darkness brooding far and wide
 Over the land and the deep:
 "Whom do you want, O lonely night,
 That you wail the long hours through?"
 And the wind would say in its ghostly way:
 "Yoooooooooooo!"

Yoooooooooooo!

Yoooooooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
 (When I was a little lad)
 That when the night went wailing so,
 Somebody had been bad.
 And then when I was snug in bed,
 Wither I had been sent,
 With the blankets pulled up round my head,
 I'd think of what my mother'd said
 And wonder what boy she meant!
 And "Who's been bad today?" I'd ask
 Of the wind that hoarsely blew...
 And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
 "Yoooooooooooo!"

Yoooooooooooo!

Yoooooooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow...
 You'll not believe it, though!
 Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
 I was not always so.
 And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test.
 Suppose, when you've been bad someday
 And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest...
 Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
 And then you'll hear what's true;
 For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone:
 "Yoooooooooooo!"

Yoooooooooooo!

Yoooooooooooo!"

- Eugene Field

* * *

The prevalence of juvenile delinquency proves that parents are not bringing sufficient pressure to bear on the seat of one of today's growing problems!

* * *

SVETLANA, THE STORY OF STALIN'S DAUGHTER...

When Svetlana stepped off the plane in New York on April 21, 1967, it was like starting life all over again. Behind her she left 42 years of existence in the heart of communist Russia where she was only too well acquainted with the heartless policy of the Red leaders. Although she was the only daughter and a favorite of her father, Josef Stalin, yet she could not help seeing what was going on.

Svetlana was brought up under the teachings of atheism, that is that there is no God. However in the household was a maid named Alexandra who was not an atheist. For thirty years this maid was employed by Stalin and she succeeded in teaching Svetlana about God. Although she is not a Christian in the sense of the word that we use it, but on the other hand Svetlana is definitely not an atheist. One of her reasons for leaving Russia was to worship God openly.

Svetlana attended a public school, and when about thirteen or fourteen she had a special friend named Galya. They had been close friends for about three years and the two girls oftentimes shared each others' secrets. Galya's father was a close friend of Stalin and a leader in the revolution. One morning at school, Galya told Svetlana that her father had been arrested and taken away the night before. Surely there must be a mistake for her father was a faithful worker in the Communist party.

At noon that day, Svetlana related the incident to her father and asked him to straighten out the mistake. Her father paid no attention to her but kept cutting the meat. So she repeated her request and said that he could at least call the security police and tell them about it.

Finally Stalin told his daughter, "The security police do not make mistakes. Don't you

understand that? They do not make mistakes!"

Whereupon Svetlana replied with tears in her eyes, "But I love Galya so much."

Her father answered, "You can love people but still you have to be against them."

What he meant was that if it were for the good of the party, then even one's best friend must be liquidated mercilessly.

When Svetlana retorted that Galya's father had been her father's helper in the revolution, Stalin exploded and shouted at her: "Yes, he was my comrade-in-arms, even my friend, but he forgot and became an enemy, a traitor and a counter-revolutionary."

Then after a pause he went on as if to himself but while Svetlana could hear it, "He must be destroyed, squashed like a louse, he and all the others like him. They must not live, they must not live any longer..."

Svetlana accepted her father's view of the matter and the next day when Galya approached her in school, she said loudly to her, "Your father is an enemy of the people!"

Galya was left alone, with her head bowed and shoulders drooping in despair. That was the last day Galya attended school. It was rumored that she was transferred to a children's home. Galya was by no means the last to disappear from school. Svetlana finally learned to watch the morning papers to see who had been dismissed from the party. In this way she could learn to expect who would be missing from school next.

Was Stalin happy in his role as the leader of Communist Russia? Perhaps the easiest way to answer this would be to recount the story of Nadya, Svetlana's mother.

Nadya was an energetic young office worker and a follower of Lenin at the time the Bolsheviks came into power in 1918. She was an ardent revolutionary and hoped that the revolution would improve the lot of the common people. She met Stalin, who became her hero, and they were married in 1919.

When she moved into the Kremlin where Lenin and the other top party leaders had their homes, Nadya was shocked to see the low morals which were apparent everywhere. When she saw the "dog eat dog" policy of the Kremlin leaders she soon lost respect for her husband. Those who knew her well said she had a dismal existence and there was an air of sadness about her as though she felt a great sorrow that the new Russia was not the land of freedom which

THE PATTERN OF LIFE

The pattern of life looks dark to you
And the threads seem twisted and queer.
To the one who is planning the whole design
It's perfectly plain and clear.
For it's only a part of God's loving plan
When He works in His threads of gray,
And they'll only make brighter the rose and gold
Of another happier day.

*

*

*

she had hoped.

Nadya began to criticize her husband, privately at first and then in public. She was shocked by the dictator's mass terror policy. When she spoke against it at party gatherings, her husband would hurl insults at her in the vilest language. Sometimes she would take her two children and go to visit friends in other cities for months at a time. When she saw the conditions of poverty throughout the country she spoke to her husband about it who would become very angry with her.

Matters got worse until November 1932, at the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the revolution. After much merry-making and speeches, came the last evening of the festivals, on November 9th. On this evening Stalin cursed and swore at Nadya without restraint. Nadya went home alone and according to those who were present in her house, she ended her own life.

Stalin gave her an extravagant funeral and announcement was made that she had died a faithful party worker. No reason for her death was given but it was understood that she had died of appendicitis. It was ten years before Svetlana found out that her mother had died a suicide and the shock was severe.

Martin Ebon, author of the Svetlana book believes that Stalin was killed by his doctors, probably at the instigation of Beria, the head of

the secret Police. Beria himself was killed a few months after Stalin died.

What lesson is to be learned by this display of violence and mass murder? Several points came to my mind as I read the book.

First, we can not appreciate it enough that we have the right to have our own church and own schools where we can teach our children the Word and will of God.

Secondly that multitudes have suffered beyond all imagination, not only Christians, but "innocent and honest Communists" (we are quoting Krushchev in regards to Stalin, but according to Svetlana, nothing has changed in Russia so far). The bloody purges and executions were carried out in rapid succession under Stalin, and although the killings have lessened, yet the same idea is there of absolute rule.

If a government similar to that of red godless Russia would ever take control in America, it would be a small matter to liquidate a few thousand plain people or ship them to the north-west territories.

Thirdly, that the Bible is true, now as much as it ever was. Two Scriptures come to my mind. One is "The fool has said in his heart, There is no God" Psalms 14:1, and the other is Isaiah 57:21, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

- David Wagler
Aylmer, Ont.

* * *

THE FOUNDATION OF EDUCATION

- By Rob R. Schlabach

"Just what lies at the base of your entire concept of education? What is your main underlying principle and philosophy of formal education?"

These words, in effect, put me on the spot. The tall, serious college student sat there waiting for an answer. There was no nonsense; he was intelligent and deserved an answer. His moral standard was very high. Never in my three months of acquaintance did I hear him use profanity or see him use nicotine.

"Well-I-I," I stalled, trying to think of a plausible answer. Readers, what is it anyway? Do we just have school because the state demands it? Is it a rigamarole that we go through, only to forget it?

To change the focus, I asked him, "What is your concept of education?"

He answered, "I think of education as a

means of finding out the truth. What I want is truth. That is my ultimate goal."

He continued, "For instance, like which philosophy is permanently effective, how and from what we actually evolved, and the rationalizing of many other theories."

Now the difference was clear. He was seeking the ultimate truth. Or at least what he conceived it to be. By way of contrast, education to a Christian is a working with and from already-revealed Truth.

He said he was more or less a rationalist. I had to ask him what that was. The answer was clear. "I like to believe only that which I can reason out."

We talked for a long time. I told him truth is already found—the Bible, the creation, the fall of man, the advent of Christ. Yes, he knew those things. But he has never been able

to accept them intellectually. (Truly, Satan can be as deceiving as an angel of light.) In fact, his college is church-sponsored, and the Bible is a required course.

He was surprised at our ideas. He said, "I see there is a great difference. You base your entire concept on Bible teachings." He sounded as if such an idea had never occurred to him as possible. As if the teachings of evolution, rationalizing and experimental conclusions were the only way! "Ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth."

His character was outstanding, yet the state had made him their property by an empty, God-denying educational structure.

Our first reaction is, "We don't want that to happen to our children." Let us pursue our minds along better principles.

In Proverbs we read, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom". There then, is our starting and stopping place. We dare not forget, we must "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Whatever is taught must be within this limit.

A writer states it this way, "A Christian education is the education that a Christian acquires—what he can learn and use to the glory of God." The A and Z of our schools must be to acquire knowledge to further the cause of God's

JUST SUPPOSE

If all that we say
In a single day
With never a word left out,
Were printed each night
In clear black and white,
'Twould prove queer reading, no doubt.

And then just suppose
Ere one's eyes he would close,
He must read the day's record through.
Then wouldn't one sigh,
And wouldn't one try
A great deal less talking to do?

And I more than half think
That many a kink
Would be smother in life's tangled thread,
If one half that we say
In a single day
Were left forever unsaid.

- Selected

kingdom. To instill in the children the conclusion of the whole matter, "To fear God and keep his commandments." We want formal education to be used as money should be used—everybody using it, but not abusing it—merely to be an aid in equipping us to help others, ourselves and in all to be a glory to God.

Someone wrote, "One cannot get too much of the right kind of education, the kind that can be gotten and used to the glory of God." Remember, the "right kind" is usually not the popular kind! "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God."

There is one danger that seems almost paradoxical in this. Christian literature can be taught, discipline be strict, non-conformity emphasized, yet if this is all, it will not fulfill the intended purpose. Christianity is not intellectual. One cannot "give truth isolated and packaged for individual consumption." Christianity is lived. It is a response to truth, a personal involvement.

This brings us all to one point. Education is everybody's responsibility. The home, the church, parents, teachers, everybody, must see that it is lived out in themselves. Our schools are not only a program of parents, board, and teachers, but a cog in the entire wheel of Christian living. Truth taught does not guarantee truth lived. But it has to be taught and exemplified before it is known how to live it.

Our structure of formal education should be just something used as a means to a desired end. Education of itself contains no virtue (when we think it does, we are getting worldly) it is but to aid us in fulfilling the will of God.

- Millersburg, Ohio

* * *

TO SUPREME COURT BY PROXY

The first Amish case ever to go to the United States Supreme Court in Washington, D. C. is scheduled for October. It will be a unique case because the Amish will neither appear in court, nor are they making the appeal.

They will be represented by proxy through a cooperative effort of the National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom and the American Civil Liberties Union.

According to the Rev. Casimir F. Gierut, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church in Bunker Hill, Illinois and a member of the National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom, the Amish

scruples do not normally permit going to court.

The priest said: "To safeguard the Amish position on litigation, the National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom had asked the Amish permission to use their case. The Amish had granted permission on condition that it be made known that the Amish are not making this appeal, but are permitting the National Committee as their "good neighbors" to use this case in behalf of religious freedom of minority groups in America.

Rev. Gierut continued: "This case will be of national importance because here in question is whether a state can constitutionally punish a parent who for religious convictions does not require his daughter to attend a public high school."

The State of Kansas Supreme Court had affirmed the LeRoy Garber, Amishman, conviction stating: "rights of parents are subordinate to the police power of the state..." and "Religious liberty includes the absolute right to believe, but only a limited right to act."

Because of the legal and policy issues involved American Civil Liberties Union and the National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom decided to appeal the case to the United States Supreme Court.

The priest concluded: "The main reason why the Amish case is before the highest court in our land, is because to the present time none of the State Supreme Court's decisions adequately analyzed the constitutional power of the state to enforce educational standards in circumstances where compliance violates an asserted right to

"free exercise of religion."

Of the many members on the National Committee for Amish Religious Freedom there are Professors of Law schools representing Universities; attorney's of counsel from 10 states; church representatives from Protestant Jewish, and Catholic denominations.

* * *

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

- By a Teacher

"Who were those little noisy chaps?"
Her father asked aloud
"That stirred up such a rumpus there,
Disturbing quite a crowd?"

"The way they carried on today
Was really quite a shame
Distracting e'en the preacher's voice
And who's to take the blame?"

"They should be taught to sit in church
Respectfully subdued;
And listen to the preacher's voice
As closely as they could.

"But when you think how things are run
Today in the schools;
They never teach a child to know
Or follow any rules.

"It's a disgrace how teachers let
The children run about,
And fool around and let them have
Their freedom in and out.

"No wonder when they come to church
They haven't learned a thing
About sitting still in God's own house
For quiet worshipping."

And now when she is grown a bit
And sees the boys in church,
She never sees a restless one
Without hearing Daddy's words.

She wonders, silently, just how
Responsible her role.
Perhaps you've guessed the reason why,
Today, she's teaching school!

- Ontario, Can

* * *

Heart of a Child



Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
No water can wash away.
The sand may be shifted when billows are
wild
And efforts of time may decay.

Some stories may perish,
Some songs be forgot,
But this graven record—
Time changes it not.

Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
A story of gladness or care
That Heaven has blessed or earth has de-
fined,
Will linger unchangeably there.



STARTING CLASSES IN MARYLAND

- By Rachel Petersheim

Last March I received a letter from the Amish school board near Mechanicsville, Maryland. They wrote they were starting their own schools and had been advised by the public officials to have at least one experienced teacher, and wondered if I would be interested to teach one of their schools. I couldn't quite see the point in giving up the school next door to home and going to Maryland. There was also a question in my mind, "Would I be qualified for that?"

Later it was planned to start their schools a week earlier than the Pennsylvania schools, and have three Pennsylvania teachers help them get started.

Saturday morning, August 26, Wheary's Taxi Service took Lydia F. Beiler, Rebecca K. Beiler, and myself to Maryland. We arrived at Woodburn Hill School at noon. Then we began to realize what Sam R. Stoltzfus meant when he sent word that we should bring our high-top boots along. They had six inches of rain the week before.

At Woodburn Hill School we met Sam R. Stoltzfus and Levi Yoder and their wives and Jacob Swarey. These three men are on the school board. We also met Annie Swarey, an anxious, energetic-looking girl, with likely a few butterflies fluttering, as she was to be the teacher at Woodburn Hill.

The finishing touches were being put on the schoolhouse. They took us over to Ryceville School, and there we also found some workers doing a few minor things that needed doing yet. At Ryceville we really saw squish-squash, sandy mud. If you use your imagination, you can picture the scene. Wooded land had been cleared for each of the three new schools. At Ryceville a little of the playground had been graded before the rains came. So there were water puddles and roots sticking up all over. The roots reminded me of ground hogs standing up to see what was to be seen. The other two schoolyards had been graded and grass seed sown, but very little grass was to be seen.

Now we were ready to see Meadow View School. We were made to believe that now we were really going back into the sticks, for the

public officials couldn't even find that one. After going through a woodland a distance, we Pennsylvania teachers couldn't help but wonder why they had built in the woods. All at once we came to a little clearing, and beheld a brand new school. Opposite the school clearing was a nice view of a meadow, and also one farm in sight. Hence the name Meadow View School. Now we had seen three nice new buildings.

Naturally, the subject we discussed mostly was school activities, from the time we got to the first school until we fell asleep at the home of Sam R. Stoltzfus Saturday night.

They told us the only books they had yet were arithmetics and the history books by Noah Zook and Uria Byler. The others had been ordered, but had not arrived. We teachers looked at each other with big question marks on our faces. Probably each one sighed to herself.

But then we were told that many of the families had been given books no longer wanted by the public schools. Plans were made to spread word over the week-end, wherever possible, to bring those books to school on Monday morning.

On Monday morning Lydia went to Meadow View to assist Susie Stoltzfus, with an enrollment of 27. Rebecca helped Annie Swarey at Woodburn Hill. Her enrollment is also 27. I assisted Hannah Byler at Ryceville, where there are 26 pupils.

I still remember those innocent but anxious-looking faces as they entered Ryceville School for the first day of lessons. Cheerful good mornings were exchanged. There were expressions such as, "Here are some books for you," and "Where may I sit?" and "Mom told me to tell you to come to our place before you go home."

The small alarm clock (the board had forgotten that a clock is needed in school!) soon showed 8:30, so the bell was rung. The devotional period included singing from the front of the room. (The Maryland people had requested that we conduct classes as we do in Penna.)

Many of our methods were new to the pupils. It was very touching to see how willing they were to help sing hymns, even though it was a new experience to sing hymns at school. The few books available were distributed. Now we asked the children to stand up front to recite their lessons. I had to call a class two or three times before it registered in their little minds that they were to come up front.

The third grade were asked to go to the blackboard to do questions. They quickly went, but stood with their backs to the board. This was rather amusing, but they were obeying the

teacher's command the best they knew how.

When they were excused for recess, some remained seated. Others asked what they were to do now. I don't know how they were dismissed in the public schools.

The first day, school was in session until noon. Hannah and I had our lunches along and ate at the school. Some of the fathers who had been working there also joined us while eating their lunch. It seemed like a very short but interesting hour. Words cannot express how much I enjoyed it.

The teachers had planned to take all the books the children had brought along from their homes to Meadow View School on Monday afternoon, to be divided to the best advantage of each school. We discovered we had enough reading books for the lower grades, and enough spelling books for all grades to "make out" temporarily.

On Thursday afternoon of that week Jacob Swarey came with additional books—readers, history and health books for the upper grades. The new books were distributed to the pupils, and many of them could be seen wrapped up in their new readers.

Thursday was to be the last day for us in Maryland, and by the time the books had been distributed at Ryceville and a song sung for Jacob Swarey (by request of Sam R.), it was time to speak a few words of encouragement to the pupils. This was to tell them what a great help they can be to their teacher, and also that they should not expect their teacher to be perfect.

Good-byes were said and the children dismissed. Some came back especially to say good-bye, and gave me an invitation to come again.

I took a last look at the school room where for four days I had helped get it into working harness. During those four days Ryceville School had fifteen callers or visitors, which was much appreciated. It proved to me that they were concerned to see how the school was being started.

Out on the playground, good-byes were said to the men working at the water system. A few of the board members were among them. Next we went to Ben Stoltzfus' where plans had been made to meet for supper. From there we started for home at 5:00 o'clock, with Esther Dixon of Pennsylvania as our driver.

One thing I learned while down in Maryland. It is the same in helping someone start to teach as it is if you have been at it for some years. You just don't get everything done you want to

do! Oh, the teacher I want to be is so much better than the teacher I am, that the teacher I am can never be the teacher I want to be.

To say I enjoyed the trip greatly is putting it too mildly. I would be safe to say Lydia and Rebecca feel the same way. Many thanks to the hospitality shown us while there. I also want to extend an invitation to all to give me a visit at my school or home (not all at one time, please).

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding." Prov. 17:1.

- Lancaster, Penna.

* * *

DRAYTON, ONT.

R. 2

Sept. 22, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers:

The September Bulletin!—my eye fell upon it when I arrived home, and my weary mind was instantly aroused and cheered. I opened it; the words 'Writers!' seemed to stare at me reprovingly, for I had speculated that September material might be short. Humanly, though, I had put aside writing, and now—"If truth has an edge, let it sting!"

The article on science attracted and held my attention. On mention of that subject, many of our people immediately think of evolution, and want to steer clear of the whole topic. But evolution is not truly science.

What, then, do we study in this subject? The purpose of the course is to arouse and stimulate the child's curiosity in, and help him to observe, natural phenomena—weather, seasons, heavenly bodies, and plant and animal life. Besides this, the Ontario Course of Studies also recommends topics related to healthful living.

Do we wish to drop this observing of the wonders of God's world, to take only those subjects with the dollar signs attached? Do not our people stress that enough already? Wouldn't we indeed be a bit ashamed to be caught not working while we watch a beautiful sunset, or listen to a bird sing? Do we ever stop to appreciate the beauty of insignificant things: golden rod blooming in a fence corner, the intricate pattern of a spider web or the chattering of sparrows? Or must we destroy these always because they have no material gain?

In teaching selections of literature, especially poetry, I find it very difficult to get the

children to appreciate the feeling of beauty, or love or pity for little creatures, which the writer tries to bring out. Most of the fault, I am convinced, lies with my own inadequacy in handling the material, but might it not also be a reflection on the kind of thinking of our people? But here remains a strong challenge to strive to believe and understand more fully that "The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine: as

for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast founded them." Psalm 89:11.

Yesterday it rained. Now I wonder—What do other teachers allow and disallow at recess time on such days?

"Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts; cause thy face to shine: and we shall be saved."

Sincerely,
Hannah Horst

* * *

WAIT ON THE LORD

"Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path." Psa. 27:11.

If this verse of Scripture is indeed my prayer, then I will be willing to be led by Him who sees and knows our every need, concern, desire — and mistakes!

We too have been deeply concerned about our children in the public schools. For a number of years we have been reluctant to follow the rules and standards of our public schools, but what else could we do? The majority of our people were "going along with the crowd". We were bowing to their "gods", and dressing our boys in trunks and T-shirts for physical education classes. And we were also furnishing too-short dresses for our girls to wear to these classes.

Our children were exposed to record players during music classes, to the radio, movies, and later to lessons on television.

Then each year there were pictures taken of every pupil in school, after which each child had the privilege to buy these photos. It is sad to say, but many of our Amish school children had money to pay for these pictures. How they got it, I can not say. These and many other problems have caused much concern. We were going along with whatever the school asked of us. Finally, someone suggested we try parochial schools.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

After much prayer and waiting, and also encouragement from districts where they have their own schools a number of years already, a small group felt the Lord had opened the way.

"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and He will strengthen thy heart."

A meeting was called to see what the Lord had prepared for us. Thanks be to God, we had a very encouraging meeting that evening. It was with thankful hearts that we went to our homes.

Satan was soon busy though. Rumors of ill feelings and opposition traveled the rounds. But God in His loving way gave us encouragement, and we were reminded of certain Scripture verses, and of other groups that had been successful. Things seemed to fall into place, even beyond our expectation.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil." Proverbs 3: 5-7.

The truth of this was proved to us, as the Lord provided the needed material, and after much effort and hard work on the part of those parents who were interested, our pupils were gathered with their teacher for their first day of parochial school.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever."

The pupils in our school make up only a fraction of the children in our church, but we trust that in the future there will be other parents interested and willing to have their children taught under a Christian influence.

We covet the prayers of all fellow-Christians. May our school be pleasing in God's sight. Oh, that pride may be absent, but unity and glory to God be manifested in our school — that is my wish and prayer.

- A Sister,
R. 1, Goshen, Indiana.

* * * * *

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ABNER F. BEILER
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BELLEVILLE, PENNA.

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love in the name of the greatest Teacher of all, Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

Reading the letters of the Bulletin is very interesting. Why? I enjoy reading other teacher's experiences that are similar to my own.

I have taught two years. I'm learning to know and understand the pupils better, though at times some puzzling situations arise.

The school door opened the 28th of August with 37 pupils, seven of them beginners. Some are eager to come and eager to leave, some eager to come and reluctant to leave, some reluctant to come and eager to leave.

As the days pass one by one I can look back and see many shortcomings. It is necessary that we depend on a Higher Power for our guidance, for without it we would be lost.

Often we hear someone say, "As the teacher is, so are the pupils." This causes me deep concern. It gives me reason to try and be very careful about my speech.

I always thought it's interesting to see the first graders come to school—they are so innocent, carefree, and willing to learn. Some pupils try hard to learn, while others can learn without trying much. The talents are not all alike.

Recently I read a book about a pious schoolmaster, Christopher Dock. He was a good teacher, a lover of children, and was never known to be angry. To test him a man once met him on the road and spoke vilely, shamefully, and profanely to him. Dock only said in reply, "Friend, may the Lord have mercy on thee."

Dock taught for ten years with no regular

pay. For ten years he farmed, teaching three months of the year at Germantown.

In 1738 he felt led of the Lord to give up farming and open two schools, one in Salford, and one in Skippack, teaching three days of the week at each place.

His friend Christopher Sauer, (the first man to print the Bible in America) persuaded Dock to write a description of his method of teaching school. Dock refused at first, fearing it would be sinful to write anything in his own praise. His minister removed his scruples on this score, and Dock completed his work on August 8, 1750. Dock did not allow his writings to be printed during his lifetime. He wrote a hundred necessary rules for children. Here are ten of them:

1. When you wash your face and hands, do not scatter water about in the room.
2. When you comb your hair, do not stand in the middle of a room, but in a corner.
3. Never go to school nasty and dirty, but keep your clothes neat and clean.
4. Offer a good morning to those you first meet, not from habit, but from true love.
5. Come to school at the right time.
6. Show kindness and be peaceable to your fellow scholars.
7. Do not quarrel with the scholars, nor give them nicknames.
8. Do not tear or lose your books, but keep them very neat. Do not write or paint in them.
9. In laughing be moderate and modest, don't laugh at everything, especially not at the evil and misfortunes of other people.
10. If you have promised anything, try to hold to it, and keep yourself from all lies and untruths.

It was Dock's custom, after the schools were dismissed, to remain and pray alone. He did not come home one evening in the autumn of 1771. A search was made, and he was found in the schoolhouse on his knees—dead.

If we teachers could be more like Dock, it could be a help to our churches in the years to come.

Do we stop and think what school teaching really is? Do we decide at home in the evening or morning what we intend to say or do the following day? Or do we ask for help from above to help us teach the right things?

May the Lord bless the efforts of all concerned readers who seek the will of God.

Sincerely,
Hettie Mary Peachey

* * *

Dear Readers,

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22:6. "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

This is my first year as a teacher, and I will try and answer some questions often asked of new teachers. I am 42 years old, and my wife and I have 3 children. Two girls are out of school, and the boy is in the seventh grade where I teach, which is only ten rods from our house.

There are two teachers here. Miss Fannie Miller teaches 15 pupils in the three lower grades, and I teach 32 in grades 4 to 8. On Fridays I have two more, ninth grade vocationals, as we call them. The most I have in one grade is 11 in the eighth grade.

The first two or three days were the hardest for me. It was quite a job to get the classes organized, and a routine established. We as teachers must not only teach the lessons, we must understand them well enough to answer any questions that may be asked.

I think it takes just as much time to teach the three lower grades as it does the upper five. The first year or so of school is often the most important time in a pupil's education. If a child gets the right start, it is easier the rest of the way. One of the teacher's greatest problems is to establish a rate of progress that will work for the slow ones and the fast ones, for we know that children are not alike.

I think any time teachers can get together and exchange ideas, it is a great help. Some teachers have tried things, and if they worked, these ideas should be shared with other teachers.

My one main goal is to be the kind of teacher all the pupils and parents will like, and I feel I have a long ways to go.

I received the September issue of the Blackboard Bulletin last Friday, and I read it through from cover to cover in a short time, and wished it were bigger. But to whom I should I complain? The readers are the writers, and I had been a reader but not a writer. So I have now written this much, and if anyone wishes to correspond with me - to share ideas or ask questions, - I will try to answer all letters.

Wishing you all the grace of God.

- Elton S. Miller
Springhill School, R. 2, Topeka, Ind.

* * * * *



August 22

Isn't it time for the school children to come? My! it seems like such a long time since I had those fifty frolicking children running in and out my doors.

My new entrance (added in 1966) feels so much better since it has been painted. I hope the children will appreciate my good looks by helping to keep me clean.

August 23

Surely today there'll be some more preparations made for the school year. I'm anxious to have someone open my windows to let in some fresh air and get rid of the musty smell in here.

Hark! I hear the gritting sound of buggy wheels as they go through the loose sand. Yes, those voices are coming from many willing helpers for I spied cleaning rags, buckets, mops, etc.

These cheerful voices are so welcome. It's been so lonely this summer with nothing but several hungry mice scampering in the basement and a few stray flies buzzing here and there or an occasional spider webbing her silken fabric.

Not much time has been lost. The tools have been put to use and the cleaning is well on its way.

I already feel better since they've removed the accumulated film from the windows and cleaned the blackboards. The hardwood floor has a light sheen again since it has been swept and mopped.

Several diligent helpers have scrubbed my dusty basement floor. My! it smells so much cleaner down here. The children will surely enjoy the basement more now.

While this has been taking place inside, the men and boys have been busy chopping and cutting up a big fallen branch. Already the wood chips have been raked in a pile and burned so that hardly any trace is left of the work that has been done except the neatly-stacked wood.

The cleaning must be finished, for things have been gathered up and everyone is leaving. How quiet it seems! Well I feel tidied up ready for the dear children, although my walls and bulletin boards are still quite bare.

August 24

It is 8:30 now, so I don't expect to see any children today. I do wonder how many children will come this year. Or if I will know the teachers. Just now I heard several voices inside the door. Yes, those are the voices of the teachers that were here last year.

The teachers have dressed me up again for another school term. They have stapled clean paper on the bulletin board. Their desks are straightened up and filled with books. I'm getting that schooly look again.

August 25

The many happy voices filing into my room tell me this is the first day of school. Those five little ones sitting in the third row must be first graders. But who are the two new faces in the upper grades? They must be David Yoder's boys, for I heard someone mention that name. No one is tardy but I see three empty seats. Let me see, who is missing? I guess it must be Dan Miller's children. Someone said they haven't returned from their eastern trip yet. It looks as if we have a broken arm this year for Floyd Graber is wearing his arm in a



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* * *

slung. Evidently we'll have fifty children here again this year. I heard the teacher say the upper and lower grades will have the same number of children as there were last year.

Oh, they're going to sing The Morning Prayer. That is one of my favorite songs, but I wish the children would put more effort to singing. There is room for more volume in here.

One of the teachers is reading from a book. She said the story takes place in the Dakotas in 1949. It portrays a school that survived a great blizzard on the wheat-growing prairie. It sounds like an interesting book.

The children have their books now and have started their assignments. But already it is time to send them home for lunch. I hope they'll all come back on Monday.

August 26

I had several callers today. The teachers came to put some finishing touches on the bulletin boards. One teacher made two posters, "It Takes Many Hands to Keep our School Nice," and one is a line graph of last year's attendance.

Oh! they've brought goldfish in a bowl to have on the table. Now the time won't seem so long over the week-ends when the children aren't here.

August 27

I was surprised to have visitors today. The teachers brought Mary and Esther Troyer from

Plain City, Ohio to see me. I feel like a privileged character to have visitors on Sunday.

August 28

One of the board members, Simon Graber, was here this morning. I heard him say he couldn't get the attendance and grade books on Saturday because the Middlebury School was closed.

On nice days like this, the older girls spend most of their time playing volleyball, and as usual the boys play softball. I'm usually alone during recess unless some of the children play in my cool basement. Or sometimes there are several that have to finish late assignments.

Most visitors I do appreciate, but today I must admit a most unwelcome garter snake somehow found its way into my basement. The children had quite a scare till it was killed and carried outside.

August 29

They say variety is the spice of life! For more spice one of the first grade girls had to vomit during classes. I'm thankful she went outside and didn't make the mess on my floor.

This evening before the children went home

I heard the teachers remind them not to loiter on the road after school.

August 30

Mr. Allen Weldy, the Director of Attendance, stopped in a little on his way home from Pennsylvania. It seemed good to see him again.

The rainy weather we had today caused the flies to come in. It's a good thing I have screens on my windows. The little children had fun playing store down in my basement.

August 31

It was a little cool in here this morning. The teacher made a fire to take the chill from the room.

The stomach flu is still making its round. One of the second graders, Samuel Wingard, got the flu bug too and went home this noon. I hope that's the end of it.

September 1

Something else for variety. Henry Lehman, a third grader, was hit with a softball which caused his eye to swell considerably. His teacher had him apply cold packs to reduce the swelling.

Well, today all the desks were filled. Dan Millers are back from their trip and their three children enrolled today.

This evening the teachers painted my west blackboard. Last year's paint was worn very thin in some spots. This coat of paint should be satisfactory again.

September 4

I really wasn't going to relate any more happenings here at Plain View. But I just wanted to tell you we had our first visitors today. Ruth and Verna Miller, Christian Day School teachers were here for a visit this afternoon.

Some of the grades had their first Bible lesson this year. Not all of the Bible workbooks have arrived yet.

The first grade was practicing to make numbers. Some of them had quite a time with number eight. The chalk just wanted to go the wrong way. But after several tries, it went much easier.

This about sums up my ramblings from August 22nd. through September 4th. There would have been many little details to add but why don't you stop in and see those for yourself? My doors are always open for visitors. Yours,

- Plain View School
Middlebury, Ind.

(Submitted by one of the teachers.)

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Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



Aylmer, Ont.

The BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

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VOL. 11; NO.4

Meeting Life Head - On

- By Titus

"Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream. Merrily, merrily, merrily. Life is but a dream." Are these words familiar? They should be. Most of us who attended public grade school sang them countless times in the first and second grades. But did you ever really stop and think what this two-verse song is saying? No, probably not. Neither did I until last May.

In Vicksburg, Michigan there is a small train station. Last spring I was waiting there for the grand Trunk. Meanwhile, a pair of yellow school buses pulled up beside the building. Throngs of young grade school children poured out of the folding doors. Here and there a woman teacher broke the steady stream of youngsters.

Train rides are fun; so, the teachers were taking their pupils on an end-of-the-year outing. They would ride the train from Vicksburg to Battle Creek. At the end of the twenty-four mile excursion, the school buses would be waiting to pick them up.

The group of eighty or more scholars was directed to line up in front of the small station house. To pass the time while waiting for the 1:20 train, the children were told that they would all sing. Two of the teachers stepped in front of the group of restless, jabbering youngsters and directed them in the singing of "If I Had A

Hammer," a popular folk song. This was followed by a more traditional tune, "Row, Row, Row Your Boat."

It was while listening to these high-pitched voices that I realized for the first time just what that "harmless" song was saying: "Life is but a dream." Here was a group of innocent, impressionable children. And what were they being taught? "Life is but a dream."

My heart went out to those children, for as never before I realized what captives they were of their environment. Their teacher was teaching them the "light side" of life. Life is a dream. Life is fun—fun, like going on a train ride for no other reason than the fun of it.

The song the children were singing, I realized, was but a small part of the educative process to which their young minds would be exposed. They would be fed with such other things as patriotic stories or the poem "The Pirate Don Durk of Dowdee," a pirate whose "sins outnumbered one hundred and three," but who is "so gorgeous to see, the pirate Don Durk of Dowdee." Then, in fifth grade they would read stories of the legendary Paul Bunyan and Pecos Bill. Bill would be shown riding his horse through mid-air and roping the sun. Later, they would write the silliest limericks imaginable and be rewarded for it. And when they were older and more sophisticated, they

would read Kipling's "Gunga Din," "You may talk of gin and beer. When you're quartered safe out here..."

Yes, the children would be well educated. Their personalities would be well developed. Their imaginations would be extremely active. And their cultural tastes would have been stimulated. The educative process would be declared a success. The children are now ready to face the world. Yes, they are ready to face the world, a world in which "Life is but a dream!"

Sadly lacking from their education were stories teaching values, touching the seriousness of life—The true life of the world in which they will live. Missing from their educative process were challenging, inspiring, thought-provoking stories and poems.

How are you preparing your pupils? Look at the books that fill your library shelves and the books from which you read to the children after dinner. Do they teach or merely entertain? Look at your schoolroom walls and at the children's art work. Is the emphasis on creativity, imagination, design? If so, you are failing them. Pick up one of your Readers. Open it to the Table of Contents. Next to each title write what the story or poem teaches. Study the list of penciled comments. Isn't something lacking?

Building private schools is only part of the solution to counteracting the valueless and often warped influences of the larger society around us. But if our classrooms are only cultural barriers using the same text books and theories of public education, what have we gained? Separate schools are the first major step in the right direction, but let's take the next step, too. Why not give the children something more to believe in than legends, mysteries, fables, and nonsense? Life is NOT a dream.

Let's prepare the children to meet life head-on, using as our anthem the opening words of Longfellow's "A Psalm of Life:" "Life is REAL, Life is EARNEST. And the grave is not our goal."

— Aylmer, Ontario

* * *

GORDONVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
Amsterdam School
October 19, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to every one in the Name of Christ Jesus, the one whom we trust.

This finds me doing something in which I have had no experience, writing a letter for the

Blackboard Bulletin. I have received this paper for a few years now and I really enjoy it. It is very helpful to me.

This is my first year in teaching school—another new experience I will never forget.

One month gone and eight more to go. So far I have enjoyed teaching. In a time like this a person really realizes how little he knows. I feel we can learn again with the children, or so it is with me.

I have an enrollment of thirty-four pupils, six first graders and nine in the eighth grade.

The older ones have been playing softball (with a little help from the teacher). The younger ones have made a hut, or house as they call it, from twigs and baler twine, or whatever they could find. As I remember back, that was a lot of fun for me too.

The cooler days mean having the furnace running in the morning and sweaters and shoes on the youngsters. Tumbling leaves and soon winter.

How fast has this past year gone? As a schoolgirl my thoughts usually were, "Goody, out of school for the summer!" But fall was here all too soon. School days again, all winter. Then again that time also went fast. Days creep into months and months into years, years into age and age creeps up on us. How many agree?

In closing I extend best wishes to all teachers and parents.

I trust that I can plant something in the hearts of the young children that may be fruitful to the good.

Sincerely,

— Rachel Stoltzfus

* * *

YOU CANNOT SAY "I"

You cannot say the Lord's Prayer
And even once say "I".

You cannot pray the Lord's Prayer
And even once say "My".

Nor can you pray the Lord's Prayer
And not pray for one another;

For when you ask for daily bread
You must include your brother;

For others are included

In each and every plea.

From beginning to the end of it,

It does not once say "Me."

— Selected by Mary Schlabach

* * *

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Each year there is more information to obtain for the annual school Directory, which appears in this issue for the 1967-68 term. Thanks very much to everyone who co-operated so well with this listing, and especially to the persons appointed to gather the information in the states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Indiana.

We hope the Directory can again be of value to our Amish communities — to people who want to visit, write, or contact schools or teachers.

* * *

In this issue an announcement of Pathway's new family paper appears. FAMILY LIFE has been in the planning stage for almost a year, and we hope it will be as well supported as the Blackboard Bulletin and the Ambassador of Peace have been.

The new paper is planned to be a general family paper, covering all points of interest in the lives of our plain people. It will therefore be a bigger paper than either the Bulletin or the Ambassador, which are limited to specific needs. Send in your subscription now to avoid missing the first issue, which should be ready in mid-December.

* * *

There are a large number of new schools again this year. We hope someone from each new district will write a report of their school — how it was built and why, when and where, etc. — and send it to the Bulletin for publication. Let us hear from you. The lessons you have learned while building and opening a new school may help someone else another year.

* * *

The answer to the puzzle in the October issue was TOBACCO. We thought the puzzle was quite difficult, and were amazed at the number of people who solved it without much trouble.

* * *

Inserted as a Supplement to the Bulletin this month is a copy of the first PATHWAY NEWSLETTER. Because of postage and handling problems, it is considerably cheaper to include these with our regular papers rather than to prepare a separate mailing list. In this way some people may

November, 1967

receive two copies, but we suggest they detach the extra copy and hand it to a friend or neighbor who is not acquainted with Pathway.

Advance copies of the newsletter were sent to certain Indiana post offices in the area where David Luthy and Elmo Stoll plan to be trying out some of the stories in our Pathway Readers manuscripts, on school children there. As you will see in their article in this issue, they visited the Amish and Old Order Mennonite schools of the Kitchener, Ontario area several weeks ago, and read stories to them. In this way they hope to spot weak places in the stories, and to get a general idea how the children respond to them.

The Indiana parents who received advance copies of the newsletter will not have one included in their Bulletins.

* * *

The article by Eli Gingerich on vocational schools is indeed worth reading. Vocational schools can become extremely worthwhile if parents, teachers, and children take an interest and plan well. But if they are conducted in a half-hearted way just to comply with the law, how can a blessing rest upon them? The same is true of our other schools.

YOU'RE BEING WATCHED!

Yes, you are. It may be by someone of seemingly little importance, but somewhere, by someone, you're being looked to for an example.

Do you feel small and of little importance? Do you feel like less than nothing? Better get rid of that feeling, for somewhere, someone is watching you, imitating you, admiring you, wishing to be like you. It may be only a small child; it may be one of your friends; it may be a person much older than you; and it may even be someone whom you think dislikes you or is critical of you.

I know this is true for I cannot remember ever meeting anyone who did not have at least one trait that I wished I could acquire.

Yes, you're being watched!

- Selected

Teaching Values In Our Schools

- By Ezra Kanagy

With all these new Amish parochial schools going up these last several years and new school boards being organized, sometimes it's rather hard to strike a medium to satisfy everybody.

We have been used to letting the public run our schools and teach our children, until now we could no longer go along with their system of teaching evolution, science, gym practice, and so forth. Now that we have the responsibility (or opportunity) to teach our own children, this is something thrown or thrust on us who are inexperienced. To get a group working together on something new, we realize there may be about as many opinions as there are faces, on how this should be run. If we can blend these opinions together and elect a few directors who are able to find the middle road to take on these material things, then I believe we will have a good start.

But if we get a few set on their opinion and shouting, "It's got to be this way!" and a few set and shouting the opposite, "No, it dare not be so!"—Then it almost takes the wisdom of Solomon to keep the gap from getting wider, or to bring about a peaceable solution.

I'm made to think of the story about the mother who had her aged father to take care of. It took a good bit of her time and she got tired of it, so she turned him out.

When her husband came home that night, he asked, "Where is Father?"

She said, "I turned him out! He takes too much of my time; I have no time left to teach my children Bible stories and to read to them."

Her husband was alarmed and said he couldn't sleep until he found the old man.

"Aw, come on," his wife pleaded. "Let's spend a quiet evening at home together for once, now that we are alone."

But her husband wasn't moved. He went in search of the old man and found him in the minister's home. He didn't go in, but turned and went home. In three months the old man died in the Poor House.

As time went on, the mother read Bible stories and taught her three sons many good lessons. They married, left home, and had families. Before long the woman's husband died. Through some misfortune, she lost all her money except a mortgage she held on a niece's property.

"Well, now," she thought, "my sons will take

me in, for they are taught the Bible." But sad to say, they all three turned her out. She spent the rest of her life with her niece and family, and there she was not welcome.

Now the lesson we can draw from this story is this: We can teach the Bible in our schools, but if there is disunity among the parents, or we might say, a spirit of dissatisfaction with the teacher, or if the Biblical principles of love, forbearing, humility, and self-denial aren't practiced by parents and teacher, then I don't see where any Bible teaching in the school will have too much effect. A child will learn ten times as fast if the Christianity he is taught is also practiced, than he will by being merely being told how to practice it.

Now then, before we begin to teach Bible in our school, I feel we should clean up our own

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP IV

- By David Luthy

Try these nouns! They may be difficult for you!

1. bevy (bev'-ē)—A. drink; B. pew; C. cart; D. flock
2. stevedore (stē'-və-dor)—A. top hat; B. large trunk; C. boat worker; D. mountain climber
3. buckler (buk'-lər)—A. two-edged saw; B. round shield; C. crude hoe; D. automatic fastener
4. beneficiary (ben-ə-fish'-ər-ē)—A. artisan; B. recipient; C. patron; D. well-wisher
5. emporium (em-por'-ē-əm)—A. general store; B. fish hatchery; C. ranger station; D. pharmacy
6. conjecture (kən-jek'-chər)—A. disruption; B. guess; C. removal by force; D. denial
7. adieu (ə-'dōō')—A. moisture; B. nimbus; C. bother; D. farewell
8. glacier (glā'-shər)—A. disease of the eye; B. Alaskan dessert; C. fresh-water lobster; D. mountain of ice
9. criterion (krī-tir'-ē-ən)—A. mosaic design; B. convex lens; C. standard of judgment; D. side railing
10. niche (nich)—A. wall recess; B. dispute; C. hammock; D. hole

Answers on next page

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lives and be an example! It wouldn't be quite fair, would it, to expect our children to be a light for us older people? I sincerely believe where we as parents respect our teachers and school directors, our children will too, and that is one of the first and most successful ways to teach Bible truths to the children.

We should never ridicule our teachers in front of our children if through their inexperience they made a mistake. (Their knees are shaking enough as it is.) But if we are gifted to do so in a humble way, we should help the teacher correct the mistake. In this way we have not only helped the teacher, but our schools too. I believe most of our teachers are glad for constructive criticism, given directly, frankly, and briefly.

Personally, I would hesitate to send my children to a newly-organized school and to an inexperienced teacher, and have them taught in Bible principles and have Scriptures explained, unless we knew the teacher was sound in doctrine and wouldn't conflict with the teaching of the church or parents.

I think most, if not all, of our Amish school teachers do have a period of devotion in the morning; Bible reading (without comment) or Bible stories read, and the Lord's prayer in unison. Spiritual hymns in German or English are also sung. Some schools I know have the ministers in the church taking their turn and every Monday morning have a period of devotion, and give a few words of admonishment or encouragement. All this can be good for our schools and pupils, if done in peace and humility.

I often think of what Menno Simons once wrote, at when there is a misunderstanding, "we should have patience with one another until one or the other receives more enlightenment."

- Belleville, Pennsylvania

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VOCABULARY WORKSHOP ANSWERS

- From preceding page

- 1. bevy: D.flock, esp. of quail; as, We fed the grain to the large bevy of quail. Origin uncertain.
- 2. stevedore: C.boat worker; as, The stevedore was busy at the New York waterfront unloading the cargo from the ship. Spanish estivar, "to stow."
- 3. buckler: B. round shield; as, The knight fastened his protective buckler to his left arm. French boucler, "to bulge."
- 4. beneficiary: B. recipient; as, The orphans were the beneficiaries of the Christmas

- presents. Latin, beneficium, "favor."
- 5. emporium: A. general store; as, The emporium was stocked with anything from soup to nuts. Greek, emporion, "market."
- 6. conjecture: B. guess; as, "That the man stole the furniture is purely a conjecture on my part," said the detective. Latin com "together" and jacere "to throw."
- 7. adieu: D. farewell; as, The children waved adieu to their grandmother in the train window. French adieux, "good-by."
- 8. glacier: D. mountain of ice; as, Greenland appears like one huge glacier. Latin glacies "ice."
- 9. criterion: C. a standard of judgment; as, What is your criterion for whether or not a student passes? Greek krites, "judge."
- 10. niche: A. a wall recess; as, The pagan priest placed the statue of Venus in the niche on the south wall of the temple. French nicher "to nest."

* * *

BULLETIN BOOKSHELF

Special for November - New Pathway Bookstore catalog, listing over 650 items. Should be ready by Nov. 20. If your name is not on the PATHWAY BOOKSTORE mailing list, send for your free copy today.

SUPREME COURT DISMISSES AMISH SCHOOL CASE

The U.S. Supreme Court during the fourth week of October announced that it would not hear the Leroy Garber case, which had been appealed after the Kansas Supreme Court upheld the earlier conviction of Garber in the Reno County courts.

Leroy Garber was charged last year with not sending his daughter to high school after she had completed the eighth grade. She had been attending the local Amish vocational school which had been newly-organized, and at the same time had been taking a high school course by correspondence from The American School.

The reason given for the refusal of the Supreme Court to accept the case was "want of jurisdiction."

The appeal failed by only one vote in getting a Supreme Court hearing. Chief Justice Earl Warren and Associate Justices Wm. E. Douglas and Abe Fortas said the court should have taken the case.

The decision means that the earlier court rulings in Kansas will stand, and in any future legal trouble will undoubtedly be used to support similar cases against the Amish.

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Directory of Schools and Teachers, 1967-68

DELAWARE

<u>Name of School:</u>	<u>Date Founded:</u>	<u>Teacher's Name:</u>	<u>Teacher's Address:</u>	<u>Enrollment:</u>
Apple Grove Amish Parochial (2)	1925	Polly Mae Miller	R. 2, Dover	47
		Effie A. Troyer	R. 2, Dover	
Green Hill	1938	Clara Mast	R. 2, Dover	30

ILLINOIS

Brown		Violet Schrock	Tampico	21
Maple Hill		Eleanor Hostetler	Deer Grove	17
Plainview (2)	1966	Fannie Mae Mast (1, 6-8)	R. 1, B. 171, Arthur	56
		Lovina Miller (2-5)	R. 2, B. 48, Arthur	
Prairie Lane (2)	1967*	Magdalena Otto (3-5, 7-8)	R. 2, Box 90, Arthur	41
		Anna Mae Gingerich (1, 2, 6)	R. 2, Box 90, Arthur	
Swanson		Miriam Miller	Tampico	25

INDIANA

Allen County No. 1 (2)	1959	Mary Ann Eicher (3-5)	R. 1, Grabill	87
		John Zehr (6-8)	R. 1, Grabill	
Allen County Voc.	1964	John Graber	R. 1, Spencerville	8
Alvarado Amish Parochial	1964	Emma N. Schwartz	R. 1, Hamilton	27
Amish Center Parochial (2)	1966	Kanoshia Schmucker	New Haven	64
		Dan Schwartz	New Haven	
Blue Ridge	1966	Wilma Kuhns	R. 2, Shippshewana	25
Borkholder	1951	Mrs. Walter Helmuth	R. 3, Nappanee	56
Cottonwood Grove	1962	Anna Lehman	R. 2, Topeka	31
County Line (2)	1964	Ada Miller	R. 2, Topeka	45
		Wilma Raber	R. 2, Topeka	
East Yoder	1967*	Wilma Yoder	Middlebury	26
Eight Square	1967*	Lydia Schwartz	R. 1, Spencerville	30
Hawpatch (2)	1967*	Edna Miller	R. 1, LaGrange	39
		Ada Miller	R. 1, LaGrange	
		School's address is:	Goshen	
Lincoln No. 2	1962	Jacob Girod	R. 2, Berne	45
Little Acorn	1964	Pollie Miller	R. 4, LaGrange	27
Maple Grove (2)	1963	Idasue Bontrager (1-4)	R. 4, LaGrange	46
		Miriam Gingerich (5-8)	R. 4, LaGrange	
Maple Grove Voc.		Mary Beechy	R. 4, LaGrange	2
Meadow Lane	1967*	Mary Arlene Byler	R. 1, LaGrange	27
Millerview Parochial	1966	Martha Helmuth	R. 4, Kokomo	18
Nappanee Vocational	1964	Richard Hochstetler	R. 1, Bremen	
North Bogard	1966	Judy Survance	Shoals	37
North Side	1967*	Emma Yoder	Shippshewana	28
Parson's Amish (2)	1963	Verna Knepp (1-4)	R. 1, Montgomery	83
		Mrs. Sylvia Marner (5-9)	R. 1, Montgomery	
Plain View (2)	1948	Martha Farmwald (1-4)	R. 1, Middlebury	50
		Wilma Miller	R. 1, Middlebury	
Plainview No. 4	1967*	Annie Schwartz	R. 1, Geneva	31
Pleasant Ridge (2)	1957	Vernon Yoder (1-4)	R. 2, Shippshewana	49
		Aaron Hochstetler	R. 2, Middlebury	
Pleasant Ridge Voc.		Levi Graber	R. 2, Shippshewana	12
Pleasant Valley (2)	1965	Everett Yoder	R. 2, Nappanee	46
		LaMar Hochstetler	R. 2, Milford	

*New Schools

Pleasant Valley No. 5	1967*	Emma M. Hilty	R. 1, Monroe	32
South Bogard (2)	1966	Sara Kathryn Wagler (1-5)	Montgomery	53
		Joan Raber (6-9)	Montgomery	
South East Center (2)	1965	Wilma Jean Yoder	R. 2, Loogootee	63
		Lester Marner	R. 1, Montgomery	
Southwest Parochial (2)	1967*	Martha R. Bontrager (1-4)	R. 1, Middlebury	29
		Edity L. Eash (5-8)	R. 1, Ligonier	
Spring Hill (2)	1965	Elton S. Miller (4-9)	R. 2, Topeka	49
		Fannie Miller (1-3)	R. 2, Topeka	
Sunny Side	1967*	Katie Schrock	R. 4, LaGrange	37
Sunny Side Vocational		Anna Marie Miller	R. 2, Topeka	9
Weldy (2)	1953	Mrs. Elmer L. Hochstetler	R. 2, Nappanee	45
		Levi R. Hochstetler (5-8)	R. 2, Nappanee	
West No. 3	1962	Frieda Golliff	Willshire, Ohio	30
West Yoder (2)	1967*	Edna T. Miller (1-4)	LaGrange	44
		Miss Nina Yoder	Shipshewana	
Winchester No. 1	1962	Ben S. Girod	R. 1, Monroe	45
Woodside	1964	Carrie Kuhns	R. 4, LaGrange	37
Woodside Vocational		Amzie Troyer	LaGrange	4

IOWA

Amish Private No. 1	1961			
Amish School No. 2	1961	Lavina Hershberger	Hazleton	25
Friendship	1966	J. Paul Yoder	Parnell (Kalona area)	32

MARYLAND

Meadow View	1967*	Susie Stoltzfus	R. 2, Mechanicsville	27
Ryceville	1967*	Hannah Byler	R. 2, Mechanicsville	27
Woodburn Hill	1967*	Anna Swarey	R. 2, Mechanicsville	29

MISSOURI

Ash Grove	1957	Katie Petersheim	Clark	22
County Line	1967*	Savilla U. Gingerich	R. 1, Fortuna	20
Haven Hill	1962	Elizabeth Petersheim	Clark	32
Hillside	1967*	Susanna Borntrager	Anabel	17
Judy Flats	1960	Amelia Petersheim	Clark	26
Locust Grove	1967*	Lydia H. Hochstedler	Anabel	22
Macedonia	1957	Mary Yoder	Clark	27
Maple Branch	1948	Ivy N. Lee	R. 3, Bowling Green	23
Meadow View	1953	Martha M. Hershberger	R. 1, Bowling Green	23
Meadow View	1966	Simon Borkholder	Jamesport	19
(New School)	1967*	Fannie S. Borntrager	R. 3, Bowling Green	21
Oak Grove	1966	Katie Yoder	R. 3, Jamesport	22
Plain View	1957	Anna Miller	Clark	27
Pleasant Hill	1966	Amos W. Yoder	Jamesport	22
Pleasant Ridge	1961	Miriam Miller	Clark	22
South District	1967*	Joni Miller	Jamesport	18
West End	1967*	Barbara D. Borntrager	Macon (Jamesport)	7
Woodlawn	1950	Polly A. Borkholder	R. 2, B. 123, Curryville	25

NEW YORK

Axeville	Elizabeth J. Miller	Cattaraugus	35
Flat Iron	Eli J. Yoder	Conewango Valley	44
Gardner	Henry A. Hershberger	Conewango Valley	41
Seager Hill	Barbara L. Shetler	Conewango Valley	37
West Road	Lizzie J. Miller	Conewango Valley	30

OHIO

A. Geauga County

Bundysburg Private	1954	Emma J. Miller	R.2, Middlefield	33
Fox Run	1954	Enos J. Shrock	R.2, Middlefield	57
		Esther A. Miller	R.2, Middlefield	
Hosmer Road	1963	Ray J. Gingerich	R.3, Middlefield	30
Meadow Glow (2)	1965	Levi L. Hershberger (5-8)	R.2, Burton	60
		Barbara Yoder (1-4)	R.1, Chardon	
Meadow Lark (2)	1953	Ida J. Miller (5-8)	Middlefield	48
		Martha Mast (1-4)	Middlefield	
Nash Road Parochial	1965	Wilma Glick	R.2, Burton	21
Nauvoo Country	1963	Katie L. Weaver	R.1, Middlefield	35
Newcomb Road	1963	John Fisher	R.3, Middlefield	33
North Middlefield Private (2)	1967*	Enos J. Schrock	R.2, Middlefield	54
		Esther A. Miller	R.2, Middlefield	
Parkman Parochial	1950	Roman A. Slabaugh	R. 2, Burton	69
		Ada S. Yoder	R. 2, Middlefield	
Pleasant Valley (2)	1952	Ida Detweiler (5-8)	R.1, Middlefield	59
		Sovilla Yoder	R.3, Middlefield	
South Hayes Private	1954	Cora M. Hershberger	R.2, Middlefield	45
		Ida D. Yoder	R.2, Middlefield	
Troy Church Parochial	1958	Monroe R. Schmucker (5-8)	R.2, Burton	56
		Amanda N. Hershberger (1-4)	R.2, Burton	
Valley View	1964	Clarence M.V. Miller	R.2, Middlefield	
		Martha N. Detweiler	R.2, Middlefield	

B. Holmes and Wayne Counties

Anderson	1959	Katie Miller	R.1, Apple Creek	42
Barrs Mill Private (2)	1961	Mr. & Mrs. Mose L. Yoder	R.2, Sugarcreek	49
Beech Grove	1951	Amanda J. Yoder	R.1, Apple Creek	38
Boonetown	1960	Elizabeth D. Troyer	R.2, Fredericksburg	40
Breezeway	1962	Anna J. Miller	R.2, Fredericksburg	39
Brown	1959	Abe J. Miller	R.2, Apple Creek	38
Brush Run	1960	Mary Ann Beachy	R.1, Baltic	36
Buckeye	1961	Susie Yoder	R.1, Baltic Box 40A	39
Center Ridge	1967*	Amanda B. Yoder	R.1, Sugarcreek	26
Cherry Ridge	1954	Fannie C. Schlabach	R.1, Apple Creek	49
Cunningham	1959	Katie Y. Hershberger	R. 2, Apple Creek	45
Doughty Valley	1965	Elizabeth Raber	R.1, Baltic	24
Dublin Private	1955	Katie A. Miller	R.5, Millersburg	29
Elm Grove	1959	Anna S. Miller	R.2, Fredericksburg	19
East Fairview	1966	Anna J. Miller	R.1, Dundee	32
East Saltcreek	1967	Ella Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	30
Fairview	1955	Barbara D. Miller	R.5, Millersburg	26
Fountain Nook	1944	Susie C. Schlabach	R.1, Apple Creek	45
Frease	1959	Katie S. Miller	R. 2, Fredericksburg	35
Green Ridge	1956	Eli M. Yoder	R.1, Baltic	24
Green Valley	1959	Mary E. Yoder	R.5, Millersburg	43
Hickory Ridge	1965	Sarah Ann Miller	R.3, Millersburg	19
Hill Crest	1966	John J. Miller	R.2, Fredericksburg	34
Johnson	1959	Lizzie Ann Nisley	R.2, Apple Creek	42
Knob View	1964	Jonas Nisley	Baltic	36
Leepers	1960	Ella H. Miller	R.2, Fredericksburg	30
Maple Grove (South) (2)	1958	Amanda Nisley (5-8)	R.1, Baltic	50
*New Schools		Lovina Nisley (1-4)	R.1, Baltic	

Maple Grove (North)	1944	Sarah H. Miller	R.2, Fredericksburg	38
Meadow Valley	1958	Anna A. Yoder	R. 2, Dalton	36
New Bunker Hill	1958	Mrs. David Martin	R.2, Dalton	36
North Bunker Hill	1956	Susan Miller	R.5, Millersburg	29
North Sidling Hill	1959	Levi J. Hershberger	R.3, Navarre	26
Oak Grove		Anna Hostetler	R.2, Fredericksburg	19
Oak Grove (2)	1960	Amanda J. Hershberger	R.2, Apple Creek	45
		Anna D. Hershberger, helper		
Oak Ridge	1959	Nora Yoder	R.2, Sugarcreek	32
Pleasant View	1947	Rebecca Hershberger	R.2, Apple Creek	37
Pleasant View Private	1960	Ella Swartzentruber	R.2, Fredericksburg	27
Rock Ridge	1958			
Shady Grove	1967*	Elizabeth Miller	R.2, Shreve	19
South Bunker Hill	1964	Rob R. Schlabach	R.5, Millersburg	35
South Mt. Hope (2)	1959	Fannie E. Yoder	R.1, Baltic	43
		Irene Steiner	R.1, Dalton	
South Sidling Hill	1954	Jonas J. Swartzentruber	R.3, Navarre	18
Spring Brook	1950	Lydia J. Miller	R.2, Fredericksburg	39
Stone Hill	1967*	Susie Mast	R.2, Orrville	40
Stony Point	1960	Levi M. Beachy	R.2, Sugarcreek	19
Sunny Slope	1960	Mary W. Weaver	R.2, Fredericksburg	17
Sunny View	1960	Fannie Lehman	R.2, Fredericksburg	30
Troyer Ridge	1966	Fannie Nisley	R.4, Millersburg	26
Valley View	1966	Ruth Anderson	R.1, Holmesville	27
Walnut Grove	1966	Mose C. Wengerd	R.2, Millersburg	32
Weaver Ridge	1961	Verna A. Miller	R.5, Millersburg	30
Woodland (2)	1962	Martha Byler	R.2, Fredericksburg	42
		Anna Byler	R.1, Fredericksburg	

C. Miscellaneous

Dividing Ridge	1962	Raymond A. Kober	R.2, Greenwich	31
Franklin Christian Day	1965	Fannie Schwartz	R.1, Jackson	4
Kimmel Christian Day	1950	Paul Byler	Hartville	17
Lakeville Parochial	1962	Elizabeth Miller	R.1, Lakeville	30
Meadow Brook	1959	Ellen Breneman	R.4, Ashland	33
Oak Grove	1963	Abe A. Troyer	R.1, Plain City	33
Pine Grove	1964	Andy C. Miller	R.2, Butler	16
Pine Grove	1965	Anna D. Miller	Greenwich	30
Walnut Grove (2)	1951	Martha Gingerich	Hartville	41
		Miriam Hostetler	Hartville	

ONTARIO

Amish Parochial No. 1	1966	Esther Kuepfer	R.1, Linwood	20
Aylmer (2)	1953	David Hostetler (4-8)	R.4, Aylmer	50
		Magdalena Eicher (1-3)	R.4, Aylmer	
Cedar Grove No. 1	1966	Florence Zehr	R.1, Millbank	15
Cedar Grove No. 2	1967*	Mary Kuepfer	R.1, Linwood	17
Hillcrest	1967*	Amos J. Gingerich	R.1, Desboro	35
Lakedale	1967*	Ben J. Gingerich	R.1, Desboro	37
Mapledell (2)	1961	Clifford M. Robinson	R.1, Norwich	50
		Ella L. Miller	R.R., Springford	
Miller's	1960	Daniel L. Stutzman	R.1, Ostrander	30

PENNSYLVANIA

Lancaster and Lebanon Counties

Amsterdam	1967*	Rachel Stoltzfus	R.1, Gordonville	34
Bartville	1966	Mattie Smoker	R.1, Kirkwood	39

Belmont	1955	Rebecca Beiler	R.1, Ronks	29
Brick Parochial	1948	Annie Beiler	Kirkwood	36
Buena Vista	1967*	Katie King	R.4, Lancaster	38
Byerstown	1967*	Sarah Stoltzfus	R.1, Kinzers	21
Centerville	1967*	Susie Petersheim	R.1, Gordonville	38
Cherry Lane (Leb.)	1949	Susie Lapp	R.1, Myerstown	22
Cherry Lane (Lanc.)	1964	Mary H. Fisher	R.1, Ronks	43
Chestnut Hill	1965	Sarah S. Stoltzfus	Kirkwood	25
Clearview	1956	Saloma Lapp	R.1, Ronks	48
Deer Hollow	1967*	Emma Stoltzfus	R.1, Leola	21
Fairview	1960	Thelma King	R.2, Honeybrook	36
Farview	1953	Rachel Petersheim	R.4, Lancaster	48
Fishers	1957	Annie Stoltzfus	R.1, Kinzers	29
Green Tree	1954	Susie King	R.1, Ronks	32
Harristo Wn	1955	Annie S. Fisher	R.1, Paradise	30
Hawksville	1962	Fannie King	R.3, Quarryville	35
Hollow	1966	Lydia Fisher	R.1, Honeybrook	40
Iva	1955	Barbara E. King	R.1, Gordonville	21
Muddy Run	1967*	Nancy Lapp	R.1, Gordonville	32
Nacetown	1966	Marlene B. Nolt	R.3, Myerstown	17
New Milltown	1965	Fannie Stoltzfus	R.1, Kinzers	33
Newport	1960	Mrs. Mildred S. Emrey	Honeybrook	29
Nickel Mines	1957	Emma Miller	R.1, Paradise	37
Oak Grove	1939	Nancy Esch	R.4, Lancaster	44
Pine Crest	1961	Lydia S. Beiler (Enos)	R.1, Leola	36
Pine Grove	1966	Sarah S. Beiler	R.1, Ronks	24
Pleasant View	1938	Lydia F. Beiler	R.1, Ronks	36
Rocky Ledge	1964	Moses K. Lapp	R.2, Myerstown	18
Stony Hill	1965	Lydia S. Beiler (Crist)	Leola	38
Union	1960	Rebecca Stoltzfus	Oxford	37
Valley Road	1958	Rebecca King	R.1, Christiana	30
W. Brandywine (2)	1967*	Sarah Stoltzfus	R.2, Coatesville	60
		Suvilla Kauffman	R.2, Honeybrook	

Mifflin and Juniata Counties

Clearview	1951	Lydia S. Wengerd	Belleville	35
Mountainview	1960	Ella B. Peachey	Belleville	35
Sunnyside	1965	Lizzie R. Yoder	Belleville	37
Waynesburg	1951	Catherine M. Swarey	Belleville	30
White Hall	1953	Hettie Mary Peachey	Star Rt., Belleville	37
Black Rock Parochial	1964	Valentine T. Petersheim	R.2, Mifflintown	20
Kurtz Valley	1954	Mollie Renno	R.2, Mifflintown	25
Laurel Run	1961	Elizabeth I. Peachey	Mifflintown, R.D.	18
Valley View	1966	Amelia King	Belleville	
		Mary Yoder		
		Alvin Stoll		

Miscellaneous

Elk Creek (Centre Co.)	1967*	Rachel Stoltzfus	R.2, Millheim	8
Fairview (Adams Co.)	1964	Mrs. Mose Stoltzfus	R.1, Gettysburg	47
		Sarah Stoltzfus	R.5, Gettysburg	
Oak Grove (Indiana Co.)	1964	Esther Hershberger	R.1, Smicksburg	38
		Martha Byler	R.1, Smicksburg	
Krouse Amish (Snyder Co.)	1955	Mrs. David Peachey	Selinsgrove	24
Perry Township		Lydia T. Schwartz	Mt. Pleasant Mills	31
Old Order Cross Roads	1966	Nancy Brenneman	Springs	10

*New Schools

Summit Mills	1966	Cora E. Brenneman	R.1, Meyersdale	8
Indian Run	1962	Emma Shetler	New Wilmington	
No. 8 (Zuver) 2	1956	Mr. and Mrs. Eli Kurtz	New Wilmington	47
South Parochial	1950	Jonas B. Byler	R.4, Mercer	46
Valley View	1967*	Mary Troyer	R.2, LeRaysville	10

VIRGINIA

Amish Mennonite Christian	1966	James Hershberger (8-10)	Stuarts Draft	109
Day School (4)		Edna Yutzy (6-7)	Stuarts Draft	
		Mary Beiler (3-5)	Stuarts Draft	
		Ida Miller (1-3)	Fishersville	

WISCONSIN

Golden Willow	1960	Millie Otto, Amelia Hochstetler		39
Hillside	1960	Martha Schmucker	R.3, Medford	36
Poplar Grove	1964	Mrs. Joe E. Miller		28
North Clinton	1966	Andy G. Miller	Cashton	26
South Clinton No. 1	1966	Menno J. Schmucker	Cashton	31
South Clinton No. 2	1967*	Kathryn L. Miller	Cashton	14

* * * * *

OLD ORDER MENNONITE SCHOOLS

ONTARIO

Balsam Grove Parochial	1966	Isaac Horst	R.1, Elmira	18
East Heidleberg	1967*	Salome Rudy	R.1, Waterlob	34
Jerusalem Parochial	1967*	Annie Weber	R.2, Elmira	23
Beechvale	1966	Amos Sherk	R.1, Linwood	25
North Woolwich	1967*	Esther Frey	R.1, Elmira	26
Red Hill Parochial	1966	James Bauman	Wallenstein	27
Winterbourne	1966	Selina B. Bowman	R.2, W. Montrose	22
South Woolwich	1966	Susannah Shantz	R.2, Waterloo	24
Winfield Parochial	1966	Hannah Horst	R.2, Drayton	18
Martin's Parochial	1966	George R. Martin	R.2, W. Montrose	19
Yatton Menn. Parochial	1967*	Lovina Martin	R.4, Elmira	26

PENNSYLVANIA

Conestoga View		Caroline Eberly	R.1, Stevens	34
Milbach Springs		Anna E. Weaver	R.1, Myerstown	28
Millport Christian Day		Bertha Sensenig (1-4)	889 E. Main St., Ephrata	35
Pleasant Valley		Annie Brubacher	R.1, Narvon	34
Sunnyside		Laura Z. Martin	R.1, Millmont	20
Sheaffers		Anna Reiff	R.1, Leola	41
Goods		Eva Nolt	R.1, Leola	25
Sunnyside East		Martha Nolt	R.1, Leola	34
East Penn		Mildred Shirk	R.2, Kutztown	30
Wide Hollow		Emma Z. Martin	R.1, New Holland	30
Bridgeville Road		John B. Martin	R.1, Narvon	33
Martindale		Barbara Hoover	R.2, Ephrata	30
Metzlers		Mary Huyard	R.1, New Holland	35
Chestnut Hill		Laura N. Martin	R.1, Denver	30
Linden Grove.		Mary Zimmerman	R.1, East Earl	
White Oak		Selestia Weaver	R.1, Narvon	
Center Grove		Ada Hoover	R.1, New Holland	
Napierville		Vera Hoover	R.1, Stevens	41
West Penn Valley		Alta Weaver	Fleetwood	

*New Schools

Mount Airy	Ida Martin	R.1, Ephrata	
Reidenbachs	Edna Hoover	R.1, Stevens	
West Terre Hill	Mary Martin	R.1, New Holland	
Goods	Lena Hoover	R.1, East Earl	
Diamond Road	Mrs. Weaver Hurst		
Countryside School	David T. Yoder	R.2, Myerstown	13
	<u>MARYLAND</u>		
Loveville (2)	Mary Stauffer (1-3)	Loveville	29
	Norma Weaver (4-8)	Loveville	

AUTUMN

- By Harvey N. Schrock

Greetings in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Autumn is here again, the third season of the year. It is also a season of increase, as we harvest various crops of which we sowed a few seeds last spring. Looks like a bountiful crop, too.

Autumn is the time to send the children back to school. Our five children, along with thirty-six other children, are going to Prairie Lane Parochial School. This is a new school which took many hours of labor and planning.

There was much effort put forth by all age groups in making it possible to open a new school. Opening day was September 13.

We have a school board consisting of three members; Merle A. Gingerich, Ervin J. Yoder, and myself. Three members were selected as a building committee: Fred D. Schrock, John Anderson, and Levi J. D. Hershberger.

The school was built on Ben Kuhn's farm, four miles east of Plain View School. It is a two-room school, 28' x 52', with basement and indoor toilets. It has a studding frame with brick veneer. Each room has twelve windows. Our water supply comes from a cased well. An elevated supply tank is being used.

Anna Mae Gingerich, Arthur, Ill, and Magdalena Otto, Nappanee, Ind. (present address, Arthur, Ill., R. 2) are employed as teachers. They are busy and seem dedicated to their task. I feel this is rewarding for them as well as the parents and children, and church. All this we should be thankful for.

Today the teachers and children made a trip to the woods by way of team and wagon. This is relaxing to the human mind; also a way to see

nature first-hand. We feel a great responsibility to teach our own children. Prayers are needed and visitors are welcome.

- Arthur, Illinois

* * *

MY MEMORIES OF TEACHING

- Mrs. Milo Yoder

The years have gone by since that evening when I was husking corn with the young folks and someone came with the word, "There is a man at the house who wants to talk to you."

Naturally, that had me guessing. The man was one of our school directors, and there in front of all those young folks, he asked me to teach school. It seemed he did not want no for an answer.

I felt at a loss to know how to go about it. One thing that was a big help was the other teacher who taught in the same schoolhouse, behind a temporary partition. This partition was not too great a success, for the noise of the younger ones carried to my room, which was quite annoying at times.

But there were also advantages. One boy from the other room would come in from recesses earlier than the rest, and would come to talk to me. Some of his acts left me laughing, and I was reminded of the saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

I always enjoyed reading a chapter from the Bible to the pupils, and regretted when the time came to put the Bible away.

I still have fond memories of the children I taught. I wish I could do as well as they did. I think each one taught me a lesson—some in obedience, some in willingness and cheerfulness.

- Oakland, Maryland

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SUPPLEMENT

to The Blackboard Bulletin November, 1967



NUMBER ONE

AUTUMN ISSUE , 1967

A REVIEW OF THE PAST YEAR

It's been a busy year here at Pathway. Yet when we look back it's amazing how little we actually have accomplished. But life is like that, it seems, mostly getting ready.

To begin with, we moved into our new print shop on the second of January. (We spent most of last year getting ready for that!). Although it was far from completed, Bertha Kauffman and Lydia Nissley moved into the building and set up housekeeping. The first several months were spent in putting the finishing touches on the building and getting things lined up to take care of the Pathway business there. About the time everything was going smoothly, Bertha left us to get married to Alva Stoll. It was hard to see her go but we were glad that she was happy with her new position. She was always a good dependable worker.

A hydraulic system was installed in the new building to run the machinery and a diesel motor to furnish the power. Although there were a few kinks to iron out, the system has proven to be very practical and to serve our needs. The diesel motor needed more overhauling than we had anticipated. Although we had bought it to be in No. 1 shape, it turned out to be anything but. Jake took it apart so often that he could almost do it without looking. In spite of all this extra work the Bulletin and Ambassador were usually on time, and never more than a few days late.

Probably no one appreciates the new print shop more than Jake Eicher. He does the printing and operates most of the other machinery.

After working in a crowded, poorly lighted room in the shed for nearly three years, it was almost as much difference as between night and day to get into a well-lighted building with enough room to turn around in.

With the new building came a number of pieces of equipment, which we secured second-hand from various places. A Baum folder was bought at Cleveland, and has proven a big time-saver. Although the machine was about ten years old, it had never been used much. The sheets for the Bulletin and Ambassador are folded at rates up to 25,000 per hour but not without problems. Omar Eicher seems to be the only one who can coax the machine to operate at top efficiency but when he does, it's something to see.

A gathering machine with stapler was purchased at Detroit (not long before the rioting broke out). This has made it possible to assemble and get the Ambassador and Bulletin out

For some time we have been considering this newsletter, and now the first issue has been printed. We are planning to print such a letter every three months, four times a year—Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter.

The idea of a newsletter is to keep the readers informed what we are doing at Pathway, what we have planned, and what needs to be done. There will be chats about common everyday happenings at the print shop, the day by day chores that are also necessary to keep the papers and books coming to you"

with less help than was formerly needed. This is an old machine, and well-built, but required several months of operation before it began performing satisfactorily. When the building was planned no one thought about such a machine (it is 26 feet long). Consequently we had trouble in finding a place to park it, and ended up by putting it in the main printing room where it sticks out like a sore thumb.

After Bertha quit, Elizabeth Miller and Wilma Marner helped for a few months during the spring.

In May, Annie M. Yoder from Oakland, Maryland arrived to help full time at the shop. She had formerly taught school in Delaware. Annie and Lydia Nissley took care of the work at the print shop until Lydia took sick in July. After several trips to the hospital, she underwent an operation on July 12th. She was soon back at work again, perhaps too soon, before she was fully able to do so.

During Lydia's illness, the Jacob Eicher family assisted in the book work and keeping records. Lydia, (Jacob's wife), Magdalena and Martha have all helped quite a bit and can go on with the work when necessary.

In July Ella Beachy of Kalona, Iowa arrived, and has been helping in the office and wherever needed.

During the summer David Luthy, an Amish school teacher from Shipshewana, Indiana, joined the workers at Pathway. He and Elmo Stoll, who is a younger brother to Joe, have been busy most of the summer on the Pathway Readers. They both also do writing for other Pathway publications.

PROJECTS:

Our main work at the print shop during the past year has been printing and mailing the Blackboard Bulletin and the Ambassador of Peace. The Ambassador is usually mailed out on the tenth of each month and the Bulletin on the fifteenth. The size of both papers has been as high as 36 pages. Right now we are printing 5,000 copies of the Ambassador every month and 3,500 Bulletins.

During the past year we have printed a number of booklets, including CHRISTIAN DISCIPLINE; DRESS, A BRIEF TREATISE; KINDER-LIEDER; and CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Larger books which we published but did not print, include DIETRICH PHILLIP HANDBOOK; NEUES TESTAMENT UND PSALMEN; MARTYRER SPIEGEL; TITUS, A COMRADE OF THE CROSS; CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD; and DEVOTED CHRISTIAN PRAYERBOOK. These books were printed and bound for us by a large

company at Grand Rapids, Michigan. We do not have the facilities to make and bind a hard-cover book ourselves.

FUTURE PROJECTS:

Two major projects are in the making now, as well as a number of smaller ones. Right now we are devoting a lot of time to the Pathway Readers for grades 5, 6, 7, and 8. This has proven to be more of a job than we had expected. Joe Stoll worked alone during the summer of 1966. At that time we had hopes of having some of these books completed by the fall of 1967. After spending several good months on this project, Joe was sidetracked into other work and the Readers were left lying during the winter and spring months.

However, things came back to life again with a bang this past summer when David Luthy and Elmo Stoll worked steady at the job, and Joe helped when he had time. These three spent many hours searching out stories from nearly three hundred readers and other books to find material. They have gone a long ways already, but there is still much work to be done.

Elsewhere in this issue are two more letters on the readers, telling just why and what is being done, and of some of the problems we are facing.

The male workers at Pathway receive the minimum standard wage of \$1.25 an hour. Though some time is donated, the labor bills do add up.

The girls who help at the publishing house work on a semi-voluntary basis, receiving a living allowance.

The second major project which is being undertaken is the publication of a general family magazine. We have decided to call it FAMILY LIFE and we hope to have something for every member of the family. This will be a good-sized magazine and a good-sized undertaking, as we hope to get this magazine into the homes of all our plain peoples. It will not be a strictly religious magazine, although it will have religious articles, perhaps both in English and German. There will be news and news comments, nature articles, a children's page, feature articles, women's pages, shut-in's page, etc.

We have been planning for this magazine for the past year, and we expect to start with the January Issue, to appear the middle of December. It will be widely advertised beginning in the November issues of the Bulletin and Ambassador, and later in the Budget.

We have been fortunate to have Sarah M. Weaver with us since August. Although she is confined to the wheelchair, she has been very

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active in preparing materials for the first issues of **FAMILY LIFE**, as well as for the **Ambassador** and **Bulletin**. She has also drawn some sketches for the Readers and for other books we are printing.

Other books which are to be released in December or early in 1968 include **THE BROKEN BOTTLE**, a book on the curse of strong drink, "1300 SELECT SAYINGS," **THE DRUMMER'S WIFE**, a book of stories based on Martyr times, and an allegory called "The Great Wedding Feast."

All in all we must say it has been a busy year. First of all we feel thankful to God who has blessed us with many spiritual and material blessings, even more than we had dared to hope. Secondly we wish to thank each individual who has taken an interest in our work in any way. Without your help, best wishes and prayers, we could not have done anything. "Let us not lose heart in doing good for in due time we shall reap if we do not grow weary." Gal. 6: 9.

- David Wagler

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THE CHALLENGE OF THE CHILD

Revised and enlarged edition—270 pages of articles and letters about children and schools. For parents and teachers, or anyone who loves and trains children. Over 60 Amish authors represented. No other book like it. Ask to see a copy today. From your bookseller at \$3.50, or direct from:

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FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

Oct. 21, 1967—

Dear Christian Friends:

Fall's full beauty is past already, but part of it has been brought into the publishing house and is being dried and pressed between the leaves of magazines and if successful it will soon find itself in a "woodland spray", and hanging on the schoolroom walls as well as in the print shop.

This fall has been unusually wet so that our potatoes have not been dug yet. Annie has been watching her chance to dash out into the garden to pick a few precious late beans between showers. There is less work here now, so far as canning is concerned.

But the print shop is far from idle. Pasting is being done on the forthcoming booklet, "The Great Wedding Feast," written by Monroe D. Hochstetler. Sarah has made a few sketches. The 56-page booklet will probably be going to press next week.

Annie came back to Pathway after being in her home at Oakland for about two weeks to attend the wedding of her brother Eli, and Mary Kauffman.

Lydia and her sister Ruth and mother have been in Delaware visiting. She returned to her home at LeRayville, Pa., several weeks ago to get some much-needed rest, and to try and regain more strength. She is one of those girls that is hard to keep down and will not reserve her strength (as we tell her to). Anyway, we will be glad to have her back again.

Ella had been trying to do the work of three when the two girls were gone. She did a good job. Luckily, Sarah's mother (Mrs. Moses C. Yoder) was here at the time to do the cooking—and the housekeeping in general.

This seems to be a specially good climate for fruits, tomatoes, and melons. Jakes have missed some of their watermelons. The thieves are quite bold here—stealing in daytime.

Last Sunday A. M. Joes and family, and his brother Stephen Stoll and family and the Pathway girls were in the woods to enjoy the autumn glory, and also had a picnic. Stephens took us down the farm with Ichabod and the Greyhound (their horse and long topbuggy). It was greatly enjoyed and we had a lovely, sunny day. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Ps. 19:1.

On Thursday Joe and Laura, Abner, Mary and Sarah Stoll, David Luthy, Naomi Wagler, Annie and Sarah were in St. Thomas, in two hospitals for the aged. It was interesting, but pathetic. Old people walking and sitting around, some bedfast, seemingly waiting for the sun to set on their lives.

One 90-year-old lady, wearing a pink cami-sole, was sitting on a chair, her white locks haloed around her face. On her bed was a huge doll, a large flowing pink gown spread around her. The room spoke of luxury—but what a vain show!

Dave brought us a fowl, ready for the pan,

this morning. So we are having a roasted duck for dinner. Ella is the cook today.

We hope this newsletter will bring a good response and that we will be hearing from our friends in the way of letters and material for our publications.

Wishing God's blessings to all. Remember us in prayer.

The Pathway girls—

- Annie Yoder
- Ella Beachy
- Sarah M. Weaver
- (Lydia Nissley)

* * *

FROM THE PRINT ROOM

Those who have visited the Pathway Print Shop know that the building is just south of the Jake Eicher home. Jakes have spent more hours on Pathway work than any other family. Jake is the main printer, builder, and mechanic. Omar prints, too, but he likes to fold even better. Leroy has been real handy putting in partitions and building desks and shelves. Lydia and the girls help wherever and whenever they're needed, and this is worth a lot.

-Editor

In the latter part of 1963, when the Pathway company was being formed, Dave Wagler and Joe Stoll thought it would be good if there was a print shop among the Amish. (Dave had a bookstore, and Joe, as editor of the Blackboard Bulletin, had been printing the paper with a duplicator). They were looking around for a printer, and had written to a few people.

When we found out about it I offered to do it for them. It was decided to set up a print room in our shop, and also decided what kind of machinery would be needed.

In the spring of 1964 we started printing. Our first printings were the Blackboard Bulletin and a book on non-conformity (dress) for Chris Otto, of Illinois. About two years later the Ambassador of Peace was added to the list to be published monthly. Our little shop soon became crowded so in the spring of 1966 we decided to build a larger publishing house.

In the early part of 1967 our building was ready for operation. It is 40 x 60' made of industrial grade, glazed tile blocks, purchased from Canton, Ohio and delivered to us by John Overholt of Stark County. It has two dormers in the roof, giving us two rooms 16' x 20' and two rooms 19' x 20' upstairs. Some of the rooms have been divided into smaller rooms, as needed.

For power we have a T D 5 diesel motor which drives 4 hydraulic pumps. These pumps

force oil through pipes underneath the cement floor to the motors of each machine to be run, namely, 2 presses, a folder machine, a paper cutter, a type-setting machine, a gathering and stitching machine and a letter press. From a line shaft we run an arc welding generator to burn plates, but instead of using welding rods, we use carbon arc rods which produce a light sufficient to "burn" the plates. When we started burning plates we followed the directions carefully and had good success at first. Soon afterwards we started having trouble. We called the service man out. As soon as he came he said, "There's your trouble; you have exposed the plates to sunlight before they were used." The plates are to be kept inside the wrapper until ready to be used. After doing it that way we have had good success. Seems we can continually learn something new.

Sometime ago when I was printing, a lady stood by watching the press click it off at the rate of 110 per minute. Soon she made the remark "nothing to it." If she would have been here several days later when I had the line shaft laying on the floor, taking off and putting on bearings and pulleys for a dozen belts, or when we had the motor on the operating table with the innards strewn around, she might have thought there was something to it after all.

At present there are 4 girls working in the publishing house, namely, Lydia Nissley, Annie

Yoder, Ella Beachy, and Sarah Weaver. Sarah is on the wheelchair. Since these girls are away from home, we decided it is our duty to see that they have a way to go to church and to the singings, etc. Our buggies didn't have a door large enough to accommodate Sarah's wheelchair, so we built one to suit, as we needed another one anyway.

Our aim in this company is to put out literature that is up-building, for much that is written today is degrading.

After the Ambassador of Peace was started, our family, including Magdalena, took care of the subscriptions. It was interesting work but as the subscriptions increased the work was too much for us, so we hired girls for the publishing house and turned it over to them. Magdalena is now teaching her second year of school. She has the lower grades.

- Jake and Lydia Eicher and family

* * *

NEWS FROM LAGRANGE

The book orders usually slow down during the summer months, so this past summer we put up a building to store the books in. Usually four or five thousand copies of a book are printed in a printing, and these take up a lot of room. We had bought an old milk truck body to store some in, but our washhouse and part of the barn were also filled with books. For this reason we decided to build a warehouse.

We also needed rooming quarters for the school teachers, as well as a shop, so we put up a building for all three purposes. Perhaps it would also be large enough to take care of a teachers' meeting.

It is made of concrete blocks and we hope to have enough room to store the books where we can get them conveniently. During the winter months we send out many packages to dealers all over the United States.

Sometimes we meet unexpected problems. We sold a large number of the Martyrer Spiegel to the Old Mennonites in Mexico. But when we sent them by mail, the government asked for more duty than the books were worth. However, they are letting them go through now without any duty.

The Mennonites in Mexico do not read English. They only use German and Spanish. Some time ago when we printed the VOLLSTAENDIGE WERKE MENNO SIMONS, they took half the printing in Mexico.

Sending out books is interesting, even if it takes a lot of time.

Levi Lambrichts and John
R.4 Box 266, LaGrange, Ind. 45761

* * *

THE READERS PROJECT

As Dave has mentioned in his "Review of the Past Year", one of the biggest projects we're working on now is the Pathway Readers for grades 5-8. In fact, it's not very correct to say, "One of the biggest," for it is the biggest.

The project is turning out to be quite a bit bigger than we had expected, for several reasons. One reason is simply that we hadn't realized the average reader has 500 pages, which is twice as big as the average of our books so far. A second reason is that it hasn't been so easy to find material as we had expected.

The project sounded simple enough. We figured most readers had a dozen or so good selections in them, especially the older ones of a hundred years ago, such as the McGuffey's. All we would need to do was to collect a stack of readers, old and new, and page through them for the really good ones; then compile these stories and poems in books of our own.

Well, it hasn't been quite that simple. First of all, a search of the readers in use today turned up very little of value. In fact, it was hard to believe that big books of 600 and 700 pages rarely had more than one or two stories, and many had none at all! But it is true! This was discouraging, in one sense, but at the same time it showed us the NEED for our own Readers in a way that nothing else could.

We were in for another disappointment when we looked through the stacks of old dog-eared readers from Grandfather's day. True, many of these readers had stories with high morals, or that taught a lesson. (At the same time, many taught only patriotism or war.) We will be using many of these old stories and poems, but a lot of hard work has been necessary to put them into present-day language and style.

I worked on the readers myself during the summer and fall of 1966. Then in June of this year, our "editorial board" was enlarged to three when David Luthy and my younger brother, Elmo, joined me. Both of them taught school last year, David near Shipshewana, Indiana and Elmo at Wellesley, Ontario, and this experience has helped them a great deal. Our work this summer and fall has been mostly editing and re-writing of stories.

But part of the time has been spent in trying to get copyright permission on some of the stories and poems. Each one of us now knows how frustrating a task this can be, for copyrights change hands again and again, or they are lost and forgotten, and no-one knows who

owns what (though they always have a suggestion who might own it.)

And we have also learned that the publishing trade has no standard procedure on permissions and copyrights. We never know whether a poem or story will be free (and welcome to it), or whether we will be sent a contract four pages long, asking \$150 for a story! In the latter case, we quickly decide we didn't want that story anyhow!

But all fun aside, for we are often painfully conscious of what an enormous task this is, how important and crucial it is, and how much wisdom is required to select and correct, edit and rewrite the kind of stories we really want—stories that are uplifting, that teach a lesson, and belong to Christian schools.

I mentioned that this is Pathway's biggest project to date. This is not only because of what it will cost, but also in terms of its potential, the effect for good it may have on our children. For this reason we certainly ask that you remember us in prayer, that the finished Readers can be what our children need.

The three of us have spent many long and enjoyable hours working together. Sometimes the work seemed to go discouragingly slow, and indeed, we are still far from finished, but we are beginning to see our way through. We are hoping, the Lord willing, to have the set of four books (Grades 5-8) ready in time for school opening next fall. But in order to do so we will have to follow a close schedule, and there will be some typesetting and printing bills to meet.

Which brings us to the hard facts of life. When this project was discussed with school leaders and board members in several states a year and a half ago, I assured them Pathway could produce readers at competitive prices. By selling some copies to homes for library use, we may still be able to come close. But there definitely will be a deficit. The typesetting alone will cost \$4.00 a page, so if you're any good at arithmetic, you can soon see that this will run into money.

We feel our price to schools should stay in line with what other readers cost, and the only way this will be possible will be through donations from interested supporters. This is not begging, for they are no more our readers than they are your readers.

If you would care to know more about the project, or have questions to ask, feel free to do so. We would also be glad for any suggestions or helpful criticism you have.

Those of you who were at the teacher's meeting in August will remember the little booklet of objectionable pictures and stories that had been

clipped from reading books. More than one person has told us what an eye-opener this was to them. The following challenging article, "The Pathway Readers", may be the same.

- Joe Stoll

* * *

THE PATHWAY READERS

Let's pretend for the next few minutes. Suppose that twenty years ago our plain people were required to attend public churches located in the middle of towns. There they would be taught **by public ministers, use a public prayer book**, and follow a form of public worship. How long would we have retained our distinctive Scriptural beliefs under such an influence?

Suppose that one day some of our people saw the dangers of such a system and refused to attend the public church any more. They came together in their own private groups. Can you imagine these people, now freed from the corrupting influences, still using the public form of worship, the public prayer book, and inviting the public ministers to come preach to them? Absurd, isn't it! All they would have attained would be separation; as if just being away from other people would make them better.

But haven't we done something similar with our private schools? Twenty years ago the majority of our children were attending public schools. Now there are almost two hundred private plain schools. We have separation. But aren't we still using public school methods and books? In fact, sometimes we clap our hands with joy when a public school packages up some books and gives them to us, free. Are private schools enough? Of course not; they are but going half-way. At least half of the "bad influence" of public schools is still present because of the "valueless" quality of our readers and library books.

Just how bad an influence on children's minds are the readers the world has to offer? At random I have picked an eighth grade reader from the two hundred on Pathway's bookshelves. Let's look it over.

The conclusion to the Preface of BEACON LIGHTS OF LITERATURE, Grade Eight, 1937, reads: "(Our reader) provides all that teachers and pupils desire and need in the year's reading program. The publishers and editor present this book with the confidence that for a host of boys and girls, it will open new worlds in which beauty and adventure beckon the eager reader."

Did you see the word "lesson" anywhere in

their statement of purpose? Did they mention anything about "values, morals, or truths"? What did they promise? Ah, yes, that their book would "open new worlds in which beauty and adventure beckon the eager reader."

The publishers and editor of BEACON LIGHTS OF LITERATURE did not lie to us. One has only to look at their Table of Contents to see that. The first unit is "Thrills and Adventures", followed by "On the Wings of Fancy" (Fairy Tales). Other unit headings are: "The World Moves Forward" (Inventions); "Humorous Tales and Verses", "On the Stage", (Plays); and "It's a Mystery". There are even two ten-page sections at the end of the book entitled "Appreciating Motion Pictures" and "Appreciating Radio Broadcasts".

After looking over the forty-six stories in the reader, I found a dozen which were basically not offensive; but only two really taught a lesson, and then not very clearly. Of the thirty-four poems, only two taught a lesson, and a few others were about nature. This reader might be acceptable for public schools, but it is greatly out of place in our schools.

This reader is by no means exceptional in its structure or purpose. It is exceptional in one respect, however, in that we were able to find two stories and four poems in it worth "considering". This is slightly higher than what we generally find in the readers we search through, both in our collection and in other libraries. It is not uncommon to find nothing of value to us in a reader of four to five hundred pages. The newer editions, which some plain schools are using, are especially weak.

Many people will say, "I realize that the readers being used in our parochial school are a bad influence on our children, but what can we do about it? There just aren't any Christian Readers available." I sympathize with that person, for what he says is true. But, God willing, there will be a set of Christian Readers which will teach lessons, values, and morals. A set of readers which will challenge the child's inner self.

This project has been in the planning stage for some time. This summer we have been making concrete progress toward that goal. Let's take a look at the "purposed" Table of Contents for the grade eight Pathway Reader and see if it is going to fulfill that dire need of a Christian Reader.

Section I is entitled "Our Heritage" and contains four Anabaptist stories, plus a thirteen-page excerpt from NOT REGINA, and a thirteen-page original story, "One Dark Night," dealing with the Jacob Hostetler ordeal. Section

II, "Seeking True Values", contains a selection from PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, an essay on conversation and one on alcohol, a story teaching humility and one teaching friendship. Section III, "People Worth Knowing," has biographies of Menno Simons, William Penn, Christopher Dock, and Fanny Crosby. Section IV, "Thinking of Others", contains an essay on quality, plus six stories teaching: honesty, trust, dedication, courage, appreciation of poor people, and confidence. Section V, "Nature's Wonders", has three essays on icebergs, dawn, and flowers; plus three stories about nature, one of which teaches against evolution. Section VI, "The Way of Love", has five stories which have as their moral, love of others. Section VII, "In Olden Days", has four stories centered in Biblical or early Christian settings. Section VIII, "Home on the Farm," contains two stories and three essays which teach appreciation of the farm. In all the sections there is an intermingling of appropriate poems.

The above selections form two-thirds of the Pathway eighth grade reader; about one third of the needed material is yet to be found. The intended length of the book is five hundred pages. Some of the selections are original; others are adaptations of older material; while some are chapters of books.

Now you have seen what the world has to offer in way of an eighth grade reader and what Pathway hopes to offer. Yes, I say hopes to offer, for the cost of such an undertaking is considerable. It takes exactly the same amount of time and expense to edit a reader that will be printed in 400,000 copies (many public readers reach this number) as it does for just 400, or 4000.

How many copies will we need for our private schools? It is shockingly small. There are approximately 200 schools. On an average they will have fifteen in the upper grades. Multiplied together this gives us a figure of 3,000. Now we must divide this by four (the four upper grades). Our needed number of books for each grade is, then, 750. Hopefully, a thousand or two homes will want a set of the books for their home library.

No publishing house in America can afford to edit a book, pay royalty fees, and pay printing costs when there is a potential market of less than three thousand. Neither can Pathway.

We at Pathway feel, however, that this project is a Must. We must have Readers, in our parochial schools that will influence and shape the lives of our children. Won't you help us with this project?

Each year many plain families send money to foreign projects, orphan homes, and numerous other "charities". I even know of one family donating money to "Boystown", a Catholic home for homeless boys. Can't we spend some of our resources on our own children? What finer way is there to help the youth of today become meaningful church members than to provide them with Christian Readers in grade school?

- D. L.

Donations may be sent to:

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An allegory written by an Amish brother. Somewhat similar to Pilgrim's Progress; deals with the problems our plain people face in the world today.
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* * *

PATHWAY NEWSLETTER
R. R. # 4
AYLMER, ONTARIO, CANADA

PATHWAY BOOKLETS

Over the past few years Pathway has published or reprinted a number of booklets. Have you seen them all? Why not check the list below and send an order to Pathway? (Or if you wish, ask for these booklets at your local bookstore.)

Send to:

PATHWAY PUBLISHING CORP.
-Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

Dress, A Brief Treatise -	\$.25 ea.	_____
Christ's Battle With Pharisees -	50¢	_____
The Two Standards -	.25	_____
Woman's Veiling -	.10	_____
RULES OF A GODLY LIFE -	.25	_____
Zerstoerung Jerusalems -	.50	_____
Tobacco, a Burning Issue -	.	_____
	sample free; \$2.00 / 100	_____
PROBLEMS OF OUR YOUTH		_____
	-15¢ ea.; \$7.50 per 100	_____
Instruction of Youth -	.35	_____
Artickel und Ordnung -	.15	_____
WHO SHALL EDUCATE OUR		_____
CHILDREN? -	.25 ea.; \$10/ 100	_____
Treasures -	.35	_____
Unsound Doctrine Exposed -	.15	_____
Are All Things Lawful? -	.15	_____
KINDERLIEDER -	.30 ea. \$25/100	_____
Christian Discipline, McGrath.	.50	_____
Musical Instruments	.05	_____
Unser Vater Bookmark	.40 doz.	_____
Welt ist nicht mein Heim -	.40 doz.	_____
Heart of the Rose -	.05	_____
Purity of Little Girls -	.05 \$2/100	_____
CONFESSION OF FAITH -	.15	_____
Hoffart und Demuth -	.25	_____
Pathway Postcards - (Ger.)	.35 doz.	_____

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ANNOUNCING :

THE BROKEN BOTTLE

This is Pathway's next big book. One hundred twenty stories on the evils of alcohol & drinks. Some are original stories, and others were collected from many sources. If you want your children to refuse that first drink, be sure they read this book.

(Should be ready by Dec. 1 or soon thereafter. Watch the Pathway papers and the Budget for announcements of release date. This is one book you will not want to miss!)

A big book - \$4.00 each

* * *

Dear Readers,

Aren't these just beautiful days we're having? It seems as if God gives us these extra special fall days to recompense us for taking them away so soon. Not that winter isn't lovely also, in its own way, but what is more rare than autumn's bright blue weather?

Last term I taught at Hollow School. That was my first year in this rewarding work of trying to prepare young hearts, minds, and souls for the school of life. Truly you feel the responsibility more the longer you are at it.

I had a wonderful year last year with the usual ups and downs. But the ups far outweighed the downs, I think. (Or is it that I just remember those better?) I feel this is largely

due to the whole-hearted support I had from parents and directors. I'll take this way to thank them all for everything they have done for me.

I would also like to thank my aunt and former teacher, Lydia F. Beiler. She was my teacher from the first to the eighth grade and I feel honored to have had the privilege to be her pupil. But naturally I did not realize it while still going to school.

When I started teaching I was full of ideas about how I'd go about it. But somehow, before the term was over I found that in about 95% of everything I was using just the system that she had used. The old tried-and-found-true methods.

This year I'm teaching at Belmont school. I have had a very enjoyable year so far.

I will close, wishing God's richest blessings to all.

- Rebecca Beiler

* * *

BIBLE ALPHABET

A is for angels that guard us each day,
God sends to watch over us all of life's way.

B is for Bible, the Book of God's Word,
The greatest message the world ever heard.

C is for courage we need to fight sin,
It is found in the Bible from beginning to end.

D is for Devil like an angel of light
Telling us bad is good and wrong is right.

E is for earth God created in six days
He called it good, as are all His ways.

F is for fire that is reserved for the sinner,
Without God on your side, you're never a winner.

G is for goodness, that grows with God's love,
Preparing lives for a home above.

H is for heaven God prepared for His own,
He wants us to make it our future home.

I is for Israel, the people God chose,
Which spiritually we are, as everyone knows.

J is for Jesus, our Saviour and Friend
The only Mediator between God and men.

K is for king, and Jesus is He,

Who gave His life gladly for you and for me.

L is for Lucifer, once fair of face,
Chief angel in heaven, now fallen from grace.

M is for money to buy and to sell,
But the love of it will lead men to hell.

N is for Noah, who faithful was found,
Safe in the ark when the world was drowned.

O is for the ones we should pray for and bless,
That hate us and mock us when Christ we confess.

P is for perfection; we should try each day.
Christ tells us to be perfect in all we do or say.

Q is for questions that we wonder about;
We'll find the right answers in the Bible, no doubt.

R is for right, God needs men who are bold,
To stand for the right, nor sell it for gold.

S is for Sabbath, the Lord's holy day.
The Sabbath of the commandments, forgotten today.

T is for Ten Commandments that we all should

know,
They must be in our hearts, wherever we go.

U is under the blood where we must go
For our sins to be washed from scarlet to
snow.

V is for virgin, Christ's mother who was Mary,
Blessed among women, our Saviour to carry.

W is for wisdom that God gives to all
Who see that they lack it and earnestly call.

X is the way some must sign their name,
If you couldn't write you would do the same.

Y is for the yearning of a life that is better,
To be found in Christ who fulfilled the law to the
letter.

Z is for the zero hour that man is living in.
Boast not of tomorrow, it may never begin.
- Selected by Rebecca Zook

* * *

ARTHUR, ILLINOIS

A hymn says, "Trust and obey for there's no other way, to be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey." Maybe we could also say, "There is no other way to be happy in school but to trust and obey."

My last B. B. had a stamp on the back telling me my subscription expires and they hope to hear from us. Also inside, the Editor asked for news so I'll do both this time.

In our last P. T. A. Meeting the school patrons decided to build a small house for the teachers to stay in. They have been staying with Dan Otto. I saw in the Budget where they built a small house for the teachers at Middlebury, Ind., so our teachers aren't the only ones who will have a place to stay by themselves. The teachers' house will be paid for by donations and if not enough is raised that way the patrons will be taxed for the rest. Plainview School was all paid for by donated money.

I read in the B. B. that some people don't send their children to parochial schools because it costs too much money. The Bible says that God loves a cheerful giver.

I had a talk with a German Lutheran man and they also have their own schools. He said you can't give your money to God or for His work,

because if you do He'll give it right back to you or have a way for you to make more.

Here's what happened to some people. They gave a large amount to a building project the church was having. These people could have said, "We can't give anything. We are thousands of dollars in debt. Why give for the Lord?"

But as the man said, when you give to God He often gives it back some other way and that is what happened to these people. The Lord blessed them with eleven hundred dollars they didn't expect to get.

The Lord blesses when we give in the right spirit, but I'd say one had better not give just so he will get rich.

- Jonas M. Schrock

* * *

ONTARIO

October 19, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,
Greetings first of all.

I too will try my hand at writing. It is now almost a year since we first heard of the B.B. We were interested in it and ordered it. It is a very interesting paper to me and I feel it has helped me along the way. There are many articles in it which make me feel my mistakes so plainly, but it also helps us to know what solutions other people have found.

The article "Pick Up the Bread" made me think of one of our children quite a few years ago. It was very similar to that. It shows that to teach our children we have to keep at it, not

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* * *

just sometimes or when we have time. We cannot give up if we want to raise them to the will of God.

We have a parochial school since last year and our children attend it. That makes me think, why do we send our children to private schools? We might claim it is so they don't learn worldly things, but is that the real reason? Do we perhaps feel that our children are better than others? Maybe we make our children feel so too.

What is the reason so many are against our own schools? Could it be that they wouldn't want the world to look down on them, or is it money problems? We don't know but if this is what the Lord wants us to have He will surely provide if we trust Him.

There are many trials in this world which we alone cannot conquer. We could sometimes say, "I give up; I can't go any farther." Just recently I heard in a sermon in church that

whatever we do, don't give up, hang on, even if it's only a little that we can manage. As long as we persevere, there is a chance of regaining again.

We have heard time and again that we should follow our convictions. I believe if we would always do that we would have a lot less trouble.

I hope more people will have the urge to write to keep this paper interesting and something to look forward to.

We are having rainy weather this week and the fall glory is disappearing as the nice-colored leaves are tumbling, tumbling down. There is always work to be done in winter so we are glad for winter too. May God be with our schools, teachers, and parents so that they may be a success.

I believe if we have religious reading material, we don't read so much other reading that isn't good for us.

- By a Mother

* * *

Cemetery for Gossip

There are so many types of people living here
upon the earth

Where corruption, evil, strife, and sin have al-
ways had their birth,

And there's one class I would warn against be-
fore it is too late—

A class in which there is involved a certain type
of hate.

And all the people in this class God just won't
tolerate;

They're the folks who like to gossip, undermine,
and under-rate.

They tell stories 'bout their neighbors—stories
that can hurt and mar,

Never knowing if they're false, and never caring
if they are.

Now this is my opinion and I'm sure you will
agree,

That a Christian who will gossip is a thing you'll
never see.

It doesn't seem quite Christian-like, and doesn't
seem to fit

Within the speech of one who wants his lamp all
trimmed and lit.

So, friend, just analyze yourself and see where
you will stand;

Is your speech pure and faultless or is "gos-
siper" your brand?

Are you a cemetery for the gossip of the town,
Or do you like to talk a lot and run your neigh-
bors down?

If someone tells you something, be it true or be
it not,

If it isn't kind, it's better thrown away and left
to rot.

Or better yet, it's better buried underneath the
ground,

To be left there forever in your private gossip
mound.

For gossip is a harmful thing, and wicked, and
untrue,

But if you don't agree with me, I'll tell you what
to do.

Just prick it with the pin of truth and you will
find out soon,

That all that gossip really is, is just a big
balloon.

The devil loves to use it to pollute the Chris-
tian's speech,

And you will be his captive if you stay within his
reach.

So watch your words, my friend, and in your
daily life and walk,

You can be a cemetery for the harmful gossip
talk.

- Selected by Mr. and Mrs. Lester Marner

* * *

WHOM WILL YOU SERVE?

- By Melvin E. Hershberger

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name. Praise, honor and glory to Him who redeemed us by the shedding of His precious blood for our salvation. Oh, may we humble ourselves and die to the desires and lusts of our corrupt and sinful bodies (Adamic nature). Let us renew or regenerate ourselves to a new spiritual body showing forth the image of His glory.

I will try to write a little for this inspiring paper, which we enjoy very much. I especially enjoy such articles as "Sticking to the Truth", "Our Children, the Future Church", and "When He Is Old He will Not Depart From It". I also like the vocabulary workshop.

We want to thank God that there are still teachers who desire to teach boys and girls to live by Bible standards. It saddens our hearts when we hear of ministers and parents who want to leave the Bible and its teaching out of our schools.

What will become of children that are not taught Bible principles and discipline? How do we understand Eph. 6:4? "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." If we as parents and teachers fail our children in this commandment, will we not reap such things as wild parties, violence, cursing, and swearing? Surely this is not from the Father.

I recall the heading of Romans 12 in the German-English Bible, "Godly conduct, the fruit of a godly nature." Such doings as the above cannot be fruits of godliness. As these youngsters and teenagers grow up some will eventually join the church, but do they actually lead a born-again life? "For once you were in darkness, but now you are light in the Lord; walk as children of light—lead the lives of those native born to the Light. For the fruit—the effect, the product—of the Light, the Spirit (consists) in every form of kindly goodness, uprightness of the heart and trueness of life." Eph. 5:8, 9 (Amp.)

Let's not deceive ourselves into thinking that just wearing plain clothes and going to church is enough. "Faith without works is dead." Again, "Godly conduct is the fruit of godly nature."

I recently heard a mother who remarked that

teachers who want to teach Bible with our other education are missionary-minded.

Whether we realize it or not, in one sense we could all be called missionaries. A missionary is a person sent on a mission. A mission is a special duty or function on which someone is sent as a messenger or representative. If we profess to be a Christian, we are obligated by the Word of God to also be Christlike. Yes, you are a missionary. Stop and think. Who are you representing?

I also heard of a mother who said that when she was still at home she was not allowed to read the Bible. So she sometimes read it in secret. Mothers and fathers, let's wake up before it is too late. Let's encourage Bible reading and studying.

I want to encourage the teachers to keep up the good work. Let's strive to bring forth boys and girls that may shine with the gospel light.

I am myself thinking of teaching school. I never thought that I would ever like this, but as we grow older we see a great responsibility before us.

Students, strive to learn with all your heart. Obey the teacher and try to be a good example for other pupils. Be honest in your work. When you grow up to be fathers and mothers you will have something to give to your children that is worthwhile. We must remember that we can't teach someone something that we ourselves do not practice.

We ask your prayers that we might seek to abide in His will. May the Lord bless you all in your work.

- R. 1, Box 205, Goshen, Indiana

* * *

LINES FROM MEADOW GLOW

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings from Meadow Glow School in Geauga County. With October nearly gone and the landscape looking more and more like fall, we are reminded of the Psalmist's words of how the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth the work of His hands. All around us we see nature in its beauty and we must agree with the author of the hymn, "How Great Thou Art!"

With a new term of school underway, Barbara E. Yoder and the writer are busily engaged in steering the ship through uncertain waters. Although we expect storms and waves of problems to confront us, He who stilled the seas on that

voyage hundreds of years ago is still faithful and ready to help those who cry out in distress, "Lord, help us that we perish not."

Memories of earlier teaching years are again brought to mind as we struggle to peacefully guide 58 lively young boys and girls through work and play 7 hours a day, 5 days a week. What a grave responsibility!

How easily these youngsters could be influenced the wrong way. How they trust their teachers, making the work of teaching and leading them so much more serious. The writer has had the experience in the family with children having such a trust in their teacher that they would think of disobeying the parents to please the teacher if it was necessary. (This should not be necessary if both are conscientious in their instructions.)

At Meadow Glow, we have started this term by furnishing all the pupils in the five upper grades with one of the Read, Write, and Color Books, put up and sold by Jonas Nisley of Baltic Ohio 43804. In this book, (put up on one level only) any average pupil in the 4th grade, and even many in lower grades, can read the writing lesson quite readily. Each day we have one lesson read to the pupils by the teacher and they are lessons of interest, good morals, some are even worthwhile Budget articles, comments by

the teacher, worthwhile information on many of our trees, quite a bit on the tornadoes of 1965 through Indiana, and many many more nice, sound, and interesting literature which the pupils then copy on their own sheets of paper. They keep these in their right places in these books. The books come in a notebook binder, of the size of notebook or duplicating paper. Opposite each writing lesson is a nice hand-drawn picture, full page, to color with pencil crayons.

These books are very worthwhile investments for any school, to fill in those extra minutes after the other subjects are taken care of. When there are visitors who are interested in seeing the pupils' writing, the teacher can ask the children to display their writing books, thus showing the care they have taken in their writing lessons. It will also serve as a nice keepsake and handy reference for the pupil long after he is through the eight grades. The price, as stated in the Bulletin before is \$2.00 each. Discounts on quantity orders. For the teachers who find it hard to keep the pupils busy, here is a worthwhile project that fills in nicely, giving the pupil something to treasure in later years.

Wishing all teachers, Bulletin staff, and readers a rewarding year.

- Burton, Ohio 44021

* * *

Today's Children -- Tomorrow's Church

- By a Mother

How much does our title include? It seems like a very large field to us. What do we mean about tomorrow's church, and what does it mean to us? We as parents of little children should not consider it lightly.

What kind of church are we interested in? If we want a church such as the Apostle Paul writes about in Ephesians 5:27, "...a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish," then we have requirements to meet.

To be able to meet these requirements, we must fall on our knees and pray for help and guidance to our Almighty Father, to meet every task, great or small.

Truly, children are a blessing. They come to us pure and clean as heaven itself. Is it not our duty then to guide and instruct them, that they may remain pure, or as nearly as possible for us poor humans?

Solomon in Proverbs 22:6 tells us to "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Why do so many children turn from the true faith when they grow older, or perhaps they never accept it? Is it because they have not been taught and trained in the way they should go when they were young?

The Bible tells us, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." If God had not intended us to use the rod, He would not have instructed us in this way.

How often we see children throw a fit of temper, fall on the floor, kick and scream, because they cannot have their own way. What are our reactions to such a scene? Are we prone to pick them up and show them some nice picture, or maybe offer them a piece of candy to distract their thoughts from the tantrum? Or do

we sometimes just let them kick and scream it out?

Would it not be better to command them in firm but loving tones to get up, and if they do not obey, to pick up the child and apply the rod where it does the most good and will get the desired result—a repentant, obedient child.

But no method will work if we are angry, for anger causes the child to lose respect. We have found that it is better to sit down with the child and explain to him why it is wrong to disobey, and why he must be punished. By the time we have explained this to him, we will probably be so touched that we wish we didn't have to punish him. But we know it is best for him if we do.

If a child knows we punish because we love him, he will respect us for it, and this brings him very close to us. A child does not need to be very old to know whether we are whipping him because we are angry, or because we love him.

Any child will keep on throwing fits if the only punishment (?) he gets is a piece of candy! But a sound whipping rightly applied teaches them something entirely different.

Our experience has been that the best time to teach obedience is in the first year. The younger the child, the easier the lesson. Any child old enough to throw a tantrum is old enough to be punished. Though no two children are alike, we believe the Bible method applies to every child. We as parents must learn when and how to apply

it with each individual.

(Editor's note: May we insert a word of caution? It is sometimes difficult to know when babies are old enough to understand punishment. If it is clearly evident they are not getting the message, it is time to wait a few months. And let us always keep in mind how strong we parents are, and how tender and frail our little children are, lest we do them bodily harm. But this is not likely to happen if we punish in love and not in anger.)

How sad indeed, when parents laugh and joke about a seven or eight month old baby who kicks and screams when he cannot have the scissors or play with the oil stove. Really, are we not being cruel to the child? A year or so later it will take twice as much to make him give up, when a few slaps at this tender age would teach him the same lesson.

Many mothers turn the chimneys of oil stoves around, and put this and that away so baby won't get it. But is this necessary? I have heard mothers say they can't have anything in place or that the furniture is all marked up, or that father has to keep the drawers locked in his desk. Whose fault is it? Can children not be taught to respectfully leave their parents' belongings alone, and to happily play with their own things?

How necessary it is to be consistent! To say no to a child once, and the next time to ignore his disobedience, must be confusing to their little minds. From experience we can say this is very easily neglected, especially when we are busy and several others are tugging at our skirts for attention.

I wonder if our children are as well taught as they should be to show respect to all age groups. If they are allowed to be disrespectful to parents and members of the family, what can we expect outside the home? If they talk back to us, can we expect anything better at school or in the church?

Nor should coaxing be allowed. If parents say "No," children should accept it and not ask again and again. We are, of course, all weak humans, and find it easy to give in to their repeated coaxing. Really, we think they are disappointed in us if we do give in, and it certainly gives reason for the child to doubt the parent's word.

How young can a child be taught to fold his hands in prayer when we are asking the blessing or giving thanks? This can, and should be, taught very young. But are we really being honest if we ask our child to "be pretty" when we intend to pray? Why not tell him we are going to pray and help him fold his hands. What

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOL HOUSE

Little old red brick school house!
Empty it stands and forlorn.
All of its windows are broken,
Doorstep sagging and worn.
Does it miss the noise and confusion
Of each class taking its place?
Miss the smile or studious frown
To be seen on some youthful face?
No more the monotonous droning
Of the morning reading class,
As some youngster some note would pass.
Toilers and Lawyers and Statesman,
Poets and school teachers—Oh!
So many began their school days
In one room like this long ago!
Hours of study and playtime,
Moments of trouble and bliss—
How many look back to early days
In a little red school house like this?

- Selected by a Reader

* * *

a disappointment for the child when he grows old enough to understand, that all this time we were praying while he was only "being pretty."

Another point we feel is worth considering is Titus 2:4, 5. The Living Letters translation brings out the point very clearly, we think: "These older women must train the younger women to live quietly, to love their husbands and their children. And to be sensible and clean-minded, spending their time in their own homes, being obedient to their husbands, so that the Christian faith cannot be spoken against by those who know them."

Why should mothers spend their time in their own homes? Is it not to train up their children in the way they should go? A mother's influence is one of the strongest forces in a child's life. But how can a mother be the good influence she is supposed to be, if she takes her children to another home to be taken care of day after day while she goes to work?

Are the bills marked PAID more important to us than the souls of our children? Certainly, we should be concerned about money, but perhaps there would be other ways. Most of us could be more economical and practical in our homes than we are, and live more simple lives.

We feel we lose many blessings by neglecting our children. They are our children in the sense that God has given them into our keeping, and as long as we are physically able, we should not expect someone else to train them.

We know from experience that to be with a

YOU HAVE YOURSELF TO BLAME

If you squander golden hours
And life to you seems tame
Don't say the age is out of joint—
You have yourself to blame.
If opportunity is near
And you fail to stake your claim
And lose the chance within your grasp—
You have yourself to blame.

If you persist in doing wrong
And suffer sense of shame
As conscience points accusingly—
You have yourself to blame.
If after many years you fail
To make an honored man
The world will merely shrug and think
You have yourself to blame.

- Anon.

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person all day is a much stronger influence than seeing each other at a hurried breakfast in the morning, and a tired, worn-out supper in the evening.

Another lesson we should help our children learn early in life is to accept disappointments graciously. Then when the bigger disappointments come later, they will be easier to face. None of us can go through life without trials and disappointments, and the Christian way is to be prepared for them, accept the situation if it cannot be changed, and say, "Lord, Thy will be done."

Disappointments such as courtship problems, or ill health, must be squarely faced, but this is possible only through the help of God. People will respect someone who is submissive to God's will, but self-pity makes anyone unhappy, and certainly does not gain the respect of others.

When church members are easily hurt, or think the ministers are picking on them when they talk to them about something, we sometimes wonder—is it perhaps because their parents failed to train them in the all-important lessons of obedience and submission when they were still quite young?

We are the parents of five, and if the Lord tarries we hope they will help make up tomorrow's church. We wonder and we ponder just where does the trouble lie when children lose confidence in their parents and finally in the church? Is the child really to blame, or does the fault lie on us poor parents?

Surely this is a serious matter, and we need the Lord's blessings and the prayers of other Christians, to go forward in faith in this grave responsibility. Let us not wait too long, for it has been said that the child is forming his habits and character in the first six years of his life. We as parents do not have the power to make our children choose the right way, but we must do our duty to train them in the right way so they will gladly choose this good way when they grow up.

It is a much more serious matter than we poor humans can grasp. Let us pray earnestly for guidance, lest we be held responsible for our children's disobedience and the church's downfall. We know that to make a better church we need better children, but we fear to have better children we first need better parents.

Some of the points we have written about we have learned by experience. We know we are still learning, and have much to learn. Pray for us that we may not neglect the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.

The Great Out-of-Doors



Recently a man said, "Some people go to places like the World's Fair for a holiday."

"Or to the city to see the skyscrapers," another put in.

"Yes," the first agreed. "But I'd rather go up on the mountain than to such places." After a moment's thought he added, "there is no place where you can get closer to nature than in a gully on the mountain when the leaves are all colored in the fall."

Well said! As for that matter, anywhere out in the woods when you're alone will do if you keep your eyes and ears open. Quote: "Two men can walk together through the fields. The one will see nothing while all nature will speak to the other."

Knowing what one sees and hears in the great out-of-doors makes about as much difference as knowing or not knowing the people in a crowd. I greatly recommend the "Golden Nature Guides" to help with this part.

Many people exclaim about the colors of the autumn foliage. It can be seen while speeding along in a car, but it can be seen much better, (along with many other things) if one takes the time to walk out in the woods and see.

For example: One morning I was walking deep in the woods and saw some bees flying from the bee tree, and heard the "chuck" of the chipmunks. I stopped beneath a big tree, and presently two squirrels took fright and left the top of that tree for safer quarters. As I ran after one, three deer bounded away. When they had gone I sat down to watch the squirrel which was now hiding in my sight. Nearby I saw a hermit thrush.

On one occasion several years ago I saw a red fox running along with three small kits be-

* * *

HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO

It takes faith, vision, and will power
To determine the cost of the soul.
In spite of convictions and courage,
One sometimes comes short of the goal.
But no matter what have been our failures,
Our faith in the future increases,
When we let God take over our troubles,
For He knows what to do with the pieces.
- Selected

* * *

hind her.

A few of my most enjoyable hours were spent with binoculars watching Canada geese, turkey vultures, and red-tailed hawks traveling southwards.

One hawk, as I watched, came downwards in a fast swoop, hit the ground, and then flew up in a tree. Woe to some mouse!

Much more could be said. Pity the poor people who never get to see such scenes and dramas. They miss a lot.

In my opinion this subject can well be taught in schools. It goes so well with art. So many beautiful flowers, plants, and interesting insects can be seen.

Respectfully, to all teachers and other readers.

M. K. R.

Mifflintown, Penna.

* * *

SMALL THANKSGIVINGS

Thanksgiving is a day, you say,

The last week in November—

One special day to utter thanks

And Pilgrim prayers remember?

A day, you say, to look around

And count the ways I'm blessed—

Thanksgiving is a holiday

To pray, to feast, to rest.

One day to use to say to God

"I like my way of life,"

One day to say to a heart's life-mate,

"I'm thankful I'm your wife."

And can I use one single day

To thank God for my sons—

One day to humbly beg His help

To make them noble ones?

And is there one day blest enough

By the Lord above,

To carry all my gratitude

For family ties of love?

The strength in me for daily work

Is a gift from each night's sleep—

And must I save my thanks all year,

And send them in a heap?

No it cannot be a single day

Taken from the year.

Thanksgivings come to me each night

When my family's near.
 Each time I hear a small boy's prayer
 And tuck him in his bed—
 Each time I ask in confidence
 "Give us our daily bread."

Small Thanksgivings come
 When I bring in clothes fresh from the line,
 Thanksgiving is the deep, sweet smell
 Of honeysuckle vine,
 A clean-swept room, a baby's smile
 And arms that hold me tight.
 Thanksgiving comes when a job's well done
 And rest is earned at night.
 Just a small white house with a toy-cluttered
 And a garden at the side, yard
 Yet it means to me my own private world,
 A heaven five rooms wide.
 And one big day to crowd thank-prayers in
 Will not serve at all.
 And so each hour of every day
 I'll observe Thanksgivings that are small.

- Author unknown

* * *

OLD ORDER MENNONITE SCHOOLS

IN ONTARIO

-By Elmo and David

For the Old Order Mennonites of Ontario, the parochial school movement started with a bang. These people - similar to the Amish in that they use horses and buggies, dress plainly, and furnish their houses simply - had no private schools in 1965. But just two years later there are eleven schools, seven of which opened the first year.

When the townships of Peel and Woolwich built centralized schools and announced definite plans for consolidation in 1966, the Old Order Mennonites knew that it was time for action.

Alarmed by the threat of movies, gym classes, evolution, and other non-Christian influences, enlightened and concerned parents proposed opening private schools.

Unco-operative local officials was the first of three major obstacles the Mennonites had to face on the road to private education. But in time the public officials backed down on this position.

The second hurdle was disunity among themselves. Questions — valid ones — were raised from many sections. Would their children be getting an inferior education? How much would private schools cost? Where were teachers to be found? What would they use for school houses?

What if the whole venture proved a dismal failure?

One by one these questions were met and answered to the satisfaction of many parents. Plans were drawn up for opening private schools as soon as possible. The supporters of the movement did not wish to see the children attending the centralized schools for even one year. They feared that the necessary steps of withdrawal would never be made by many of the parents.

This presented the third problem — so much to do and so little time to do it in. But the challenge was eagerly and efficiently met. Farm buildings suddenly took on the appearance of classrooms; portable type schoolhouses were built; teachers were hired. The first few months were rather "make-shift", but the goal had been met — seven private schools opened in 1966. Later in the year some vacant public schools were purchased and additional ones the following fall, so that today only two schools are still in temporary quarters.

With the exception of two schools, all employ teachers who are Old Order Mennonites. James Bauman, a young public school teacher, became interested in the parochial school movement and offered his assistance. He has taught for the Mennonites for the last two years. He is their unofficial superintendent of schools, visiting the other teachers periodically and holding summer classes for them. His guidance has been an asset to the beginning teachers.

During the second week of October, we decided to see these schools for ourselves, offering the teachers, parents, and school boards encouragement. We also wished to test the stories that will be part of the Pathway Readers. We were anxious to read sample stories to the school children to rate the stories for grade level, vocabulary, clarity of expression, and teaching value. At each school we read two stories and had the pupils fill out a question sheet. The results were gratifying.

We enjoyed visiting these schools very much and were pleased by the growing interest and concern for parochial schools. Basically, we found little difference between these schools and typical Old Order Amish schools. One fact we did, however, discover is that the schools are supported financially by the whole church, not merely by a group of interested individuals.

Impressed as much as we were, we realized that this is no time to relax — parochial schools are not an end in themselves. There is a special need for more emphasis in seeking to have our schools

"Christian" in atmosphere and teaching. It is wonderful if our children can be protected from the evils and pitfalls of public education, but are we going to be satisfied with just that? Are we not missing the full potential of our schools if we fail to take the positive approach — teaching them true values in life?

Is it possible that our thinking has been

influenced by the world's concept of education for so long that we feel school and secular education are synonyms? Even as the Christian home should be more than a place for children to eat and sleep and grow up; so, the Christian school should do more than teach reading, writing, and arithmetic.

-Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

Announcing —

Pathway's Newest Paper

FAMILY LIFE

A paper of general interest for the whole family. Publication date for the first issue of this new magazine is Dec. 15. Send in your subscription at once so you will be sure to get the first and every issue.

In the months to come we hope to have lots of articles from all our different communities, which will be of interest to our plain people. On the cover shown on the opposite page you may see the titles of a few of the articles in the first issue. In addition to these there will be many others which you will want to read. There will also be a German section, and for the first issue we have a number of good articles, including a translation of the well-known song, "The Love of God".

On the front cover is a drawing of a typical Amish farmstead. The setting is in Holmes County, Ohio, which betrays the fact that our artist is from that area. Although the scene is of everyday life — a sunrise, cattle in the field, a farmer with his team, a "kettle place" and a garden, yet the inset of the page from the Sermon on the Mount indicates that the Bible is at the heart of our everyday living.

Remember, this is the only general family paper published especially for and by our plain people.

FAMILY LIFE will be larger than the Blackboard Bulletin or the Ambassador of Peace. It will measure 8 1/2 by 12 1/2 inches and the first issue will probably be 40 pages. We hope to be able to increase the number of pages in the future, depending on the material available and the number of subscribers.

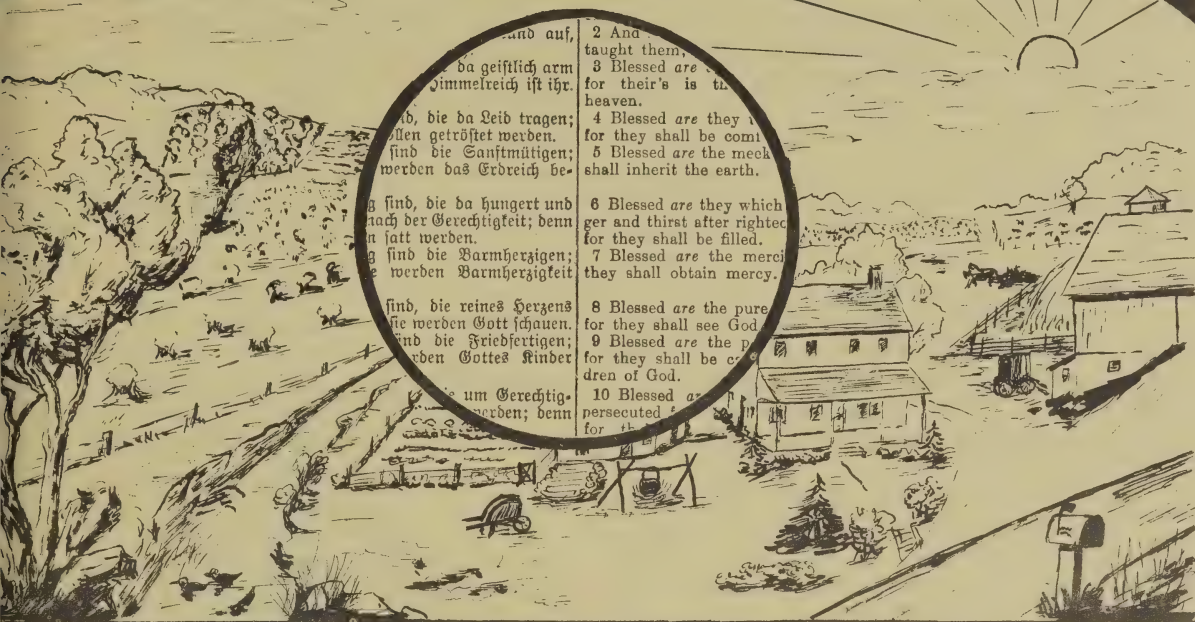
The subscription price may seem a bit high, but costs are going up every day and we simply can not operate at a loss. We believe it will be one of the biggest reading bargains on the market today. At 40 pages, there will be almost as much reading in one issue as there is in an ordinary-sized book such as The Lord is My Shepherd. Where could you buy 12 books for the price of a year's subscription to Family Life?

Remember, this is your paper and in order to make it worthwhile we will need your interest and support. Send in your subscription now and please tell your neighbours about it.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE : \$4.00 per year. Send check or money order to:

FAMILY LIFE
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada

FAMILY LIFE



VOLUME 1, NO.1

JANUARY, 1968

IN THIS ISSUE:

A WORLD-WIDE WINDOW - Recent happenings and what they may mean.

WINDMILLS AND THE WEATHER - Why windmills are such a common sight in our communities, and how they are useful for more than pumping water.

THE BOLL WEEVIL MONUMENT - A pest that almost put the southern farmers out of business, but in the end proved a great blessing.

TWO WERE DIFFERENT - The mother of two children born with defects, tells of heart-aches and headaches, and some things she has learned.

THE TRAMPS OF HOLMES COUNTY - Forty years ago hundreds of "knights of the road" wandered through rural America. Beggars, they asked but for a meal and a bed in the barn. Holmes County, Ohio had lots of them.

THE TEN DOLLAR WITNESS - Have you ever blamed someone for what you later discovered was your own mistake? This story, based on an actual occurrence, shows that jumping to conclusions can be tragic.

MY FAITH IN FAITH HEALING - A wheel-chair patient's experience with faith healers, and what the Bible teaches on this subject.

HALF-WAY BAPTISM - A study of the practices of baptizing infants, children, and grown-ups. The writings of our forefathers on true baptism.

ACROSS THE WINDOW SILL - Looking into and out of the kitchen window.

YESTER DAYS AND YEARS - A section devoted to Amish history. In this issue, an account of an Amish community's struggle to survive.

PLUS many other articles, poems, stories, news, children's department, a page for shut-ins, nature, astronomy, history, and religious writings, old and new.

Our Vocational Schools

(Editor's Note: The following clipping is from the BUDGET, and was sent to us by a Pennsylvania reader, who wrote, "I have clipped a letter by Eli Gingerich from the BUDGET. I feel that the part of this letter about vocational schools would be of value to BULLETIN readers. Some people in our community do not appreciate the privilege of these classes enough, and are likely to have their children write a little in their diaries and endure a three-hour session in school just to get it over with.")

We had our vocational school meeting last night. This is for our pupils who have passed the eighth grade and are not yet 16. They have regular lessons to study besides a work project at home each day, of which they report in one day of school, each week. Some projects may take a number of days or weeks, such as putting out a field of wheat, or it may be a continuous one such as feeding and keeping a hog record or a dairy project.

The parent should have the pupil explain briefly, yet plainly, on his report to show that he or she understands why the work is being

done.

For instance, instead of merely saying, "I plowed today," you might put it something like this: "I plowed for wheat ground. The object of doing a good job of plowing is to break the ground and let air into the soil and to cover the trash." The next day you might say, "I cultivated the field to conserve the moisture, to level it, and let more air into the soil." You might add: "The air is four-fifth nitrogen, which is a valuable fertilizer."

If a boy makes a gate, give its size and purpose, how and what you did each day. If you hauled manure explain where you put it and for what purpose and why it is better to spread it on the field than to leave it in a pile. When husking corn you might explain why you fill the narrow cribs first, what you do with the soft or mouldy ears, etc.

Sometimes when working a team, you may explain how it is important to see that the collar fits and the hames are adjusted and tightened properly and the team pulls evenly, and so on.

The girls may have a canning project and explain the process briefly, from gathering and preparing the product through each step to the conserving and putting away. Even in such ordinary work as helping with family washing you may explain each step from sorting the wash to checking of the motor for fuel and oil, to proper washing, rinsing and drying of various articles. Instead of repeating the whole process when doing the same job over and over again you may add new ideas and things you are learning as you go along.

In the same way cooking and housekeeping and caring for children. There is a purpose for doing things, even in the changing of a baby's diaper properly; it can add to it's comfort. It is an art of learning to be happy and useful by using the mind and hands together.

- Eli Gingerich

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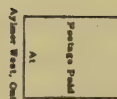
IN THE HEART OF A CHILD

An angel passed in an upward flight
With a seed of love and truth and right
And said, "Oh, where can this seed be sown
Where 'twill yield most fruit when fully grown
To whom can this precious gift be given
That 'twill yield most fruit for earth and heaven
The Saviour heard and said as He smiled,
"Place it at once in the heart of a child."

- Anon.

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Return to:
THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN
R. R. # 4
Aylmer, Ontario, Canada



The

BLACKBOARD

BULLETIN

VOLUME 11 ; NO. 5

DECEMBER, 1967



A TEACHER'S MOUNTAIN

Tonight it came. My teacher's intuition kept warning me again and again that it would come, but I kept pushing it off into the far future. Things were going so well that perhaps I could even escape it.

From the very beginning things had been rather rough, but what can you expect from a new school? Even though teaching was not exactly new to me, it was with quite a bit of uncertainty that I stood before the group of strange faces that first day. Only a teacher knows what a tasteless job it is to stand before your pupils that first day "laying down the laws". Is there any other time during the whole term that they give you closer attention?

After the first few days had passed, the shyness began to wear off, and the pupils became friendly instead of trying me out. All in all, school became more interesting. The pupils showed great efforts in their lessons, and in pleasing the teacher. Oh, there were the little things to correct, such as whispering, and they had to be reminded to wear boots, but a little talking seemed to take care of these things. A feeling of unity enveloped us as the days and

weeks slipped by. No, it would not come now.

Tonight it came. It came in the form of an object so small that it can be concealed in the palm of the hand. It was found quite by accident while I was sweeping the basement. Gasping for breath, I sank into the nearest chair, my strength draining from me, and my face blushing with shame. I stared unbelievably at the object in my hands. It was a shame that such pictures were in print, but what were they doing of all places, in what was supposed to be a Christian school? In whose hands had they passed through our doors? Which one of my pupils would delight in having them in his possession?

Discouragement tempted me. What was the use to keep trying? To keep a school clean of such imprudence was as hopeless as keeping our boots clean on a muddy day. That thought soon gave way to the words of Jesus: "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove thyself hence to yonder place, it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

I picked up the broom and continued with the cleaning. What will tomorrow reveal? I face it with dread, yet deep down I know that even though the mountain will not be removed, He will give me the strength to cross it. I know also that such things must be to draw us ever closer to one another and closer to God.

So it is with such a trust that I seek guidance for tomorrow....

- By a Teacher, Ohio

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NEWS FROM SUNNY SIDE SCHOOL

- By Laura Z. Martin

Having often read this inspiring paper, I feel an urge to contribute to it too.

This is my first year that I am teaching a full term. I have had a little teaching experience before and find teaching very rewarding and satisfying.

We have enrolled twenty pupils, ranging from first to eighth grade. I have one pupil in each of the fifth, sixth and eighth grades. There are five first graders, and the same number in the second grade. These are the two largest grades.

I enjoy some answers I get from my pupils. For instance, in English my fifth grader was supposed to write a few lines of poetry using his own ideas. Following is the poem I received.

Keith's Poetry

I don't like school,
Because it's not fun.
I like my home,
Because I can run.

I don't like poems,
So I might as well quit.
You may get mad
But DON'T get a fit.

Well, I didn't "get a fit." After all, I believe he was using his own ideas.

The pupils enjoyed an extra activity we had for Thanksgiving, which was to make all the words they could by using the letters that are in Thanksgiving. One seventh grade boy got 104 words. This can also be done using other long words.

May we all see the Sunny Side of School! We wish everyone a happy New Year!

- Millmont, Pennsylvania

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A SCHOOL BOARD'S PRAYER

Days and weeks went swiftly by
In our first term of school
We look back with a grateful sigh,
"Oh Lord, do help our school."

As we move into this year's term
We feel a spirit more stable and cool
And this is what our hearts do yearn,
"Oh, Lord, establish our school."

The little ones come rushing in
And pull each to the table his stool
Innocent hearts they have within—
"Oh, Lord, do watch our school."

The older ones join hand and hand
Already planning for this year's Yule.
With love they form a joyful band
"Oh, Lord, do sanction our school."

The teachers have a task to do
Teaching and explaining as is the rule
Their bodies can tire and become weak, too
"Oh, Lord, do strengthen our school."

The parents we could not do without,
With financial aid they form a pool.
With thankfulness we dare to shout
"Oh, Lord, do bless our school."

Satan too a hand would lend
With hate and strife his very tool;
The truth in school we must defend
"Oh, Lord, do cleanse our school."

The Lord gave us strength to start
A four-room Christian school,
Once more we plead before we part
"Oh, Lord, do keep our school."

- John G. Byler

* * *

THINK

"Though man a thinking being is defined,
Few use the grand prerogative of mind;
How few think justly of the thinking few,
How many never think, who think they do.
The seed of action is sown when we think.
Those who think govern those who toil."

Just as soon as a man begins to think, he commences to work. Just as soon as imagination begins to work, vision looks ahead. Just as soon as a man begins to look ahead, he begins to go ahead. And here we are right back at the starting point. Think!

Work hard: but before you begin to work, think out your plans carefully. Think, then work.

There is some particular time during the day or during the evening when you can do your best thinking.

There are hours before noon or after noon when you can do your best work.

Think this over.

* * *

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EDITORIAL

A TEACHER'S RESPONSIBILITY

TO OTHER TEACHERS

We hear much about the big burden of responsibility resting upon a teacher. She is responsible to the child, to the parents, to the school board, to the church, and to God.

At the risk of adding to this long list, may we suggest one responsibility that is often overlooked—a teacher's responsibility to other teachers. Now I do not mean the responsibility a teacher has toward the person who will take her place the following year. If all the other responsibilities, as mentioned above, are taken seriously, this one will fall readily into place without much extra effort.

We are referring in general terms to the responsibility all teachers have to all other teachers, but particularly the responsibility of experienced teachers to help new ones—the responsibility to pass along and share lessons learned, to lend encouragement, to write articles for the Blackboard Bulletin.

There, we said it. Now let's hear from you teachers. Don't wait till the May issue to write that once-a-year letter for the B. B. Write right now, and if you have something to share again in May, write again. You do have a responsibility to other teachers!

— J. S.

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HUNDREDS OF GRANDCHILDREN

Ever hear a teacher refer to his pupils as "my children"? Most teachers do. And should. For our pupils become pretty special to us. Once they are out of school, we are amazed at how fast they grow up to be men and women, get married, and have children of their own. (I still remember when my first "grandchild" was born, yet today there are so many I have lost track of them. And that first one is now attending school.)

It is sobering to think that the boys and girls who only a few years ago (it seems like) sat in

the desks in front of us, are now fathers and mothers in their own right, and are sending their children to school.

So, teachers of today, as you glance over your classroom of busy boys and girls, think of them as first of all, the young people of tomorrow, then as the parents of the day after, and as ministers and leaders of the church. Time is relentless, and if the Lord tarries, these things will come to pass.

And while you are glancing over your pupils, think of some of them as being teachers a few years from now. A former teacher of Wisconsin wrote to me, "With Andy Miller now teaching here and Roman Schlabach starting where brother Melvin taught in Geauga, this makes four of my former eighth graders who are teaching this year. A sobering thought!"

It is!

— J. S.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

We need more teachers' letters in the Bulletin. Perhaps Elmo Stoll's article in this issue, "Check your Checking", will stir teachers to express themselves. What are your ideas on checking papers? Let's have both sides of the story, and your reasons for thinking as you do.

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Ontario has taken another long step toward centralization of schools. A few years ago all small local school boards were abolished by a new law which made the township the smallest unit for which a board could be elected. The second step takes place Jan. 1, 1968, when counties will become the smallest units. Each county in Ontario will have only one public school board, and this board will operate both elementary and high schools.

According to an editorial in a local paper (in favor of this latest move), this should be about as far as centralization will go. But we wonder. The president of the Public School Trustees' Association of Ontario is one man who is not yet satisfied. In a speech Oct. 16 of this year, Richard Whittington of Chatham, Ontario told delegates of his association that he hopes Canada will develop a single public school system.

By the way, Mr. Whittington also thinks it is wasteful to use schools only six or seven hours a day. He says they should be planned and designed for full use night and day, seven days a week.

The man of the world probably sees great things ahead in education. I don't; at least not if the trends we see today are an indication of what is to come.

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What about speaking English at noon and recesses? This question has caused some dissension in certain communities where our parochial schools are in operation. What are the reasons **pro** and **con**? A former teacher has suggested we make this a subject of discussion in the Bulletin. We would be glad to have parents and teachers write to us about this, either personally or for publication. Let us seek the answer calmly and sensibly, and in the meantime respect the sincere opinions of those who differ from us.

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The past month has shown a good bit of progress with the Pathway Readers. At this writing (Dec. 1) the stories for Grade 8 are ready to send to the printer for typesetting, and the poems for this grade are being checked through once more before they are sent off, too. The

material for grades 7, 6, and 5 are not quite so far along, but the general form of each book is shaping up. This is quite encouraging after some of the hard rowing we had this fall, when we sometimes wondered if there was an end to it. The end is not yet, but at least we have our bearings.

In the Pathway Newsletter last month, we asked for financial help with the Readers. The response has been good, and the Reader Fund is growing. We thank each one who has helped in this. It is our hope that this work can be worthy of your continued support. - J. S.

* * *

GAP, PENNSYLVANIA
November 28, 1967

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

As I washed dishes after dinner, I thought of the B. B. and of the inspiration it often brings my way. I feel the readers are responsible to keep material there to print, but as usual, "I'm too busy", (and also quite timid). I am the mother of five children, four of which go to school and one is at home yet. I am also the wife of a poor tenant farmer. It seems we always have a little more work than we can easily

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- Lots of articles and regular features you won't want to miss. Here are a few:
1. The mother of two children who were born with defects, tells of their experiences.
 2. A woman blames another person for her own mistake, and discovers it too late to correct it.
 3. A story about the tramps who were so common throughout our communities years ago.
 4. Windmills are one of the signposts of our Amish communities. A writer tells how they can be useful for more than pumping water.
 5. A chapter from the forthcoming book, **THE BROKEN BOTTLE**. Are we aware of the curse of strong drink?
 6. A story of a **BOOMERANG** that returned to its sender and of many boomerangs which we find around us.
 7. A children's section including stories such as **A WALK IN THE WOODS**, **THE DAY EDWARD BECAME ANGRY**, and **THE FIRST RAINBOW**.
 8. A section for the women entitled **ACROSS THE WINDOW SILL**.
 9. A page for the sick, aged and the lonely.
 10. A German section including a story of a great speckled bird, and a German translation of **THE LOVE OF GOD**.

handle, or to get done as we would like to.

But then we often meet others who are in the same boat, so we're not sailing alone in this stormy world. We appreciate the B.B. and its peace-loving attitude. We live along the Lincoln Highway and have to cross it to get to the barn. We also have very close neighbors, and our landlord lives in his mansion between our house and barn. We see examples daily of how the world lives. The road brings fearful thoughts and terrible happenings at times, but also friendships.

I have not forgotten the morning last summer when I crossed the road after milking. I guess I had forgotten to count my blessings that morning, for I don't remember feeling thankful or cheerful. Just as I had crossed and was heading for the kitchen, a truck headed west gave a short friendly "toot, toot, toot-toot". The driver was "talking" to me and I turned back a few steps to wave. He was fat, gray-haired and jolly looking. He waved a greeting and was gone. I suppose he was glad to see someone else who was busy, too. That incident gave my day a cheerful start.

We sold some sweet corn and a few other things at the road this summer, and "we met the nicest people". (I like that expression). Reading the B. B. is also a way to "meet the nicest people". I believe we can meet nice people anywhere if we open our hearts and eyes to see the good in the hearts of others. (I know I often fail in this).

Do we see the nice part of the brave teachers who stand in front of our lively youngsters and train their minds in the good lessons of life? Without teachers, few people might be able to learn to steer their little ship through this life successfully. Let us all pray for each other that we may send our dear ones to school with hearts and minds willing to do their best.

I often think of the mother who felt lonely after seeing her daughter leave home to start on her own. She went to the house and mixed bread dough to forget her loneliness. She found herself comparing the dough to her daughter. First she kept it warm (we should keep our children's hearts warm with cheer and friendliness and godliness in the home). The dough soon rose in the pan, and she punched it down. (We must punish and hold them back when necessary. They are not old enough yet to live outside the "pan".)

She punched the dough down a second time and put each loaf in its own pan. (We need much advice before we are able to live in our own

little home.) Then she put the "grown-up" loaves in a hot oven and baked them. (There are many hot, tiresome days in adult life, but that's what makes the bread good.)

My hus and is working in the bitter cold and has a toothache, while I sit by the stove. It is time I help paddle along this little boat of ours.

Lovingly,

Barbara Yoder

* * *

PLANTING FOR A HARVEST

- Author Unknown

One man plowed an open field
And planted winter wheat.
He labored for some months
Before the harvest was complete.

Another wished his work to last
His life time through, and so
He set a tree of oak and then,
With pride, he watched it grow.

Another planned eternity
With manner true and mild.
He placed a noble thought
Into the heart streams of a child!

- Selected by a Reader

* * *

BIBLE QUESTIONS NO. 12

1. What woman had stolen her father's images?
2. What man had 700 wives?
3. How many years did it take Noah to build the ark?
4. What instruments did Gideon use to gain the victory over the Midianites?
5. What was the name of Samuel's mother?
6. What giant was killed by David?
7. Where was Jesus crucified?
8. At what island was Paul shipwrecked?
9. Who were the twelve apostles?
10. How often did Peter deny Christ?

Answers to Questions No. 12:

1. Rachel
2. Solomon
3. 120
4. Trumpets, lamps, pitchers
5. Hannah
6. Goliath
7. At Calvary
8. Melita
9. Peter, Andrew, James, John, Philip, Bartholomew, Thomas, Matthew, James, Thaddeus, Simon, and Judas Iscariot
10. 3 times

A STUDY OF PUPIL ACHIEVEMENT IN PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS

(Editor's Note:

One year ago, in the December 1966 issue of The Blackboard Bulletin, an announcement appeared of a three-year study of Amish education, along with an editorial explaining what I knew about the project. I understand the study is progressing according to schedule, and testing in a number of Ohio schools is planned for this winter.

The two people in charge of testing are Wayne Miller of Detroit and Gertrude Huntington of Ann Arbor, Michigan. The overall program is being directed by John Hostetler of Willow Grove, Penna.

I was asked to make a study last spring of what our Anabaptist forefathers wrote on the subject of child training, and this will be used as background material to prove the historical basis of Amish educational and child-training beliefs today. This assignment I found very interesting and worthwhile, and I hope that some time later we can share the findings with Bulletin readers.

The following information is taken from the material being given to some Ohio school boards at this time, and is to further explain the testing. - J. S.)

Purpose of the Study:

The purpose is to discover the achievement of pupils of a farm background in arithmetic, vocabulary, and spelling and a few related subjects. We wish to compare the results with the aims of parochial schools, not with the aims of the public school. If we are to have Amish and other rural people like them in the future, then there must be homes and schools to prepare pupils for that way of life.

To get around the unfairness of "biased pupil tests" that compare achievement scores of urban children with rural ones, we have chosen with great care only those tests that we believe to be fitting to rural schools. The test results will be interpreted in the light of what pupils are required to know when they grow up to live in agriculturally-minded occupations.

The Exercises:

We are giving the following exercises. Sample copies are available for examination by teachers before they are given to pupils.

Free hand drawings (3) of home,	
etc.	all grades
Goodenough-Harris drawing	all grades
Iowa Tests of Basic Skills	Grades 5-8
SRA Tests of Ability	Grades 5-8
Gorham Proverbs Test	Grades 5-8
Myers-Briggs Type Indicator	Grades 7-8
Self Test	Grades 5-8

One of us wish to be present when the exercises are given. It takes about two half days. We suggest either A.M. or P.M., but not both on the same day.

Use made of the Results:

1. We wish to get a representative number of schools in the several states. We are interested in the overall figures, not in comparing individual scores or schools with each other.

2. The results will be made available to the teacher of each cooperating school. Names of the participating teachers and schools will not be published or given in the final report. The results should prove beneficial and also valuable to teachers. One good that we hope will come out of the study is to create respect for the place of small rural schools.

3. The final report is planned to be mimeographed when the study is finished in 1969. The report will be available to interested teachers and other persons.

4. It seems wise to have some achievement testing done under normal circumstances, rather than wait until testing is forced by courts or brought about by poor relations. A knowledge of pupil achievement, based on sound long-range study, can go a long way to build respect for the small parochial schools.

5. No publicity will be given to the newspapers about any specific school. Our purpose is basic: to learn how children are brought up through the school years in an agricultural life and prepared for a respected religious way of life.

Gertrude Huntington
2037 Geddes Ave.
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48104

Wayne Miller
4722 Grindley Park
Dearborn Heights, Mich.

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

We always enjoy reading the Bulletin, so I'll take my turn at writing, too. We have two parochial schools in our congregation. Our trouble is that we live too many miles apart, so both schools are small,—15 and 17 pupils. And some of the members send their children to the public schools.

A few weeks ago I was substituting for our teacher one day. I enjoyed it, especially teaching the younger grades. I found out that to teach you need to know what you are teaching. When I tried to teach grades 7 and 8 grammar, the pupils knew more than I did about modifiers, bare subjects, predicates, etc. I haven't been doing work like this since I left school 23 years ago.

The teacher had her schedule made out for the day, so it was easy to follow. And at school it doesn't take long for 4 o'clock to arrive.

What is more rewarding than to teach children, whether at school or at home? They are usually so willing to please. We need to set good examples for them.

I think children should never hear parents complain about their teachers or ministers. We all make mistakes so easily. Instead of tearing down, let us all build up.

A mother wrote to the Bulletin, "Do we perhaps feel that our children are better than others that we send them to parochial schools?" We have never thought this. But we were told already, "It will make the children think they are better than others." Is this the right Christian spirit?

Raising a family is a big responsibility. We can not do it by ourselves. But with the help of God and a Christian environment in every day living, at home and at school, we can help them choose "the way, the truth, and the life." Is this not what all of us are striving for? What brings more heartaches than disobedient sons and daughters? What is life? Is it just to accumulate material riches? We are sowing what we shall reap in eternity.

Christmas will soon be here. Do you exchange gifts among the pupils in your school? If the pupils all put that same money into a good cause such as helping some unfortunate person or elderly shut-in, it would help them know the joy of giving and not just always getting.

In closing, may we see that our pupils have an education that will make them honest and useful citizens, teach them the Biblical principles of honesty, good morals, and loving our neighbor as ourselves, and not make them "educated barbarians". (See David Wagler's article in the Dec., 1966 Bulletin).

When I asked our children what a barbarian is, one thought a lady barber.

- In Christian love,
Mrs. E. Ropp

* * *

SUGGESTIONS FOR A CHRISTIAN HOME

1. Do not try to get to heaven without daily prayer and reading the Bible. Unless you have a certain time of day for Bible reading, you may neglect it.

2. Leave worthwhile books lie on a table in easy reach for the children and all. But do not by any means allow small children to misuse such books. Teach them to respect spiritual books.

3. Do as you want your children to do. Do not slander people and expect them not to.

4. Never use sleight of hand methods in business and expect your children to be honest.

5. In the presence of the children, speak of the things that were heard in the sermon in church. This will cause the ministers to be highly esteemed by the children.

6. Never talk against the ministers of God, but remember how Saul tried to kill David, and how David said he would not lift his hand against the Lord's anointed.

7. If you have ought against a minister, pray for him, for he is imperfect, and ask God to fill your heart with understanding and love toward all men.

8. Read and pray with the family each day. Don't rush through this. If you feel the "cares of this life" are pressing hard, remember that all things necessary will be added unto us if we seek first the kingdom of God.

9. Parents should not talk too loud or yell at their children, so that the children will also learn to talk in soft tones.

10. Teach your children to spend sparingly on self, but give much to others. Experience has shown that this does not bring poverty, but blessedness.

11. "AND THOU SHALT LOVE THE LORD THY GOD WITH ALL THINE HEART, AND WITH ALL THY SOUL, AND WITH ALL THY

MIGHT"

"AND THOU SHALT TEACH THEM DILIGENTLY UNTO THY CHILDREN, AND SHALT TALK OF THEM WHEN THOU SITTEST IN THINE HOUSE, AND WHEN THOU WALKEST BY THE WAY, AND WHEN THOU LIEST DOWN, AND WHEN THOU RISEST UP."

"AND THOU SHALT BIND THEM FOR A SIGN UPON THINE HAND, AND THEY SHALL BE AS FRONTLETS BETWEEN THINE EYES."

"AND THOU SHALT WRITE THEM UPON THE POSTS OF THY HOUSE, AND ON THY GATES"....

"THOU SHALT FEAR THE LORD THY GOD AND SERVE HIM." Deut. 6:5-13.

- S.

* * *

MILLPORT SCHOOL
EPHRATA, PENNA.
November 22, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

I enjoy reading the Blackboard Bulletin and think it gives a teacher many useful ideas. This is my third year of teaching. I have learned many different things and I long to learn more.

My sister Minnie and I teach at Millport Christian Day School. I teach the first four grades and have thirty-five pupils. My sister teaches grades five to eight and has forty-one pupils. We both find teaching an enjoyable job and feel it is a challenge. Every day seems to face you with something different. May the grace of God abide with us that we may solve each new problem with the help from a higher hand. Without the Lord's help nothing could be possible.

There are thirteen pupils in first grade. Most of them are eager little workers. A few of them are having a hard struggle to keep up with the others. We all know that abilities are not divided evenly, but when a child tries and just can't do as well as the others in his class, he should still be praised for trying. (To try and fail is better than not to try at all.)

Each year of teaching makes me realize still more what a great responsibility a teacher has on her shoulders. There are numbers of questions which arise; Do I apply the lessons the way I should? Am I worthy to be called a teacher? Do I reprimand in the proper way? There are lots of questions I could ask. All I

cando is pray for guidance. May the Lord guide me as I enter the school each morning, and lead me on in my work. Without His help, what would we poor mortals do?

Lord, Be My Helper

Lord, be my helper day by day

With all that I shall do and say,
Make me remember all through life
That it's for Thee that I must strive.

Lord, be my helper wherever I go

For if I fail Thou surely will know;
To Thee I come for strength and grace
And thy rewards I wish to praise.

Lord, be my helper in the work I do

That to my pupils I may be true;
So be my guide and let me see
How a better teacher I can be.

Lord, be my helper as I journey on—

My future to me is still unknown.
I pray that Thou with me will be,
No matter where Thou leadeth me.

Humbly,
Bertha Sensenig

* * *

FOUR SEASONS

- By Laura Z. Martin

WINTER

Ice, ice, snow, snow
Skating on the pond we go.
Ice, ice, snow, snow
Winter scenes are beautiful!

SPRING

Wind, wind, rain, rain
Tapping on my window pane.
Wind, wind, rain, rain
Howling over hills and plain.

SUMMER

Heat, heat, dust, dust
As we till earth's fertile crust
Heat, heat, dust, dust
Pulling weeds a farmer must.

FALL

Frost, frost, cold, cold.
Harvest fruits our cellars hold.
Frost, frost, cold, cold—
Making new clothes, mending old.

- Ephrata, Penna. 17522

OUR TEACHERS ARE GETTING MARRIED

Who?

On Oct. 31, 1967, Mollie Renno, last year's teacher at Nickel Mines, was married to Valentine Petersheim, also a teacher (in Juniata County, Penna.)

On Nov. 16, 1967, Elizabeth Esh, teacher at Clearview School near Gordonville, was married to Jonas Zook of R. 5, Lancaster.

On Nov. 28, 1967, Rebecca Fisher, teacher of Newport School near Intercourse, Penna, is to be married to Stephen Lapp of Gordonville.

On Dec. 7, 1967, Rebecca K. Beiler, last year's teacher at Hollow School, is to be married to John Stoltzfus, Paradise, Penna.

We wish them all a long and happy married life, but we do hate to sacrifice so many good teachers. But then, I suppose it is as a Mennonite girl said one time. She had been teaching for only a year or so when she planned to be married. When she was asked whether she does not realize there is always a need for good teachers, she said, "Yes, but we need good mothers too."

That is surely the truth. We have many examples of the great influence a mother has on a young child. So may I repeat, "Yes, we do need good mothers!" Wouldn't it be wonderful if more of our young girls could have a year or so of teaching experience before they get married? It could help to make them better mothers, and they in turn could see a teacher's point of view better. At the same time, it may not be best to have too many one or two-year teachers, or would it?

Some of our young girls have really done their duty in that line. There's Sarah Kauffman, now Mrs. Crist Glick, who was a helper at Iva School right after her own school days, until she took a school of her own. A year before she was married she took housework for a change, but she never enjoyed it as she did teaching.

Another one was Rebecca K. Beiler, my niece, who is being married this year. She was also a helper as soon as she had finished her own classes, and after a year of doing other work she took a school of her own. This year she helped to get classes started in Maryland, then took over the Belmont school until another teacher could be found. I would say, "She hath done what she could." To me she was a fine pupil, a good helper, and later on an encouraging co-worker. On Oct. 30, Barbara Fisher took over the duties at Belmont School.

We have had other good one- and two-year teachers, and I have not heard of one who regrets the experience. Thoughts and memories of school will probably stick with them for life. Can any father or mother who has not had teaching experience realize how attached a teacher becomes to her pupils and to her work, even if there is no let-up from the time school duties start in the fall until school closes in spring? It is a busy life. If you don't believe it, try it.

Other Lancaster County school news for the term: A teacher discussion and singing was held at Emanuel Eschs near Bird-in-Hand on Sept. 30, with a good attendance.

On Oct. 27, another meeting of this sort was held at Enos P. Kings, Christiana. The next one is planned for Dec. 8, at Ammon Stoltzfus' near New Holland.

Later plans are for the same at Amos Lapps, R. 1, Ronks (near the Guernsey Barn) for Jan. 19, 1968. We hope all Lancaster and Lebanon Co. teachers will take this as an invitation, or anyone else who is interested, especially Centre, Adams, Juniata, and Mifflin Co. teachers.

Here is wishing one and all a successful year in the school of life, with the Lord's help.

Sincerely,

- Lydia F. Beiler

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MAPLE GROVE SCHOOL
BALTIMORE, OHIO
Nov. 10, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's Name!

School lessons are pushed aside. It's Friday night. A teacher's mind wanders back over the week's events. What has been accomplished? At various places I find myself falling short in my responsibilities.

This term finds my sister Amanda and I teaching again at Maple Grove. We have 26 in the upper grades and 24 in the lower, including 6 first graders. The "population" has increased. A few new families are sending their pupils this year. We hope we can do our share towards making them feel welcome.

Joys, troubles, and cares fill our lives. These we've all experienced since school is in session. One joy is to see an eager pupil trying to improve his average. What a great dif-

ference there is! Some try so hard while others just do what they have to. Troubles, yes, those occur also. But luckily no serious discipline problems have had to be solved so far. How nice to feel the parent's help in this matter!

We have a brittle-bone victim in school. He was absent for the first few weeks. During that time I made regular calls at his home. At present he is able to attend. Teaching goes best when the whole flock can be present. You all agree with me, teachers, don't you?

An outstanding incident of the past was a day spent in visiting schools. Grades one through six were asked to stay at home. The seventh and eighth graders and we teachers were to have a different routine for this day.

Our means of transportation was by horse-drawn vehicles. In this manner we could view some of the marvelous wonders of our Master. However, the leaves had mostly fallen by this time.

Our first stop was a neighboring school, Rock Ridge. We entered just as the last tones of singing died. John Troyer, the teacher, gave us a hearty welcome. Seats were summoned for our group numbering 15 in all. Two more songs were sung in our presence. Afterwards we saw a few reading classes in session. This was interesting, but time fled, so we moved on.

Next we headed for Center Ridge. This is a newly-built school house. Amanda B. Yoder teaches here, her first year, with all eight grades. The group of 26 were attentive. Recitation of arithmetic classes was in progress. We ate our lunch here, then journeyed on.

By this time a slow, drizzling rain was falling. This made the playground all the worse! Mud! Yes, the new school houses are beautiful, but not their play grounds.

As we wended on our way we finally reached White Oak School. Before entering we stopped at a farm to feed our faithful steeds. Here we heard the discouraging news about Green Ridge. This school had been on our schedule, but we were told no school was in session that day. The building had been ransacked the previous night.

So at White Oak we spent the remainder of the day till dismissal time. Katie D. Miller is the teacher. This is her first year of teaching and she has 21 pupils. This is a new school-house too. The teacher's mother and sister-in-law were guests here. Spelling was the main subject. Most of them scored 100. After that a few songs were sung, (which had been done at Center Ridge too).

Evening found us at home, thankful for the

safe journey. Many ideas were seen and heard. Such a day is very valuable for teachers as well as pupils.

The next morning our pupils approached us with smiling faces. They were eager to resume their duties. And so were the teachers.

As an English lesson the pupils wrote a report of the day's events. Many and interesting were the remarks they included.

The days are swiftly passing. Thanksgiving Day will soon be here. Our plans are to have a covered dish dinner at school. Nevertheless, we should have each day as a day of giving thanks, instead of just one out of a year. Songs about the harvest and the Pilgrims remind us again of the sturdy little band. May we as Christians have the same attitude as they had, striving above all to serve our Master.

Sincerely,

Lovina Nisley

* * *

APPLE CREEK, OHIO

November 23, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First a greeting in Jesus' holy name, from whom all blessings come. There are so many, I feel we can't count them.

I made a call on the Johnson School ten days ago, and found many of the pupils absent because of mumps. But such things can be expected in school.

My brother Andy of Wyoming, Delaware had bad luck when he and the boys were out hunting deer. By mistake he was shot in the arm and leg. The doctors had to operate, and they are trying hard to save the arm, but don't know yet.

One of the older men in our church, Dave J. Yoder by name, had his leg amputated and is now home from the hospital. He is getting along fine. I think he is 75 years old, and is blind.

I always enjoy visiting schools when there is time to do so. Want to visit Anderson School, our home district, soon. But we have been busy husking corn, and I have a quilt in the frame.

I remain,

- Miss Lovina J. Miller

* * *

WATERLOO, ONTARIO

Nov. 21, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love to all in the name of Jesus Christ. Through His endless love we can be pardoned for our sins, if we have faith in Him

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and trust His Holy will.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Psalm 46:1. He will help us through all our trials and tribulations, whatever they maybe, but only according to His own plan, not always the way we would choose. So let us be content whatever our lot, for God is always nigh when we need Him.

I feel quite unworthy to write a letter to the Bulletin which will be read by so many, but I realize that without material the publishers cannot make it interesting. Being my first year of teaching I don't have any helpful hints for other teachers, nor for anyone else.

I've only had two months of teaching experience. The last few weeks I'm at home recovering from a leg infection and rheumatic fever, the after-effects of the flu. There are two girls taking care of my 34 pupils and are doing well. If it is the Lord's will, I'm hoping to be at school soon again.

We have to be careful while guiding these dear little souls lest we overlook small matters and let them go unheeded. Small trifles can develop into big troubles. I will relate a happening which occurred in school one day.

The first bell had rung at noon and several children had gathered in the classroom. As the teacher came in from ringing the second bell, one of the fifth graders raised her hand. Teacher stopped to talk with her.

Upon looking up she saw little Susie, a second grader, sitting there with raised hand, clutching her ruler and ready to strike little Danny who was sitting directly in front of her.

"Susie!" exclaimed the teacher rather sharply. "Whatever's the matter?"

"Danny took my ruler," replied Susie.

"No, I didn't," protested Danny.

"Now, Danny, why did you take Susie's ruler?"

"I didn't."

"But Susie says you did."

"Well, I didn't though."

"Susie, are you sure he did?"

"Yes, he did," came Susie's firm reply.

"Danny, if you took Susie's ruler, you shouldn't say that you didn't, for it is worse to tell a lie than having taken her ruler. Now please say the truth, Danny," pleaded the teacher. "Surely you must have done something to make Susie so angry. Now please tell me what you did."

"I don't know, but I didn't take her ruler," Danny confessed again.

Quite exhausted, not knowing what to do, the

teacher almost gave up, thinking that it is actually only a small matter; but she kept thinking that one of them is telling a lie and that should be straightened out. Suddenly a thought struck her mind. She knew Danny was sometimes rather mischievous and also rather unconcerned and absent-minded.

So she began again, "Susie, did Danny give your ruler back right away?"

"Yes," came Susie's timid reply.

"Did you have to ask him for it?"

"No," she answered rather shamefully.

"Maybe he just picked it up while walking past and laid it down again," remarked the teacher.

Blushing, she replied very quietly that it had been so.

"Oh, well then!" exclaimed the teacher with relief. "So Danny didn't actually take your ruler if he just picked it up and set it down right away. At least it wasn't necessary to get so furious about it."

With a thankful heart, happy that she had been led to find out what the truth really was, the teacher dismissed the case and went up to her desk to get the already-delayed lessons started.

Later in the day when she was thinking over the happenings, she wondered, had Susie actually intended to hit Danny or was she only pretending and all the fuss was for the dogs? Well, at any rate, after the bell has rung they are supposed to sit nicely in their desks.

A teacher has quite a narrow path to walk upon. It is her duty to teach the children love and respect for one another. Much harm can be done if she punishes the innocent.

I wish you parents, teachers, and all, God's grace and guidance to steer your ships through the wild and rugged seas, till by the beams from the lighthouse you have reached the calm of the harbour and your vessel is anchored safe and secure at the port.

- By a teacher

* * *

"WHAT IS A TEACHER?"

Between the innocence of infancy and the dignity of maturity, our children fall under the influence of a group of people called teachers.

Teachers come in assorted sizes, weights, and colors. They have various interests, hobbies, religions, and beliefs, but they share one creed: To help each child to reach the highest

possible degree of personal development.

The teacher is a composite. A teacher must have the energy of a harnessed volcano, the efficiency of an adding machine, the memory of an elephant, the understanding of a psychiatrist, the wisdom of Solomon, the tenacity of a spider, the patience of a turtle trying to cross the free-way in rush hour traffic, the decisiveness of a general, the diplomacy of an ambassador, and the financial acumen of a Wall Street wizard. She must remember always that she teaches by word but mostly by precept.

A teacher may possess beauty, or grace, or skill; but mostly she must possess love—a deep abiding love of, and respect for, children individually and en masse. She must love your little girl who has the song of a bird, the squeal of a pig, the stubbornness of a mule, the antics of a monkey, the spryness of a grasshopper, the curiosity of a cat, the shyness of a fox, and the mysterious mind of a woman.

She must also cherish your little boy who is inconsiderate, bothersome, an intruding bundle of noise with the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of an atom bomb, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, and the enthusiasm of a firecracker.

A teacher must teach many things: reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling, music, geography, art, health. She must also manage during her 6 1/2 hours to teach manners and morals to children whose parents have despaired of the task during their 17 1/2 hours.

A teacher is Truth with chalk dust in its hair, Beauty with an aching back, Wisdom searching for bubble-gum, the Hope of the future with papers to grade.

A teacher must possess many abilities. She must not mind explaining for the 10th time the intricacies of two-place multiplication to the whole class, then explaining it again to one child who wasn't listening. She must learn to judge between encouraging and pushing a child. She must sense what decisions to make and which must be made by the child. She must be steadfast without being inflexible; sympathetic without being maudlin; loving without possessing. She must live in childhood without becoming childish; to enjoy its great joys, satisfactions, its genuine delights, while understanding its griefs, irritations, embarrassments, and harassments.

A teacher must, each year, send 30 children to another teacher—proudly, lovingly, sadly—and await 30 more with ready wit, love, and

eagerness.

She must do all this while worrying about what to have for supper, whether her baby has the chickenpox, if her lesson plans will meet the supervisor's requirements, how Mrs. Smith will take the lower grades on Johnny's report card, where to get extra money for summer school, and who took the dime from Susie's purse.

The most amazing thing about a teacher is that she wouldn't trade jobs with anyone she knows. She likes to teach.

— Selected by a Reader
Mrs. Joseph J. Zook
Oakland, Md.

* * * *

FOR TEACHERS ONLY

(or their pupils)

Do strange words fascinate you? Is there a dictionary at your elbow? Read the following story, and then try answering the questions in your own words. Use a dictionary to check your answers. Did you get a passing grade?

The Cat on the Mountain

John and his sister Margaret sat on the doorstep of their mountain cabin. Suddenly a piercing caterwaul broke the evening stillness.

"What is that?" asked John. "Is it a catamount?"

"Could be," and John's sister nictitated.

"I love to hear that, and someday I'm going to prepare a panegyric on the ways of the catamount," stated John, as the caterwauling echoed throughout the valley.

"Indeed," laughed Margaret, "The way you talk tonight, I can imagine it would be magniloquent. Where did you learn all the big words?"

"Oh, I get that from lucubration."

"Are you being mendacious?"

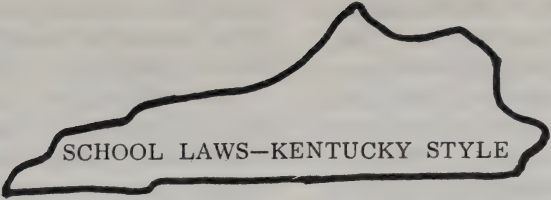
"Not at all, big sister. I've learned to celebrate. And neither lying nor malingering is my peccadillo."

"I can't believe it, John. The way you've been mollycoddled!"

* * * * *

1. What had John and Margaret heard?
2. When did Margaret wink at John?
3. What was John going to prepare on the subject of catamounts?
4. How had John learned all the big words?
5. What was not John's fault?
6. Margaret said her brother had been mollycoddled. What did she mean?

* * *



SCHOOL LAWS—KENTUCKY STYLE

- By Titus

The scene is the Todd County Courthouse in Elkton, Kentucky. Judge Charles F. Power has just informed the jury of four men and two women; "It should be remembered by the jurors that under Kentucky law the defendants may be found innocent if they acted on the basis of religious conscience."

Four Amishmen sit hopefully, prayerfully awaiting the verdict. Their bishop, who has appeared in court on their behalf and that of the church, patiently shares these tense moments.

After a deliberation of fifteen minutes, the foreman of the jury indicates that a decision has been reached. The judge asks him, "Has the jury reached a verdict?" The foreman answers, "Yes, your honor. The jury finds the defendants, 'not guilty'."

"Not guilty". Those were blessed words to the ears of the four defendants—members of Kentucky's only Amish settlement near Guthrie. They were found innocent from a charge of which a fellow Amishman months before had been found guilty by the Kansas Supreme Court. (An appeal of this verdict was denied a hearing by the United States Supreme Court last October.) Like Leroy Garber of Kansas, these four Kentuckians, Noah Coblentz, Ezra Miller, John H. Miller, and Richard Lambright had refused—for conscience's sake—to comply with a state law requiring children to attend an approved school until their sixteenth birthday.

What makes the difference? Why does one state find four men innocent from the same charge that another state finds a man guilty? It is merely how the different states look at their own power. Kentucky feels that the individual's conscience must be respected; whereas, Kansas feels that its laws are superior to and supersede the individual's conscience. Such a disregard for the individual's freedom of conscience has led one American educator, Roland Bainton of Yale University, to say concerning the relationship of Amish to the various levels of government: "The most acute area of conflict is education, because in this land of the free we

require that everyone should be free in precisely the same fashion."

Truly the government is ordained of God. The Dortrecht confession of 1632 says, "that God has instituted civil government...for the purpose of governing the world...to preserve its subjects in good order and under good regulations." But the realm of authority of the state has limits. Christ taught that Caesar must be granted his just due, but He also added: "And (render) unto God the things that are God's," (Matt. 22:21). Thus, He clearly set a distinction between church and state. At times in history the church has infringed upon the powers of the state, for example, the powerful Roman church in the Middle ages. In the United States, however, the opposite procedure is beginning to take place.

Mennonite historian Guy F. Hershberger has said concerning the sphere of state influence that "the state may legitimately increase its functions along certain lines for the promotion of the general welfare. But this extension of function has a limit. When it reaches into the realm of RELIGION, CONSCIENCE, and the HOME, and attempts are made to control these, the state is demanding what does not belong to it."

What type of government infringes on the rights of the individual? Many kinds: dictatorships, pure monarchies, police states; in other words, any government that is not democratic. The type of government that is today's greatest threat to the freedom of the individual is the totalitarian state (the state has "total" power) which seeks to impose on all its citizens a uniform philosophy and way of life. The means generally used to promote this type of state is education. "Education, up to a certain point, is a legitimate function of the state, but totalitarian states make an illegitimate use of education when they seek to create a particular type of man with a totalitarian world view." (G. F. Hershberger).

Most people will ask, "Aren't communist or socialist states the only totalitarian states?"

Yes, they are. But how far from becoming a pure socialist state is the United States? (Medicare, Social Security, Federal Aid to schools, and greater insistence on education). The above quoted Mennonite historian sees a trend toward totalitarianism in the United States. He sees this as a result of well-meaning people equating "Christianity and the American way of life to such an extent that they are able to endorse and support and participate in the programs of the state to a degree quite out of line with Scriptural teaching."

Quickly departing are the days when the United States was a haven for minorities—especially religious dissenters. Slowly but surely the government is assuming more control at the expense of the individual. Some "pockets of freedom of conscience" still exist, such as Kentucky, South Carolina, and Missouri. But how long will it be before these few remaining

states fall into line with the thinking of their sister states and rule that the government, not personal conscience, is the ultimate authority?

What lies ahead? For Leroy Garber of Kansas it is moving to Ohio. For the Amish in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana it is compromising to a certain extent. In Iowa it is careful surveillance of the parochial schools by the state officials. For many it is seeking new locations in states with lower educational standards. And for those Amishmen—like their European forefathers—who feel that they are gradually and subtly being made to conform by local, state, and federal governments, hopeful eyes are being cast to Central and South America. What the United States once offered—freedom to follow one's conscience—is now being sought in other lands.

- Aylmer, Ontario

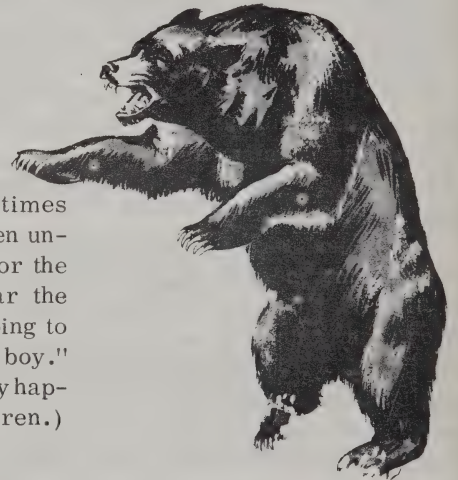
* * *

JOHNNY AND THE BEARS

(Editor's Note:

How many of us parents have not sometimes been guilty of teasing or telling our children untruths to get them to behave? "Be quiet, or the Black Man will get you!" "Don't go near the pond, or the dogs will bite you." "I'm going to take you home with me, for I need a little boy."

The following story illustrates what may happen if we are not strictly truthful with children.)



"Johnny! Johnny boy, come back here!" called Mom Miller anxiously. "You must not go up to the gravel pit."

Four-year-old Johnny stood at the edge of the lawn and turned his mouth into a pout. "But why not, Mom?"

"Because little boys must stay away from there."

"I want to go, Mom. Can't I?"

"Listen, Johnny, you come in now. You are not to go up to the gravel pit because there are big black bears there and they'll eat you up. Now come!"

Johnny cringed at these terrifying words, then ran quickly into the house. Fearfully he peered out the picture window toward the road. By pressing his face hard against the cool glass and looking sideways, he could see the edge of the gravel pit a quarter of a mile up the country road that ran past the Miller's farm home.

For ten minutes he watched, but no black bears did he see sunning themselves on the gravel hills. "They must be down in the pits sleeping," Johnny mused to himself.

Mom Miller had forgotten Johnny, and was washing dishes in the sink.

Then Johnny's eyes opened wide. He turned his face away from the gravel pits and stared. Coming up the road from the opposite direction were David and Isaac Hostetler, two boys from the neighboring farm. They were big boys and more than twice as old as Johnny. Along the road they walked, straight toward the dangerous gravel pits.

Johnny drew in his breath in childish horror. Quickly he ran outside and down toward the passing boys. The screen door slammed behind him.

"Stop, boys, stop!" he cried excitedly.

"Why? What is wrong?" asked David mildly.

Johnny panted out the warning, "Don't go any farther, boys. Please."

Isaac laughed, "Why not, Johnny? We have to go get the rope we left at the pits."

"Oh, no," Johnny's face turned pale. "Don't go near there!" He grabbed Isaac's shirt tail and clung to it.

"We were there yesterday," said David.

"But Mom said there are bears there today, and they'll eat you."

Both big boys laughed loudly. "Ho, ho, Johnny, we're not afraid of bears."

And bravely they walked on, chuckling to themselves.

Johnny could hardly believe it. He retreated to the safety of the sun porch and watched the gravel pits with worried eyes. David and Isaac entered the pits and disappeared from his view.

Johnny waited for what seemed a long time. He was almost ready to go tell his mother that the neighbor boys had been eaten by the terrible bears at the gravel pit, but just then he saw the boys return to the road and come walking toward him. He hurried joyfully to meet them.

"Didn't you see any bears? Or did you kill them?" asked Johnny in awe, just as soon as the boys were within hearing distance.

"Listen, Johnny," said Isaac seriously, "There aren't any bears at the gravel pit, and there never were."

"But my Mom said so."

"She didn't mean it."

"Yes, she did."

"Well, you tell your Mom that Isaac and David were there, and no bears were in sight."

"Didn't you see any tracks even?"

"No."

"Then I am going to tell Mom."

And the little boy walked determinedly to the house, while the older boys proceeded toward home.

"Mom," began the four-year-old, "Did you tell me a lie?"

"Johnny!" Mrs. Miller almost dropped the cake she was putting in the oven.

"I think you did. You said there were bears at the gravel pit and they would eat me if I went there, but David and Isaac just came back and said it ain't so."

"Oh, Johnny, did I really say that to you? I didn't mean it, I...I..." Flustered, Mrs. Miller sat down heavily.

"Oh, I shouldn't have said it, but I thought... Oh, Johnny, I didn't want you to go to the gravel pits; I was afraid you would get lost." The mother was near tears. She really had meant no harm, and now that she saw the matter in its

true light, she was shocked at what she had done.

Johnny watched his mother with wide eyes, but he did not say anything.

She continued, "You'll have to forgive me for saying that, Johnny, for it was a lie. I shouldn't have said it, I know, but I did. Come," She pulled her son toward her, and they knelt together in prayer by the kitchen sink.

"Oh, God," prayed Mrs. Miller, "I'm sorry...."

"Mom," interrupted the little boy.

"What, Johnny?"

"Don't you think I should say it? God might not believe you."

* * *

THREE SCHOOL GIRLS WRITE

Berne, Indiana

Dear Readers:

We want to write about our Amish school. The name of the school is Lincoln, and it was opened in 1962. Bess Cowan of Willshire, Ohio was our teacher the first five years. This year Jake Girod is our teacher. He is a real good teacher. We like our school.

We three girls are all in the eighth grade. There is one boy in our grade, too, and his name is Daniel U. Schwartz. Our school has 45 pupils except on Friday when the vocational pupils come. Then there are 50 in all.

Lizzie K. Schwartz used to live in Michigan. She moved to Adams County in 1961. She was born Aug. 6, 1952. Emma D. Gingerich used to live in Missouri. She moved here in 1966. She was born Sept. 6, 1952. Josephine T. Schwartz has lived here all her life. She was born May 6, 1953. We are great friends.

Every Thursday we have spelling. Our teacher made a chart, and we put it on the bulletin board. All who receive 100% get blue stars. If we miss one word, we get a silver star; if two words, a green star; and four or more words, a red star. Let's hope we never miss that many words!

We girls would be interested in corresponding with some other eighth grade girls. We are not particular from which state. Write about your school and how you are getting along with your activities. Do you think your studies are hard? Do you have a program at Christmas? We do, and all our parents come and watch.

Our teacher says we can compare our sentence construction with yours. But don't forget

to write. Send your letters to our teacher, Jake S. Girod, R.2, Berne, Ind. 46711.

- Lizzie K. Schwartz
Emma D. Gingerich
Josephine T. Schwartz

* * *

FOR YOU

Mayest thou prosper,
And be in health.
Reminded, we find
This is great wealth.
How seldom we appreciate
All common things—until they fade!

- A hidden acrostic (for a girl with a crippled arm) by Harvey H. Nolt.

Ephrata, Penna. 17522

* * *

BUCKEYE SCHOOL
BALTIMORE, OHIO

Greeting you all in the dear Saviour's name:—

I have 39 pupils, with 6 first graders this year—enough to keep one's mind and body busy. We have just finished our first tests, and the report cards are coming back. As usual, some grades were good and others we wish were better. But, oh! What a contrast between children who try their very best in lessons and in obeying and pleasing the teacher, and those children who do only what they have to, and scarcely that! If they could only realize what good pupils mean to the teacher.

Of course, we teachers make many mistakes, too.

I thought maybe parents would be glad to know how they can help keep the schoolroom quiet and orderly. These are things I never realized before I was a teacher. For example, first graders have enough with eight colors, and these should not be in a plastic box. Many times these colors are dropped on the floor. The more colors there are, the more noise it makes and the more fuss that follows until they are all picked up.

And pencils—I think two or three should be enough for a child in the lower grades, and four or five for the upper grades. A dozen pencils on the desk makes much unnecessary noise. Many an unclaimed pencil comes to the teacher. Is it a wonder they never miss it? And they are

not taught thrift that way either.

Many parents are concerned and ask their children what is going on at school. I think that is the way it should be. Then if something needs improving, visit the school and make it known to the teacher.

Today was so different from Friday. The pupils seemed more kind, and most grades were better. Was it a reflection of the teacher, or of the weather, or was it maybe somebody's prayer being heard?

Oh, parents, don't forget to pray for your teacher, that we may be a good example and a good guide daily, leading your children in the way to heaven. May God bless everyone of you.

- Susie Yoder

* * *

THE TEACHER

Lord, who am I to teach the way
To little children day by day,
So prone myself to go astray?

I teach them knowledge but I know,
How faint they flicker and how low
The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them power to will and do,
But only now to learn anew
My own great weakness thru and thru.

I teach them love for all mankind
And all God's creatures, but I find
My love comes lagging far behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be,
Oh, let the little children see
The teacher leaning hard on Thee.

- Selected by a Teacher

* * *

PLEASANT RIDGE SCHOOL
CLARK MISSOURI
Route 1, Box 106

Dear Bulletin Readers:

There they go! Lydia, Lizzie B, Lizzie M, Mattie and Amelia! Skipping down the road towards home, leaving the teacher by herself in the big one-room, red brick school house. She had a little visit with the girls while they were putting on their wraps.

This time the subject was on, "What time do you get up in the morning?" Teacher was somewhat surprised to find she gets up the latest!! But she's going to do better now!

'Tis a cloudy day here in this part of Missouri; looks as if it could start snowing any time. Oh my! There's that broken window that the board member didn't fix yet! Hope it doesn't snow before he gets that in! And the wood needs to be carried in to the woodshed too! Oh well, we'll get that done tomorrow.

I am sitting here at my desk with deep and sincere thoughts branching out every which way. Had a pretty fair day today although I can think back and find many short comings. But trust in the Lord, He will guide and strengthen me through this task!

Only those who have had experience know what a teacher has on her mind. I am so thankful to the parents for the interest they take in helping me. A frequent visit is much appreciated, parents!

I have 17 pupils, plus 4 in vocational. This is the second year I'm teaching and I must confess I have learned a lot of things with the scholars. I hadn't realized I could forget so many things since I went to school.

I am 20 years old and my parents are Menno A. and Katie (Gingerich) Miller. My mother is taking treatments at the Hett Clinic in Canada at present. She had an operation for a growth on her neck just recently. I have 9 sisters and 5 brothers, so you see it doesn't go so well without Mother at home, but we don't want to complain.

Sister Lena is in bed with Bright's Disease for ten weeks now. She is a twin, and is 13 years old. She is in the 7th grade, but hasn't been to school this year yet. She does her school work at home.

Men are husking corn these days. Corn is a very good crop this year. Some of ours makes 120 bushel to the acre.

Still some beans not harvested on account of the wet weather we were having.

Oh dear, pretty soon "teacher Katie" of the Ash Grove School will be going by and here I still sit. Suppose "Penny", the old horse, is getting restless too, so I had better come to a close and get my papers gathered up.

I am anxious to get home and see if we have a letter from Mom!

So will close in the Name of the Lord and may He guide us teachers through the right path. I need your prayers!

A teacher,

Miss Miriam Miller

HELPING THE TEACHERS

Why do we send our children to school? Because the law says we have to, or do we want them to learn? I think we want them to learn, so they will be able to meet and conquer their problems when they grow up.

We as parents should help the teachers as much as possible in our parochial schools. These schools are our schools and not public schools. When our children went to a public school we depended on the teacher to teach them and the principal or superintendent of the school looked after everything in the way of teachers and what was to be taught. We had very little to say and what we did say did not do very much good in improving school.

But now we have our own school which involves fifteen or twenty families, and it is up to us to say what should be taught and what should not be taught. It is also our duty (each and every one of us parents) to visit school. When we visit school we are doing more than just seeing how they have school and listening to their classes. We are proving to our own children that we are interested in what they are doing in school. In this way our children will show more interest and will try harder.

Let us take time every evening and ask each of our school children one question about school that day. Show them that we are glad they are learning new things.

When we visit school we may think of or see some thing we could do to help. We should not be afraid to tell the teacher. And if the teacher asks us to do any thing to help, we should be willing to try it.

I overheard two women talking after church last Sunday. One said, "We would like to go and visit school but we are just so busy we don't have time to go."

Then the other answered, "Yes, we want to go sometime but we are so busy I don't know when it will be."

These two women should stop to think. If they would take time to go and visit school it would do their children and themselves more good than their daily work does. Many people take the excuse, "We don't have time." I wonder, do we have time to be sick? No. But we become sick anyway.

We are always so busy. Doing what? Working for the dollar? What good will this dollar do us at the end. You can not buy a ticket to

heaven with it. There are not enough dollars in the world to buy one ticket, but we can by the grace of God get there if we do what is right.

I am wishing all of you readers God's grace.

A parent,

E. S. Miller

* * *

AUTUMN DAYS

- By Lizzie Ann Nisley

When September days are approaching fast
And autumn winds are blowing around,
Good old school days come back at last—
Thank the Lord for the friends I've found.

Chilly October brings busy Jack Frost,
Biting and freezing as tho' he never cared;
Unable to realize what may be the cost,
But let us thank God for the food He has shared.

Thanksgiving Day is also drawing nigh,
When the crops are mostly in the bin,
The shelves are filled with pumpkin pies—
Give thanks to the Lord again.

The leaves, how colorful on the trees!
They are tumbling to the earth to stay.
How marvelous the work of nature we see.
Oh! Give thanks to Him each day.

And now the birds are flying south,
Their songs of praise we'll miss.
But we are blessed with a cozy house,
And should thank the Lord for this.

Yes, as the seasons come and go,
Do we try our best to find
The one who cares for His own below?
Or are we the thoughtless kind?

- Apple Creek, Ohio

* * *

OHIO SCHOOL RANSACKED AT HALLOWEEN

Halloween season is past, and we are thankful it is. The last night of October a few boys with a car knocked off mailboxes, and on the same night broke into the Green Ridge School near Baltic. The building was ransacked—books strewn on the floor, desks turned over and eleven window panes broken. Someone had a cut finger, as there was blood on the desk, floor,

wall and windows.

The Sheriff's department is checking on the mail boxes, as they are government property. They say the guilty ones have been located.

The sad part of it is that they were boys with Amish parents, although they weren't local boys. They live in an adjoining county.

- M. E. Hershberger

* * *

MECHANICSVILLE, MARYLAND

R. R. # 1, 20659

Dear Bulletin Readers,

As Rachel Petersheim gave an account in the October issue of starting our new schools, I want to say how much we appreciated their help.

We now realize how much better our children's environment is than it was in the public schools. They are learning faster, for one thing, but the biggest difference is in their singing. Our three-year-old girl picks up all they sing. How nice to hear them sing, "Oh, be careful, little eyes, what you see," or "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord," or "In the morning of joy."

In the public schools they were taught trashy songs such as, "Hey, ho, away we go, riding on a donkey," or "As I was walking down the street, a pretty girl I chanced to meet." Sometimes I just asked them to stop singing.

When I went to school (I had the same teacher all my school days), we had no idea what class would be called at any time, and there were not so many classes in a day. We had no singing except a few times when the teacher's daughter came and played the organ. The pupils who learned easily got along all right, but if they didn't want to learn or couldn't, they didn't learn very much. However, this teacher had her good points. She stressed good handwriting, and the care of books and other people's property. When we turned the pages of a book, we had to use our forefinger and thumb on the upper corners of the leaf and carefully turn it. No wetting of your fingers, either. We also had to keep covers on all our books.

We have had a very bountiful summer and therefore are busy this fall. But as soon as I can, I want to spend some time in our new school again. I visited only once so far—the last day Rebecca Beiler was there.

Once again—thank you to those who helped to make our schools possible.

- Sarah (Stoltzfus) Hertzler

* * *

DOVER, DELAWARE

R. R. # 2

October 15, 1967

Dear Readers,

Greetings and best wishes to all readers. I will try and fulfil my desire and write a letter for the B. B. I always look forward to it and enjoy reading it, especially the accounts of trips and by-gone days.

This month of October brings back memories of my school days at Ligo School of Lawrence Co., Penna. This is where I went to school for seven terms.

When I was in my first grade the school house burned down in the fall during the night. The cause of the fire was unknown. I remember I cried, as I had a small testament and a wooden pencil box in my desk and was so sorry I had left it at school.

We then went to Donaldson School (which was not being used for the rest of the term as some of the people didn't want to build a new school house at Ligo School. We again started next fall to Donaldson School. But that fall that school house burned down one cold snowy November morning, the Monday after Thanksgiving vacation. We small children had to get our wraps and lunch buckets and go to a neighbor's house. Old Bill Garrotts and the older children took seats, desks, books, and supplies out as long as it was safe to go into the schoolhouse. Oh, I can still just hear one of the older boys call, "Fire! Fire!" around 10 o'clock that morning.

An old house was fixed up to have school in for the rest of that term. There were sheep pastured in the schoolyard and sometimes they came to the door, and "Baa." By the next fall we had a new school house at Ligo School, and as far as I know there is still school there.

My sister and I were the only Amish children to attend there until the last year when one of my cousins also came.

October was always an interesting month at Ligo School as we had an Agriculture Day. Maybe a lot won't know what it was. We would gather colored leaves, decorate the schoolroom, and learn and recite songs of fall. We gathered our best fruit, vegetables such as the nicest ears of yellow and red corn, big pumpkins, apples, pears, biggest stalks of corn, and potatoes.

The biggest boys fixed a table in stepform on which to lay all this so people could see it. One year Dad tried to raise watermelons, and we had a pretty good-sized one. We took it to

school that day and it was new to all.

When the things were all in place and we all knew our parts, the parents, neighbors, and friends would come. Each would bring a dish, or whatever they wished, such as sandwiches, fried chickens, scalloped potatoes, pies or cakes.

After the picnic was over, the desks cleaned off, floor swept, and the bell rang, we all had a special place to sit so the company would have seats too. Sometimes when the school house was full the men stood.

I remember especially one poem my sister recited at the Donaldson School in 1922. I have in mind it was on Agriculture Day. If that is not right my sister Anna can write to the B. B. and correct it and maybe she knows of more mistakes I made. I will copy the poem:

I studied my tables o'er and o'er,
Backwards and forwards too.
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
And I didn't know what to do.

So my sister said to play with my doll,
And not to bother my head.
"If you call her fifty-four a while,
You'll learn it by heart," she said.

So I took my favorite Mary Ann,
Though I thought it a dreadful shame
To call such a perfectly lovely doll
By such a horrid name.

But I called her my dear little 54
A hundred times till I knew,
The answer to six times nine,
As well as two times two.

The next day Frieda Blake
Who always acts so proud,
Said six times nine is 52,
And I almost laughed aloud.

But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now, Anna, you tell me if you can."
I thought of my perfectly lovely doll,
And answered, "Mary Ann."

Ever since she spoke this poem I can always remember what six times nine is. A few weeks ago my sister and I were together and sang a lot of our school songs that we sang in our good old school days at Ligo School.

Everything is better meant that written. An unworthy friend and reader,

- Mrs. A. A. Miller

Someone tells the story of a boy whom some older lads were trying to compel to join in a mean act. "I can't do it," he said, "and I won't."

"What's the reason you can't? You will have to, I tell you. We are going to make you do it, whether you want to or not. We are all against you, and how are you going to help yourself?"

The boy looked at the others a moment and said, "I can't do it; it's wrong, it's mean, and I won't do it. I am not as much alone as you think I am, either. There are two of us and the other One has always been more than a match for all that have come against Him."

"Two of you!" sneered the other boys. "And where's your partner, I'd like to know? Why doesn't he show up? You'll be used up before he comes."

"No, I shall not," answered the other boy quickly, "for He is here now. It is just as I told you, there are two of us and the other one is—God."

The leader of the boys was startled. He looked for a moment into the determined face of the boy before him, and then, casting a sheepish glance at his companions around him, he said, "Come on, boys, let him alone. There is no use fooling with such a fellow as that." And away they went.

- Selected by a Reader

* * *

EARLY WILL I SEEK THEE

Happy is he whose early years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's paths and fears
The road that leads to hell.

'Tis easier work if we begin
To serve the Lord by time,
While sinners who grow old
Are hardened in their crime.

It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young,
With joy it crowns succeeding years
And makes our virtues strong.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our daily breath,
Thus we're prepared for future days
Or fit for early death.

* * *

(Answers on next page)

Let us make a study of the animal kingdom by filling in the blanks below. How many can you get without using the dictionary?

"Any animal walking on four legs is called a (1) q_____. An animal that suckles its young is a (2) m_____. It is easy to assume that the word (3) M_____ comes from it. Any animal that lives chiefly from meat, such as a dog, a fox, etc. is called a (4) c_____ animal. Animals that hunt their food mostly at night are (5) n_____ animals. Animals that carry their young in a pouch, such as the opossum or kangaroo, are called (6) m_____.

"Fish are called (7) a_____ animals. To what family do the following animals belong? Cattle (8) _____; dogs (9) _____; cats (10) _____; A young deer is called a (11) _____; a young bear a (12) _____; a young fox a (13) _____.

- Submitted by Noah S. Miller
Star Route, Millersburg, Ohio

* * *

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP V

Try these adjectives! Answers on next page

1. alert (ə-lurt')—A. sly; B. meaningful; C. vigilant; D. hepatic
2. mundane (mun'-dān)—A. frigid; B. financial; C. earthly; D. spacious
3. terse (turs)—A. concise; B. solid; C. spicy; D. lazy
4. crass (kras)—A. gaudy; B. stupid; C. brilliant; D. expert
5. prime (prīm)—A. definite; B. meaty; C. tireless; D. chief
6. curt (kurt)—A. rudely brief; B. foreign; C. unusually small; D. silly
7. rustic (rus'-tik)—A. simplistic; B. rancid; C. caustic; D. reddish
8. intrinsic (in-trin'-sik)—A. haunted; B. interior; C. obstinate; D. essential
9. delicate (del'-ə-kit)—A. tribal; B. fragile; C. rare; D. expensive
10. defiant (di-fī-ənt)—A. resistant; B. heritable; C. godly; D. explanatory

OVER THE RIVER

(The following poem is a sample of what our great grand-parents studied in their school readers. It was copied from BUTLER'S FIFTH READER by a Bulletin subscriber, Mrs. David Shirk of Ephrata, Penna. and sent to us for publication.)

The author of the poem was Miss Nancy Priest, a working girl employed in a mill. She had only a country school education.)

Over the river they beckon to me, —
Loved ones who have crossed to the further side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue.
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,

And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see.
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale,
Carried another, — the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale.
Darling Minnie, I see her yet.
She crossed, on her bosom her dimpled hands
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark.
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side
Where all the ransomed and angels be,
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

ANSWERS TO VOCABULARY WORKSHOP

(From preceding page)

1. alert: C. vigilant, watchful; as, The watchdog wore an alert look on its face. Italian all'erta, "on the watch".
2. mundane: C. earthly, worldly; as, Some people are so caught up in mundane affairs that they do not have time for prayer. Latin mundus, "world."
3. terse: A. concise, to the point; as, The intelligent girl summarized the book with one terse comment. Latin tersus, "to rub off".
4. crass: B. stupid, vulgar; as, The drunken man answered the policeman with crass humor. Latin crassus, "thick".
5. prime: D. chief, first; as, The prime reason he left the country was to avoid the draft. Latin primus, "first".
6. curt: A. rudely brief; as, The pupil responded to the question with a curt reply. Latin curtus, "shortened".
7. rustic: A. simplistic; as, The plain lines and flat surface gave the garments a rustic look. Latin rus, "country".
8. intrinsic: D. essential; as, An intrinsic part of an eye is the retina. Latin intrinsecus, "internally".
9. delicate: B. fragile; as, The china dish was so delicate that the slightest wind would have blown it over. Latin delicatus, "pleasing".
10. defiant: A. resistant; as, The new pupil had a defiant attitude toward all the school's rules. Latin dis, "not", and fidare, "to be faithful".

For none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman, cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars
And catch a gleam of the snowy sails.
And, lo! They have passed from our yearning heart.
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day.
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us over life's stormy sea.
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
They watch and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

* * *

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON ANIMALS

(See preceding page)

1. Quadruped
2. mammal
3. Mamm
4. carnivorous
4. nocturnal
6. marsupia
7. aquatic
6. bovine
9. canine
10. felin
11. fawn
12. cub
13. kit

* * *

TIME TO CHECK YOUR CHECKING

- By Elmo

The dim kerosene lamp threw a soft light upon the stack of papers scattered over the desk. The young girl huddled over the papers looked depressed. She made a determined effort to straighten her sagging shoulders; wearily she stifled a yawn. Then she pressed her lips together in a hard, firm line, gave her heavy eyelids a vicious rubbing, and settled down to the tiresome task before her.

"Check, check, X, check, check, check, X"; the red pen grasped in her stiff fingers marked its thankless course down the scribbly sheet. The room was quiet except for the scratch of the pen and the dry rustle of the endless papers. Outside the little room the winter wind howled in icy blasts, tearing angrily at the plastic storm-window. A mischievous gust of wind slipped in around the edge. The sudden draft flickered the yellow flame in the lamp; sleepily the girl stretched as she pushed her chair back and yawned.

You've guessed it; she's an Amish teacher. She is checking and grading papers at a time of night when by every law of the universe she should have been in bed for two hours.

The harassed teacher portrayed above is not rare. She is one of a common species scattered throughout the U. S. and Canada, their natural habitat lying loosely north of Florida, west of the Atlantic, and east of the Rockies.

In simple words, our teachers are overworked. Some older people have challenged this statement by saying, "When I was a boy I attended a one-room school and there were 49 pupils. We only had one teacher and she always got her work done."

Don't let that breezy statement stagger you. Take time to enquire what and how many studies were taught. Isn't it true that the curriculum



today is much more involved and time-consuming than yesterday's? Classes are no longer devoted primarily to the "three r's". Besides "reading, riting, and 'rithmetic" our teachers are expected to find time to squeeze in classes on history, social studies, art, geography, music, health, literature, grammar, phonics, German reading, and Bible study.

Also you might ask the unsympathetic "old timer" how many years of teaching experience his teacher had. The second strike against our schools today is the startlingly high percentage of beginning teachers, either first year or second. I wish we had more long-term teachers who would consider teaching as a lifetime career. Not that I'm opposed to beginning teachers—there are never enough to go around—but the fact remains that it is unfair to expect an inexperienced teacher to manage her work as efficiently as a veteran of twenty years. It's too easy for us to cram our classroom with pupils and then ask some unsuspecting teacher to make out somehow. Many beginning teachers discover to their dismay that when they ask the school-board for a teaching job they are given good measure—pressed down, shaken together and running over!

In visiting schools and teachers, I have been challenged and encouraged by the dedication and devotion to their work that I can sense among our teachers. They are concerned in doing the job well. Being aware of the conflict between public and church schools, they feel keenly the responsibility of keeping our schools on a comparable level, academically. The result is long hours of overtime (with underpay) preparing lessons and assignments and constantly checking, checking, checking, those eternal papers.

Even a machine can take only so much, and our teachers are not machines. Somehow the teacher has to find a way to work long hours and still be alert and refreshed and prepared all the

COMING NEXT MONTH:

An Indiana teacher tells of her concern about worldliness entering our parochial schools, and of the behaviour of pupils after they leave school.

time for classroom crises. Every teacher is aware that she is being unfair to herself and her pupils if she loses so much sleep that she is unable to be relaxed and rested the next day. This can easily produce a mental state of nagging frustration. When a teacher works half the night and gets up in the morning tired and nervous, the only safe thing to do with that teacher is to wrap her in a neat package and label her with bold red letters: "WARNING. Contains tired teacher. Dangerous when brought in contact with the problems of teaching. Do not use near classroom or open books."

Some of our schools have enrollments too large for one teacher and I'm not attempting to deny that. The teacher has just plain too much work any way she looks at it. But there are others, perhaps, who, in their well-meaning devotion to teaching, are blind slaves to the traditional ritual of checking papers. They view every unchecked paper as a mortal threat to their profession and as a writ of condemnation proclaiming to the public at large: "Here is a lazy, shiftless, idle, unscrupulous teacher. She doesn't check all the papers."

Let's take time to relax and consider soberly this task of checking papers. Shake the pencil stubs out of your hair, empty your pockets of the eraser crumbs and paper clips, wash the chalk dust off the black lines under your red

eyelids and try to remain calm and collected. I want to ask one question: What is the real reason for checking papers? I can think of two main reasons: 1) to determine the pupil's ability in a certain area; 2) to provide the needed incentive to keep pupils working.

There are several ways to lessen your checking work and still fulfill these two requirements. The first and most obvious is to have the pupils help you check—upper grades during classtime, and an older pupil at other times. There is hardly a teacher who doesn't use this method somewhat, but it could be utilized more. Since some lessons are not designed to be checked in class, the frequency of assigning this type should be carefully avoided by the teacher. But even with the most ideally constructed assignments and student assistance, there are always stacks of work that only the teacher can do. This brings us to suggestion two. (Be on your guard; it may shock you!)

Recently while visiting schools in Indiana, I was told by one overworked teacher (her pupils numbering in the forties) that she has an enormous amount of checking to do each evening. I felt sorry for her because I knew that she was needlessly burdening herself with menial checking. My frank advice caught her a bit off guard, "The best thing you can do is throw half of those papers into the stove every evening where they belong."

She probably considered my advice with wishful thinking but pushed it aside. Why? Because like all teachers she realizes that a child's primary incentive in learning is the hopeful expectation of a "good" grade. If the children would discover, she feared, that their papers were not being corrected, they would immediately become careless and indifferent toward their work.

But suppose the students know that only random assignments or parts of their work will be checked, won't they still work their hardest, not knowing which will be checked and which not? A pupil will look at this method as he does toward a spelling review test. He knows he will have only twenty-five words on the test; yet, he studies all two hundred, not knowing which ones the teacher has selected.

Why not grade only random selections? You only need a random selection of grades to obtain the overall picture of the child's ability in any given subject.

To get this overall picture you need to distinguish between routine work and new work, between daily work and test work. Often the children are stacking your desk high with rou-

REFLECTIONS OF A PUPIL

or

"DER SCHULER SPIEGEL"

- By Harvey H. Nolt

Alles was ich sehn und höre,
 Aus um uns rum...uf land und mere.
 Red von Seina werka...gros und gleh.
 Oftt konn mir die nat recht versteh.
 Nem yusht a-mull der tag un nacht,
 Zeit halt noch aus wie Gott es macht.
 Sun und sterna in ihrem stand,
 Ein finsternisz* ist euch bekannt.
 Nem jushst a-mul dei eigener leib,
 "Sis wunderbarlich zubereit;
 Ein fusz oder hand oder kupful har,
 Net zwe seema gleich in tausends von paar.
 Ich kann eens doo das Gott net kann,
 Gott findt niemand besser wie Er is dann.

- Ephrata, Pa.

*Referring to the eclipse of the moon at sun-up, October 18, 1967.

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*

tine exercises that they have had for months—nothing new or difficult—just busy work, designed to keep the pupils occupied. Unfortunate is the teacher who thinks all this has to be checked minutely and completely. It becomes "busy work" indeed—for the teacher!

What would you think of a farmer going out to check his son's plowing if he had to check every inch of every furrow before he would know how well his son was plowing? Of course no farmer would ever do it this way. Instead he gets an overall view of the field.

If you're a stickler for detail, how do you check penmanship papers? Do you examine every dot and letter? Do you go down line upon line, carefully figuring off one mark for every letter that is crooked, misformed, out of line, or wrongly slanted? Of course you don't; you do just what the farmer does. You take an overall look at the paper and grade it accordingly.

Do you get the message? This very moment I want you to stop feeling guilty about all those unchecked papers piled up beside you while you are reading the Bulletin. Enjoy yourself for a change; those papers won't run away. When you've finished reading, and it's still early, check a number of papers if you must from force

of habit. But be sure to get to bed real early and relax—don't even think about school. Tomorrow morning when you get up, feeling equal to your liveliest pupil, grab that stack of papers and wad them firmly into your school binder. When you get to the schoolhouse, alert and eager, chuck the whole mess into the stove. Never mind if you happen to get a little soot from the stove on your fingers—just rub it off in a black mark beneath each of your eyes so that your pupils will still recognize you as the haggard teacher they had yesterday.

- Aylmer, Ontario

* * *

NOTES AND QUOTES

From Holy Day To Holiday

There was a time when the observance of Christmas was forbidden, not by atheistic governments, but by zealous churchmen. For example: on May 11, 1659, the General Court of the Massachusetts Bay Colony passed the following law: "Whoever shall be found observing any such day as Christmas or the like, either by forbearing labor, fasting, or any other way, as a festival, shall be fined five shillings.

The people of the early New England colonies had seen enough pagan Christmas celebrations in England to sour them on Christmas for life. They had seen how quickly this "holy day" becomes merely a holiday. People forget, all too quickly, the purpose of the celebration.

Parents' Negligence

I once read about a young man who stood at the bar of Justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known the young man from childhood, for his father had been a famous legal light, whose work on the law of Trusts was the most exhaustive work on the subject.

"Do you remember your father?" asked the judge, sternly "that father whom you have disgraced?"

The prisoner answered, "I remember him so well. When I went to him for advice or companionship, he would look up from his book on the Law of Trusts and say, 'Run away, boy, I am busy.' My father finished his book, and here I am."

The great lawyer had neglected his own trust with awful results. It is so easy to forget that what we do for our children is more important and longer lasting than what we do in making money or building a reputation.

- Compiled by M.E. Hershberger

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The Bible's Place In Our Schools

By John M. Bontrager

Why do we have our own schools? Is it not because of our faith in a living God? How did we get such a faith? "Suchet in der Schrift, denn ihr meinet, ihr habt das ewige Leben drinen; und sie ist's die von mir zeuget." (John 5:39). "Und weil du von Kind auf die heilige Schrift weiszt, kann dich dieselbige unterweisen zur Seligkeit durch den Glauben an Christum Jesum." (II Tim. 3:15).

Yes, from the Bible, the holy Word of God, the divine Scriptures—containing the rules and laws of our Creator. God who made us knows what we need and what it takes for men to live peaceably together. We encounter no problem but that we can turn to the Bible for an answer. Jesus said the Word testifies of Him, the Plan of salvation, the Son of God sacrificed so we can be saved!

"Each is given a bag of tools,
A jumbled mass, a Book of rules,
And each must make ere life is flown
A stumbling block or a stepping stone."

Then why are we hesitant concerning the Bible's place in the classroom? I am slow to write on this subject, as I agree the best way to teach the Bible is to practice it. I agree 100% with this. If I don't try to practice Bible principles, it won't do much good to teach it. But even though I fail miserably at times to practice it, I still feel it my God-given duty to see that my children are taught the Bible. And

as one of our ministers has often said, "If the church, the home, and the school all teach the same thing, there is a much better chance for a child to form a habit or be influenced."

Stephen M. Stoltzfus writes in the pamphlet, "Why a Christian School Today?", that Scriptures like Isa. 28:10, 'For precept upon precept, line upon line; here a little and there a little,' and Deut. 6, Eph. 6:4, and many others indicate to him that "we should seize every opportunity possible to implant divine truths in the hearts of our children." He quotes an early writer, Memonides, who describes a school of his day thus, "The teacher sat at the head and the pupils surrounded him as the crown the head, so that every one could see the teacher and hear his words. The teacher did not sit in a chair while the pupils sat on the ground, but all either sat on chairs or on the ground. The chief studies were their own language and literature, the chief school book the Holy Scriptures; and there were special efforts to impress lessons of morality and chastity."

We have parents today who are concerned and think we are teaching some secular subjects we don't need and should eliminate them to relieve the teacher's load, and spend the time in teaching German or the principles of the faith. German, again, is an asset mainly in reading and studying the Bible.

When I went to school we had a story in our books of three bears who built houses. The

story contained a moral nonetheless, but wouldn't we rather take such lessons from true sources such as the wise man who built his house on a rock, as related in the Sermon on the Mount?

Do our children know of Gideon, Barak, Samson, Jephthah, David, Samuel and the prophets? Do they know the Holy Scriptures from childhood? Without a doubt they do know some of these, but can we teach too much respect for the Bible? I think not.

One reason sometimes given for not having any Bible teaching in our schools is an example of what occurred in our local public school. This school had a Bible class with a very zealous lady teacher who belonged to a—dare we say it?—worldly church. She taught things contrary to our faith and sometimes got into arguments with Amish pupils.

Need we say more on this very poor reason? In the first place, we should teach our pupils not to argue. In the second place, if we have our own schools our children need not attend such classes.

If a thing is right and good, we dare not excuse ourselves from performing it simply because some do it wrongly. We assemble ourselves to have church much the same as worldly denominations; we don't quit just because we feel they have lost the way that is pleasing unto God.

We should be careful to hire teachers that are anchored in our faith, then we need not be afraid they will admonish our children detrimentally on Biblical principles.

As for Bible reading without comment—if we had a teacher in the schoolhouse whose comments on the Scriptures I would be afraid of, I wouldn't want him there.

No, we don't have special Bible classes in our school. (If we did, I'd want them in German, I believe). We do have some German in which the lessons are Bible stories. Maybe we should have more. The teachers do have the children memorize Bible verses weekly, or every two weeks. The morning devotions and spiritual hymns also give the teachers an opportunity to add a word of admonishment now and then.

Yes, I agree with Ezra Kanagy, "A child will learn ten times as fast if the Christianity he is taught is also practiced." But, with our own parochial schools—I can think of no aspect of them in which I do not come back to the Bible. The Bible! Thank God for it; search the Bible! Oh, yes, I better get busy!

TROY CHURCH PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
BURTON OHIO 44021
December 22, 1967

Dear Readers,

A greeting of Christian love to all.

As my thoughts often wander to many of the teachers, board members, and other school-minded people scattered over our nation, they usually come back and rest on the Blackboard Bulletin which helps to keep us together. Not many teachers would want to lose the privilege of reading it, so we should help more than we have so far. It's a wonder the editor doesn't get discouraged with us and tell us if we won't write then we won't read. That's likely what we'd tell our pupils. Let's write!

Write? Yes, but what shall I write? I guess starting out like a boy did once in our school, "The first thing I want to write is that I don't know what to write", would fit well here.

This forenoon we had our little program and gift exchange at school. The program consisted mostly of singing and recitations, which are interesting if they are recited so all can hear. Quite a few of the parents and other interested people attended which is always an inspiration to me.

As most teachers know, this day causes some anxious moments. Or at least it does for me. If we could only give ourselves up as ministers do, this day probably wouldn't be so hard on our nerves.

It is almost unbelievable that we are so close to the half-year mark. Yes, teaching is a busy life. It is well that it is, for wouldn't it be tiresome if the days went slowly? In a few weeks we'll be having our mid-year exams already. We could try to find easier work but other jobs don't have rewards to offer as teaching does.

Here at Troy, school is chugging along about the same as usual. We have our ups and downs but lately for me it seems more downs. We are hoping the sun will shine for us soon. It usually seems brighter after a hard storm.

In closing I will encourage all teachers to chip in and help along with the project introduced by Daniel Stutzman. And parents, please visit your school and help the teacher to carry the burden. "Oh Father, give us strength and wisdom as onward we plod."

A teacher,

Monroe R. Schmucker

* * *

Shipshewana, Indiana

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EDITORIAL

THE INDIANA SCHOOL AGREEMENT

How much right of control do public officials have in the operation of our parochial schools? This is a complex question and one we will not attempt to answer, for I am convinced it lies out of the bounds of our responsibility.

However, the related question—How much control is the church allowed to turn over to the state?—is where our concern should lie.

By signing certain articles of agreement with the Department of Public Instruction in their state, the Amish of Indiana have taken the lead in the past year in full co-operation with state officials and in establishing a good working relationship.

We are glad when there is no conflict between public officials and our parochial schools. In the past there have been cases of nonco-operation and even stubbornness—from both sides! In the occasional case where the Amish have failed to honor ordinary attendance laws (where no question of conscience was involved), it is small wonder that public officials have become irked. True sincerity and honest efforts to maintain high standards in school work and morality usually bring respect, as proven in most of the areas where Amish schools are located. Even though officials may disagree with methods or conclusions reached, they will respect us in spite of differences.

But in signing compacts or agreements, there is a certain amount of danger of unwittingly relinquishing the control of our schools to the state. I am certain that the Amish school leaders of Indiana are as aware of this danger as anyone. They can expect some criticism of their action, and it may well be that some of the things agreed to will not work out for the best. But in drawing up the agreement, they were acting in good faith and it was not signed without much counseling with ministers and bishops throughout the state.

97% Attendance

One point on which we have heard criticism is the clause requiring 97% attendance. Indeed,

this figure does not seem too realistic, and as one brother commented, "What public school would expect to maintain such a high average of attendance?"

However, some of our Amish schools have consistently kept their attendance above this mark. But this is remarkable, considering that children sometimes get the flu, or the measles, or the mumps. A more realistic figure, from which to penalize schools, would have been at least as low as 95%.

The way we understand the system works, any school falling below the year's average attendance of 97% must have additional days of school to bring the attendance up to that figure. This seems fair enough, in a sense, and although nobody can help it when an epidemic strikes a community and attendance falls into the 80's, it is nevertheless a fact that when a child is at home he is not at school, and a few extra days in the spring to remedy this should go a long way to gain respect for our Amish schools.

For we gather that this is one purpose of the agreement. The Department of Public Instruction can in this way remove all just cause of complaint regarding the standards of our schools, and they will feel they have fulfilled their responsibility toward all the children in their state.

Christians are commanded to go the second mile, and it seems to me this matter of 97% attendance, freely and willingly agreed to, is an excellent expression of this Biblical principle. By going beyond the standards of public schools in a matter where no one should be conscientiously opposed, is a step in the right direction, even though at face value it may appear unfair.

Teachers' Qualifications

Point G, which covers the qualifications of teachers in Amish schools in Indiana, is the clause that may contain the germ of future trouble, although we hope this may not be the case. We will quote the clause in part:

"A teacher of the Amish faith, if possible, will be employed. The teacher will have passed the eighth grade satisfactorily and will make a

passing score on a General Educational Development High School Equivalency Test, or on a standardized 12th grade achievement test furnished, administered, and graded by the State Department of Public Instruction."

These GED tests, as they are called, were given to fifty-one persons, mostly teachers, at Sunnyside School near Topeka, on Dec. 8 and 9. The following week the same tests were given in the Daviess County area. At the time this is being written, the results were still unknown.

We see one flaw in this method of testing—the teacher is graded instead of the pupils. This is one point for which the Amish have strongly contended time and again—it is not so important how much the teacher knows, as it is how much she is successfully transmitting to the pupils. We know of college-educated teachers who were outstanding flops when it came to teaching children anything. And we know of teachers with an eighth grade education who have the talent to bring their classes to life and to really inspire their children in the paths of learning.

By this we do not wish to "knock" knowledge, or to belittle the worth of training and experience in a teacher's life. It's just that asking the State to measure the worth of our teachers by their standards may be treading on dangerous ground. Surrendering the right to choose our teachers is one of the last things we want to do.

It would seem a less objectionable way for the public to test our schools would be pupil-testing. Such is being done in some Amish schools this winter in an independent study by a research team sympathetic to the Amish. (See announcement in December B. B.)

The difference between these two forms of testing could be listed under two headings. 1. The GED tests in Indiana test the teacher's knowledge. The study team tests pupils, and thus learns the success of both our teachers and our whole parochial school system, to achieve our aims. 2. The Indiana tests are in one sense compulsory (though agreed to by the Amish committee). The pupil-testing program is entirely voluntary, and therefore much more dependent on the co-operation of individual communities.

We can be sure that public officials in other states are watching the experiment in Indiana, and that teacher testing similar to these GED Tests may become widespread. If done on a purely advisory level to upgrade our schools, they might be helpful. But if no teacher is to

be allowed to teach without having passed the tests, the situation may indeed cause concern.
- J. S.



FROM
THE EDITOR'S DESK

In this issue we have two descriptions of schools long ago. The thing most readily apparent from these articles is the great improvement in schooling since those days. True, the schools of the pioneer era may have had some qualities our Amish schools today lack, but these are more than offset by better teaching methods, more and improved books and paper, more comfortable buildings, and longer school terms.

There is usually a happy medium. We do not want our children educated in multi-million dollar schools, cushioned seats, and with television in every corner. Neither do we want log cabin schools with slabs for benches, and pieces of newspaper for textbooks!

.

Is a poem a poem if it doesn't rhyme? That's a question that is answered in the article, "Sing Song and Rhyming" by one of our frequent contributors, Titus. This article is one of the results of actual pre-testing of stories and selections for the Pathway Readers, which was done in some Amish schools during November. We welcome articles from teachers and parents on this subject of what makes good poetry, and what poems from their school days they felt were most worthwhile.

.

A first-year teacher ran into difficulty when the time for six-week tests came. His letter, "A Time of Testing", may bring some response from more experienced teachers, or at least we hope it does. Why not write to the Bulletin and tell us what you have learned about testing? What type of problems are the best? How do you prepare tests—on the blackboard, duplicated, or oral? Are any tests available ready-made for certain textbooks? What, really, is the purpose of tests?

.

We would like our readers to prayerfully study the article by Martha Helmuth, "Please

Consider". This teacher discusses problems that do arise in some communities; I'm sure she would be glad for helpful comments from parents, ministers, or others, either through the Bulletin or by personal correspondence.

Sometimes the medicine arrives after the patient is recovered. Such is the case, we think, with Uria Byler's article this month in which he scolds teachers for not writing to the Bulletin. This month there are about a dozen teachers' letters! If Uria had written in September, now, his medicine might have helped us a great deal. Just in case the patient might become sick again, we are printing Uria's letter.

Why haven't teachers been more faithful in writing? Is it in any way the editor's fault? That is the question that concerns me. The teachers have had their scolding, and if the editor needs one, too, I'd suggest he be given one also.

It is as Uria says—the editor can only print the letters he receives, not the ones that are never written. Let's hope Uria's suggestions of subjects to write about will bear fruit. And while you're writing for the Bulletin anyhow, if you have any helpful hints for the editor on how to make the paper more worthwhile, we'd be glad to have them. Thank you.

The discussion on checking started by Elmo's article in the December issue has proved to be an interesting one. In this issue some teachers have declared themselves for and some against the stovepipe method. Any further comments?



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

"I have a concern to share about an article in the November Bulletin. It is about Ezra Kanagy's article on Teaching Values in our Schools. I just give my feeling on this and hope I am not being unduly critical...

"If we cannot have a teacher whom we feel is sincere and sound in upholding the authority of the Word, and allowed to teach it that way, he should not teach the other subjects either, should he? Christianity pervades all of life and it will come out in all subjects in school.

"I thought this for some time, and now that I am attempting to teach, I find it all the more true. Applications come out all the time. How could a teacher teach only the secular things? I think we agree that Sunday Christians are no

good. If we cannot divorce our beliefs from our everyday lives, how can we in the schoolroom?"
- A Teacher, Ohio

"Your Bulletin is of use to everyone for all parents are teachers (whether good or bad) and as long as we live we are also pupils.

"Words are one of my hobbies, and I got a kick out of the paragraph with the big words in the December issue. I was going to call your attention to a misspelled one, but now I can't find the copy to point it out!"
- A mother, Pennsylvania

"Yesterday we received the first issue of FAMILY LIFE. Very interesting! But when do you expect us to find time to read the BULLETIN, the AMBASSADOR, FAMILY LIFE, teach school, and write for the BULLETIN besides? You're keeping us busy!"
- A Teacher, Ohio

VOCABULARY TEST

Try These Verbs!

- 1. revere (ri-vir')—A. decorate; B. venerate; C. indicate; D. placate
- 2. rend (rend)—A. to occupy; B. to move swiftly; C. to tear apart; D. to hide quickly
- 3. fathom (fath'-əm)—A. to understand; B. to drill; C. to cover over; D. to inflame
- 4. immerse (i-murs')—A. to dress in metal armor; B. to fall into disrepute; C. to come out victorious; D. to cover completely with fluid
- 5. relinquish (ri-ling'-kwish)—A. to reduce; B. to separate in intervals; C. to fasten a second time; D. to surrender
- 6. instigate (in'-stə-gāt)—A. to incite; B. to chastize; C. to certify; D. to examine
- 7. confine (kən-fin')—A. to respond; B. to restrict; C. escort; D. to finish
- 8. fuse (fyooz)—A. to blend together; B. to harmonize; C. to excite grief; D. to argue
- 9. succumb (sə-kum')—A. to enjoy; B. to return; C. to die; D. to linger
- 10. nullify (nul'-ə-fī)—A. to abbreviate; B. obtain results; C. to make useless; D. to imagine

- Answers on next page

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love in Jesus' holy name; He is the one who strengthens and directs us through this turbulent world.

Once again we are at the time of the year when we can say, "Noch ein mal ein Jahr verschwunden, und naeher zu der Ewigkeit." By the time this is in print, we will have started another new year.

This being my first year in teaching, I feel I have more to learn than to teach. I enjoy teaching, and also enjoy having so many children

around me. It is a new experience, though, for I am the second youngest in my family. I know that I could not teach anything of myself, without the Lord's help and guidance. But with His help, the pupils and I are trying to get as much knowledge as we can to prepare us for the way ahead.

Here at our school we read a story after the noon hour each day. My pupils prefer stories about animals, rather than just about people all the time. Could any of you help me find some books suitable? We have the Burgess animal books, but I wonder if there would be others available, too, to give us variety.

Do any other schools have a period for crafts? I find it is something the pupils look forward to. I think if we give them something they enjoy, they will try harder in the things they don't enjoy so well. The girls have made bootees and the boys teddy bears for relief. Suggestions for projects would be welcome, especially for the boys. One boy made this remark after a craft period, "Why do we boys have to learn to sew? The girls never have to learn to hammer and saw and to make things out of wood like we do." I want to get some project to the boys' liking next, but woodworking is out of bounds for us because of cramped quarters.

May the Lord be with you all throughout the coming year and always.

Yours truly,

Selina Bowman
Winterbourne Parochial School

* * *

TEACHING OR TRAINING?

As I read the Blackboard Bulletin, I usually see the Bulletin's motto: "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old(er), he will not depart from it." Now a thought comes to my mind; where and when should a child be trained? Should he be taught or trained in school? If the child is trained, teaching won't be hard, but it's almost impossible to teach an untrained child.

Has the child been trained (not taught) to obey immediately? Has he been trained to try to do something he has never done before? Or has he been trained to be quiet under any or all circumstances? How about honesty? endurance? rights of others? care of property? patience, etc?

Where should the teaching be done? Where should he get his training? He definitely should be taught in school, but let's have him prepared for school by the training he receives at home.

A child can have the teaching, but if not

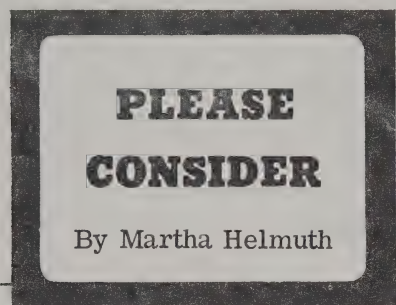
VOCABULARY WORKSHOP ANSWERS VI

1. revere: B. venerate, to regard with reverence; as The Bible is a book all children are taught to revere. Latin revereri, "to feel awe of".
2. rend: C. to tear apart; as, The high priest threatened to rend his garments if the man blasphemed. (Past tense is rent.) Old English rendan, "to tear".
3. fathom: A. to understand; as, The woman could not fathom what the foreign child was trying to tell her. Old English faethm, "the length of two outstretched arms".
4. immerse: D. to cover completely with a liquid; as, Some churches immerse the believer in the water during the ceremony of baptism. Latin immergere, "to dip".
5. relinquish: D. to surrender; as, The child hit the dog on its head until it would relinquish its hold on the rope. Latin re "back, from", and linquere, "to leave".
6. instigate: A. to incite; as, A good way to instigate trouble is to throw a brick through a store window. Latin instigare, "to goad against".
7. confine: B. to restrict; as, The doctor was forced to confine the boy to bed because of his disease. Italian confinare, "to limit".
8. fuse: A. blend together; as, Because of the great heat the two metals began to fuse. Latin fusus past participle of fundere, "to pour".
9. succumb: C. to die; as, Because of the poisonous snake bite, the doctor said the woman would succumb. Latin succumbere, "to lie underneath".
10. nullify: C. to make useless; as, The wind storm nullified all the farmer's labor. Latin nullus, "none".

trained it might not prove genuine in school and elsewhere away from home and parents.

Do we understand the necessity of not only teaching, but training children?

- A Reader



"Come, let us reason together, saith the Lord..." Isa. 1:18.

How much may be gained if we take the time to reason with our children! I have repeatedly been surprised by how much little children can understand if we only take the time to explain some things to them. Tell them why we do things as we do, why we prohibit some things and request others.

Good discipline is essential to the success of your school. Deal firmly with the children but only in Christian love. It is so easy to love the obedient, pleasant child, but what about that problem? He probably needs the love more than the others and you, as his teacher, need the grace of God to exercise it. It's easy to be patient when all goes well, but what about when things go wrong, or the children have more difficulties with their lessons, and time is running short? Do you have patience when you need it most? Keep striving toward that goal; make it a matter of prayer. His grace is sufficient!

Try to rule your children by kind requests instead of commands and demands. You may be surprised by the results. Let your speech be tempered by, "Please," "I would appreciate," and "Thank you." Be sincere but also expect obedience. Of course, there will be times when you need to be stern, but most people are more willing to comply when they are asked rather than told to do something. Show your appreciation for their obedience and good behavior instead of only scolding or punishing for disobedience.

The teacher's task is made so much easier when she has the wholehearted support of the parents. A child is very unlikely to stand up to the teacher when he knows the parents are backing her. We teachers are not above mistakes.

We are just as human as anyone else, but please, parents, do not discuss our faults in front of your children. That usually does no good, only harm. The children soon realize when their parents are so willing to listen to their complaints about the teacher, and then their grievances are greatly magnified. I'm sure most teachers are willing to discuss those problems with the parents, especially when they come in a Christian manner. Many problems can then easily be solved and a better understanding between parents and teacher is developed. Many times when parents take their children's part and work against the teacher, they are doing their own children, and possibly others, more harm than they are the teacher.

Sometimes when a new teacher comes to the school, some parents are quick to praise her, perhaps too highly, then when things go wrong they are equally quick to criticize. Oh, dear parents, please be more moderate in your praise and more tolerant of your teacher's faults. Let us reason together and our problems can be made few.

Why is it that some children, aged twelve to fifteen, come to school with knee-length dresses, stylish hair-dos, and other worldly attire? It seems that where they have those problems, they have more serious discipline problems. It is my belief that the two go hand in hand. If the children need have little regard for church regulations and Christian conduct, then what more can we mere teachers expect? So far it has been my privilege to teach where those things were forbidden in the school standards, for which I have been very thankful.

As I stand before my students and see each one quietly and busily at work, I am filled with a sense of love and gratitude for their obedience and respect. Little do they know how much that means to the teacher. Neither do they understand the pain the opposite causes. As I see them before me, willing to obey, so easily reasoned with, I cannot help but wonder about their destiny. What will they be doing in a few years from now? Will they still be so pliable in our hands or will they also fall prey to the evils that are so common among our young folks? We teachers have so often seen some of our former well-behaved students change to young men and women of questionable character. Oh, how that treads on the heart!

Many have taken their children out of public schools to get them away from the worldly influences and unchristian teachings there. This is right and good, but is it enough? Are our schools of much value when they practically

step from the schoolroom to the undesirable influences of our own young folks? How many of our boys and girls are influenced, against their better knowledge, by the foul language, smoking, drinking, immoral courtship, and other questionable conduct because they want to be one

of the crowd? Sad, sad! Who will be held responsible?

- Concerned,
Martha Helmuth
Kokomo, Indiana



WHEN TEACHERS WRITE

-By Hannah Horst

Yes, teachers have a responsibility not only to their pupils and the parents, but also to other teachers. Recently, as time permitted, I have been reading and studying a book on teaching the language arts; a book which has many invaluable points and ideas. Now if such books are written for the use of educated, specially-instructed teachers, how much more will it be necessary for us to study such material! Yet we have not the money (or time) for an extensive library. But we can share our ideas, problems, and experiences through an excellent medium, The Blackboard Bulletin.

"But I am busy enough with my own class; how can I find time to write letters?" Suppose that you did steal an hour (you'll need several if you're like me) several times in a year for this purpose, and half of the teachers listed in the Bulletin directory read your letter. Now figure out at an average of, say, twenty-five pupils to each teacher, how many children would benefit from your advice if one teacher out of fifty learned something from it. For you will need to come up with some earth-shaking gem of wisdom if even half of the teachers will fully agree with you. Would it not be worthwhile, however, to share your knowledge for the sake of even one or two teachers, who are perhaps struggling with the very problem for which you hold the solution?

"But I can't express myself in writing!" You as teachers, know that if you simply assign a composition topic and do nothing more to motivate the pupils, the results will not be as worthwhile as when the children are really interested in a subject, have perhaps discussed it, and then write about it. Likewise you, unless you're really a whiz, will be able to write better under the stimulus of being all worked up over your line of thought, than over the half-guilty feeling

of knowing you really ought to write for the Bulletin, "but what?" Many of you have probably often read a letter from a friend and felt like answering it then and there. It wouldn't seem fair to put your friend in the "letter-debt" so soon again, but how about working off those desires on the Bulletin? Immediately after reading it is about the only time I find inspiration for writing.

When I was still sitting in a pupil's desk, we were once asked to write a paragraph about a trip we had taken. Instead of telling about an exciting part of the day, as I knew I could and should, I wrote a lazy story of the type "got up at six, went on bus at nine, came to the falls at noon, etc." I received a well-deserved scolding for it, because the teacher knew as well as I did that a little more effort would have turned out a much better story. Reading in the Bulletin, I am sometimes surprised by the number of teachers who will send in this kind of letter, which, I suppose, is interesting to the people who know them. How about leaving that kind of letter to the Budget, and let us all, (I've never done my own share either), use a little more effort to make the Bulletin an extra good paper!

- Winfield Parochial School
R. 2, Drayton, Ontario

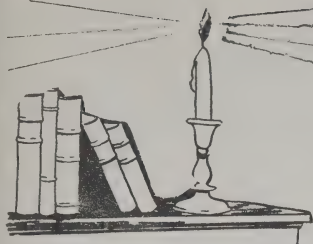
EIN DEUTSCH GESCHICHT

Für Kinder!

Warum hat Sammy nicht wollen arbeiten?
Was haben seine Eltern getan? Lese des
Februär Nummer von FAMILY LIFE.

Lese "Ein Woch Nicht Arbeiten"

THE HAND THAT ROCKED THE CRADLE



(The following writings are selected from the book, Woodbine Farm, written in 1931 by W. D. Zinn who was born in a Baptist minister's home on this farm at Philippi, West Virginia on May 16, 1857. It was selected for the Bulletin by a minister of Fredericksburg, Ohio.)

This chapter is written in loving memory of the woman who rocked my cradle and guided me through the precarious days of my youth. My mother's childhood days were spent in a very humble farm home in a county adjoining the one in which Woodbine is located.

At a very early age she became an incessant reader. The tallow candle was about all the artificial light other than the woodfire that homes had in those days. Even the candle was expensive. My grandfather was not a man of much means for he gave his time to ministering to others. Economy was practiced in this as well as in most of the homes of that day. In order to save the candle my mother provided herself with a lot of kindling wood and spent many hours at night sitting by the hearth reading, making a light by throwing one splinter after another on the fire.

I wonder how many of our young people today would pay that price for an education. My mother was a student at Rector College located at Pruntytown, W. Va. In this school she obtained part of her education, but the larger portion was obtained around the fireside at home.

She taught school more than twenty terms before and after her marriage to my father. One of the first schools I attended was taught by my mother. This reminds me of an incident that occurred in this connection. I was studying arithmetic and had been trying and trying to solve a problem in long division. Many unsuccessful attempts at the solution of the problem had caused me to lose my temper. In my rage I flung the arithmetic to the opposite corner of the schoolroom. No sooner had I done this than my mother, the teacher, marched promptly to my desk and commanded me to arise from my seat. She gave me a well-deserved thrashing. I was not very severely shocked or surprised, for I had many similar experiences at home.

Here let me say to the parent who is afraid to punish his child for fear it may not love and respect him later in life that in my judgment this is a mistake. In our home my mother did most of the chastening and while I have great respect for both of my parents, if there is any difference it is in her favor.

It was she who subdued my stubborn will and developed in me a more wholesome view of life. But this chastising was not always done with the rod. As I remember it now the punishment that pierced my heart most severely and was the most lasting came about in this way. After I had disobeyed my mother and she had punished me with the rod, she often took me into her private room and kneeling down, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she implored her heavenly Father to have mercy on her erring boy and to help her bring him up in such a way that he might be a blessing to the world. Oh, my dear readers, in imagination I can hear those pleadings and see those tears as plainly as I heard and saw them fifty years ago. When I think of the character of the one who gave birth to me and who did everything in her power to incline the twig the way it should grow, and then think of how little I have done for the world, I not only am ashamed of my accomplishments but I feel that I have never been duly grateful for the mother of whom God made it my privilege to be a son.

.

II. School Days

How different the pupils of those days from those of the present, and how far removed the methods of study and teaching. We were permitted, in fact required, to study aloud. The teacher seated on an elevated platform in the rear of the schoolroom, knew that we were studying, or thought he did, only when our mouths were moving.

One day I had my lesson perfectly but I had to keep working my mouth else the teacher would punish me for idleness. Accordingly I was repeating, "Mum, mum, mum, mum." Suddenly something happened that attracted the attention

of the other children, who ceased to study while I continued to "mum, mum."

The teacher said, "I will give you something to mum about." He was a cripple and walked with crutches. He started for the corner of the schoolroom where he kept a good supply of hickory switches. Never did the thoughts come and go more quickly through my brain. My mind ran on high for a short time. "I can beat that teacher to the door," I thought, and no sooner thought than done. A half mile race soon brought me home and I ran into the house almost out of breath.

My mother said, "Willie, what brought you home?"

I replied, "The teacher was going to whip me with one of those ox-goads."

With an expression of sorrow upon her face which I shall never forget, my mother said, "I hope my little boy did not run away from school."

To which question I was forced to answer that I had. My mother took me by the hand and led me out to the corner of the yard where a sweet apple tree had been growing for many years. My father had pruned that tree a few years before and it had sent out a lot of water sprouts. I had hoped she would break off some of the smallest sprouts but instead she broke off the largest within reach and proceeded to give me a sound threshing.

"Will you go back to school now?" she demanded.

Thinking of the reception that would be given me there, I answered that I wouldn't. Thereupon she took me by the hand and led me back through the deep snow to the school house. Occasionally I played the part of a balky horse when I thought of the greeting I would receive. But my mother knew how to overcome that tendency on my part for she had carried along some of the apple sprouts. On arriving at the schoolhouse, my mother opened the door and bade me walk up the aisle. She then said to the teacher, "I have brought Willie back and I want you to punish him."

I thought I had already received all that was due me in the way of punishment, but my mother decided this would not atone for my breaking the rules of the school. The teacher therefore hobbled to the corner of the schoolroom and got a real hickory switch. In the presence of my mother he gave me as I remember it the hardest whipping I ever received in my life. My mother thanked him and bade him good-by.

I sat down on the same seat I had occupied before running away and began to think. I thought

slowly and soberly and decided never again to run away from school. I kept that resolution. What would have happened if my mother, because the teacher had attempted to whip me, had refused to send me back to school? I am sure I would not be writing this book.

No doubt my readers would be interested in having a little more detailed information about this schoolroom. The seats were made by splitting saplings in two pieces and putting four or six legs in each piece. The top was dressed with a drawing knife or broadaxe. The seats were backless and all of the same height. Writing tables were arranged around the walls of the room, being set at an angle of about 45 degrees. The entire school practiced writing at the same time. The teacher called out "Writing hour!" and we all scrambled to our places.

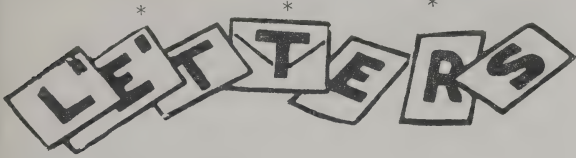
The school opened at eight o'clock and closed at four with three intermissions totaling one and a half hours.

Did the boys and girls have games in those days? Yes, indeed, but I do not recall that one school went well across the continent to play another, nor did they put in half their time training for these games as is the practice in schools now. We often played ball very much like the boys do now, but we never went wild over that or any other game.

Even if we had no games, we would not have suffered for the want of exercise. Before we went to school in the morning and after we returned home at night, we had wood to chop, cows to milk and pigs to feed. Someone has said that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy but on the other hand all play and no work makes Jack a worthless man. If I were a millionaire and had a dozen boys, I would teach all of them to work. Our parents allotted to each of us certain work to do during the school term. We felt just as much responsibility for doing these tasks as we did for preparing our lessons for the next day.

I would like to have come up through life with opportunities such as have the young people of today. As it was, I was fortunate in having an educated mother for which I am duly thankful. That is the reason why in all my talks to farmers, I have urged them to give their daughters at least as good a training as they give their sons. Much depends on the girls of our land. Among other reasons for this is that the child spends considerably more time with its mother than it does with its father. If I could send out a message to every parent in the United States, it would be, "Give your daughters the proper

training and the future of our country will be safe."



WHERE ARE ALL

THE TEACHERS' LETTERS?

- By Uria R. Byler

We have a habit of looking forward to the middle of the month to read about school activities here and there, but, in my opinion, since September there has been something lacking: Where are all the teacher's letters?

Look in your November B. B. and count the number of schools in the directory. You will find around 250 all told, I believe. Now get out your B.B.s since September and see how many letters we can find from teachers. Very few.

This all seems rather strange, for when we remember back when the Bulletin was started it was to be mainly a teacher's magazine wherein the teachers could trade ideas, give an account of how they solved certain problems, ask for suggestions from other teachers, and, in short bring up timely subjects of practical value.

We still remember when the idea of a school paper was mentioned in a teachers' circle letter about a dozen years ago. At that time this letter made its rounds about every three months, and even so, it contained much interesting information and ideas, but three months is quite a long time to wait. So, the idea was born: Why not publish a monthly school paper where more teachers could get in and tell others of their experiences?

In those early days of the B. B. there were only a fraction of the Amish schools there are today, but I'll stick my neck out and say that in my opinion, we read as many teachers' letters ten years ago as we do now. There were more practical everyday ideas and problems brought forth and discussed, more worthwhile suggestions offered from the teachers of those days than we find today.

Isn't it rather strange, though, that there still are only about the same number of teachers writing to this paper as there used to be in that old circle letter?

We don't want the readers to think that we believe only teachers can, or should write articles. It also seems like a good idea to hear from parents and board members. However, it

doesn't make sense to criticize the type of material while never sending in any, for if you and I were editor we would also publish what we would receive in the mail.

What else could we do?

Having gone this far in sticking my neck out, let's see what would be some good subjects for discussion by teachers. We'll name a few of the most common problems which sometimes cause furrows on a teacher's brow:

1. How can I keep first graders busy?
2. How can a teacher regulate traffic in the schoolroom when school is in session?
3. Should there be certain restrictions on questions by the pupils?
4. What can be done to perk up singing?
5. What value should be placed on library books?
6. What about rudeness and misbehavior to and from school?
7. Let's have some suggestions about games to keep them occupied during recess and noon on rainy and stormy days.

And for the board and parents:

8. Should the teacher have the authority to choose and order any books or material he thinks necessary to run a good school?
9. How can chronic non-attendance cases be helped?
10. Should the Amish schools co-operate with their county health authorities?

There they are, the few which came to mind. There are many more, for when you start talking about school matters there is no end to what can be discussed.

That's right. Just as if to remind me that I'd better quit before my neck reaches the point of no return, the old clock on the wall struck nine times, loud and clear, telling me to end this and join the other half of the family in dreamland, and quit fretting about something which shouldn't concern me anymore.

- Middlefield, Ohio

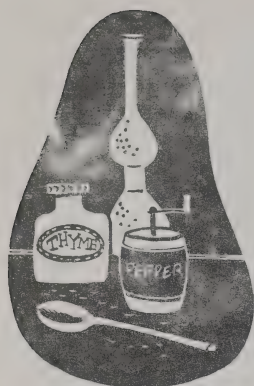
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IN FEBRUARY ISSUE OF

FAMILY LIFE

Beginning a series of articles about the Anabaptists. How much do you know about our martyr forefathers? Read this series, written in simple, easy-to-understand language. Subscribe to Family Life today, at \$4.00 per year.

Or, take advantage of our Three-in-One Plan. (See page 142).



Recipe For A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Take twelve fine, full-grown months; see that these are thoroughly free from all memories of bitterness; rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from every clinging spite; pick off all specks of pettiness and bitterness. In short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time. (Some people spoil the whole batch this way.) Prepare one day at a time, as follows: Into each day put 12 parts of faith, 11 parts of patience, 10 parts of courage, 9 parts of work, (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), 8 parts of hope, 7 parts of fidelity, 6 parts of liberality, 5 parts of kindness, 4 parts of rest, 3 parts of prayer, 2 parts of meditation, and 1 part of a well-selected resolution.

Put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a sprinkling of play, a cupful of good humor. Pour into the whole, love without measure, and mix with vim. Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles, serve with unselfishness and cheerfulness—and a happy New Year is a certainty.

GORDONVILLE, PENNA. Box 17,
November 29, 1967

Greetings to all Readers,

I have resolved to try writing to this little paper, not feeling worthy of the space but first of all I want to tell everyone how I appreciate this little paper when it comes and how I read every line.

My school days came to an end this last year with vocational school. I am not sorry for all the German songs and verses I learned in voca-

tional school. I would encourage the teachers to ask the children to learn German songs. Lydia F. Beiler, who was my teacher, had a nice way to encourage the children. We always got something for learning songs. Sometimes a book, sometimes a quarter, or sometimes a candy bar. I appreciated everything I got from her but what was worth more was what I have in my heart to remind me of my school days. As I go about my work I can sing many songs that I learned in school. It is a pastime to sing while you work and it makes work seem like play if you can sing any time without using a book, even just to have songs in your thoughts.

I cleaned floors at an old people's home this summer and sometimes I would sing for the old people. Then it was nice to know all these songs. It seemed like the old people were so lonely and they would look forward to days when I would come to clean just so they could hear a young person singing and so they would have someone to talk to.

The first six years of my school life I attended a public school where I had a Mennonite teacher. She was a wonderful teacher, stern but with love. In her school we had to learn. But as I grew older I wanted to learn.

Then in the 7th. and 8th. grades I attended a parochial school where Mary H. Fisher was my teacher. Her kind and loving ways should win any child. We also learned a lot from her including German and English songs. I have never been sorry for all the good things I learned in school. I am sorry that I did not learn more.

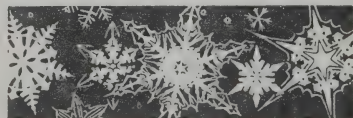
In our school days we are away from our parents so much. We are in the teacher's care more than in our parents'. The teachers mold our lives with all the good things they plant in our hearts. They try to do what is right but they can't do it alone. The children must do their part too.

"The children need admonishment
To be led on the Christian way.
It is hard to give punishment
And yet they must learn to obey."

If love is allowed to work its way in the young hearts the rules of the school will be cheerfully obeyed and not because of any "HAVE TO."

"Let us pray for each other, not faint by the way, In this sad world of sorrow and care."

- A grateful 15-year-old,
Salome Stoltzfus



MILLBACH SPRINGS SCHOOL
MYERSTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA
December 19, 1967

Dear Readers,

Thanks, yes thanks indeed, to you co-laborers and worthy friends who are interested in the field of teaching in our private schools. I'm no experienced writer, but by the help of Him who guides our hands, I will submit a few lines to the B. B., as I was again reminded of my responsibility to others.

I agree with Elmo about putting aside those endless stacks of papers waiting for correcting. That's exactly what I did tonight right after supper. However, it wasn't even hard to do for I had already spied the Bulletin lying on my desk along with my other mail.

I certainly found the letters encouraging. Not that I especially feel light-hearted tonight (for life is real and life is earnest!), but I certainly felt free to laugh heartily over almost every paragraph of the "What Is a Teacher?" article. Somehow it all seemed so strangely familiar, and well, I hadn't realized I've not been taking time to search my innermost thoughts. And now, here I saw it written in words which caused me to blush, laugh, and shed a few tears, all at the same time. Even so when I came to the ending where it was written: "The most amazing thing about a teacher is that she wouldn't trade jobs with anyone she knows. She likes to teach." And do you know, deep within me, I said, "Amen". I don't know who I'd want to trade with just now, although I must admit this past week I wished I could "pack up and go". Go where? I don't know, but just "go". I won't go into detail now, as my letter is long enough, but if you ever taught you may have an idea why I had those thoughts. Just in case you have also had such feelings lately, read the last Blackboard Bulletin (December issue) and then, don't forget you have a responsibility. We teachers do need each other. And most important, there is a place where we should frequently go--go to the Lord in prayer when we have come to the place where we don't know how or where to go.

May God lead you onward, and ever upward. Our tomorrows depend so much on how we live our todays.

Simply,
Anna E. Weaver

* * *



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NEW SCHOOLS:

BYERSTOWN PAROCHIAL SCHOOL

Salisbury Township

Greetings in Jesus' name. I feel so unworthy in preparing a letter for the Bulletin, a paper which I have enjoyed reading for several years.

We are having a new experience in our area this year--having our own parochial schools here in Salisbury Township, Lancaster County, Pa. Friends in our neighboring townships were good enough in previous years to allow us to send our children to their parochial schools, and to teach them for us. We are very thankful for this.

This past year or two more and more people in our area seemed interested in a school here in the neighborhood. Last spring one evening

at a meeting it was decided the time **had come** to do something more than just talk and wish, if we wanted to be ready to open this fall. We were about to learn a few things.

To get a group working together on something new, we realize there may be about as many opinions concerning how this should be run as there are faces. If we can blend these opinions and elect a few directors who are able to find the right way to do these material things, then I believe we will have a good start.

We feel greatly indebted to a few old uncles and brethren in the community and several ministers from neighboring districts who did much in the way of giving advice and encouragement.

A board was elected, consisting of Crist King, my brother Jacob, and Elam Stoltzfus. The building committee included John Fisher, Amos L. Stoltzfus, and Jonas Lapp.

The school is 30' x 34', a block building, and is located on the corner of my father's farm. One of my sisters is teaching. We have no basement under it; it seems this makes a quiet

school room, and I believe we all like it that way.

There is an open porch toward the southwest. The cold end of the porch is used for a coal bin and storage room for the children's boots and umbrellas.

It took all of us to get ready for opening day, and the pupils were glad to pitch in and help the last week. Some of these had never gone to school together, and their joy could hardly be concealed. All in all, the experience also did the parents a lot of good, I felt. Maybe we learned to know each other a little better by working together so much; this does much to hold a group together.

We all have our problems and make our mistakes, but that shouldn't weaken the ties that draw us together. No, it should rather strengthen them. I feel we need the prayers of others and the help from above to keep our new project succeeding. Visitors are welcome from far and near.

- Samuel F. Stoltzfoos

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With the founding of **Family Life**, **Pathway Publishers** now print three papers. Many of our readers subscribe to all three papers; **we** would like to encourage others to do so, also.

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If you already subscribe to all three, you will be placed on the Three-in-One Plan automatically, and your next expiration notice will be on this Plan.

If you subscribe to only one of our papers, or to two of them, and you wish to be put on the Three-in-One Plan -- just send in \$7.00 for a year's credit. The time you have left on your present subscriptions will be credited to your subscription.

We hope our subscribers will take advantage of this Plan - NOW!

- THE PUBLISHERS



VISITING INDIANA SCHOOLS

- By Magdalena Eicher

As I awoke Monday morning, December 11, I remembered. Yes, today was the day Betty Yoder and I planned to leave for Indiana to visit schools while Magdalena Wagler would substitute for me here. It was only 3:30 A.M., but sleep had fled as thoughts kept tumbling around in my mind. "Do I have everything prepared so Magdalena can take over? I didn't get those ashes out of the stove Saturday, now did I? Well, maybe someone will do it while I'm gone if it gets necessary or it can wait till I get back. How will it seem to be visiting other schools and know school is going on at home? How long will ten days be? Do I really want to go?"

Then other thoughts came. How encouraging it would be to have fellowship with other teachers of like faith. To meet well-known friends and make new ones.

At 8 o'clock we boarded the bus in Aylmer. From London to South Bend we went by train, and the rest of the way by bus. Was foggy all day and rained part of the time. By 10:30 Monday evening we arrived in Ligonier, Indiana. Fannie Miller was there to meet us and we spent the night at Melvin Millers.

Tuesday morning was still cloudy and raining off and on. We accompanied Fannie to Spring Hill School where she and Elton Miller teach. Grades two and three each had a sheet hanging on the bulletin board on which they had written what they were thankful for. It was amazing to see how many things they had thought of. We stayed all morning and ate lunch at school.

In the afternoon Mrs. Melvin Miller took us to County Line School where Ada Miller and Wilma Raber teach. We watched while they had classes till recess; then they sang which we enjoyed very much. Here some of the children

were having mumps and by evening Wilma Raber thought she was also starting.

A teachers' meeting was scheduled for Tuesday evening at West Yoder School. Thirty people attended; a few were not teachers. Had an enjoyable evening visiting. They had a carry-in supper. After supper we had some discussions on problems, and ideas were exchanged. Then a few songs were sung. We again spent the night at Melvin Millers.

Wednesday morning dawned bright and cloudless. That day Fannie left her school and she and her mother were our guides. Our first stop was Hawpatch School where Ada and Edna Miller teach in a neat new school. One of the upper grades was having health class.

Next we stopped at Maple Grove School where Mary Beechy and Ida Sue Bontrager teach. Grade one was having phonics. Our time was limited and we stayed only a short time.

From there we went to Levi Lambrights where dinner was almost ready. In the afternoon we walked to Woodside School where Carrie Kuhns is the teacher. Later Mr. and Mrs. Levi Lambright joined us. We watched as they had classes, then listened to some very good singing.

After the children were dismissed the next half hour was spent in visiting. Then back to Levi's we went. Here Fannie and her mother left us and went home. We had an early supper and Levi and his wife took us to Vernon and Inez Yoders. Vernon's brother Robert had arrived from Iowa that day, too. We again spent an enjoyable evening visiting and sharing ideas.

Thursday morning Vernon, Robert, Betty and I walked to Pleasant Ridge School where Vernon teaches grades 1-4 and Aaron Hochstedler teaches grades 5-8. After a few songs, prayer, and Bible story, reading classes were

in session. I always found it interesting to compare the lower grade's lessons with the ones I have. At 9:30 a driver picked us up and we went to Blue Ridge School where Wilma Kuhns teaches. Here also was a neat school. After being there for a limited time we headed for Ligonier to catch the bus. That evening around 11 o'clock we arrived in Montgomery, Indiana. We spent the night at Joe Waglers.

Friday morning we went to Parson's School where Sylvia Marner teaches grades 5-9 in one room and Verna Knepp teaches grades 1-4 in another room. Both classes sang for us. This school is crowded almost to the limit with 45 pupils in one room and 43 in the other.

From here we went to visit our relatives. Spent Saturday night at Lester Marners and were to church Sunday at the Alva Raber home.

Monday morning Mrs. Ralph Marner and I started out again. Went to South Bogard School which is also a two room school. First went to the room where Joan Raber teaches grades 6-8. They had a few arithmetic classes; then we went to the other room where Sara Kathryn Wagler teaches grades 1-5. They were also having arithmetic classes. At 11:30 we went to John Rabers who live close by and had a good dinner. After dinner we started for South East Center School where Lester Marner and Wilma Jean Yoder teach. They were having tests; then after recess they practiced their Christmas program.

Now, I had been at ten schools. I picked up lots of ideas on having a better school and have an urge to get things on better ground, but it is only through God's help that any good can be done. "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

We visited more relatives till Wednesday noon; then we headed for home. Arrived safely home Thursday morning. We feel very thankful to God for giving us a safe journey.

At 10:30 I went to school and received a hearty welcome but I'm sure the pupils were no happier to see me than I was to see their bright smiling faces.

I wish to thank all of you who helped to make our trip so enjoyable and worthwhile. I welcome you all to come and pay us a visit.

- Aylmer, Ontario

OXFORD, PENNA.

OXFORD, PENNA.

Dec. 22, 1967

Dear Readers,

Greetings to all in our Saviour's Name.

We teachers are just like the pupils. It takes urging to get us to write. We think we can't find time or are not talented enough to write for the public and keep pushing it back for another time, which is so easy to do.

What a relief that the papers are checked, and there will be no checking of papers for over half a week. The minds of teachers and pupils will get some rest. How relaxing! I believe it will be as relaxing to the children as to the teacher.

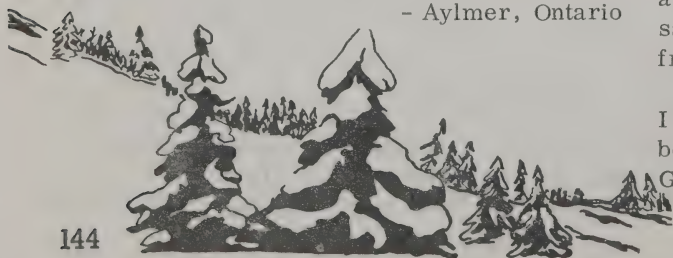
Today we had Christmas poems and songs. The parents were our visitors, although not all parents were present. But we appreciated the ones that were there. However, we felt our shortcomings in many ways. The only way I come to a conclusion on the subject of my faults and shortcomings is to remember that there is no one without faults. We all make mistakes, but sometimes we are unaware of them and need a reminder or correction from others.

I want to thank the parents for their co-operation shown through the past years I have been teaching. We have crossed many a mountain that seemed impassable, but so far we have always reached the other side and come to smoother trails again. If there wouldn't be a bright side to look upon, we would be in utter despair at times.

We are near the end of the year and know not what is before us. We hope all love and peace can be renewed to give us a start for the new year. Isn't that what we are striving for? To ever renew our thoughts in our spiritual life so we can have peace with God and man and walk in ways of uprightness. But how can we have God's peace? We can't get it just from ourselves. It must come through prayers and a willingness to obey.

So parents, don't forget your teachers. They are working with your children. Your children's future lies partly in their hands. Without your prayers and co-operation, the teacher may be a failure in many ways. Therefore it is necessary to pray for each other and ask for help from God.

Often as I glance over the group of children, I wonder about their future life. What kind of a boy or girl will he or she be? Will he walk in God's ways? Will he be truthful in dealing with



others and in church? Will he try to do what is right? Does he have a fair chance in school and at home to know the right from the wrong, or which path to take in the future years?

As these thoughts run through my mind I may see one who has always tried to work for good marks and is truthful. He will have a good start for the future. Then there is the one who is a regular clown and tries to make others laugh. Or the one who is so trying, and the one who seeks to avoid me, or the ones who are so annoying by their whispering, or those who seem not to try. All these have a lot to learn yet. And again there may be one who is always thoughtful of others and thinks of the little things that help to brighten the day and gladden the heart.

Each child is talented in some useful way. If only the child can be taught to use his ability in the way most pleasing to God. He who tries to do his best in his lessons and behavior is respected by other students and the teacher, as well as finding favor by the Almighty.

The youth of today will build our churches of tomorrow. How important it is for us to live in integrity. To plant good seed in the young hearts and minds is the desire of parents and teachers, but in so many ways it can be neglected. Therefore let us strive for the best in prayer and thoughts.

Sincerely,
Rebecca K. Stoltzfus

* * *

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
December 15, 1967

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name. We received the December issue of the B. B. today. As usual I had to glance through right away, first to see if there are any letters from Middlefield or Burton, and then to read the letters from mothers and teachers.

Last year I taught the lower grades, and this year my husband is teaching. And then we have four children in school. So this helps us realize what a solemn and important responsibility teaching is, and how necessary it is to have our own schools.

If it were possible, more parents should teach school. They would then understand their children's work better, and could help them where they need help. But most important, they would appreciate our teachers more. I must

say teaching certainly did that for me, and I wouldn't take anything in exchange for the experience.

In teachers' letters to the Bulletin, we often read of parents visiting school. It is my sincere wish that parents would do this more, and think of the reasons why they should visit school. It is worth much to see the happy look on the face of your child when he comes to the teacher in the morning and announces that Mother (or maybe Father) is coming to visit school that day. They try harder in their lessons, and it helps in conduct, too.

I would also like to add how fortunate we have been to have co-operative parents and school board members.

Wishing you all God's blessings for the coming New Year.

Humbly,
Mrs. John Fisher

* * *

FINE GROVE SCHOOL
RONKS, PENNA.
December 27, 1967

As we approach the end of 1967, I hope we readers can all do as Paul encouraged in Philippians 3:13, forgetting those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before.

Yes, let us forget the mistakes we've made in the past year and from these mistakes go on to victory.

I'm enjoying my work at Pine Grove very much. Of course, we do have problems from time to time. With prayer for God's assistance, and with patience and love to maintain a forgiving spirit, these problems just don't become serious.

Is there any work more challenging, and at the same time so rewarding? My substitute left a note one day, asking, "Doesn't it keep you feeling young, working among these children?" Yes, it does. The reason may be that we see so many fine examples in children, and we try to be more like them.

I find the Bulletin very interesting. Why don't more teachers write? Are we too busy correcting papers?

I might ask, "Just how can a teacher with eight grades correct papers in class?" We have an average of twelve minutes for a class. By the time we have discussed the lesson for the day and answered questions, then assigned work for the following day and explained new lessons

—a glance at the clock—what! This class has already been in session fifteen minutes! I find that correcting papers in class is simply impossible for me.

However, I heartily agree with Elmo that it isn't necessary to burn midnight oil correcting papers. (It is getting late tonight, and I'm wondering—is it necessary to burn midnight oil getting a letter ready for the B. B. ?)

In my years of teaching I've seldom burned the oil on school work. I'll share a few rules I've made for myself concerning papers. 1. Try not to let papers pile up. 2. Get all the work of the day corrected and ready to hand out the next day.

I may not always get this accomplished, but it is a goal to strive toward. Now the other Lancaster County teachers may be muttering, "Sure, she has only 24 pupils. Why couldn't she?" But I especially strove for this in the years I had from 45 to 54 pupils.

How can it be done without working late? You must have rules with the children too and get them to help. I'll state a few of mine. They may not be the best, but they work fine for us.

1. Grades 5-8 may not read library books until the arithmetic papers for the lower grades have been corrected. Also, grades 5-8 exchange their arithmetic work and by class time they have been corrected.

2. Grades 3-4 may not have library books until the first and second grade arithmetic papers, reading workbooks, English books, etc. have been corrected.

3. Spelling tests are corrected by the pupils in grades 3-8.

All this extra work is voluntary. No pupil is especially appointed to do it. I think they enjoy the checking, as seldom is this work left on the table uncorrected. I glance over all the work the pupils correct.

A lot of this frustration we read about can be avoided if a teacher has her schedule well organized and lessons well planned. One cause for frustration may be working late into the night. You just aren't getting the rest you need if you work too late.

Teaching taxes your mental strength. Why not be fair with yourself and give your body the rest it requires? Why not spend a half hour or an hour in the evening with something else besides school work? I find that reading before retiring is very relaxing.

If I'm not completely prepared for the morning by 9:00 P.M., I set my alarm clock for 3:00 A.M. It takes will power to get up at that time

of the night, but it is worthwhile. For I can accomplish as much in an hour as I could have in two hours the evening before.

For me this is enjoyable. The mind is so clear, the world slumbering. All around there is a serene atmosphere.

At 4:00 o'clock I may go back to bed again for an hour or two. When I awake in the morning, I feel so refreshed. It's just great to be prepared for another day of school.

I hope nobody feels this letter has been written in a boastful way; my intentions were helpfulness. Yes, I do make mistakes. Trying to gain the victory over them gives me another project to work on!

May the grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ, abide with you all.

- Sarah Beiler

* * *

OF POEMS AND PLAINNESS

- Alvin M. Martin

Best wishes to the staff at Pathway with their Reader project. We hope their enthusiasm will remain with them until the job is complete.

We sort of got to wondering whether we could remember anything of value from our own schooldays readers. We had to memorize 200 lines of poetry in one school year. As far as we were concerned at that time, there were only two kinds of poems—those that were simply sentimental and those that were a lot of nonsense. It was not until years later that the meanings of a few poems came to light.

As we get older we realize more and more that a person must feel a real need to say something before he will go to the hard work of composing a good poem.

The following poem didn't make any sense to us at the time we studied it. We have learned since that it sings of the birth and death of our Saviour.

The Piper

On a cloud I saw a child
And he laughing said to me,
"Pipe a song about a lamb."
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped; he wept to hear.

But what was the poet trying to say in the

The Blackboard Bulletin

following poem? Had he perhaps himself at one time been young and rebellious? Certainly he is not merely trying to entertain us. The title "The New Duckling", and some of the verses are as follows:

"I want to be new," said the duckling.
"O ho!" said the wise old owl,
While the guinea hen cluttered off chuckling
To tell all the rest of the fowl.

"I won't be the bond slave of habit,
I won't have these webs on my toes.
I want to run around like a rabbit,
A rabbit as red as a rose.

"I don't want to waddle like mother,
Or quack like my silly old dad.
I want to be utterly other,
And frightfully modern and mad."

"Do you know," said the turkey, "you're
quacking!
There's a fox creeping up thro' the rye;
And, if you're not utterly lacking,
You'll make for that duck pond. Good-by!"

But the duckling was perky as perky,
"Take care of your stuffing!" he called.
(This was horribly rude to a turkey!)
"But you aren't a real turkey," he bawled.

"You're an Early-Victorian Sparrow!
A fox is more fun than a sheep!
I shall show that my mind is not narrow
And give him my feathers—to keep."

Now the curious end of the fable,
So far as the rest ascertained,
Though they searched from the barn to the
stable,
Was that only his feathers remained.

So he wasn't a bond slave of habit,
And he didn't have webs on his toes;
And perhaps he runs round like a rabbit,
A rabbit as red as a rose.

(Alfred Noyes)

Why did the poet say, "Early-Victorian Sparrows"? Who would this be today? History tells us that Queen Victoria was extremely modest and very strict. Another author says, "God sees the little sparrows fall."

Perhaps we could get the meaning of the poem across to the readers better by changing a few words, and applying the lesson to people

instead of ducklings.

"I won't be the bond slave of habit;
I won't wear these plain-looking clothes.
I want to tear round like a rabbit
In an auto as red as a rose."

"Do you know," said his father, "you're
quacking,
There's a fox closing in on the sly,
And if you're not utterly lacking,
You'll stay in the fold—now, good-by."

But his boy became perky as perky,
"Who are you bluffing?" he called.
(This was horribly rude to a father.)
"But you're not a real father," he bawled.

"You're an Early-Victorian sparrow,
A fox is more fun than a sheep.
And to show that my mind is not narrow,
I'll give him my plainness—to keep."

Now the sorrowful end of this fable,
As far as the rest ascertained,
Though they searched from the barroom to
stable,
Was that only his clothing remained.

So he wasn't the slave of tradition
And he didn't wear plain-looking clothes,
And God alone knows his condition.
We know only the road that he chose.

— R.R. 2, Waterloo, Ontario

* * *

1967 December 1967

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
NW 31	F O 8	F M 16	L Q 24		1	2
3	4	5	WHAT IS CHRISTMAS			
10	11	12	17	18	19	20
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

— By a Reader

This question has been ringing in my ears the last while. With all the decorations, bell ringing, and Christmas trees that one sees in town—it is enough to make one feel sick. To some people I suppose Christmas is only a pagan celebration, just as we read in the December Bulletin, in the article "From Holy Day to Holiday". I was also interested in the comment of Mrs. E. Ropp from Brunner, Ontario on gift giving. And I admit it made me feel guilty.

But what gave me a shock was when I heard

that in our Amish parochial schools songs are sung such as "Up on the Housetop" and "Jolly Old St. Nicholas". These are, to my opinion, just plain Santa Claus songs. Isn't this falling back to a pagan Christmas celebration as mentioned above? Or in other words like the article which I read sometime ago in the B.B. about half-way schools. I haven't been able to locate the piece again, but it was about having our own schools separate from the public, yet at the same time going along with their teaching.

When these Amish schools were established here in Wayne and Holmes Counties, I understood the singing was to be in German. This seems to have been disregarded, and I myself have not paid too much attention to it. But what I heard the past week burdened me to write to the B.B. Singing these Santa Claus songs reminds me of the article in the November issue, "Meeting Life Head-on".

It would seem like an easy matter to go and talk to the school board and teacher about such a matter. But I know in this case that the parents do not have the courage to do so because of the fear of causing ill feelings.

I am glad to see such articles as mentioned above in the B.B., and also to read many other items that are interesting and worthwhile. I would be glad to have the opinions of other readers, and comments on the subject I have written about. But I hope it doesn't cause a controversy.

I have never before written for any paper. So some of my writing may seem a little awkward to the readers. But I hope they can at least see the point I am trying to bring out. So I will close, hoping the Lord will bless us.

- Ohio

PARSON AMISH SCHOOL
MONTGOMERY, INDIANA
December 17, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:19.

After having digested another issue of the B.B., I felt compelled to write.

There were various well-written articles on checking, the duties of a teacher, and what a teacher is.

I can not wholeheartedly agree with Elmo on checking. In my case the teacher before rarely checked papers, much less punctuation or cap-

italization or spelling. I had pupils who never realized that they were doing incorrect work. Different teachers may use different methods. As for me, the paper is thoroughly checked for all mistakes, not just to see if they use the correct verb or past or present tense.

Any teacher who has ninth grade pupils can have them help in various ways. At our school we started with 88 pupils this fall and two teachers. We use our pupils to help slow pupils, check papers, copy any duplicator work, etc. Our school board suggested this the first term I taught.

At times one gets rather "bogged" down with school work, right? Again the task is so much easier when parents, pupils and board can all work in unity. It would almost be impossible to manage such a large school if there wasn't co-operation.

Some of you probably say it's impossible to do a good job. I agree, the more pupils you have the harder it is. The best year I had was when there were only 24 pupils in five grades. But more parents were wanting to send their pupils and time was here for school to begin. Who wanted to turn them away? If we trust in God, He will supply our needs.

I am also teaching Mennonites in Europe. It is not written on a ninth grade level but I take each chapter and break it down in words that the pupils can understand. It is well worth the time it takes to do this. I wish I could have studied this at a younger age myself.

How many of us as readers have studied Anabaptist history thoroughly? Hardly very many, I suppose. Is this the reason our churches are drifting away, getting back to the same things our forefathers stood firmly against? Any pupil who has studied this subject is left with worthwhile impressions. It is rewarding when pupils say it is their favorite subject.

Yes, I agree with the editor, a teacher has many "children." The closeness that a teacher feels toward her pupils can only be experienced by those who have taught.

The Indiana teachers have all taken their General Educational Development test. We pray that this is for the betterment of our schools. The results will be known in the near future.

Anyone interested in literature on World Book encyclopedia contact: Lester Marnier, R. R. 1, Montgomery, Indiana 47558. We can give a discount to teachers.

Yours in His service,
Mrs. Sylvia Marnier

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CHECKING OUR CHECKING

The December issue of the Bulletin has been read from cover to cover, and for the time being has been laid aside. This time Friend Editor not only reminded us to write, but he also gave us some points for discussion.

I am fully agreed with the article, "Let's Check Our Checking." During my first terms of teaching, I was convinced that my number one duty after school hours was to check papers. I would sit for hours and grade papers—arithmetic, spelling, English, sentences, letters, paragraphs,—you name it and I did it.

If duty called me from school right after dismissal those papers were carefully stored away for the following evening. Finally I realized that by the time I was ready to prepare lessons for the following day, I was tired, listless, and sleepy. So for a break in routine, one evening I first went over tomorrow's lessons first. What a contrast! It was not long until I realized that I could get through classes much easier, and get a lot more papers graded in class than before,—plainly the results of being well prepared.

This year, with fewer pupils, I have very little after-school checking to do. I do like to grade arithmetic papers myself once in a while, especially when they are learning something new. Then I can see where the trouble lies, and help them correct it. Often when we check in class, and we have a low score, I send the whole class to the board and have them work some of the problems that are marked wrong on their papers. This way trouble can easily be detected, and the whole class gets practice.

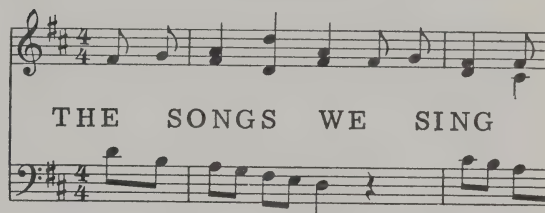
Speaking of those English papers that are not designed to check in class, I have found it very profitable to take time to check each pupil's paper at his seat, while the pupil is watching. Then I can point out each mistake to him as I go, and if mistakes show up in grammar, I can tell him the correct usage, so he will not make the same mistake twice.

As for those papers that result when you give pupils extra work to keep them busy—if they have kept the pupil out of mischief, they have served their purpose. I usually give them one glance, fold them once, and place them in the place reserved for them—the bottom of the waste paper basket.

Don't get me wrong. I think grading papers is important. I use their daily averages to determine the grade on the report card. But what I am trying to say, there are things more

important to us teachers than grading papers. I am no longer a slave to ungraded papers.

— Elizabeth Miller
Ohio



Dear Bulletin Readers,

Christian greetings of love and best wishes to all who read this.

Twelve weeks of school are now history at Amish Private No. 2 for this term. Indeed, it has been only a very short time for me, and I hope also for the scholars.

We have greatly appreciated these lovely winter days. The pupils have so far played outside nearly all the time. They all appear to love the outdoors and think it is a punishment if they can not go out.

I am so thankful for my respectful students. It means much more to me than I can put in words.

It is surprising how much the pupils have progressed the second and third months of school. The first month was rather a hard one for the teacher and pupils both. Much patience was needed those very first weeks, due to the fact that the year before they had not nearly been through the books. But considering everything, things are now going pretty smoothly.

I have three first graders who are very eager in their lessons. I wish all of the pupils were trying as hard and were as willing to learn as the first graders are.

We have been singing three hymns every morning for opening. We sing German hymns one week and English hymns the next. We had no song books that we considered were good for our own schools. Therefore we have made our own. I have been putting the hymns up on the board; the pupils from the fourth grade on up then each copied them, thus making their own books.

Since we have done this we have been able to realize much more the great difference between the songs the scholars are now singing, and the ones they were used to singing before.

Yes, how much better it is for them to sing these hymns instead of "Life is but a dream." The November issue gave us such a clear explanation of the songs that are being sung by

many youngsters these days. I agree so well with all that was stated. I would never have thought so much about it, nor would I have ever been able to realize what songs are taught to our youngsters these days, if I would not have had the privilege of witnessing it myself.

The first three years at Amish Private No. 2 the pupils took much interest in hymn singing. The fourth year they were taught by an English teacher. Now when I returned to teach again this term, I found the pupils had greatly changed in many ways. Singing was one thing that was lost. I am so thankful the pupils have been able to give up the "Life is but a dream" songs and return to their hymns. What parents would not much rather hear their children sing, "Jesus Loves Me" ?

I am so thankful for the many blessings from above. I have enjoyed working with each scholar, and feel so thankful for the respectful pupils. The co-operation of the parents and board members has been just wonderful. I can only appreciate the many blessings I have been given.

Here's wishing all of you the grace of God.

Sincerely, I remain,

- Miss Lavina Hershberger
Hazleton, Iowa.

TWO SCHOOL GIRLS FROM OHIO WRITE

Greetings of love. We want to write about our school, Dublin School. Our first teacher was Mary W. Weaver. Then Noah S. Miller taught. Our present teacher is Katie A. Miller, and she is a good teacher.

There is also one boy in our grade. His name is Paul D. Schlabach. Verna J. Miller was born May 3, 1953 and Esther E. Keim was born Aug. 1, 1953. We have lived here in Ohio all our lives.

Every Friday we have German spelling, and every Thursday English spelling. When we have five 100's in a row in spelling, we get a pencil. Our teacher made a pencil chart and every time we receive one, she marks it. When we have five pencils, we receive a spelling tablet. When we have ten, fifteen, and twenty pencils we also get prizes.

Our studies are not too hard. We hope some other eighth graders will write about their schools also. Good-by.

- Esther E. Keim
- Verna J. Miller

Dear Bulletin Readers,

We have received much encouragement and comfort from both the Blackboard Bulletin and Ambassador of Peace and feel grateful to those who provide wholesome literature for us. However, man cannot carry honor; this belongs to God. So we say with David—Dir, Herr, gebuehrt die Majestaet und Gewalt, Herrlichkeit, Sie und Dank. Denn alles, was im Himmel und auf Erden ist, das ist dein. Dein, Herr, ist das Reich, und du bist erhoeht ueber alles zum Obersten." I Chron. 29:11.

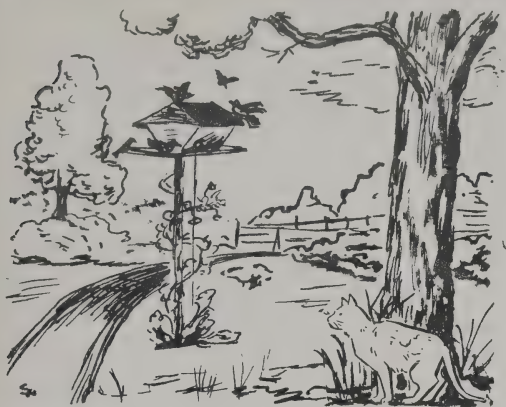
Our little ones are growing older and we feel privileged to send them to our one-year-old parochial school, named Friendship, and taught this term by J. Paul Yoder. He is kept very busy with 32 lively youngsters. He had an idea for employing the minds and hands of first graders and some of those who need help in learning words during extra time between classes. They made ABC scrapbooks (homemade ones do very nicely), cutting out and pasting pictures from magazines or catalogs, with one letter of the alphabet on each page.

We feel it is good to visit our schools, and we promised ourselves we would write a letter to the Bulletin afterwards. Having now done the visiting, we found it a pleasure and I wished myself an upper grade pupil again, relearning some forgotten facts and some new ones. Or perhaps a lower grade teacher, trying to harness some of the enthusiastic zeal of the lower grades into worthwhile channels of learning. My visit was too soon over and now comes the harder part; writing this letter which I have postponed too long already.

The weeds and seeds will soon be covered with snow, and we are looking forward to feeding feathered friends. We have our feeder outside the kitchen window. It helps take some of the drudgery out of dishwashing for little girls. A greedy blue jay has eaten several small sunflower heads we put out, but we are hoping to see our old friends, the downy woodpeckers, the nuthatches, the chickadees and the red-bellied woodpeckers (who are named very incorrectly since the red spot is on the back of their heads and none at all on their stomachs) soon again after the weather is colder.

The pre-school children soon learn to identify familiar birds and recognize new ones. Some of the pleasure of bird-watching comes

from seeing how our little ones enjoy the birds



and watch for them along the road on the way to church and while at play. They were very much distressed one evening last summer on hearing a commotion under the elms and finding the cats had caught a young baltimore oriole and two blue jays. We would have rescued them from the cats but the poor birds were already wounded.

There are many lessons we can take from nature for children. It is a God-given privilege to teach and train them.

An unknown poet has said:

I often feel weak and unworthy
To guide little footsteps that roam,
To keep them all safe and contented
In our beautiful Kingdom of Home.

Pray for us that we may remain true and faithful to Him who loved us and gave His life a ransom for us.

- Mr. and Mrs. Willis Yoder

CENTER RIDGE SCHOOL
FRESNO, OHIO R. 3
December 18, 1967

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love to all in Jesus' name.

Since more teachers' letters are needed in the Bulletin, and also reports of new schools, I'll try and do my part. I feel quite unworthy to write to the Bulletin which will be read by so many people, but I think it is more interesting to hear from different teachers.

This is my first term of teaching all eight grades. I did have some experience, though, teaching the lower grades one term, and also vocational school five terms.

I have 26 pupils at present, but will have two

more after New Year's. The boys outnumber the girls by far, for there are only eight girls (one in each class!) and eighteen boys. The schoolhouse is new and very beautiful, but the playground isn't so nice. There is mud everywhere which makes extra work for a busy teacher. The pupils take turns to help clean on Friday evenings, and they are doing a good job.

I have six first graders. I find it takes much time and patience to get them started right, but they are doing all right. There are five in the second grade.

We've had quite a few visitors but not many parents. The term is almost half gone. Are the parents doing their duty if they don't come to visit school and see how things are going? I think it would be good for the pupils and teacher if every parent would visit school at least once during the term. Then if they have any suggestions, they can talk to the teacher about it instead of waiting until they are at the supper table and criticizing the teacher in front of the children.

I know by experience how that works. If the pupils ever had any respect for the teacher, they certainly will lose it that way. How many teachers agree with me?

Of course, we teachers have our shortcomings, too. For my part, I feel I have more than the average teacher has, but with God's help and with the help of the board and the parents, school has been going fairly well this term. Everything seems so different from what it was a year ago. I like my school and think it is a worthwhile job, although it isn't all peaches and pie. Nor did I expect that when I started. We have our bright and our gloomy days in teaching, just the same as in any other work.

I had to laugh to myself when I read Elmo Stoll's article in the December Bulletin. I think I'm one of the teachers who should be wrapped up sometimes and labeled, "Warning! Contains tired teacher." Sometimes I do feel like casting some of the papers in the stove, but I feel if the pupils do their part in getting their lessons, it is my duty to check the papers and hand them back again. Some other things have happened in school already that were harder on me than staying up late to check papers. I'm afraid to try it, in case I might get fired.

I'm wishing all readers a joyous new year. I wish to be remembered in your prayers.

Sincerely,

Amanda Yoder



A SCHOOL IN

THE EARLY DAYS

In one of the counties on the northern border of Pennsylvania, shortly after the free public school law of 1834 was adopted, a young lady was engaged to teach school. In those days there were no normal schools, no institutes and no county superintendents. The young lady went before the school board for an examination. The best-educated member had gone down the river with a raft. The five remaining men asked the lady a few simple questions, and then gave her a slip of greasy paper containing the following:

"This is to Certify that the Bair er Miss ____ having Ben duly examined as the law directs we find her well qualified to teach the following Branches reading arithmetick and geography and penmanship and a good morrel correcter witness our hands and seals this 1st day of joun!"

The new teacher was to be paid the sum of twelve dollars for a term of eleven weeks, with five and a half days' teaching each week. School might be kept open every Saturday, or on Saturday mornings, as the teacher preferred. The teacher's income was further increased by the privilege of boarding around among the parents of her pupils.

The schoolhouse was small and low. It was



built of rough, unpeeled logs and roofed with pine slabs laid with the round side up, and fastened to the rafters with poles tied with withes. The floor was made of unplaned planks laid loosely upon the joists. Opposite the door was an opening in the wall; this was the only window in the schoolhouse. It had neither glass nor sash.

The chimney occupied nearly the entire end of the building. It was built of stones laid with mortar and straw. During every heavy rain

some of this plaster would fall and leave its stain upon the floor.

The only furniture in the room consisted of three benches. One had legs; the other two were merely slabs laid on low blocks of wood.

A smooth board was fastened lengthwise to the log under the window and served as a writing desk. A row of wooden pegs were driven into the wall, and on these the children hung their caps and cloaks. There was nothing more in the room: no blackboard, no chair, no maps. The door swung on wooden hinges and was fastened with a long wooden latch.

The new teacher was happy the moment she saw that the door was planed smooth. Here was something that could be used for a blackboard. With bits of charcoal she wrote the lesson on the door. This greatly amused and interested the children.

A hickory broom was borrowed from one of the neighbors and used to clear the room of the dead leaves which had blown in during the winter, and the numerous cobwebs which had collected. The teacher and the older scholars furnished the wood. During the noon recess they gathered chips, bark, and dead limbs from the woods. These were used for the summer fires, which were kept burning nearly all day when it rained, and were started almost every morning.

Only three out of twenty-four pupils had any books when school started. The teacher took the newspaper which had been wrapped around the Bible, and after smoothing it out carefully, cut it into sixteen equal parts. Each piece served a child for a reader and a speller. The pupils were remarkably careful of these scraps, and knew their lessons well.

The little ones who did not know their letters were given a pin and told to punch a hole over every letter "o" they could find. Then another letter was taken, until they finally knew the alphabet. When the newspaper wore out, a thoughtful friend sent the teacher a bundle of old handbills and posters. These became a mine of wealth far more valuable than the newspaper.

Great was the rejoicing when the discovery was made one day that the flagstones found in the bottom of the brook near by could be used for slates. Each pupil got out his own "flag", or slate, and proudly carried it to the schoolroom. These slates being of different sizes, and difficult to hold, the teacher allowed the pupils to lean them against the bottom log of the wall, and to sit or lie on the floor while they wrote or ciphered. The children used soft stones found in the same brook for pencils. An

amused smile often lit up the teacher's face when she looked at her little flock all lying or sitting on the floor busy at work.

Thus, in spite of all difficulties, these eager minds were learning. The pupils loved to walk through the shady woods carpeted with moss and flowers. They had no books with pictures, but they had God's great glorious picture book all around them. They had no charts or maps, desks or chairs, but they had a teacher who loved them, and their little hearts were happy.

Even when it rained, and their one little window had to be boarded up to keep out the driving storm, the children considered it a rare treat, and wished that it would rain again, so they might sing songs, recite the multiplication table, and listen to stories of the hunters and the Indians.

- From Stories of Pennsylvania
by Walton and Brumbaugh, 1897



A TEACHER'S MOTHER TEACHES

Teacher attended a wedding, so I, the teacher's mother, spent a day in school. Reading the Bible, the 96th Psalm, then with bowed heads and folded hands saying the Lord's Prayer—these will be precious memories. Then we sing.

Suddenly, "Oh, it's snowing outside!" They all look out the window.

First recess. What now?...a snow battle? Only one pair of boots and one child with rubbers. Yes, you may go out anyhow, for who could keep children inside the first real snow of the season? As little ones come in, I start drying stockings and shoes. Thanks for the good warm floor! Barefoot boys and girls in stockingfeet come up to class. Still snowing at noon. Six inches in all. Lunch, and all are ready to go out again.

First and second graders are called in early to dry coats, shoes, and so on. Reading class comes up. A thump...what? An accident. Are you hurt? With a flushed face the lad gets up, picks up his paper and crayons, and starts to work again. Oh, where is the class reading? I have lost my place.

Was that word pronounced right? I look across the room and see one boy has pushed his desk to the window and is standing on it, watching it snow. "Jimmy, what are you doing? Get back to your seat!" Now, where was the class reading?

Looking around again, I see one girl has a small boy at the basin. His nose is bleeding. Cotton, paper hankies, snow on his forehead while he lies on the floor. The bleeding stops. Last recess. No, you cannot go out.

Why, teacher? Frowns. I want to send you home in dry clothes. They skip to the basement to play, but the smaller ones play upstairs with games. What a noise! What are they playing downstairs? Should I go and look? Oh, well, it is time to ring the bell anyway.

More classes. The children clean up the room. Good-by, and we are on our way home. Oh, little children, I love you one and all. Is it any wonder Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not."

Tired, but had a good night. Awoke with a heavy burden, thinking of a young teacher in a classroom of 35 pupils, teaching and all the other duties. With some advice, and wishing her good luck, I see her off to school again.

What is the purpose of our own schools? Do you ministers visit the schools, and read the Bible for them, and say the Lord's Prayer? Then stay and hear them sing and have classes?

Directors, visit your school every month or so. Be at home in the schoolroom. Give a five or ten minute talk to the children. What about? On school conduct. Fire prevention. Traffic rules from school to home. Some little things that happened when you went to school. The blessings of being in school and having the privilege of learning. Tell about children who live where there is war and famine. Your reward will be more than a dollar earned.

Parents, spend an hour in the classroom, too. Pray for your children and teacher, but also look what they are doing. How thankful you can be your children are normal and can learn. A retarded child is a blessing, too, but it takes twice as much love and patience; then I still wonder, "Have I tried hard enough?"

Wishing you all God's blessings.

- Just a Mother

Except the Lord build
the house, they labour
in vain that build it.

Psalm 127:1

A TIME OF TESTING

Today was a nightmare. I felt like a heel by noon already. I had worked hard and long on the six weeks test. I wanted it to be a fairly stiff test, yet not too difficult. Actually, I was confident these tests would be better than my first ones. You know, learning by experience. I had even rechecked the stencils rather rapidly before I ran them over the duplicator. I know now the rechecking was too rapid. I had been careless.

As I handed the tests to the pupils, they raised question after question as to the meaning of some poorly-worded instructions. Or perhaps the print was too light to be legible. It was soon evident I had committed I don't know how many mistakes.

And the problems! It seems I had picked out all the hard ones, and had not thought about it that the arithmetic textbook has quite a few simple problems. I suppose it is only natural for a new teacher to use the harder problems in tests. When I looked at the book, I saw that my proportion of hard problems to simple ones was way out of balance.

Anyhow, the pupils kept me busy answering questions. My confidence was fast ebbing into my shoes. The pupils were stumped. Why such difficult problems? I had placed a big dose of fractions in the fifth grade test, and they became confused. Really, some of them didn't understand fractions very well yet.

Then one problem popped up in the sixth grade test. The pupils claimed the answer did not come out even. Sure enough, after a little research I discovered I had left one digit out of the problem. But if that had been all, I wouldn't be writing this!

Johnny, usually an A pupil, scored 80%, and Lydia who almost always has over 90% made 67%. And then the average ones—from 35% to 70%. It was disgusting to them and also to me.

English was much the same. While trying to get as much as possible on the sheet, I had crowded the work too closely. The eighth graders just about couldn't squeeze in their prepositional phrases, if they found them all.

Now, my reason for writing is not to cry on your shoulder. But who can give me tips on making out tests? Or where can I get good tests? Or how would I get by if I made none?

I realize some of the low scores are due to teaching failures. But I am convinced that is not all of it.

Those knowledge pills you can get nowadays—they would be most welcome! Sure, new teachers have to learn by experience, but what about their scholars? Are they supposed to be the objects of experiment until things go better?

What can be done in the line of test making and preparing of lessons to cut down time?

That question forces me to admit that the number one key to the problem is probably myself. Order, order, order is the way to effectiveness. And on that score I have no one to knock but myself.

P.S. I wrote this a couple of weeks ago. Upon reading it again I see where I was maybe a little emotionally upset and discouraged at the time I wrote it. But isn't that the way teachers get sometimes? So I figure it might help someone else, and I may get some advice also. Send your comments to the Bulletin.

Sincerely,

- A first year teacher

SING-SONG AND RHYMING

By Titus



"I like poems when they're kind of sing-songy, and I like the rhyming words." This is what a thirteen year old girl in the sixth grade wrote recently, when asked whether she liked or disliked poems. But this sixth grade boy's opinion was more nearly typical of the one hundred and fifty responses to that question: "I like poems because some make you laugh and some have good rhymes."

Do poems have to rhyme? Some people are under the impression that if a poem does not rhyme, then it just isn't any good. Most children agree with their parents on this point, but disagree when it comes to content. Parents generally appreciate religious or instructive poetry—poems with depth. Whereas children like ones that are "funny". Another point on which both sides agree is how to read a poem out loud. They think it should roll along like waves on a sea, disregarding punctuation and stopping only and consistently at the end of lines. This produces what is commonly called the sing-song effect.

Such preferences and beliefs show a failure to appreciate the true value of poetry. Most people's taste in poetry is not cultivated beyond the sing-song, rhyming stage. Why? Basically because most people are the products of a vicious circle. People who did not understand fully what poetry was all about and thus did not appreciate poems when in school, soon find themselves teaching poetry (or skipping it) as a young first year teacher. This process is carried on and on.

Part of the problem can be solved by making certain that the poems used in each grade are not beyond the pupils' level of comprehension. Clear, meaningful poems should be used to introduce the children to their first taste of poetry. Then as they progress, the poems should increase in depth and style. At least half of the problem, too, is teaching the children to follow the thought pattern of a poem. By closely watching the poem's punctuation, the pupils will not easily stray from the idea of the poem.

If rhyming, humor, and sing-song delivery are not essential to poetry, then what is poetry? It is language used in a special way. "Its words form patterns of verse, of sound, and of thought that appeal strongly to the imagination." The words suggest much more than they say. They stir the imagination and bring to the mind _____.

Let's let a sixth grade girl's exceptional grasp of poetry finish that sentence: "I like poems because they make pictures in your mind." "Pictures", yes, that is what a good poem does. It paints pictures in your mind. An eighth grade boy also expressed himself along this line, "Poems tell a lot in a few words."

How do poems tell a lot in a few words and paint pictures in your mind? Through a dozen or more poetic devices. Let's look at the three most common ones that stimulate our imagination. First is the simile—a comparison of two things using the connecting words, "like" or "as". For example, these lines from "October's Bright Blue Weather": "When on the ground red apples lie/ In piles like jewels shining."

Next is the metaphor—a comparison without the words, "like" or "as". For example, these lines from "The Highwayman": "The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas/ The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor."

The third most common poetic device is personification—giving a human quality to something non-human. For example, "the smiling

sun", "the whispering winds", or "the babbling brook".

A poem may or may not contain rhyme, but it will always have rhythm. We are rarely aware of any rhythmic effects when reading prose, but that is not true for poetry. Meter (number of accented syllables per line) is what gives a poem its "swinging-like rhythm", as one seventh grader labeled it. Since there are various patterns of meter, not all poems will be read alike—thus the inadequacy of the sing-song method. Compare and study the meter used in "Hiawatha" as opposed to "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere". Then try and exchange meters. It won't work. It would be like trying to sing "Gethsemane" to the tune of "Almost Persuaded". We do not sing all songs alike regardless of the tune; neither should we read poetry alike disregarding the meter.

There are two main divisions of poetry—narrative and lyric. The former is generally lengthy and tells a story (such as "Hiawatha"). The poet suggests the characters, setting, and events and gives them meaning. The latter, lyric poetry, is usually short and expresses the poet's personal reactions—what he sees, feels, hears, and thinks. Within both divisions are a handful of subdivisions: ballad, epic, sonnet, hymn, etc.

Below are three lyric poems written by fifth graders. Notice that they do not contain rhyme. But they do convey thoughts and feelings that "appeal strongly to the imagination." Why not copy them on the blackboard and have your fifth grade students write down all the "pictures" that come to mind. If they do not fill a page, they haven't much imagination.

The Woods

Trees all swinging and swaying,
Winds just softly whispering,
Ponds all waiting to give a ride,
And birds singing in the trees
Or getting ready to build their nests—
I like to go and get the cows
And sit and watch these things.

— W. M.

A Winter Night

On a cold winter night,
Oh! What fun we always have,
When we tell the stories so well;
When we laugh and play and sing;
And we play some tricks you see
In the bedroom of our house.

— M. S.



Winter Fun

Winter is coming,
Bring your sleds with you
And slide down the hill.

Take the toboggan
And go with a load;
Leave some here, and there.

Here come the girls,

Riding down on their boots,
Spilling laughter in the sharp air.

— W. L. M.

The following poem was written by a Christian living in a communal society in Paraguay in 1948. Have your eighth grade pupils copy it and draw a picture of what captures their imagination. Since this poem has religious depth, have them write under their picture what the poet is teaching them.

The Corn Crop

When clouds swept low the sky at morn,
We planted seed of golden corn,

Stoop low, stoop low.

Upon the newly planted earth
Fell rain to bring the seed to birth,

That maketh corn to grow.

We watched the corn grow tall and green;
We hoed the stubborn weed between,

Stoop low, stoop low.

Some work beyond our human power,
By sun and rain brought forth the flower,

That maketh corn to grow.

The grain grew fat upon the stalk,
The farmers talked the harvest talk,

Stoop low, stoop low.

Now praise the God who by His might,
Hath made the harvest golden bright,

Who maketh corn to grow.

— Phillip Britts

Why not spend some time studying poetry? Your encyclopedias will help you. Introduce what you have learned to your pupils with freshness and enthusiasm. Have them create lyric poems about their daily activities at home or at school. Encourage them to write narratives about Bible persons or episodes. Capture their imaginations, and in no time you will dispel their idea that all poems must rhyme, be "funny", and sound "sing-songy".

I assure you that your pupils will no longer be frustrated and say, as did some children interviewed, "Sometimes I can't make any sense out of poems;" or "I cannot get the right meaning out of them;" or "I don't understand poems too good. They are kinda dull sometimes."

But even after all your enthusiasm, I won't guarantee that all your students will be as enthused as you are, for as one twelve year old boy so well expressed the plight of the student studying poetry, "We always have to member rise them."

— Aylmer, Ontario

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Volume 11; No. 7

February 1968

NEWS FROM NORTH SIDE

Dear B. B. Readers,

Lately an inner urge has been swelling within me. Urge? For what? To write a letter for the Bulletin, that newsy neat little journal.

Here at North Side School we have a present enrollment of 26 pupils. Having begun the school year with 28, two of them became sixteen; therefore the two empty seats in the classroom.

We enjoy our new, lovely, white building of wood construction, 28 x 46 feet. The classroom has a finished hardwood floor, pale green walls, and a low white ceiling. In the rear is a small but handy bookroom and a built-in library. The roomy front entrance with southern exposure leads one downstairs to a full basement, where recreation activities such as, ping pong, sockey ball, and tic-tac-toe are played. Both upstairs and downstairs are oil heated with a chalkboard in either room.

Guess what we did once in school. In history we had been studying about the Constitution of the United States. Each pupil from grades 6-8 took part in playing Congress and the President. All delegates, including the teacher, wore badges to show which state they represented. (I chose Iowa because I am from that state.)

The House of Representatives held their assembly around the class table while the Senate met downstairs. The President resided at his own seat. Two bills were issued before Congress. The first was a plea to do away with intoxicating drinks which was passed through Congress and became law with the President's signature. The second bill was a plea to do

away with the I-W Program since many boys, it stated, were not living up to CO standards. This was vetoed by the majority of Congress and did not become law.

The third grade studied "Pictures in the Snow," a story about George who did fine detective work in recognizing animals' tracks in the snow. Then I assigned the pupils to bring tracks along to school. They were given a jar of tempera paints and two pieces of art paper. The feet were to be painted, then stamped onto the paper. We received the tracks of a cat, a dog, a chicken, a squirmy rabbit, a small child, and even sparrow tracks! (Two older brothers had aided their smaller sister in capturing the "birdie".) The footprints were shown in class and like George the children were the detectives.

English class afforded another interesting occasion the day the pupils brought something along to class they had made or assisted in making. They were to give explanations on how they made it. The treats were rice crispy candy, popcorn, and graham cracker pie. The latter was brought by a 9 year old boy. Now isn't that unusual? One of the girls misunderstood and brought the recipe, leaving the cupcakes at home. However, she fixed the matter by bringing her cakes the next day, and thus our treats lasted two days.

One Friday afternoon we went to sing for a lady of our church who had suffered a stroke. Her aged mother-in-law, who had been the maid around the house, slipped and fell one Monday while doing the family's washing, breaking her ankle. Now we are practicing the song "The

Old Rocking Chair" to sing for her when we go on our next excursion. It begins like this:

"Sitting alone in an old rocking chair
I saw an old mother with silvery hair,
She seemed so neglected by those who
should care,
Rocking alone in an old rocking chair."

We will give her a book of pictures colored by the pupils and letters from the eighth grade.

Sometime ago I read to the children of Gideon's victory with an army of 300 men against the Midianites. As I read, the pupils in Grades 3-8 took notes. May I share one with you? He had it all finished and turned in that day before lunch.

Gideon and His Army

Gideon and his army were ready to fight,
They wanted a war with the Midianites
To chase them off their God-given soil
So they could continue their hard-earned toil.

God promised Gideon a sure victory;
The easy defeat we are yet to see.
But thirty-two thousand are too many men
To prove that God was with them then.

Gideon said to his men, "If you are afraid,
You may go home to your own stockade."
And twenty-two thousand left the band,
Only ten thousand remained on hand.

Gideon led his army to the river to drink,
And again God's army began to shrink,
Till only three hundred men remained
To see that the victory would be gained.

So Gideon divided them into three groups,
To go into battle against the Midianite troops.
He gave them a trumpet and a pitcher that night,
And Gideon blew the signal with all his might.

The men all shouted and their pitchers they broke
What a surprise was waiting when the Midianites
woke!

How frightened they were and how they fled!
The battle ended with many men dead.

- Levi Miller Age 13

Tomorrow we'll be studying bones in health class. I'll pack a drumstick into my lunch and save the bone in order to break it, to show the marrow to the pupils in class.

There are so many pleasures in teaching school, aren't there? I have much to be thankful for—cooperative parents, a fine board, obedient and respectful pupils, plus a good board—

ing place with an elderly couple just a short distance from school.

May God bless you, one and all.

Come visit us at North Side, won't you?

Emma Yoder

R. 2, Box 202

Shipshewana, Indiana 46565

* * *

WATERLOO COUNTY, ONTARIO

January 29, 1968

Greetings to all Bulletin readers—May the good Lord be with us all and help our parochial schools to succeed and bring blessings to future generations.

I am not a teacher and have never taught school. But I have worked with children most of my lifetime. I am the mother of a teacher and have several school age grandchildren. My own school days were cut short. Attendance laws were not so strictly enforced in those days. I was the oldest of seven with a sickly mother, so my services were needed at home. But I never lost interest in school and learned a lot by helping others with homework. And now, as a seventy year old grandmother, I still enjoy helping the grandchildren.

One thing I have learned is that the maxim, "A stitch in time saves nine" holds true in training children as much as anywhere else. So to all you young teachers, my advice is: When you see mischief brewing, "nip it in the bud". Do not wait till the damage is done before you speak.

I can as a rule agree quite well with the ideas expressed in the Bulletin. But John M. Bontrager's idea that the Bible could be used as a Reader did not appeal to me. (Editor's note: I do not believe John meant that the Bible should be used in teaching reading.)

The Bible has a place in school, and passages should be taught to build morals. And it can be read in class by the upper grades now and then. But the way human nature is, those who learn well are likely to look down on the slow learners and to become like the scribes and Pharisees of whom we read in Matthew 23.

About signing one's name to a letter, my feeling is that a name means nothing if you do not know the person. If you do know him you are likely to think more of his shortcomings than of the message he is trying to bring. With this in mind I will sign myself,

- Just another concerned grandmother

* * *

The Blackboard Bulletin

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

Wonderful! The response we got to the request for more material can not be described by any other word. But the flood of letters and articles, though greatly appreciated and welcomed, does create problems of another type. Suddenly there is not enough room!

Some of the articles that have no dated news are being held over to next time. We thank the many new writers who finally gathered the courage to write to the Bulletin, and we hope they will keep on writing. If their material does not appear in this issue, it is only because there was not space.

In over ten years of editing the Bulletin, we have never received so much material in so short a time. For once we are happy—or will be, as soon as we dig out from under.

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The article by Elmo Stoll, "Check Your Checking", which appeared in the December issue, sparked more interest from writers than any article we have ever run. No count has been made how many writers referred to it in their letters, but there must have been several dozen. We still have some for next month.

.

What's coming in education tomorrow? Here is what President Johnson suggests, "We must make community centers out of our schools, opening them nights and weekends to involve parents and to provide a place of recreation and learning for everyone in the neighborhood.

"We must bring children of the poor into school at age three or four and provide health, nutrition, and other services. Only in this way can these boys and girls get a real head start toward overcoming the handicaps of poverty.

"And we need to keep our schools open all year round, giving poor boys and girls the kind of summer experiences which expand their horizons and cultural development."

- From GRADE TEACHER Magazine

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Coming Next Month: A teacher writes of the sad experience in her school, —facing an empty

seat in the sixth row. An eleven year old boy was killed in a sledding accident on a Saturday. When school reopened after the funeral, it was an experience to remember.

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In this issue, Jerome Raber, a member of the Amish state board in Indiana, writes a note of explanation concerning the agreement made with the Department of Public Instruction. According to his letter, and as stated in the news clipping in this issue, the Amish teachers did well on the GED tests in December. There are many indications that Supt. Wells and his office are genuinely interested in improving the Amish schools without imposing on the right to religious freedom. We hope that such a spirit may indeed be sincere and lasting, and not a step-by-step process of the camel getting into the tent.

- J. S.

* * *

FIFTY-THREE TEACHERS PASS GED TESTS

(Editor's note: Ervin S. Schlachach of Topeka, Indiana sent in the following report, with this explanation, "As I read the January Bulletin, I saw the editorial on the Indiana School Agreement. I decided to send in the article that appeared in the local paper here in Indiana. By printing this in the Bulletin, it may be a help in other states.")

Results of the tests administered to Amish School teachers have been tabulated and test scores indicate that the teachers scored in the average range for adults, with some of the scores significantly high, according to a report received from the office of Richard D. Wells, Superintendent of Public Instruction for the state of Indiana.

The report noted that it should be recognized that many of the Amish taking the tests were in the 15-18 year old range, yet were compared with 21 year old standards.

The test that was given was the General Educational Development test published by the

American Council of Education.

Test rules and regulations prohibit the disclosure of individual scores on a public basis. One of the two testing centers in the state was at Topeka.

Superintendent Wells states that the best performance was in the difficult areas of English and mathematics, and that on a general basis, the scores exceeded those which would be obtained from a similar grouping of the general public.

Fifty-three Amish teachers established a high school equivalency rating and therefore will meet the new standards established in the agreement between the Amish school leaders and the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Those who did not qualify will be given the opportunity to again take the test next June. Mrs. Sparkle Crowe, test director, states that she believes the few remaining will establish an equivalency with the next test.

Since there are forty-two Amish schools, it is clear that they will be able to staff all of these schools with teachers who meet the new standards, according to the spokesman from the office of Mr. Wells.

The Superintendent stated that he believes the test scores clearly indicate that the educational level of the Amish school teachers is more than adequate to meet the challenge facing the education of the Amish youth.

The teachers are capable of maintaining an educational standard for the Amish concepts of life.

The superintendent said that he believes that the protection of the Amish schools by his department is fully justified.

* * *

LETTERS FROM THE READERS:

The Indiana School Agreement

"I find numerous articles of interest in every issue of the Bulletin... I wish to emphasize the editorial in the January number, "The Indiana School Agreement", for I am in full agreement concerning the attendance and also teachers' qualifications. Should we not be concerned about the qualifications of our teachers? and also to upgrade our schools? Certainly. But do we want the world to determine whether our teachers are qualified to teach our religious principles?

"Should we not ourselves have a test for applicants? I think such a test would show the State Department of Instruction that we are con-

cerned about attendance and the educational level of our schools. In fact, our own test, made and administered fairly, might well disqualify a few that have passed their GED tests; for our concern should be based on faith, and theirs surely isn't.

"The agreement with the State may in time give them a string to pull on to destroy our schools, as it does give them more say-so to our schools. What will they want next?"

Against God's will, the children of Israel asked for a king like the heathens, but not a heathen king. Do we want a school like the world, but just not a worldly school?

"Eventually the officials may disqualify all our teachers. Let's upgrade our schools according to faith and be concerned. 'Willst du Gott dienen, so lass es dir in Ernst sein.'"

- A concerned Father

* * *

MORE ABOUT THE INDIANA AGREEMENT

- By Jerome Raber

After reading the editorial in the January Bulletin regarding the Indiana school agreement, I feel obligated to give a further explanation. However, my knowledge and writing ability is not equal to others who were present at the meetings with the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

I can well agree with the editor that there is danger of relinquishing the control of our schools by signing too many agreements. We wish that many of these things would not need to be, but perhaps we can expect nothing less in these last trying times.

On the other hand, at the meetings with state officials we sensed they feel it is their responsibility that the children of the state are well educated, and this for the welfare of the state. How sad it would be if it ever became necessary for us to go on public relief, with trustees using the money of other tax payers to supply our groceries, etc. We pray that our churches may never fall so low that this will become necessary.

Our aim should be far above this, though, in having our own schools. The Psalmist said, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Are we as concerned as we should be that we be righteous—in the sight of the Supplier of our needs? Certainly, it is one of our many duties to educate our children so that they

can make an honest living, and be able to lend a helping hand to others.

I have heard no criticism on the question of 97% attendance. But those who criticize need not criticize the State Superintendent. In the first draft of the agreement, he required only 95%. Our experience has shown us that we can do better than this under ordinary conditions. On my part, I feared the figure 95% might encourage unnecessary absences, so it was raised to 97% with the agreement of the Amish School Board.

We should not doubt the good intentions of our fellow brethren, but I can feel in my own mind it would be easy to become somewhat careless if there were no restrictions, or standards to meet. This, I have thought, may be why public officials put some pressure on us to upgrade (as they say) our schools. Also, some may have been misinformed concerning the standards of our schools. The supervisor who gave the teachers the tests in our county admitted this.

By far the majority of those taking the GED tests made a passing grade, so it may not cause too much inconvenience to us after all. We think it would be more fitting to have our pupils tested, as the editor suggested, instead of the teachers. When we protested against having the teachers tested, Mr. Wells asked how we will determine if our children are getting what they need to learn. We agreed to let the pupils be tested on their grade levels. He didn't seem to doubt their ability, but held to the plan of having the teachers tested, saying it would relieve him of public pressure.

Since the teachers took their tests, we had an offer to have the pupils given achievement tests, free of charge. This offer was from a supervisor from Indiana State University who visited the schools in our community. He seemed sympathetic and spoke well of our schools.

Do we have our schools open for investigation by those in authority, or have we a guilty conscience when those in authority walk in? We are to be a light unto the world that they may see our good works and praise our Father in heaven. The danger is of becoming part of the world.

Sincerely,
Jerome Raber

* * *

My mind is like a piece of steel—very hard to scratch anything on it, but almost impossible after you get it there, to rub it out.

- Abraham Lincoln

* * *

February, 1968

A DAY OF JOY AND SORROW

December 20, 1967

How I enjoyed the sunshine in the kitchen on the morning of December 20. With a song in my heart I finished the morning work and got ready to go to the chicken house. But first I wanted to send a Christmas greeting to someone who is often alone and enjoys mail. While I was looking for a greeting I heard someone at the door.

It was my nephew. "Annie, bist busy?" he asked.

Upon hearing those words, I could guess what he wanted. I was right. I had forty-five minutes to decide, get ready, and drive the five miles to Rocky Ledge School to substitute for a teacher who was sick.

A chorus of friendly good-mornings greeted me as I got off the buggy. Who could be unhappy among those smiles? I opened the school-house door and there on the shelves were the lunch boxes. "O wie kann ich so vergesslich sei?" (How could I be so forgetful?) I got into the school just in time to begin at 8:30.

I love that Bible Story Book, and the story for that morning was of John the Baptist foretelling the coming of Jesus. Time passed very quickly; it was soon time for lunch. Oh, I was busy! Busy checking the writings of the lower grades. It was a pleasure to give them a star for neatness. But I was not too busy to eat the apples some of the children gave me.

Some of the pupils were going to a Christmas program that afternoon, so I had been told to dismiss at 1 o'clock. I was glad the children had such a beautiful day to go to the program. That lovely sunshine made one feel so good!

Soon I was home again and ready to go to the chicken house. (But first I had a sandwich and some coffee!) Picking up pullet eggs from the floor among a houseful of cackling hens—a good place and time to "let out" what's on your mind. Had someone come near the henhouse just then, they could have heard what songs the pupils had sung that morning. Oh, the blessed opportunity with children to sing praises to our Lord!

Next it was supper time. When it was past, I went to wash eggs. I had no idea that with this twilight such a heavy sorrow would fall. Someone brought the news that my younger brother, Isaac M. Lapp, 36, had been killed in a fall from a scaffold on a grain bin silo. It was so hard to believe. How had it happened? God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to per-

form. He was working alone with a heavy wrecking bar. His hands looked like he had tried to grab hold of the cables.

We believe he may have had a premonition that his end was near, for we found two hymns marked in his book; these were read at the funeral. One was "Komm, Sterblicher, betrachte Mich". A man wanted us to translate that hymn so he could understand it. We got a lot more meaning from it than from just reading it.

On Friday morning we stood around the coffin. Isaac was a devoted husband and father of four children, ages 6 to 15 years. We very much feel his vacant chair at home and in church (which he joined at the age of 16, and of which he was a faithful and attentive member). He was also treasurer of the two Amish schools in Lebanon County.

We very much feel the loss but we would not wish him back, and want to say, "Thy will be done!" Pray for us that we may be steadfast and a good example. What we wish for ourselves, we wish for others.

- David and Annie King
Myerstown, Penna.

* * *

A Letter From Kentucky

Dear Titus,

We received the BLACKBOARD BULLETIN today and appreciated your article, "School Laws—Kentucky Style." I would like to add a few lines—as we were one of the group involved—to tell what happened in the three-hour court trial.

Yes, many sincere prayers were offered up before and during the trial, and we felt to give God all the honor and glory for everything. A lawyer, whom none of us knew, from around twenty-five miles away offered his service to defend us Amish.

All four men were questioned and cross examined, as was our bishop Simon Yoder. They even called one of our men out of the court room to question him. We felt this was done to see if we all felt the same concerning higher education, (his oldest child is only nine).

I would like to mention some of the questions our men were asked, to prove how important it is for us to live up to what we believe. We would have hardly been found "not guilty", if we couldn't have answered all their questions satisfactorily. They asked: do we have any people among us who use tobacco, liquor, narcotics;

do our young folks go to ball games, skating rinks, other pleasure spots; are there any cases of divorce or juvenile delinquency among us; why do we wear beards and dress as we do; and why have we no cars.

Our bishop was questioned alone for thirty-three minutes. The lawyer said he could not find one flaw with all Simon said; he quoted much Scripture and had an answer for everything. When the jury returned with the verdict "not guilty", many hearts were indeed thankful to God. We hope, too, that we can all be "shining lights" and live up to those things which we profess and which the Scriptures teach us.

I just thought you might be interested to know this much and feel it might do good if others could read this too. Pray for us so we can remain steadfast, abiding in His will ever, as we are being watched and read closer than ever.

- In Christian fellowship,

Mrs. John H. Miller

P. S. If we had been found guilty, they could have fined us each \$10 a day for every day our children missed school, (that was fifty days). \$500 each would have been rough for any of us, but to be found "not guilty" could not be counted in dollars and cents—it was worth so much more.

* * *

TROYER RIDGE SCHOOL
MILLERSBURG, OHIO

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Sincere greetings of love to all in Jesus' name.

How many of us thought of making New Year's resolutions? One that came to my mind was to try and be a better example for the pupils who watch me five days a week. I have often noticed that when the children play school during recess periods, the one who is teacher copies many of my methods.

For a few days we have had deep snow. This gives the pupils a chance to come to school with bobsleds. The snow is now piled in high drifts along the road, making it passable for traffic again. There is too much snow in the fields to coast at recess, so we are fitting puzzles, or playing Scrabble, Sorry, or blackboard games. Scrabble is about too difficult for the younger children but very educational for the older ones. Of course, when the weather is suitable, they are outside playing, which is healthy for them. They come in rosy-cheeked and refreshed, eager to begin their lessons again.

To keep the first graders busy, I have made composition books for them—printing the ABC's their name, the name of the school, and short sentences in them. Every day they do two pages; when they are finished they bring their books to the teacher. This keeps the books neater than if they had them in their desks.

The first set of books like this are now completed and have been sent along home. The new ones are almost the same; the letters are written instead of printed.

I also have them work simple add and subtract facts on the blackboard to see who can finish first. If any answers are wrong, they have to be corrected.

The second graders often write a lesson on paper from their reading books. This gives them practice writing, as well as keeping them busy. They also form sentences with their spelling words each week, and these are read off in class.

We usually sing three songs in the morning. Four mornings of the week we sing German, and the fifth we sing English. The English songbooks we made ourselves, and tried to fill them with Christian songs. Each morning two pupils each lead a song and I lead the other one. To hear their children sing well is what all parents seem to enjoy.

For the first six-week arithmetic tests, I try to pick out problems that are not too hard, yet not too easy either. I think story problems should be used on tests just as well as others; I usually have about ten, and twenty-five or thirty others.

For the second six-weeks test I pick out several of the same story problems used in the first test, but the other problems are all different. If a pupil scores below 75%, the test must be done over until the grade is above that mark. (This usually happens, but mostly by the same pupils.) I place the tests on stencils and run copies with the duplicator.

To visit schools is beneficial to all beginning teachers (as well as to the rest of us!) The seventh graders and I visited several schools in the fall with horse and buggy. This was very interesting.

Many good ideas can be picked up from watching another teacher. One of the first things to be noticed in a schoolroom is whether or not there is order. Without order and discipline, no school can prosper.

We've had quite a few visitors this term, including some of the parents. I hope before school closes this spring, the rest will all have

been here. At Christmas the parents were all present except five, some of which were not able to come. Thanks to all who came; you show you have enough interest in our own schools to leave your work for half a day.

May the grace of God be with you all.

Sincerely,

Fannie Nisley

* * *

New Schools:

BUENA VISTA SCHOOL

Gap, Penna.

Greetings from Buena Vista. I was asked to write, but not being a gifted writer, I will quote, "If only the sweetest singing birds in the woods would sing, it would be very dull."

Having been blessed with children, we see the need to do as we teach. If we can't do the best, let's do the best we can.

I think back to that summer day in 1967 when we were still undecided if we should open a school or not. Finally we decided we would if we could find a teacher. That need was filled; we were fortunate at such a late date to hire Katie King. She had the experience of going to a parochial school, which I think is a big help for a teacher.

Our four school children were all in different rooms in the public elementary school last year. They did not know how it would work out with all eight grades in one room. Now they like it and would not want to go back to the other school.

Our school is an old one. It would be interesting to know when it was built. There are folks around here in their 80's who went to this school when they were children.

Even after all these years, the building is in fair condition. The blackboard is at the same end as the front door, and the desks face the door. All the other schools I ever saw had the desks and blackboard at the opposite end. There are no south windows; they are on the east and the west.

This school was last used by the township for the 1961-62 term.

A visitor stopped in one day. He taught at this school fifty years ago. I believe it was a pleasure for him to come back, and recall the past. He probably has many pleasant memories of his teaching years, and some otherwise. (Don't we all like to remember the good things

of the past and forget the others?)

This reminds me how some people cling to some things of the past, and yet they do not want to humble themselves to accept them as their way of life. Many new things are good and acceptable, but let us keep enough of the old so we do not drift into the ways of the world.

Our school has 38 pupils—enough for a full day's work for the teacher.

We appreciate that our children learn to sing hymns and worthwhile songs. And their drawings and art are true pictures instead of lines and designs that you can't tell what they represent. I have no time or use for this modern art.

We meet problems in everything we do in life. Helping to start and run this school is no exception. We are thankful for the cooperation of the parents and others who were interested. The opportunity was here; I am glad so many people saw the need of starting our own school.

Nothing in this world is free. Effort and hard work are needed. If we help each other, we can all benefit. Let us all thank God for the privileges we have; let us also help and encourage the teachers.

We enjoy the Bulletin; the articles and letters are helpful.

- Levi and Mary Zook

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MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO

January 23, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Ein Grusz in Namen Jesu—After reading the interesting letters, I will add a few lines, too.

Regarding the checking of papers, we had the upper grades exchange papers and I read the answers; then the papers were placed on the desk so they could be rechecked and the grades copied. At other times I would call the names of the pupils, and they would answer with their scores.

Yes, it is interesting to read the letters from teachers. But I agree with Uria Byler, we had few letters from teachers in the B.B. last fall. (This issue is full of them! Thanks, Uria. Ed.)

I am not teaching this term, so I don't want to criticize the teachers for not writing. I might better start at home—for not visiting schools so far this term! I often wondered why I had so few visitors at our school.

The first year I taught I burned oil trying to solve eighth grade math problems so I would be able to explain them in class. How embarrassing to be at the blackboard trying to show how

to do the work, and suddenly become stalled! Did this ever happen to others of you?

A hint to first year teachers: Don't try to rush through the book with the subject only half taught. Be sure the children understand before you start something new. I would rather have a book unfinished than a job only half done. (Of course, there will be slow learners in any group; we cannot wait till they get everything as well as the fast ones do.) The lessons should be as large as possible without burdening the pupils. Just keep them busy.

The subject most overlooked is probably reading. Get the pupils to read well. Also, help them to understand what they read. These two points solved, the lessons will be easier. The better readers are the best scholars.

Reading from the Bible in school is a necessity, but many feel that explaining the meaning should be left to someone else. We teachers could misinform the children. (Editor's note: True, we do not want them misinformed; neither do we want them uninformed.)

Does the Bible not say, "Suchet in der Schrift, denn ihr meint, ihr habt das ewige Leben drinnen; und sie ist's, die von mir zeuget." (John 5:39). The more we read in it the more God will give us to understand.

Wishing you all the grace of God.

- An exteacher, Peter E. Miller

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ARTHUR, ILLINOIS

January, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

This is my second term teaching; I enjoy it very much. Of course, there are ups and downs, but in what work do we find it not that way? I just feel so grateful that we have One to whom we can always turn for help. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble" (Psa. 46:1). My prayer is that He will help me lead these precious young souls.

We teachers need the prayers of the parents, as well as of the church. The verse, Psalm 27: 11, often comes to my mind—"Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies." Teaching is such a worthwhile work where one can constantly be in the Lord's service

We have 56 lively children at Plainview this year, and they do keep the two of us busy. Some of the younger children often play school during recesses and noon. It is very amusing to listen in on them. Many times "the teacher" is cor-

recting her pupils or imitating some act of her teacher. When I think of this, it is sobering—Am I being a fair and true example for them? What pattern are we laying for the children?

I read with interest the article, "Check Your Checking". The suggestions given would be timesavers, I agree, but children usually have a good memory. What would a teacher say if a child would ask about a certain paper that had already been destroyed? The child would have to be told the truth.

And if a child knows his paper may not be checked, there will be a tendency to think, "What's the use of doing this work if the teacher won't be checking it anyway?" I feel that if the children put in the effort to do the work assigned to them, then I should put in the effort to check their papers and hand them back, if at all possible. Of course, there are times when we just can't get everything done. I'll admit that I have already destroyed unchecked papers.

In closing, may I request that you pray for me, so that I might better do my duty in school or wherever I may be.

- Lovina Miller

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TOPEKA, INDIANA
January 22, 1967

Dear B. B. Readers,

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." II Tim. 2:15.

This morning found us surrounded by deep drifting snow. It was not so pleasant a task to get the children to school, but with our buggy hack it was a cozy ride. Attendance has been low the last month because of flu and mumps, but there has been some improvement.

Here are five questions that were passed out to all the pupils in school except the first graders. Some of the answers are given.

1. Why do we have our own school?

Because of our religion; to get away from the large corporations; we don't need to learn the modern lessons; we can have teachers of our own faith; we learn German, also Christian songs; we have better reading material; to get away from worldly things such as TV, radio, record players, slides; we do not have to take our pictures here.

One girl wrote, "So my parents can help me better; then later on I may be able to help someone else."

2. Why do you like our own school?

I like the teaching methods; we do not have so many different teachers and not so many subjects; we do not have homework; the teachers explain the lessons better; I love all my classmates and above all, I love my teachers.

Some were glad they did not have so far to go to school.

3. Why don't you like our own school?

(A lot of them wrote, "But I do like our own school!")

Not enough library books or reading material; not enough space to play inside in bad weather; do not like transportation in cold weather, but enjoys walking when weather is nice.

4. Which part of the term do you like best?

The majority like spring: so they can play outside, enjoy the beauties of nature, and think that vacation would soon be here.

Christmas came in second.

5. What games do you like best?

Pingpong, baseball, basketball. Some said any game where they can all play together.

We appreciate the children's efforts in filling these out. Let us pray for each other.

- Mr. and Mrs. Urias U. Miller

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VOCABULARY WORKSHOP VII

Try these words from Pathway's forthcoming Grade Eight Reader.—Answers on next page

1. composure (kəm-pō'-zhər) a. musical arrangement; b. suitability; c. alertness; d. calmness
2. cascade (kas-kād) a. wine barrel; b. herb; c. waterfall; d. fresh water oyster
3. epithet (ep'-ə-thet) a. malice; b. shell; c. nickname; d. addition
4. conjecture (kən-jek'-chər) a. guess; b. revival; c. throwing out; d. act of connecting
5. armistice (ar'-mə-stis) a. arm badge; b. ridge; c. dismissal; d. truce
6. usher (ush'-ər) one who: a. treads a footmill; b. conducts a visitor to his seat; c. unloads cargo from ships; d. takes advantage of others
7. livery (liv'-ər-ē) a. people enjoying life; b. a sum of money lent at interest; c. distinctive clothing for servants; d. rotating spindle on a lathe
8. malady (mal'-ə-dē) a. ballad; b. sickness; c. lyre; d. cheekbone
9. lurid (loor'-id) a. vivid; b. detailed; c. tempting; d. defective
10. extravagant (ik-strav'-ə-gant) a. glaring; b. immoderate; c. revelatory; d. unrelated

LANCASTER COUNTY NEWS

- Lydia F. Beiler

A well attended singing was held at the home of teacher Susie Petersheim on the evening of Jan. 26, 1968. Thirty-seven teachers were present—from Lancaster, Lebanon, and Centre Counties. Also quite a few neighbors attended. Besides singing, a class for teachers was conducted by Katie K. Beiler at the Centerville School just across the road. After a delicious supper, a quiz was given by Mary Huyard until time for the singing to begin. The afternoon and evening were well spent and I believe enjoyed by all.

The singing at Amos Lapps on Jan. 19 was also fairly well attended. That time we had with us the two teachers and two board members from Littlestown, Penna.

On February 9 the teachers are invited to John F. Beilers near Paradise, for singing and supper. On Feb. 23 at Elam F. Beilers, Nickel

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP ANSWERS VII

1. composure: d. calmness; as, On the first day of school it was difficult for the new teacher to keep her composure.
2. cascade: c. waterfall; as, The stream contained cascades, none of which was over five feet high. Latin cascare, "to fall".
3. epithet: c. nickname; as, One king of France was given the epithet "Bald", thus naming him Charles the Bald.
4. conjecture: a. guess; as, The statement by the witness was judged by the lawyer to be a conjecture on her part.
5. armistice: d. truce; as, November 11 is celebrated in the U.S. in honor of the armistice signed at the close of World War I. Latin arma "arms" and sistere "to stop".
6. usher: b. one who conducts a visitor to his seat; as, The usher at the convention showed us our booth.
7. livery: c. distinctive clothing for servants; as, The Bishop's servant was dressed in new livery.
8. malady: b. sickness; as, The doctor diagnosed the malady as cancer.
9. lurid: a. vivid; as, The lurid account of the martyrdom was memorable.
10. extravagant: b. immoderate; as, The wealthy man's son was extravagant with his allowance.

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Mines section, just for the evening, and on March 1 we are invited to Hawksville School and to Aquilla Kings for supper and a singing. March 8 to Amos E. Fishers near Ronks (close to Cherry Lane School) for supper and singing. Teachers, take this for an invitation.

Some school visitors this past week included a teacher from Thailand, on the border of Viet Nam. He is in our country trying to learn some of our methods in education and how to handle problems, so that he may go home to better conditions over there, if possible. He was accompanied by a Mr. Nissly, who had learned to know him while doing relief work in that country. The reason he came to our school is because they are more nearly what he is used to than our public schools.

He said the Communists of North Viet Nam and China are giving them quite a bit of trouble. That is why he and others of his country are seeking ways to better their local conditions, to be able to withstand this pressure.

This gives a person something to think about. How long can we withstand the pressure around us? How long will the Lord spare us and grant us such a privileged time? As long as we are worthy of it and the salt of the earth has not lost its savor.

Let us do our best to withstand the fiery darts of the devil. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Nahum 1:7.

- Ronks, Pennsylvania

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GRABILL, INDIANA

R. R. # 1

January 23, 1967

Dear Readers,

I will follow the suggestion of Uria Byler, that more teachers should write to the Bulletin. I read the comments in the January issue on the testing program for Indiana teachers. I won't say if it's good for our schools or not, for I don't know. But does it hurt? I was talking to an Amish bishop about the knowledge a teacher should have. He stated, "It doesn't hurt for a teacher to know a little something."

Now I don't mean that passing the test is all it takes to make a teacher. But in the public's opinion it will be upgrading our schools. Children do not learn from the knowledge the teach-

er has if she doesn't teach it to them; this was the case in our school the first few years with state certified teachers.

In the last issue, some of the teachers complained about the stacks of papers to grade after school hours. The suggestion was made that the children could grade some of their own. This can be done to a certain extent. Some papers such as arithmetic which require one definite answer, can be graded by pupils.

Each week our seventh and eighth graders write sentences using their spelling words correctly. They must tell what part of speech each spelling word is in their sentences. This is an example of the type of papers which should be graded by the teacher.

The first semester is now ended. I ask myself what I have accomplished. What can we do that requires as much devotion to the task as does teaching? The children will someday take our place. Are we planting the right things in them?

Remember us in your prayers!

- A concerned teacher, John Zehr

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MILLERSBURG, OHIO
R. 5, Box 140
January 18, 1968

Dear known and unknown friends—I am here in the Wooster Community Hospital recuperating from surgery. As I have been lying here and thinking, it came to my mind again I should write a letter to the B. B. We enjoy this little paper very much.

I have many pleasant memories of the six years of vocational school I taught, and I also remember a few trying times. All in all I had many a kind, respectful, cooperative pupil. Some are now rearing their own families. God bless them all.

When I read the letters in the Bulletin, my heart really goes out to all of these teachers, who are really sincere and try to make an all-around go of it. Let's keep them in mind when we pray.

While I was in bed here in the hospital, the patient next to me handed me a daily paper with an article, "Amish Children Attend School as Local Districts Bog down in Snow". There was a picture of a schoolhouse, horse shed, and two top buggies. It was a very nice article.

A few words about the I-W boys here at the hospital. They treat us really nice and make a person feel at home. From what I could learn from the hospital staff and from other patients,

the boys are doing a good job. I could not thank them enough for what they did for me.

Across the hall from me is a door bearing the sign, "The Chapel". Below this sign is a notice that the room is for any denomination or religious group to use as a quiet place for prayer and meditation.

I have a little book about the Prayer Room in the United States Capital. A picture of it resembles the room at the hospital very much. Its purpose is to provide a quiet place for individual senators and representatives to withdraw and seek divine strength and guidance. We still have much to appreciate. Are we doing our share? (Read Isaiah 56:1-7).

We can read much in the papers about the turmoil our country is in, and can hear many people talk about our government. Our concern should be whether we are living up to our responsibilities, and whether we have the right attitude.

I desire your prayers. In humbleness I remain,

- Abe J. Miller (at Mt. Hope)

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LEOLA, PENNSYLVANIA
January 25, 1968

Dear B. B. Readers,

Greetings in the name of our Great Helper. I am teaching at a new school which on Aug. 28, 1967 had a bright and shiny welcome for twenty-one pupils and the teacher. I enjoy the work with its ups and downs, and all that goes with it. Earaches, headaches, cuts and bruises, and many other things may pop up any day.

I sometimes think I have twenty-one different kinds of children! There are mischievous, contented, willing, not-so-willing, fast learning, slow, lively, respectful, dirty, clean, neat, silly, timid, busy, good, sleepy, brave, fussy, quiet, and absent-minded ones.

I had quite a surprise today. While I was still eating my dinner, one set of parents came to visit. Later in the afternoon there was a knock on the door and there was another visitor, one of the fathers. I surely appreciate visitors, even though they make me a little hot and shaky.

There has been good parent cooperation, which is worth more than we can realize.

The name of our school is Deer Hollow, built in 1967 to take care of the crowded quarters at Hawksville. It was built on the corner of Jonas Esch's farm, which is the place where I board.

The school has high windows—an advantage

in keeping the nosy ones from seeing everything that goes on outside. The disadvantage is that they have to stand on their desks if they do want to look out at recess.

"All things work together for good to them that love God" (Rom. 8:28). May the Lord guide us through this sinful world.

- Emma F. Stoltzfus

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JAMESPORT, MISSOURI
January 19, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First a greeting to all in the name of our loving Lord and Saviour.

Another school day has passed; it seems like the hours in the schoolroom are hours on wings! How I treasure those precious moments with the children. Nothing is as rewarding to me as the eager look in a child's face as he tries to grasp a "new particle of knowledge"; or to receive a note of apology saying, "I'm sorry I was naughty." Oh, how those little things encourage a teacher!

Then when recess comes—isn't it relaxing to see the children playing "fox and geese", making snowmen, or throwing snowballs? They really appreciate when the teacher joins them in their fun.

The question appeared in the January issue of the B. B. as to how much English should be spoken at school. The answers will probably be varied; but according to my experience it is really necessary to speak English all the time except when having German classes. Any teacher knows a shy first grader will say very few words in time of school. When will they learn to speak proper English if they don't speak it at recess?

I've had the experience of having a first grader who knew no English at all when school started; naturally, this kept the whole class back. On top of that the child is not a quick learner;—it does create a problem. All there is to do is to patiently work it out step by step.

And for the article "Check Your Checking"—Hurrah! I find it hard to take that advice, but I'm trying to change my ways a little and conform to it.

This is my second year of teaching and I'm at the same school, Oak Grove Parochial. I miss the children I had last year that aren't here this year; although there are quite a few new faces instead.

My enrollment is twenty-three; the largest

being the first, consisting of five.

Another thing that I think would help improve our schools is more parents visiting school. This encourages the teacher and it shows the children that you do care what happens at school.

Remember us teachers in prayer; we are human and make many mistakes, too.

Just another teacher,

Katie Yoder

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BALTIC, OHIO
Dec. 28, 1967

Dear Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's name.

The editor said a teacher's responsibility to other teachers is important, too, especially the help experienced teachers can give to beginning ones. I know how much I appreciated the counsel of parents, board members, and veteran teachers. I even learned from the pupils and asked their opinion in some matters.

The beginning teacher should try to keep pupils busy with something worthwhile at all times. To do this, the help of some of the older pupils is valuable. A pupil who has his lessons done can help with the new reading words in the morning, perhaps for fifteen minutes. We have reading first thing in the morning, so this works out fine.

In our second period we have arithmetic. When the first and second graders are done with their arithmetic workbooks, the helper can check these. Should one have quite a few wrong, the helper makes it known to the teacher. He can give flash cards, too, if there is time. This saves the teacher much work and helps the pupils progress, as well as keeping them busy.

It is surprising how much interest the pupils take in helping the teacher. But in order to be the next assistant, they have to understand their own lessons well, and have their work done. I have no trouble to get a helper who tries to act teacher-like and firm.

Some extra work for the first grade is to have them take flash cards and phrase cards, and form sentences to write on the board on lines that the teacher has prepared for their writing lessons. This can be practiced soon after they start to read, twice a day.

Another drill for grades 2-4 is to write the tables of measure, money tables, days of the week, months of the year, etc. on the board frequently.

Our third graders are making animal books. Each day they draw five animals, and write a good sentence concerning each animal under the picture. This is handed in daily for checking, and is checked with the English lessons. A good deal of interest is created, and in the end the pupil has a nice little book. The second graders now want to do this project also.

The first grade usually make a similar book early in the term, printing the letters of the alphabet and pasting in pictures. As soon as the first grade start spelling, they can make a book, too, filling in blanks, etc. Mine are finished with these, and are now making up their own sentences with their spelling words. They write these on the board first.

A good project for grades 5-8 is to draw maps. In the fifth and sixth grades they can draw the groups of states as they study them. The most important facts about each group of states can be written in notes on the maps. The maps can be made into a book, or hung up for display.

The seventh and eighth grades can do the same, using groups of countries instead of states. Each pupil may take different countries, if the teacher so wishes.

In spelling, we look up the definitions of the words and write sentences once a week in the first six grades. In the seventh and eighth grades, the practice is done twice a week. These papers are checked for spelling and English.

(to be continued next month)

- Mary Ann Beachy

* * *

HOW TO BE

- Harvey H. Nolt

Friends to all a greeting.
 Let me wish you this—
 Our lives...which are so fleeting,
 Rewarded be with bliss.
 Each one has a talent.
 No two are quite the same.
 Christ used His many talents,
 Expressly for our gain.
 Of all man's many laws and rules;
 How can we know what's best?
 One law could do for us fools;
 Really then we would be blessed.
 Now let us end the matter here;
 Instructing... 'How To Be'
 Now...LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF.
 God asks of you and me.

- Ephrata, Penna.

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NOTES ON DISCIPLINE

Always use the mildest punishment that will do the work. Help the child to see the point. If he thinks his punishment is unfair, he will not learn what you want to teach him.

Spank sparingly; use the whip rarely. Corporal punishment is easily overdone. Save it for the few worst offences, and it will be effective. If you use it frequently, it is useless.

Children are different. What works for one will not work for another. Also, they change rapidly. You have to change with them.

Above all, make sure they understand you. And love them! Even when they are naughty, they need to know you love them.

- Amos E. Stoltzfus

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LEONARDTOWN, MARYLAND

After having had the enjoyment of reading the Bulletin for a few years, I decided to contribute a little to it also. I had the privilege of visiting Pathway recently; this makes it even more interesting to read their publications—to know where the papers come from and how they are produced. I believe there is more to publishing these papers than many of us realize.

After visiting a few different schools and hearing some discussion by other teachers, (and also by reading the Bulletin!), I thought I had a fair picture of what a teacher goes through. Then I had the opportunity to substitute for several weeks. I still see the same picture, but it is enlarged and much clearer. It is only by trying a thing that we really learn what it is all about.

We certainly cannot teach others something which we ourselves have not learned. This fact becomes very evident to those who try teaching; I experienced it to some extent. Nevertheless, I am confident our aim in life is not in knowing it all, but to put into practice what we do know. Only then are we worthy to be trusted with greater riches.

With this in mind I wish to continue in the knowledge that we must see our weaknesses if the Lord is to show forth His strength in us.

May the grace of God be with you all.

- Titus Bauman

Dear little schoolhouse beside the road,
You have sheltered riches greater than gold;
Those tender young blossoms gathering there
So precious and loving, need tenderest care.

Good little schoolhouse beside the road
So quiet and brave, unwavering and true;
You seem to hold knowledge and wisdom untold
Yet always so silent, you shelter your fold.

Glad little schoolhouse beside the road
Thrilled with the happiest sounds on this earth—
Of innocent children in laughter and song.
Your eyes seem to glisten, as they chatter along.

Sad little schoolhouse beside the road
Stunned by that last, loud, hasty word;
Pained by the grief of a shattered trust
Alone and forsaken you pine in the dusk.

Kind little schoolhouse beside the road,
Forgiving again your little fold;
Urging us only to "try again"
Promising us that "love" must win.



Dear little schoolhouse beside the road
Beckoning always to your little fold, —
Lovingly, tenderly, whispering, "Come!"
Who could resist your welcoming home ??
- A student, Ontario

* * *

In Kinderzucht liegt ein großer Gewinn,
So kommt's mir vor in meinem Sinn;
Wo die geistliche Liebe geht voran,
Da ist dann schon gar viel getan.

Die Kinderzucht geht viel verloren,
Es beweist sich in den letzten Jahren;
Weil Wollust, Ehrgeiz und Bosheit
Nehmen überhand in dieser Zeit.

Die Kinderzucht können wir nicht kaufen,
Mit dem Geld, das wir auf'haufen.
Wer das verfehlt in ihr Kindheit,
Möchte später kriegen Herzleid.

Die Kinderzucht geht oft vergessen,
Weil wir uns viel auf Geld verlassen;
Und ganz zu viel tun nach dem streben,
Wo uns nicht hilft in's ewige Leben.

Wann's mit der Zucht dann geht verfehlt,
So kommt die Zeit, daß es uns noch quält;
Weil die Natur sollt' erst gebrochen sein,
Sonst bringt's noch Streit in die Gemein.

Da möcht dann sein Arbeit auf Sand,
Verhüten Unliebe, Widerstreben u. Schand;
Kartspielen, Tanzen und Hurerei,
Wird öfters erfunden noch dabei.

Die Kinder die keine Straf' tun kriegen,
Tun oft die Eltern noch sehr betrüben;

Die Kinder Zucht.

Wann die Straf' dann ist nach rechter Art,
So treibt's die Liebe doch nicht fort.

Wer die rechte Liebe zu ihnen hat,
Der hilft ihnen nicht im Hochmut fort;
Mit Kleiderpracht und Übermut,
Bis Unliebe dann aufsteigen tut.

An der Kinderzucht ist viel gelegen,
Tut euer Pflicht, so folgt Gottes Segen;
Wo nicht, so steht ihr in Gefahr,
Nicht zu kommen zu der heiligen Schaar.

Die rechte Zucht gibt das Fundament
Von der Gemein', fast bis an das End;
Wenn das zu viel verloren geht,

Dann wird's Salz dumm, wenn was
geschieht.

Wenn ihr als auf dem Wege geht,
Denkt doch daran, was euch zusteht;
Und lehrt sie recht von Jesus Christ,
Wie er uns doch so gnädig ist.

Und wann ihr niedersitz zu essen,
Tut das wieder nicht vergessen;
Auch wann der Abend kommt herbei,
Denk doch daran was dein Pflicht sei.

Und Gott auch bitten, wann er will,
Sie doch halten keusch und still;
Vor Lafter, Sünd' recht Abschei habe
Köstlich sind doch solche Gottes Gaben

Hochmut sollten sie nicht lieben,
Vielmehr sich an Demut üben;
Und sich dünken klein und schlecht,
Die Liebe üben gut und recht.

Was du sie erst gewöhnest daran,
Das ist hernach gar leicht getan;
Gewohnheit hat gar große Kraft,
Viel Gutes und viel Böses schafft.

Wir haben Kinder groß und klein,
Ein Geschenk von Gott, so sie gehorsam
Haben daheim noch viel Arbeit,
Dann euer Fürbitt vonnöten allezeit.

WHAT A REAL HOME IS

A real home is a lighthouse. A lighthouse reveals the breakers ahead and shows a clear way past them.

A real home is a workshop. Pity the boy without a kit of tools or the girl without a sewing basket. They haven't learned the enjoyment of doing things.

A real home is a forum. Honest, open discussions of life's great problems belongs originally in the family circle.

A real home is a secret society. Loyalty to one's family should mean keeping silent on family matters—just this and nothing more.

A real home is a health resort. Mothers are the natural physicians.

A real home is a cooperative league. Households flourish where the interest of each is made the interest of all.

A real home is a business concern. Order is a housewife's hobby. But order without system is a harness without a horse. System means harmony—peaceful agreement in opinions, manners, interests, etc.

A real home is a temple of worship.

- Selected by a Reader

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BIBLE QUIZ NO. 13

Supply the missing words—

1. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many _____.
2. My _____ hear my voice.
3. Be ye therefore wise as _____, and harmless as _____.
4. Go to the _____ thou sluggard: consider her ways and be wise.
5. Michael and his angels fought against the _____.
6. Beware of _____, beware of evil workers.
7. Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the _____ be gathered.
8. He went down and slew a _____ in a pit in a snowy day.
9. Or if he ask a _____, will he give a _____?
10. Ye blind guides, which strain at a _____ and swallow a _____.

Answers to Questions No. 13:
1. Sparrows 2. Sheep 3. Serpents, doves
4. Ant 5. Dragon 6. Dogs 7. Eagles 8. Lion
9. Fish, serpent 10. Gnat, camel

PATHWAY'S TWO NEW BOOKS -

The Broken Bottle: 120 Stories on the evils of strong drink. To prevent that "first drink", have your children read this book. \$4.00 per copy.

The Drummer's Wife: Stories from Martyrs Mirror, retold for young people. This is a book you won't want to miss. The faith and sufferings of our forefathers become real. Opening chapter in March issue of Family Life. \$3.75 per copy.

THE WORLDLINESS OF CHEATING

- By a Teacher

Why do we have church schools? A frequent answer is, "So we can get away from worldly things."

What is more worldly than cheating? Or, as so often happens, committing another sin by lying in an effort to cover up. The Bible says, "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him, with whom we have to do" Heb. 4:13.

I wish all parents would teach the children the worth of honesty. I believe there are some that do, but not all are succeeding, or we wouldn't have so much trouble in our schools with cheating.

Parents, come and visit the school; let the children know you are interested in what they are doing.

A secret for success in spiritual work is to give God all the credit and glory for everything accomplished. In this, Daniel set an outstanding example. In one of his prayers, he said, "I thank thee, and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers, who hast given me wisdom and might, and hast made known unto me now what we desired of thee:" Dan. 2:23.

When the king threw Daniel into the den of hungry lions, he was not harmed. Daniel told the king, "My God hast sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." Dan. 6:22.

Daniel was used of God because he was trustworthy, both to God and to men. Even though he was a foreigner in Babylon, king after king gave him positions of important responsibility. He was honest, upright, capable, and trustworthy, and his work was conscientiously done.

God bless you all.

- Ohio

* * *

School Memories



- Mrs. Joseph N. Peachey

My first years of school were spent in a one-room country school. But it was not like the schools our children attend today where there are only Amish pupils. In those days no Amish schools had yet been built in the Valley.

Today there is no trace left of Concord School. The pupils of the district are being bussed to the larger schools.

The schoolhouse was not modern the way many of the public schools are now. There was no running water (the water was carried one-fourth mile by the pupils). The large double, old fashioned type of desks were used. Sometimes two pupils shared the same desk.

One time after my mother had visited the school, I overheard her talking about the appearance of the schoolhouse. I wondered why Mother thought it wasn't nice. I loved to go to school, and the building was quite all right to me.

An elderly English lady was our teacher. I believe she was liked by all her pupils. Sometimes she went home with her pupils for overnight, to the Amish homes as well as the others. This was a very special occasion to us children—to have our teacher as a guest.

(I wonder how this would work out in our Amish schools—if the teacher were to go to each family for one night in a school term. Would this give the teacher and parents more time to discuss school matters? Would it create better understanding between parents and the teacher? Or would we parents feel we have no time to be bothered with the teacher coming to our home? I don't think we should feel that way. Parents are often urged to visit the schools. Maybe it would also be well for the teacher to visit the homes sometimes.)

I remember one time this teacher went home with us for the night. The next morning we were walking through the fields to school, accompanied by the teacher. Someway I accidentally spilled part of my lunch while crawling through a fence.

That day in school the teacher spent a long time teaching a slow learner how to carry in addition and multiplication. At recess I said to the teacher, "Carol is already in grade so and so, and she doesn't even know how to carry. I'm just in the first grade, and I can carry."

Then the teacher said, "It doesn't look like you can carry very well, the way you spilled

your lunch on the way to school."

Although I was only six or seven, I still remember how those words hurt. Maybe it wasn't so much what she said as the way she said it. But I think now it was no more than I deserved. I needed reproof.

As a child grows older, I believe he will be thankful for the reproof and punishment he got when he needed them, if it was given with love and for the child's benefit.

At Concord we also had a Mennonite lady for awhile. I especially remember how interesting those Bible stories were that she read. But I liked best when she told them in her own words; then I could understand better.

The upper grade pupils were each supposed to memorize a prayer. Before eating our lunches we bowed our heads. The pupils took turns (one pupil each day) saying the prayer of thanks. One Bible verse of our choice was to be learned each week. On Friday mornings we would each recite the Bible verse we had memorized, instead of the usual Bible reading.

There were also those days of deep snow. Perhaps the most exciting ones were when our neighbor hitched up in his big sled and took most of the pupils and the teacher (she lived in the neighborhood) for a ride to school. When we got there the schoolhouse was cold. We were allowed to march around inside the school building for awhile to keep warm.

One day the sled was not there when it was time to go home. We figured that it was probably only a little late in arriving. Instead of taking the road leading toward home, we walked out to the main highway to meet the sled. That was the way the sled had been traveling in order to gather those extra pupils. But this time the sled did not turn up. We had a long hike home through the snow, the longest way around. I don't believe it hurt us any; maybe it was just good exercise.

Some years later my parents bought a farm located near Allensville. To my younger brother and I, this meant going to a different school. The new school was larger, and we would have the privilege of going to school with many Amish friends, some of whom were our cousins. An-

xiously, I looked forward to the time we could go to this new school.

The day after moving finally came. Yes, this was the day I had been dreaming of. But the day's plans got changed in a rather unexpected way. Our school clothes were locked up in a bureau drawer during the moving. Although we searched high and low for the key, it was nowhere to be found. I wanted to wear some other old clothes, or go to school in our everyday clothes, rather than to not go at all.

But of course, Mother knew best. She wouldn't allow her children to go to a town school in everyday clothes. I couldn't hide my disappointment. It seemed impossible to keep back the tears, but my brother only laughed. He didn't care. He never did like school anyway, or at least so he pretended. I thought it was almost a shame when he said he was glad the key was lost.

But things soon brightened up again. The next school morning found us on our way, wearing the clothes that had been locked up. It seemed almost like walking in a new world—across those hills with the farm that we now called home behind us. Just ahead of us was the big three-room Allensville school.

What did the future years in this school hold for us? There would be many strange pupils to meet. What would they be like? Would they talk to us politely, or would they only stare? Would the teachers be friendly? I was hoping the lessons wouldn't be too much different from what we had at Concord.

The lessons at the new school were not too difficult. My teacher was kind and understanding; the pupils were all nice to us and made us feel welcome. I soon thought I liked this school even better than my first one.

One by one those school days slipped by and have buried themselves in the past. And yet they are not buried so deeply that we can't dig out memories.

Times have changed and now we have four of our own children going to school. Just recently, on a snowy day, our six year old son was outdoors playing. When he came in, his younger sister asked him how deep the snow was. "Is it a foot deep?" she asked.

"Oh, yes. It's much more than a foot deep. A foot deep would be only about this deep," he told her, holding his hand down to the top of his foot.

Apparently this first grader still has some arithmetic lessons awaiting him.

- Belleville, Penna.

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THE TWO SCULPTORS

I dreamed I stood in a studio
And watched two sculptors there.
The clay they used was a young child's mind
And they fashioned it with care.

One was a teacher; the tools he used
Were books, music, and art.
One a parent who worked with a guiding hand
And a gentle loving heart.

Day after day the teacher toiled
With a touch that was deft and sure,
While the parent labored by his side
And polished and smoothed it o'er.

When at last their task was done
They were glad for what they had wrought,
For the things they had molded into the child
Could neither be sold nor bought.

And each agreed he would have failed
If he had worked alone,
For behind the teacher stood the school
And behind the parent, the home.

- Selected by a Reader



GRABILL, INDIANA
Amish Parochial School No. 1
January 23, 1968

Dear Readers,

Once again we have started a new year. What it will bring we cannot tell. The first semester of school is past and report cards are being made ready to hand to the eager children who want to know what is inside. The teacher sits behind her desk and watches at such a time. Some faces light up with smiles and others, oh such frowns. Then perhaps a trip to the teacher's desk to inquire, "Why do I have such a poor grade in this subject?"

What a contrast between pupils who try to do what is asked and those who do their lessons only because they have to! If a child asks about a low grade, the teacher knows that child is concerned and will try to do better next time.

I am teaching in Amish Parochial No. 1 in Allen County, Indiana. I have 47 pupils in the

third, fourth, and fifth grades. John Zehr teaches the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades with 42 pupils. Every Saturday 4 vocational students attend, with John Graber as teacher.

It is interesting to hear of other teachers who also have a full house. Not so much time can be spent with the slower pupils in such a case. I can say, though, that plans are being made to build another school in this community for next year.

I'm wishing all readers a joyous new year. I wish to be remembered in your prayers.

"If I can do some good today,
If I can serve along life's way,
If I can something helpful say,
Lord, show me how."

- Mary Ann Eicher

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JOHNSON SCHOOL
APPLE CREEK, OHIO
January 22, 1968

Dear Readers, far and near,

"Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness" Ephesians 4:1-2.

How quiet! Most of the pupils have left with a friendly good-night in spite of the different punishments that were meted out. Yes, some had recess work; and one had to feel the "board of correction". What a drudgery to use it on a faithful pupil! But to obey my conscience rather than the tempter, I knew I must not be a respecter of persons. Then the thought, "What will the parents think?" is constantly on my mind. Having been in this school for the past 8 1/2 terms, I feel I know them quite well. How wonderful to have the parent's cooperation!

Standing and lecturing a group of pupils, my mind quite frequently sympathizes with a minister. How vividly I recall my own school days at such times, and with a sad heart I regret the areas in which I should have done better. But still I feel it is my responsibility to hold the rules and explain to the best of my knowledge.

There is a saying, "When it rains it pours." Today was one of those days, but this afternoon the sun peeped out from behind the clouds. In our English class we had a sentence like this—"After clouds comes clear weather." So I'm trusting tomorrow will be sunshiny again.

We've had a siege of mumps in our school, but all are back again now. The school was closed for three days. This gave me the privilege of substituting in my sister's school. I

TO A SNOWFLAKE



What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor?—
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmisal,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor,
To lust of His mind:—
Thou couldst not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculpted and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."



- Francis Thompson

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greatly enjoyed the day but was anxious to meet the smiles of my own group again.

Singing can get to be very dull but it's amazing how a new song will help. We practice slow tunes every Friday morning. I greatly appreciate the interest the children take in helping sing. Even tonight after a day of clouds they all joined in helping to sing "Calling Me Over The Tide." This is one of our favorites—a song I learned in the Get-together in Aylmer.

In the December issue there was an article from a beginning teacher asking for suggestions on arithmetic tests. His experience sounded very much like my first year. I was the first one here and it seemed quite difficult to change the pupils from public books to our books. Disappointments in test grades is what I constantly faced those first years. So after every test we'd have classes just to explain problems—how and why they are worked the way they are. This took time and patience but it was worth the effort.

If a child cannot memorize his multiplication tables, I've found it helpful to have the class say them all together whenever there's a minute to spare. This teaches the little ones and gives them a good start before they are in the third grade.

I suppose most schools have the two different kinds of pupils. The ones who seemingly don't try their best and the ones who are naturally easy learners. Talking about the previous kind, maybe I'm the one who is not trying my best. Do we teachers (including myself first) too hastily lose confidence in them and let our tempers rule by using unkind words rather than a smile and a compliment? A friendly chat with a parent is soothing to a teacher's heart, so probably it would be the same to a pupil.

Now what is that I hear? A former parent calling and offering me a ride homeward. Yes, she even patiently waits till my fire is banked and the doors locked. The troubles of the day have somehow vanished. Surely teaching is a rewarding vocation!

I will close, wishing to thank the board, parents, and pupils for patience in my behalf.

Wishing the editor and all readers a healthy and prosperous New Year.

- Lizzie Ann Nisley

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APPLE CREEK, OHIO
January 19, 1968

Greetings to all Bulletin Readers,

As a reader of the B.B., I will try to write a few lines from Wayne County, Ohio. However, our children are all past school age and married. But I am still interested in our Amish schools.

We like to see our grandchildren attend a school that is not going modern with the times. Our oldest grandchild is now in the eighth grade.

We are right in the middle of winter. Twelve to fifteen inches of snow, and the temperature below zero a few mornings.

On Tuesday, Jan. 16, there was a write-up in the Wooster Daily Record, "Amish Children Attend School as Local Districts Bog Down in Snow." It was written by Clif Bushnell. I will quote a few lines:

"Most Amish parochial school bells are ringing out over the snowy landscape as usual during the storm which has closed public schools in the area. The only difference at Johnson's School north of Maysville is that several youngsters arrive through the deep snow by horse and buggy. Ordinarily all 41 pupils walk.

"There are four absent because of illness," teacher Lizzie Ann Nisley reported Monday...

"At Fountain Nook on US 250, teacher Susie Slabaugh pulls on the school bell rope at 8:30 A.M. Farm families in that area know that she has boomed the coal furnace in the basement

and students will be expected by 9 A.M., snow or shine...."

Then the article ends with, "While most school children in Wayne and surrounding counties were reveling in a snowbound vacation Amish first graders at Fountain Nook read Lesson XIV in McGuffey's Primer:

"This old man can not see. He is blind Mary holds him by the hand. She is kind to the old blind man.'" (End of article)

The above teacher, Susie Slabaugh, is the daughter of Criss Slabaugh, one of our nearest neighbors. They also have another daughter Fanny, teaching at Cherry Ridge School a few miles east of Kidron, Ohio.

Our school district is Oak Grove, about two miles from Johnson and Fountain Nook Schools. Amanda J. Hershberger is our teacher, he third term here.

I feel most of our teachers are trying to do their duty in teaching school. Parents who visit school can give pupils and teacher great encouragement to do their best, and thus show they are interested.

I have been teaching vocational school for a number of terms. This is another place where teachers learn as well as pupils. The last two terms I have taught at Johnson's School, usually on Saturday forenoons.

Some years we have started in with as many as nineteen pupils; other years with only ten or eleven. Our subjects of study are writing and copying their daily diary and home work project into their composition books. Then we have about an hour of working problems of arithmetic in agriculture.

Following recess we have mostly German taking turns each reading one verse from the Testament till we have read a chapter or so. We also have some German writing. Each of us has a small notebook with our names written in it; in these we write a verse in German, then sign our names, then read aloud what we wrote. The following week we exchange them before writing another verse. By the end of the term we have all written in each other's notebooks a number of times. This is something to keep and read, and also to compare writing.

In addition we have German spelling and singing each week.

Vocational students usually have passed the eighth grade. When they reach their sixteenth birthdays, they are allowed to withdraw from school.

With best wishes to all.

- Eli J. Byle

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WATERLOO, ONTARIO
R. R. # 2
January 25, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings to all in Jesus' name.—I have often felt an urge to write for the B.B. after reading the many interesting letters. I am especially grateful that our district teachers have shared their thoughts with us, and hope they will do more of it in the future.

We read much about teachers welcoming visits from parents. The other day a friend and I went for such a visit. True, a mother with pre-school children can't get away so easily, but our youngest is now going to school. So I feel duty-bound to make an occasional visit. Susannah Shantz is our teacher, and she has 24 pupils.

It was touching to hear the little ones singing, "When burdens come...", for they do not realize the full meaning of these words yet. The years may come when these words will drift back to them with deepest meaning. How much pleasanter to remember such songs than the ones we were taught—"Johnny's so long at the fair" or "Do ye ken John Peele?" I regret that we did not have the privilege to attend a parochial school. It could have been a help to make us better parents than we are. However, we should be grateful we have them now when it seems so very necessary.

In the January B.B. the editor asked for comments on the subject of poems, whether poems must rhyme. I have always been of the opinion a poem is not a poem if it does not rhyme, but could then just as well have been written in a paragraph. I remember "Hiawatha", but I never could like it because it didn't rhyme. It may seem silly to others, but if I could find a tune to go with memory work, then singing was the easiest way of learning it. But I never could find a tune for Hiawatha!

One poem I remember well and which stands out in my memory above all others is "Somebody's Mother". It is about an old lady who was helped across the street by a school boy.

"And somebody's mother bowed her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she
said

Was, 'God be kind to the noble boy
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy.'"

There was another one about "Little Sorrow", who pouted because of the black cloud which could bring a storm "tomorrow". When the morrow came she would still not play with

"Pleasure", even though the clouds had all blown over.

"'And if they have, alas! alas!
Poor comfort that,' said Sorrow;
'For if today we miss the storm
'Twill surely come tomorrow
And be the fiercer for delay.
I am too sore at heart to play,
Woe is me!' said little Sorrow."

It seems I can still hear a boy in our school reciting "Oft in the Stilly Night" with a real sing-songy effect and in a deep voice, almost like a droning fly or a bumblebee. I was rather amused by the way he said it and never gave any thought to what the words meant—until after I was out of school. I cannot recall our teacher ever explaining this poem to us, which would have made it so much easier to learn.

Wishing all teachers and parents God's help to carry on "in His name".

Sincerely,
Mrs. Aaron W. Weber

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THE CHILD'S VIEWPOINT

- By Jonas M. Schrock

How do the children respond to the way the teachers check their work? After having read the article, "Time to Check Your Checking", I would like to give my views. I have sent children to parochial schools for some time and know that some teachers do it one way, and some teachers another.

I have seen papers with but one answer wrong, yet the grade wasn't very high because of all the other red marks on it, many just because of the teacher's preference or way of thinking. When talking to the child about such a paper I heard the remark, "We can't please the teacher. She thinks everything has to be perfect."

Then there was the child who didn't do so well in school. He was a slow learner, and like a machine in slow gear, he could only take so much. Then teachers changed. The new teacher let the child work according to his ability. His grades improved, and the child also liked school much better.

I'm not writing to belittle anyone. I have my way of doing things also. But I did want to give the child's view and also the response.

I suppose writing for papers and books is like teaching—some people look for all the faults they can find; others read for the good

points they can learn. I've learned much since writing for the B. B.

I think all teachers are trying to do their best. But of course they can't please everybody.

I'll close with the thought of the hymn, "You can't do wrong and get by, no matter how much you may try."

- Arthur, Illinois

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CHRISTIANA, PENNA.

R. 1, Box 240

January 17, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Another nice, cold winter morning, with the sun shining brightly on the snow. I have about a mile's walk to school. Such a walk certainly refreshes the mind, and it is a good time to think. I like to be in the schoolhouse awhile before the children come with their friendly smiles and good mornings.

I'm now teaching my third term at Valley Road School. I have an enrollment of 27, 14 boys and 13 girls. Being around children is such a pleasure! Many lessons can be learned from them. In teaching I have often found this statement true, "Reflect love and it will reflect back to you."

In looking back I can see many of my shortcomings. If we see our own mistakes, we can try still harder to improve ourselves and ask for guidance from a higher hand.

I find the third term of teaching quite different from the first two. In ways it is easier, and I am becoming even more attached to the pupils, but the responsibility is still there! I can truly say I enjoy it.

The three teachers and directors of this school district intend to visit schools on Friday. We plan to go to Amos Lapps for supper and a singing for teachers in the evening.

Visiting other schools is always interesting and refreshing. Different methods of teaching can be observed, and there is always something to learn.

We've had quite a few visitors here at our school so far, although the parents haven't all been here yet. It is really encouraging when the parents (and others) come to visit, and show that they are interested in school. Cooperation means so very much.

At present the children are enjoying themselves in the snow, sledding and playing other games together. A favorite indoor game has been "jackknife".

I'll close, wishing all readers the blessings from above.

- A teacher and reader,
Rebecca King

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CAN WE TEACH WITHOUT LOVE ?

As my own children have progressed through school, I have seen their attitudes toward learning modify from year to year with different teachers. If the teacher did not accept and love the class, nothing he or she said carried much weight, no matter how right it may have been objectively.

It is my conviction that we are all here to love and help one another. A child never learns to love if he is not himself loved. He quickly sees our hypocrisy if we try to teach him genuine concern for people across the ocean or in inner city slums, when we show no real concern for him.

True, some children are harder to love than others and some may not feel loved no matter how much the teacher may love them. But I can no more imagine a truly good teacher not loving her students than I can imagine a truly good mother not loving her children.

- Marjorie Staten, Louisville, Ky.

in a letter to GRADE TEACHER magazine

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QUARRYVILLE, PENNA.

January 1, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to you in Jesus' name.—For the first time I have written 1968. Another year has fled and much has happened in it, some good, some bad, some noble, some sad.

Last year early in February the decision was made to build a new school in the New Providence area. A building committee of three men was elected, and plans were to begin as soon as weather permitted. But a wet spring and a full summer found the site of the new school a busy place the last few weeks before school was to open.

I believe the parents are very grateful for their new school. All of the 21 scholars had been transported to another school three or more miles away. Now they have a nice pleasant schoolhouse of their own, size 30' x 34', made of block and stucco. The slate for the roof, the rafters and some of the window frames were from used buildings that had been dismantled. There is a big playground with a

board fence around it. Emma Stoltzfus of New Holland is the teacher.

We now have three schools in our district. Hawksville was a township school which was purchased and opened five years ago. In 1965, Stony Hill School was built three miles to the east, and now Deer Hollow, three miles west, Our district has many young families and a large number of pre-schoolers. We feel very thankful for our parochial schools, as our children would have to go to the big schools at Quarryville if we did not have them.

Let us pray that we may be worthy of this privilege, and that we may appreciate them as we should.

- Aquilla Kings

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ROBBING THE CHILDREN, BUT HOW?

- By a Mother

We who have school children realize the responsibilities that lie on us parents. We are happy to say that at least three new schools are being built in the Nappanee area; perhaps within a few years there will be enough room so all our children have this privilege of attending a parochial school.

Just what is wrong with the public schools? We know that the schools are being made bigger and bigger and children are brought in from many miles around till the enrollment may number several thousand. Is this good for our plain people?

Some of our people have said, "I feel like I am robbing my child by taking him out of the public school where they offer a wider curriculum and teach the English language better."

Let us all ask ourselves the question honestly, "Just whom are we robbing?" Could it be possible that we are robbing God who has commanded us to bring these precious souls back to Him? They are His gift, loaned to us for a little while. We must try to make good use of every minute.

Let's see what is going on in some of our public schools. Two years ago a second grade teacher told some mothers concerning the new math, "I realize there are things in here that used to be for tenth graders. The children are pushed hard; some can take it in stride; for others it is difficult."

How about homework? Last fall a fifth grade pupil came home with an armload of books and explained to her parents, "This afternoon the teacher brought in a TV set and we watched the

major league baseball game, so we didn't have any time to study."

Another family went to visit relatives and to see a new baby, but one of the children said, "I couldn't enjoy myself at all, just thinking about my homework."

Still another pupil said to Mother one evening, "Have to study real hard for a test tonight." Mother asked, "A test in what?" "A test on learning all about softball." This pupil happened to be a girl! The girls' phys. ed. classes in school are so strenuous, some girls come home with arms so swollen and sore they can hardly lift anything, let alone drag that armload of books home each evening.

As hard as a parent may try to teach the school children thrift and economy, some teachers absolutely forbid them to use both sides of their paper. Other teachers require a certain kind of paper (lines closer together, etc.) or the students automatically get F's.

Just recently an eighth grade teacher gave strict orders for all students to watch a certain TV program that same evening. The next morning he gave a test on that program to a roomful of surprised pupils. When the children of the plain people handed in blank sheets of paper with the explanation, "No TV", the unhappy teacher said, "Well, you at least have radios, don't you?"

The answer, of course, was no. "Well, then, you deserve a big fat F!" This is pretty hard on the emotions of pupils who do their best to acquire good grades.

Christian parents, is this God's plan for the way our girls and boys should be taught? The frequent question in my mind is, "Just how much evidence do we need, or what will it take, to convince all our parents that we do need our own schools now?"

In a newspaper just this week there was an article about a town in neighboring Michigan which is pioneering plans for school all year around. A committee was appointed some time ago and they have come up with a 4-point plan. The school system can adopt the plan which suits them best.

Other schools will likely follow this lead. Isn't it high time that we withdraw our children from that environment and get well established in our own schools before that day comes?

We all know and have seen that our own schools do have problems too. If we parents expect to have a school that is well grounded in the faith, one that is pleasing in God's sight so we may teach our "church of tomorrow", we must all cooperate with each other and with the

teacher.

Building costs are going up, too, but can the precious souls of our children be valued in dollars and cents? Let's earnestly pray in these last days for the success of our parochial schools.

- A.M., Nappanee, Indiana

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TIPS TO TEACHERS

If my pupils have trouble comparing decimal fractions or arranging them in order of value, I have them write them down as in the example below:

.18 .023 .2 .008 .2165 .26

Then they take a different colored pencil or chalk and add zeros so that all the fractions have the same number of decimal places.

.1800 .0230 .2000 .0080 .2165 .2600

This way they are easier to compare and can easily be rewritten in order, leaving off the zeros.

- D.S.

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TEACHERS NEED TO READ AND REST

- By Laura Z. Martin

I wish to comment on the article, "Check your Checking" by Elmo Stoll in the December issue. I agree with him wholeheartedly. Keeping such an accurate record of the child's progress doesn't teach the child more. A few checked papers indicate the same thing, and leave the teacher time to learn more herself.

Would it not be more worthwhile and helpful (and healthful) to the child as well as the teacher if she would read more books on child care and training of children? Or use her spare (?) time to refresh her mind on the various school subjects so she can appear before the children a clear bubbling spring of knowledge, rather than a stale and brackish pool.

A teacher should take time to improve herself. What she is will rub off on the children, whether she wants it to or not. Does the teacher in health class teach the number of hours a child should sleep to be fresh and happy, yet ignore those rules herself? Must she teach, "Do as I say, and not as I do"? Did not Jesus leave the multitude to rest and be refreshed in His spirit? A teacher needs her rest; she certainly should not wear out in her young years.

So, get your sleep, teachers. And find time

for devotions with God. Then you will be fit to face a group of eager children. Face your problems; you can manage in this way, if you will. Adieu!

- Millmont, Penna.

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HOME, PENNSYLVANIA
Hickory Hollow School
January 27, 1968

Dear Readers,

First a friendly greeting. January is almost gone, and I've still not written my letter for the B.B. I'm worse than my scholars! They usually do their part after they know they have to.

It seemed very good to teach school again this week after having had the flu. Quite a few people have the flu, and there have been many absences in school. Mrs. Ray Weaver (Sara Miller) taught for me last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Hershberger of Delaware made a call at the school Wednesday. Always seems good to have a chat with old Delaware friends. We moved here from Delaware five years ago.

This is my third year teaching. I have 29 pupils—18 girls and 11 boys, some in every grade. There will be 4 new ones starting Feb. 5.

This is the first year for this school. It is a block building 24' x 30', with a furnace and water pump in the cellar.

Daniel U. Miller starts the fire every Sunday evening, and tends it every morning before I get there.

The children enjoy sled riding and skating the past few weeks. At recess two or three of the younger girls and I have the schoolhouse to ourselves. At first it took them so long to get settled after the bell was rung. Now I ring a second bell five minutes after the first bell, and anyone who is not in his desk and quiet when the second bell rings must stay in the next recess.

We started school last fall about two weeks late. So we will not be having mid-year exams until next week. I want to run them through the duplicator today. Esther Hershberger and I have a duplicator we use together until we get another one.

My answer to the question, "Why do we give exams?"—it is to learn whether they really know their lessons and are ready to go on, or if they need more practice in what they had the six weeks before.

I agree 100% with Amanda Yoder of Fresno,

Ohio about the danger of parents criticizing the teacher in front of their children. It is not easy to teach children if you feel they have been turned against you. How shall school children get along if their parents can't get along with other parents?

I live ten miles from the school, but I board during the week at William J. Millers. On Monday mornings someone takes me half way to the school where I am met by one of the parents. And the same way Friday evenings.

If I fall behind in my checking, I ask one of the eighth graders to help after school. I try to have everything checked by 9:00 the next morning. I have twenty geography questions to prepare every day except Fridays. We have German every Friday afternoon.

We have a chart with stars. Every time a pupil has five 100's straight in a subject, or gets the floor in German spelling, he earns a star on the chart. The school is divided into four groups, with two grades in each group. The one in each group who has the most stars at the end of the year will receive a prize.

Visitors are welcome!

- Martha E. Byler
Smicksburg, Penna.

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PENNYTOWN SCHOOL
EAST EARL, PENNA.
December 30, 1967

Dear friends and Fellow-teachers,

Greetings of love in the name of our blessed Saviour.

I am a first-year teacher, so have no good advice or pointers to pass on, the way more experienced teachers would have, yet I wish to do my part in keeping the Bulletin going. It has been such a help and inspiration to me.

Until three years ago I didn't realize there were many parochial schools in the country. We still had the majority of our country schools in our locality and our children weren't of school age yet anyway, so why worry? However, just a year or so before our oldest son became eligible, the schools of the area were consolidated. Shortly before school started last year (1966) a meeting was called in the neighborhood to see if there would be enough interested families to support a school of our own. I will admit that I was very much opposed at first, but feel now that we have been led. Who would have dreamed I'd end up as teacher?

Last year was the first year for Pennytown, and Ida Shirk was teacher. The school is still

located in an old house on our property. This year they could not find a teacher, so I accepted the challenge. The job is very enjoyable and satisfying to me, as I have always loved both children and books. (Don't you think these two things are essential for teachers?)

Today I hired a substitute and my husband accompanied me to visit four other schools. This, I feel, has been a very worthwhile and stimulating day. First thing in the morning we went to Conestoga School, a new school with only the seventh and eighth grades. Lydia Nolt is the teacher. We enjoyed their singing immensely. Arithmetic classes were also observed.

At first recess we headed for West Terre Hill School. Mary Martin welcomed us warmly and we witnessed more arithmetic classes and some geography.

At lunchtime we took to the road once more, eating while we drove. We arrived at Good's School near Bowmansville just a bit before bell time. I was pleased to make the acquaintance of the teacher, Lena Hoover. Here they had spelling and sang a few songs for us.

At last recess we hurried over to White Oak School where Selestia Weaver teaches. This time we had the privilege of listening to history and some reading.

Through observing the work of other teachers and conversing with them, I found things I would like to improve in my own school. One important piece of advice I got from an older teacher I want to pass on: "Keep your library filled," he told me. "There should be many different types of books to fit the individual needs of the pupils."

Wouldn't it be nice if our schools worked together and kept rotating their library books frequently? You know how expensive books are—especially the good ones. And you have of course noticed that the fluent reader is your superior student. One of my rules, by the way, is to keep the pupils busy—when they have their lessons completed before classtime, they are to read a book, not play idly.

Perhaps you would be interested in hearing of a few art projects about which my scholars are so enthusiastic. We have art every Friday afternoon. For a few weeks at the beginning of the term we made plastic projects out of old plastic bottles. In the late fall when the woods were so beautiful, we gathered mosses and plants for winter gardens. Each brought his own container and made a garden to take along home. The one arranged most artistically stayed in the school for the winter.

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Later we made a zoo in a sand table, shaping the animals from playdough. These last two projects were very much tied in with nature study, too.

One project at Christmas was the making of candles. Each pupil made one to take along home.

We wish everyone the guidance from above and the peace that passeth understanding.

- Mrs. David S. Hoover

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Check Your Sleep

- Eli M. Yoder

The article, "Check your Checking," in the December issue mentions how valuable a night of good rest and sleep is to a teacher. The Bible says, "Love not sleep lest thou come to poverty", but it also says, "The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."

After a teacher has spent a day in the school room, reciting and explaining and checking papers, answering questions and keeping order, she has earned eight hours of sleep. Some people have the idea that when you start teaching school, you quit working. But if they had the experience they would know that teaching is work—mental work. Being mentally tired is entirely different from being physically tired.

My parents used to tell me that sleep before midnight is worth more than sleep after midnight. I never could understand this until I read, "The Natural Way to Healthful Sleep", by Charles P. Kelly. The following explanation is given: Careful observation and records show that a little fatigue is easily overcome if proper rest is supplied immediately. Twice the amount of fatigue requires more than twice the amount of rest.

We might assign a value of 100 units to the fatigue caused by two hours of exertion. The second two hours of continuous exertion is greater than 100—let us say 125, so that the total fatigue units for the four hours is not 200 but 225. Continuing these figures, the third two hours might rate 175, and a fourth two hours probably 300. Thus the total for an eight hour day would not be 400, but 700, nearly double what it would have been if the rate of fatigue had remained the same as in the first two hours.

Four periods of an hour or an hour and a half of sleep, taken following each two hour period of exertion, would give the same degree of recuperation as eight hours of sleep taken at the

end of eight hours of continuous exertion.

Now we all know that a school teacher cannot stop every two hours to take a nap. But from the figures given, we can understand how much more sleep is required to recuperate the body if we keep on until late in the night. One thing we can do is this: after school is dismissed and the fire is banked for the night, place any school work into your carrying case, lock the doors, and go home. Take an hour or two of sleep before you do your school work.

According to our figures, one hour of sleep at four o'clock is worth about three hours if you wait till ten o'clock. But don't get the idea that if you have a nap at four, you can go on till midnight or later.

We need to check papers, but let us take Elmo's advice. Check in class whenever possible. If you begin checking at noon or recess, the children often offer their help and it will take only a few minutes.

Those papers that you give the children to keep them busy—check them if you have time, but don't lose any valuable sleep. God has created our bodies to work, but He also created them for rest. Let us check our sleep as well as our papers.

- Baltic, Ohio

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EAST EARL, PENNSYLVANIA
Linden Grove School

Dear Readers,

Greetings from Linden Grove School. This finds us almost through the 21st week of school. Time surely does fly. This is my second year of teaching, and I have 29 pupils. I would still rather read the letters than write.

Which reminds me of my pupils when I assign them compositions every two weeks. Many of them would rather read than write, too. Some of the topics they write about are: "What is School?", "Animals", "Sunday", and "On Whom Do We Depend?".

I usually correct all the papers before I leave in the evening. The older pupils help a lot with checking; I think they learn to see their own mistakes more quickly that way.

For behaviour, we use "gloves". If a pupil breaks a rule, I punch a hole in his glove. It seems they take more interest in such a method than in the regular chart.

I will close, wishing you all God's blessings.

- Mary S. Zimmerman

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TEST DAY AT SHADY GROVE

- By Elizabeth Miller

Even as the pupils arrive, one can sense the feeling of eager expectation. That smile is just a little bit brighter, and as they greet one another, the talk is of one subject: tests.

After the usual devotions, the pupils, equipped with pencils, eraser, and plenty of scrap paper, move to their "test seats". After a bit of confusion the first time, the pupils now remember their places. (I told them I do not move them because I do not trust them, but to avoid any suspicion.) Small boys sit in large desks, swinging their feet, while tall boys fold themselves into smaller desks.

Arithmetic comes first. In the intermediate grades the page is printed on both sides. Side I usually has 25 thought problems. Most of them are everyday problems. Some are very simple—finding the sum, products, etc.; but to make it interesting, I usually stick in a few teasers. Side II has mixed practice—adding, subtracting, multiplying, etc., emphasizing the lessons most recently studied. Lower grades have adding and subtracting, along with exercises in following directions, similar to their work in their books. The upper grades, with lengthy volume or percentage problems, have from 25 to 40 problems, depending on the type. I think it is important to teach them to check their problems; then give them enough time to check their tests.

The papers are passed out to all the pupils. Before we start, there is a question period. Any number not plain, or any direction not clear is pointed out now, and once started, no more questions are to be asked. There are rare exceptions, as when the problem came up that Mrs. Hill bought each of her boys a coat, and we forgot to mention how many boys she had, or in a subtraction problem where the smallest number is on top.

Arithmetic tests take up the entire morning period. After lunch and a short intermission, we are once more on our way. English, geography, word-meaning, and for the lower grades, reading-thinking tests. Once more we keep at it until we are done. If all goes well, we should be through by 2:30. The day usually ends with a treat for the pupils. Not only for those who made 100%, but all those who did their best get a treat. Needless to say, no one ad-

mits not having done his best. Perhaps a candy bar, or pack of lifesavers, and the last time it was a mixture of pop-corn and flavorchips.

Even though the pupils were eager to begin, they are happy to be finished. The thought that the tests are over, and being released from sitting quietly for so long creates noisy, happy children. This is a good time for singing. Mine never sing better.

But only half of the story has been told. What about the outcome? So far this year arithmetic scores have been very good. In the three tests we took, we've had only one 100%, but only one score below 70%. Could this be because arithmetic is the teacher's favorite subject? But what about geography? Lydia hands in her paper with a big smile and gets a perfect score. Fanny's not quite so sure and scores 84%. But Susie and Johnny, who sit in the same class, and have the same opportunity, (they're at the head during arithmetic period) shake their heads before they even look at the test. True to my predictions, the score is as bad as the look on their faces. Susie still thinks the capital of our country is Columbus, and Johnny says the hub of New England is the Gulf of Mexico. Sometimes I get a wild desire to throw some of these pupils' geographies into the farthest corner of the classroom.

But wait, they did learn the names of the Great Lakes. Taught to use the word HOMES as their key, most of them managed. But where they ever got the word England in there is beyond me, except that it starts with an E.

English is the hardest to check for me, and usually waits until last. Here again we run into all kinds of scores. Kathy in the 5th grade forgets what a pronoun is, and Ada in the 4th doesn't know the word "alphabetical" and plays a guessing game at filling in her numbers. Andy, also in the 4th, gets punctuation marks confused with quotation marks, and sticks quotation marks into every sentence, when only two needed them.

Why give tests? I have several reasons why I would not want to skip tests, even though they are time-consuming projects. A test determines just how much a pupil is able to achieve WITHOUT any help from the teacher. Also, after a test, I know where my teaching is lacking, and where to work harder in the weeks to come. Tests sometimes reveal some hidden facts. For example, when reading problems came up in everyday class, one pupil had the habit of asking, and asking, and asking questions. When test day came up, this pupil was the only pupil in the entire class to have the

reading problems all right!

I save all my masters to use in later years, but so often when I get them out, I can see where I could make improvements, and end up making new ones.

Here are a few clues to help make test day less taxing to both teacher and pupils:

1. Have plenty of extra duplicated sheets ready for the lower graders to keep them occupied while the others finish. Puzzles, pictures to color, sentences with blanks to fill in, etc.
2. Approach test day with eager anticipation. Most of the pupils will feel the same way, even if some would never admit it.
3. If the tests are too hard, both the teacher and pupils will become discouraged. But if the scores are too high, I feel guilty of making them too easy.
4. Retain a sense of humor to release tension. We had a good laugh over a misprint the last time: "Mr. Green drove his cat (car) 45 mi. per hour."

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SOUTHEAST CENTER SCHOOL
LOOGOOTE, INDIANA
January 24, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings!—We are in the ninth grade. There are six of us—Ervin Graber, Jeromia Graber, Abraham Wagler, Wilma Jean Wagler, Esther Graber, and Pauline Yoder. Three pupils have retired from our class this term: Mary Louise Wagler (Oct. 14), Marvin Wagler (Dec. 12), and David Ray Wagler (Dec. 21).

In our school we have 63 pupils and 2 teachers. Lester Marner has grades 5-9 and Wilma Jean Yoder teaches grades 1-4.

Tuesday and Thursday afternoons our class has Home-Ec and Agriculture. We also sometimes help the lower grades and check papers. On Friday afternoon we have German spelling, German reading, and German singing. We also recite Bible verses.

We enjoy reading the Blackboard Bulletin, so decided to write. Also, we enjoy visitors very much, so come see our school.

Our school was built in 1965, and this is the third term. The teachers for the first two years were Frank A. McVey of Shoals (Gr. 5-8) and Lester Marner of Loogootee (Gr. 1-4). We will never regret that the school was built.

Love,

- Jean, Pauline, and Esther

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BALSAM GROVE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
ELMIRA, ONTARIO, CANADA

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

With the January issue of the Bulletin before me, I am prompted to write immediately to comment on some letters.

The first one, "A Time of Testing", seems to have been written by a first year teacher who feels much the same as I did at that time. I too found my first arithmetic test was far beyond the pupils' ability.

As a solution, I would suggest this teacher takes his tests too seriously. I would not want to do without tests. In fact, I welcome testing time, as at no other time do the pupils settle down to study so earnestly. However, I don't think tests should be over-emphasized.

What is the purpose of a test? First, to find out how well the pupil has learned the lesson. Third, to find out how one pupil compares with another, or with the group.

All these ends will be achieved whether your test is hard or easy, whether the pupil's marks are high or low. There is no harm in confessing to the pupils that the test was perhaps a little harder than you intended.

I am willing to make a shocking admission. Those final tests in the spring—the ones the pupils study for weeks beforehand in order to get the highest possible mark—hold little significance to me. It is interesting to see how the pupils stand, but in most cases I have decided beforehand who will go on to the next grade. The results of the tests have very little bearing on my decision. If I believe they will be able to do the harder work in the next grade, they are promoted (or recommended) even if they have a mark of 35%!

Having stuck my neck out on this one, I will add my comments to Elmo's stovepipe method of checking. There is some sound logic in what he says even if, as one teacher writes, we might get fired by following his advice. I believe there is a time when papers should be checked. I have brought the reproach of parents down upon my head by not checking diligently after starting new work, so that whole exercises were done wrongly. However, I do believe that random checking to see whether the pattern is correct, is all that is necessary. If one or two mistakes do occur it is insignificant whether the paper was checked or not. The pupils should be taught to do their work carefully so that a minimum of mistakes occur.

I find that if I attempt to check all the work

LINWOOD, ONTARIO
December 16, 1967

accurately I am in the position of the man who lays his hand on the plow and looks back. To plow a straight furrow we must keep our eyes straight ahead and forget what is behind us. If I spend more time preparing lessons, there will be less mistakes to check. If I check all my work, it is at the expense of having lessons well prepared.

I heartily agree with Titus about the reason that poetry is not appreciated. I myself am one who dutifully waded through poetry at school while wondering why it wasn't written in plain, understandable language. I still skip over poems because I don't understand them well enough. Then again, if I find a poem which has an exceptional rhythm or rhyme pattern, or has a worthwhile message to bring, I introduce it to my pupils.

A poem that I feel has all these qualifications—outstanding rhythm and rhyme pattern and deep meaning,—is "To a Snowflake". This is in reality a hymn of praise for the wonders of God's creation. The poem is enclosed. Grace be with you all.

- Isaac R. Horst

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Dear Readers,

First and foremost, I wish you all a joyous heart, a free conscience, and guidance from the heavenly Father. Without daily chastisemen and leading from our Creator, we would have little to look forward to and even less to receive in the end!

Bravo! Elmo, for your article on checking papers. Now, teachers, let us take the hint. (In fact, I have followed Elmo's pattern for over a year, and find it working very satisfactorily.) Do not misunderstand the point; we do not wish to promote slothful teaching. The point is this: which child learns more? The child whose teacher spends her time checking papers, or the child whose teacher spends her time preparing interesting work?

Some teachers feel it is their duty to correct most of the pupils' work outside class time. Would it not be more fitting to correct the work with them? They are the ones who did the work in the first place, and it appears to me my pupils try harder to do good work when they know it will be checked by someone in their own class.

One more thing: Be careful you do not bore your pupils by forcing them to correct their own mistakes. I tried that in my first four months of teaching, and found it sometimes spoils everything.

Keep a close watch though, and don't tolerate sloppy or lazy work. This is where practice and close observation, along with impartial patience, are primary requirements.

If your pupils understand their work and have most of their exercises correct, be satisfied. Tell me, honest reader, are you perfect? Can you expect your pupils to be faultless? When trouble is evident, it is of more value to the pupils to let them try different problems of the same kind, than to force them to do their work over again.

Do not rob your pupils of a good teacher by working too late in the night. True, the first year of teaching may be difficult, but don't worry. A teacher with a good night's sleep is of much greater value to the pupils than a teacher who has lost sleep. (Perhaps I had better be still, and let the more experienced teachers give us tips.)

May the gracious Lord ever abide with us all.

Just a teacher,

- Amos M. Sherk

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BLACKBOARD BULLETIN



How many of you have trouble with mysteries at school? Like the mystery of the lost pencil. Where is it? Or the mystery of the wastepaper on the floor. Who put it there? Or the mystery of the last stocking cap after school plus the one small boy who is dolefully saying, "It isn't mine. Mine isn't here anymore."

These are fairly simple mysteries, usually solved without much trouble. But sometimes more serious things arise. Perhaps something is broken or something may be stolen. Stolen? A nasty word, but does another one describe the act of secretly taking something from another person without intending to return it? I'm thankful that we've had very little of this kind of trouble.

Sometimes, though, situations have arisen that I felt should be thoroughly investigated and dealt with. But, incredulously, thirty pupils have been in and out and all through the schoolhouse and not one knows the how, why, or wherefore of the matter. Now what is the teacher to do?

I have had some success with one way of handling this. Cancel all noon and recess periods for everyone until some information turns up. (Be sure to allow ample restroom privileges though.) Tell the pupils to investigate the matter among themselves. Now the teacher isn't alone in trying to solve the problem. Most of the pupils are trying just as hard. I have not had to use this procedure for more than one or two recess periods before light was thrown on the matter. I would not advise anyone to try this for more than several days. If nothing is solved by then, a meeting with the parents would be the next probable step.

If the answer does turn up by restricting recesses, and it's found the whole school was generally at fault for the mishap, then I feel sufficient punishment has been dealt out by missing recesses. If only one or several persons are at fault then this person (or persons)

Mysteries at School

- By Ray J. Gingerich

should be disciplined fairly and the rest of the school given extra recess time to make up for what they lost.

Many times, though, what appears to be a serious matter in the beginning turns out to be a trivial thing. The other day one of the girls prepared to go home after school and discovered one of her boots was missing. There were still three or four pupils at school and with their help I searched the schoolhouse. No boot. We found an old pair of boots that had been left at school earlier and the girl wore those to go home. I was in deep thought as I trudged the homeward path. It looked like a case of someone deliberately hiding the boot. I couldn't believe any of the pupils would do that, especially with the muddy roads and paths we had to walk at that time. What was I to do? I could only hope the next day would shed some light on the matter.

The next morning at school, not very surprisingly, no one knew anything about the missing boot. I told the pupils they could have the first recess to try to find it. If no one found it we would have to cancel play periods again until it was found. What a searching at recess, but no boot. I asked more questions, approaching the problem from different angles. Finally two boys mentioned that they had seen a dog near

the basement door. (The boots are kept in the basement.) Several pupils remembered that the door had not been closed tightly. It was determined the dog belonged to a family living close to the school. One girl revealed the fact that she once had to retrieve her boot from the haymow when she paid a visit to this family.

It was a simple matter to send two boys searching in the direction of Bowser's residence. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed before they returned, bearing the wet and snowy boot. The boot was dried by the furnace, returned to the girl, and another mystery had been solved.

- 16585 Madison Rd., R. 3
Middlefield, Ohio 44062

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SPRING HILL SCHOOL
TOPEKA, INDIANA
February 12, 1968

Dear Readers,

Where are the teachers' letters? Still in the planning stage?

First I want to disagree with Elmo on destroying ungraded test papers. I have used very little oil in grading test papers. It takes only a few minutes to gather up test papers and give them to other students to have them checked when the answers are read aloud. I feel all tests should be graded and returned to the student so he can see his mistakes and not make the same ones again.

I may have an answer to the problem of how to get parents to visit school. Make a list of all parents and of any others who are interested and designate which week they are expected to visit school. Most of them would like to visit school but do not seem to have time. If you tell them a time when they are to come they will be there.

As a first year teacher, one point I want to express is that there is a lot more to teaching than just another job, or the means of getting a paycheck. I get an inner satisfaction in giving these children something they can use the rest of their life, but there is always a concern in my mind that I might teach them something wrong. Answering questions for a student who is eager to learn is a joy to me—if I know the answer. If I do not know the answer, I had better know where to look to find it.

I also feel anytime teachers can get together to share and exchange ideas is a great help to all of them. This is also a benefit to the students, as we learn how to teach them better.

- Elton S. Miller

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LAGRANGE, INDIANA
February 21, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

The February Bulletin was all very interesting; I decided to write.

Some have written about speaking English in school at all times. I wonder why this question arises. Don't we all know how to **speak** "Dutch"? Is not this one reason we send the children to school, to learn the English language? Surely they learn other very valuable things, but still they must learn English to get along. Our first-grader finds English difficult. Quite often I have heard him say, "I will" instead of "I want". Such as, "I will two cookies." I have tried to help him but I still wish they would practice it more in school. He understands it well and his grades are better than our other first-grade pupil had.

I certainly would not believe in punishing any pupil who forgets and talks "Dutch", although the need might arise in certain cases. I have heard of the excuse, "If we make such a rule, it's sure to be broken." Also, some have said that if the teacher happens on a group of children who are speaking "Dutch" it would cause hard feelings. Why? Seems to me if this is true, a teacher would perhaps have failed somewhere, or are we parents guilty in thinking English unimportant and letting the children know it?

Instead of hard feelings the pupils should feel sorry they forgot and decide to do better next time. I think a teacher might say, "English, please," or something like that, and let it go. They say it is easy to pull a string but impossible to push it.

Now why do we want to test our pupils if the state doesn't require it? We all know the government receives its power through God, and if they require us to test the teachers then we can rightly give God the glory for the outcome. If we test the pupils of our own free will, who gets the glory? Are we seeking praise? Seeking or not seeking it, we are likely to get it sooner or later in one form or the other. This we feel can do more harm than the much-talked-about communism. Sad, indeed, if such a fate would befall us. Is there a way to bring it upon us any faster? Much praise has been given us through the testing of our teachers. Are we worthy of it?

Yours,

Mrs. Mary Miller

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FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

A recommended list of library books for schools? This is indeed something we should have. Just lately a request for such a list came in to the Bulletin office.

Last summer there was talk here at Pathway of drawing up such a list. Teachers were encouraged to write about the books they thought were character-building, non-offensive, and well written for children. Several teachers did send in recommendations, but the list was never completed.

What about it? Does anyone have a suggestion how such a project could be completed? The libraries in our Amish schools are often the weakest element in the school, and the reason is quite obvious: Good children's books are both scarce and expensive.

But there are books available. And if teachers shared with each other their opinions, a suitable list could be typed off for use by school boards in buying library books. The Suggestion Box stands open.

The fourth annual school sale of Pathway literature is being held again this year during March and April. Catalogs and order blanks are being mailed out to teachers at the time this is being written (March 5).

We hope a greater number of schools than ever will participate this year. A greater number of books, booklets, and subscriptions are being offered, and the schools should find it easier to make sales. A straight 10% commission is being given the schools again.

Special features this year are Pathway's two new books—The Broken Bottle and The Drummer's Wife. In our opinion, these books should rank with the best-sellers of a few years ago—Worth Dying For, The Mighty Whirlwind, and The Lord is My Shepherd.

Catalogs and announcement sheets for the School Sale are being sent only to parochial schools, for those are the only addresses we have. There is no reason why teachers or some interested parents in public schools could not also take part in the Sale. Just write for in-

Teachers! It is not too late to send in your tips and ideas to Daniel L. Stutzman, R. 1, Ostrander, Ontario. Sometime ago he sent out duplicated sheets asking for tips; If you have not yet responded, do so now. He would be glad to hear from you any time yet this spring. This is one way you can help other teachers, and in turn be helped by them.

Have you seen the March issue of Family Life? There are a number of stories to read to your pupils: "Hundred Francs for a Song", "Patsy, Go Home", "A Room Full of Oil", "Who Was Happier?" and "The Humpy One". One teacher commented on this last one, "I enjoyed Elmo's camel story. Reminded me somewhat of a teacher!"

Also in the March issue is a preview of the new book, The Drummer's Wife, consisting of the first three chapters.

Subscription rates to Family Life are \$4.00 per year; but your best buy is the Three-in-One Plan—one year each of Pathway's three papers for only \$7.00.

By the way, the subscription rate for the Blackboard Bulletin has been advanced to a straight \$2.00 per year to bring it into line with our other papers. You do get it considerably cheaper by subscribing to the Three-in-One Plan, though, as in this way there are savings for us.

A bill to give state aid to non-public schools in Michigan has been introduced to the state House of Representatives. The bill calls for annual grants of \$50 per pupil in private elementary schools, (more for high school) payable to the parents.

The bill is a hotly controversial issue, but is likely to be passed. If it is, it would mean 21 million dollars paid each year to the parents of 330,000 Michigan youngsters who attend private schools—about one in seven.

Many private schools are having financial troubles because of the rising cost of education.

Some schools have been forced to close. It is said private schools in the state save taxpayers 200 million dollars a year.

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A young teacher from the East writes, "I certainly appreciate receiving the Bulletin. I especially enjoy articles which concern teachers directly, those containing joys, problems, and answers of teaching, rather than those writing merely of everyday events and those who start out saying they are obligated to."

In our winter issue of Pathway Newsletter, we printed an article, "Write- Lines for Writers". We suggest all our writers and prospective writers read this, but we hope they will not become discouraged by the advice given there. Rather, that it will encourage them to write more and better material for our papers.

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In Kansas a bill to exempt Amish children from attendance at high schools is under consideration. If approved, the new legislation would provide for the training of Amish children at home from ages 14 to 16.

Correspondence courses would be provided by the U.S. Office of Education, and these would be studied at home five hours a day. Classes would meet three hours a week.

We understand this would be a public school program. In Kansas there have been no Amish parochial schools, except for the attempt in recent years to establish vocational classes for the 14-16 year old group. - J. S.

* * *
WATERLOO, ONTARIO
South Woolwish Parochial School No.1
February 12, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,
The Bulletin is like an encouraging friend which comes to visit at our house once a month and it never comes without bringing help. Rather spoiled, I start to look for it days before it arrives.

Although this is the second term of teaching for me, I still seem to have more work with the teacher than with any of my twenty-four pupils. As we continue to work together, school seems like a big family to me. What keeps a family together? Is it love?

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." I John 4:18.

We as teachers do not want the children to be afraid of us. There is nothing so beautiful as

when we can sense a complete trust from a child. There is nothing so painful as when that trust is lost. Sometimes when teachers rebuke children they get an idea that the teacher doesn't like them. Doesn't God tell us that, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore, and repent."

Sometimes we hear beginning teachers worry about what other people will say when they start making mistakes. Aren't we all human?

It is getting quite late and I'm thinking of the article, "Check your sleep". It sounded like good advice to me. So good-night.

Will you pray with me? "The family that prays together, stays together."

I am enclosing a letter from one of my grade eight pupils.

Sincerely,
Susannah Shantz

VISITING SCHOOLS

On February 15, I had an interesting trip. Our teacher, Mervin Weber, Harvey Martin, and I went to visit schools with Esther Frey, teacher of North Woolwich School. Mervin and Harvey are also 14, the same as I am. That is probably why we got the first chance to go along.

First we went to George Martin's school where we stayed a while. The next stop was at Salome Rudy's school. That school is bigger and newer than ours. Then we took a long drive and ended up at Esther Kueper's school. We had lunch there and we played dodge-ball with Amish children for the first time. Then we went to Amos Sherk's school and over to James Bauman's. We saw some good art there. We went to Lovina Martin's school at Yatton and then home. I enjoyed it very much.

- Elam Sauder, Gr.8

* * *

MECHANICSVILLE, MARYLAND
March 1, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,
Greetings in Jesus' name to all.

This finds us still having winter. March came in like a lion last night, bringing four inches of snow and enough wind to drift local roads. Even the snowplows got stuck. There were no county schools open today. Snow is not so commonplace here as in localities farther

north.

Our parochial schools have not missed any days due to weather so far this winter. This morning the Dobbins were hitched to the carriages and our children headed for the school houses as usual.

Last year our pupils were still bussed to the Charlotte Hall School. The children were all Amish except one or two families. Classes were held in three trailers, as the school house had been condemned after it caught fire one morning. It had been quite old already, and the part still standing was given to a local person who has restored it as a reminder of an era gone by.

For some time integration had been proceeding in the county. Then last year the federal government gave orders to have all children sent to the closest school, regardless of race, creed, or religion. This meant our pupils would have to go to schools with T.V., gym classes, etc. We felt there wasn't much we could do except build schools of our own. The trailers were moved off to big schools to serve as additional classrooms.

Our children now go to school just as we did when I was a boy, via shoe sole express. Some walk along the road, others go down the back lane and into the woods, then across some stream to emerge again on the other side, perhaps in someone's pasture, or even at that little schoolhouse itself that stands on the edge of the

big woods.

Children who walk through the woods escape the fast traffic. Also, in winter when they reach the woods they are out of the wind, and in the spring and fall the leaves form a canopy overhead to keep them cool. That morning and evening walk with nature—among birds and wildlife—gives them a barefoot boy's education of its own.

Our schools can operate on the money it cost the county last year to bring them together with buses.

When we started building, there was some trouble from the new State superintendent, but the superintendent of St. Mary's schools, Dr. Robert King, has been cooperative and pleasant. I understand he even reads the Blackboard Bulletin. (Greetings, Bob.)

Just after New Year's, we had our annual school meeting. Everybody seemed well pleased with our schools so far—not that they are perfect, or that anybody expected them to be.

For our schools need the constant effort of all concerned. Which again reminds me of what was written on the blackboard one morning when we arrived to work on the schoolhouse, "Let's give this day to the Lord, and work for His kingdom below."

— A parent

Andrew Hertzler

* * *

I'm Glad I Didn't Miss the Bus

— By Amanda A. Nisley

Had I missed the bus? Perhaps I was late and the bus had already passed. "Well, what does it matter? I should have known better than to go in the first place," I was thinking to myself. But a few more minutes of anxious waiting and the vehicle came into sight.

This took place four years ago. A message had been received from sister Lizzie Ann, saying, "I have the mumps and need a substitute teacher." The word "can't" was in the offing but "try" won out. Two hours later found me in her home.

Monday morning dawned like any other. A Saturday morning would have been more welcome to me just then. To make matters worse, some of the pupils had told me the day before how they were planning to act up in school.

With my sister giving me advice, I was off

for a day of teaching. As the key turned in the lock, my mind was in a daze. Maybe it was a good thing a bus didn't leave for home that very minute.

The weather wasn't cold but the new teacher was shivering. With pupils arriving it got colder yet. (Imagination!) One eye was on the clock, watching that normally harmless object in fear. (I haven't forgotten what helped in part to overcome that battle within. My conscience reminded me of how small an undertaking teaching is, compared to my minister brother's duty.)

The pupils' kindness and helpfulness were quite the opposite from their threatenings. Their kind deeds are still in my memory. But as the saying goes, "A new broom sweeps clean."

Evening came, bringing the thought, "You've acted as teacher for a whole day." By the end of the week I felt, "Teaching is too boring." But duty kept me there and by the end of the

next week my attitude toward teaching had taken a different turn. An entry in my diary of those days reads, "It does surprise me how well I like it."

No other work can be done that a person can tell less what might happen any minute of the day. That's what makes 'time' move on. There are dozens of questions to answer for which no common dictionary has the solution. For instance: A pupil mentioned that the preacher talked about "kampf" at church. A timid first grader asked, "What does that word mean?" I remembered when I was their age I had wondered if it means a rooster's comb. Such are the times when a teacher should give a good answer; I know I fall short too often. As my fourth term of teaching is coming to a close, the remark of a public school teacher comes to my mind, "I taught years before I learned that I hardly knew anything."

The same reasons for not starting to teach sooner are still before me: inability on my part, and whose responsibility is it when a pupil doesn't have a passing grade?

I fail so often by letting today's mistakes mar tomorrow's opportunities.

The hints on teaching are always studied in the B.B. I'll try to share a few, too. To create interest in arithmetic, make up problems using the pupils' names. Or have each one in a grade write from five to ten problems and then exchange problems to work.

Sister Lovina who teaches lower grades finds that handing out flash cards to pupils to be worked on paper is a valuable time consumer. Papers are checked among themselves. They learn by seeing others' mistakes. Did you ever try squared paper to make crossword puzzles?

Do you have a problem with leisure time at recess and noon hours? At this writing our pupils deserve some praise. Extra pains are taken to engage in games when company is in the room. Little do they realize what inward gratitude the teacher feels for this.

So in looking back I do not regret those weeks of substitute teaching, for they led me to a worthwhile vocation. Discouragements are at times quite severe, but all viewpoints in life have their cloudy and bright times. At times a wound needs a burning salve to heal, but if it's what you need you may profit by receiving the sting of it.

What impelled me to write? My own pupils for one thing. The previous day they said, "We always look if you teachers have written to the B.B."

Yes, another school day has dawned. Will its outcome be as bright as the sun is right now, shining on my paper? In another fifteen minutes I can look forward to the first "Good morning." Those cheery good mornings of attentive pupils are remembered years after they're out of school.

I'm wishing you all a successful ending of this term.

In conclusion I will say,
Don't forget us when you pray;
Likewise minded is my will,
But in weakness I follow still.

- Maple Grove School (South)
Baltic Ohio 43804

* * *

ELK CREEK SCHOOL
CENTER COUNTY, PENNA.
February 23, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings of love to you all in the name of our Maker; He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all.

I always read the Bulletin with great interest, but writing is different.

This is my second term of teaching, though not at the same school. I am at Elk Creek School, in Center County, which was just built before the school term.

The schoolhouse is a one-story block building with no basement. The floor is hardwood with a finish on it. I really like it that way. Only one side has seats so the other half is certainly enjoyed by the pupils. The woodshed is built into part of the porch which is a good windbreak.

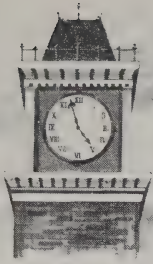
We started with eight pupils. Now since January and February we have eleven. I don't have any first or seventh graders. I know most of the teachers are saying, "What does she do all day?" I have to wonder myself where the time goes. I'm always busy, but not overworked like last year when I had thirty-six pupils. But I can say I really enjoy my job. It has its ups and downs, but so far more ups than downs. We are now going toward the end of the term, which is hard to realize.

At present the children are tired of their inside games. Crockinole, horseshoes, puzzles, monopoly, and a few others have been enjoyed in turn. Sledding was on the agenda for a few months. In the fall we all helped to play kick-ball, which was really enjoyed.

I will close, inviting everyone to visit our school sometime.

- Rachel K. Stoltzfus

* * *



The Empty Seat

- By Mrs. David B. Peachey



School had just dismissed that Friday afternoon, December 29, 1967. Eli Yoder, a sixth grader, asked me if he should bring coal for the fire.

"No," I answered, "We won't keep fire over the weekend." But on second thought I said, "Perhaps we should have a pailful brought in, so the neighbor who starts fire Monday morning won't need to get them."

Eli brought the coal and set the pail in its place. Little did he or I realize that we had spoken the last words together we would ever speak on this earth.

A new snow had fallen just the night before and the children had been enjoying themselves all day. Saturday morning dawned clear and bright, a crisp and cold but sunshiny day. Our own children were busy with their regular Saturday work. It was almost dinner time when I looked out the window and saw a car stop. There were two Amish men in it. I wondered just what they could want. Yes, it was my husband's brother and another neighbor.

After the usual greetings, one of the men asked whether we had not yet heard of the tragedy. "No, we have not," I replied, suddenly wondering what I was to hear.

"Eli Yoder was sled riding with some of the neighborhood children last night and was hit by a passing car. He was rushed to the hospital. When the doctor had examined him, he immediately told the family there was no chance of recovery. The accident happened soon after five o'clock and shortly after eight he passed away."

Our own son was in the same class with Eli. When he was told that one of his classmates had been killed, he could not at first believe it. "No, he did not," he said. "It cannot be. No, he didn't." There was an emphasis on the No.

Our noon meal was eaten in a different mood than we had expected. It was with deep emotion that we prepared to go to the family's home that afternoon to express our sympathy.

We met some neighbors on the porch. They were leaving. Wondering just what to say and feeling awkward, we entered the house. I

greeted Eli's mother and told her we had come to express our sympathy. Then I was more at ease, and felt the presence of a Higher Power.

The body had already been brought home. We made our way over to view it. "Who would have thought of anything like this?" Eli's mother said. "Just yesterday he was still well and strong."

Never had I seen a corpse that looked so much as if he were sleeping as this one. So peaceful he lay there that my imagination almost made me believe I saw a slight stir. After hearing the details of the accident, we offered our help and prepared to leave for home to take care of our duties there.

The next few days little else entered our minds. The procedure of preparing for the funeral was taken care of as usual, followed by the day of burial. It was a sad day, but how comforting to feel assured we need not mourn as those for whom there is no hope.

Then came the thought of going back to school again. I knew it would not be the same. What could I say to my pupils that would make a lasting impression on their minds? It seemed so long since we had left school on Friday evening, and I knew it would be hard to get back into the groove again.

Everyone on the school bus was quiet that morning. When we got to school the pupils still had nothing to say to each other. Each knew what the others had on their minds. I was glad to ring the bell and get started with devotions.

I picked up my songbook, utterly groaning inside. How could I sing? Again it was proven, "His grace is sufficient." As I leafed through the songbook, I caught a glimpse of "How Beautiful Heaven Must Be!" Yes, that was the song we would sing. But I had lost the place. As I searched for the page, one of the boys announced, "No. 68." The pause before we started to sing was unusually long. When I found the page, I again felt God's hand leading the way. The song was none other than "How Beautiful Heaven Must Be."

Now came the time to start classes. A few words first concerning the tragedy would be in

order. I started haltingly, "We have all experienced something which, when we left here Friday evening, we little expected. How many of you dreaded to come to school this morning?"

Nearly every hand went up. "Yes," I said, "and I admit that if I ever felt like I'd like to quit, it is now. But on the other hand, neither has there been a time when I so much felt the need to live a better and purer life. Eli's work is finished; ours is not. So let us strive to live better lives. We've all made mistakes, but there is pardon if we reach out and ask God for help. He is willing."

Books were gotten out, and forgotten assignments renewed. Lessons were once more on their minds. Routine had returned. But to speak for myself, this was not yet the case.

Those who have never taught school cannot realize how attached a teacher becomes to her pupils. Even though I am busy, when I hear their laughter or a voice cries out in distress or fear, I can name the pupil. The characteristics and expressions of Eli will long be with me.

Now it is so different. There were six in the sixth grade. I little realized before how one pupil could make such a difference. The sixth was my largest class and always were quite a challenge; also, in a larger class there is usually a chance for better discussion.

The sixth grade are just at the age where we expect more from them. To me, the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades are the "adults" in school. But now my sixth grade is no longer complete. When I correct papers, I'm always short. When I look back at his empty seat, reality startles me—no, he is not coming back again!

I as a teacher feel we needed Eli in our school. His parents feel he was needed at home. His life looked promising and many feel he would have been useful in the church. But God needed him and called him into His Kingdom. So with the patient Job we again can say, "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

- Selinsgrove, Penna.

* * *

"Maybe the children could keep on the straight and narrow way better if they got information from someone who's been over the route."

"Nothing is easier than fault-finding—no talent, no self-denial, no brains are required in grumbling."

* * *

WOODSIDE SCHOOL
LAGRANGE, INDIANA
February 3, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First a greeting of Christian love to all. "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint." Isa. 40:31.

Oh my! Me? Write a piece for the Bulletin? Getting an idea should be like sitting on a pin—jump up and do something about it. Come and join me. Let us share.

I'm 22 years old and teaching my second term at Woodside School. Since New Year's, Anna Mast is helping me. She teaches grades 1, 2, and 4. Although I certainly miss working with the little ones, I am grateful to have her help. This past week I did work with them three days while their teacher was sick.

Pupils from grades 1-8 number 39 since two new pupils have started. There are 21 in the upper grades (5-8). I am also teaching vocational classes which were taught by Amzie Troyer the first part of the term. There were four in vocational at the start and one has left since I'm teaching. Next Friday will be the last day for another one.

I know both these pupils are sorry to have their school days come to an end. As a pupil they will be out of school for good. They cannot turn back to do anything that was left undone. This school has been their preparation for the school of life they are stepping into. My heart goes out to them when I think of what they may meet.

Isn't it amazing how a child can lift or lower a teacher's spirit? For an example, let's take the greeting from pupil to teacher in the morning. Most of them will answer "Good morning" when the teacher says it first but isn't the "Good morning" of the little fellow that says it first the one that lifts the highest? The many bright smiles during the day are helpful, too.

The parents' and teacher's meeting was held again last evening. Although the attendance was not perfect, I feel I've gained from it. We have meetings monthly and I certainly would not like to have it otherwise. I think the likeness of a man putting a herd of cattle on pasture for the summer fits in so well with school. The concerned owner would go often to see how they are faring. Seeing that they are all right one time would not keep him from going again. Shouldn't it work even more so with parents who have

children in school?

I'm thankful for the cooperation of both parents and pupils and hope they can overlook my many mistakes as I strive to overcome them.

In closing, I'm wishing God's grace to all readers. "Let us pray for each other, Not faint by the way."

Sincerely,
Carrie Kuhns

* * *

BELLEVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA
February 24, 1968

Friendly greetings in the Saviour's name.

I will try and write a few lines for the Bulletin. I am no teacher but I like to read every issue of the Bulletin.

At last, on February 6, I had a chance to substitute for a teacher at Sunnyside School. I was quite anxious to try it for a day.

When I entered the schoolhouse, it seemed big and quiet and empty. Soon I saw a little girl walking through the field toward the school. After a while more boys and girls came and then it was time to begin.

Oh, why did I feel so nervous and excited? Even my voice was shaky. Was it only because of those 37 pupils? But that soon left and everything went fine. The children were as helpful as they could be. I was kept busy with having classes, answering questions about things I had almost forgotten, trying to remember what the teacher had said about the next assignment, and all the time keeping watch over the classroom.

At recess I almost had to laugh to myself. The pupils seemed just like they did when I went to school. There was the loud and noisy kind, the more quiet kind, and the few who kept on reading.

The only thing I didn't like was to correct or scold anyone, but this always has to be done in schools. It took only a few words to have them give up, but I know I didn't say enough about some things.

Very soon the day was over. It was a very short but long-to-be-remembered one.

Keeping school made me think back to my own school days, and my best-liked teacher. I was in the first grade when the first Amish schools in this community started. That was in 1952. We had three different teachers the first two terms. The third term we had the one who is still teaching in that schoolhouse today.

I thought she was always a very nice and good teacher. She liked to have a quiet school. Often

at recesses she would join us bigger girls in our conversation or games, which greatly pleased us.

I think a teacher has it nice in some ways, but maybe not so nice in other ways. She has it much easier and can do better when parents cooperate.

Not only a teacher has ups and downs. We all have times when things look rather dull. And other times everything seems fine. But we all have one place to go to in time of trouble.

Must quit and get to work. A baby is sleeping on my lap as I am baby-sitting just now.

Best wishes to all.

- K. Y.

* * *

FAIRVIEW SCHOOL
HONEYBROOK, PENNA.
February 3, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name. He is the Friend we need to travel life's road.

As a first year teacher, I find myself inexperienced in this new work. Our enrollment is 36 pupils in eight grades—a lot of work, but I enjoy it better than housecleaning.

I felt privileged to have the opportunity of visiting several schools before the term started. Along with Sarah Stoltzfus, I visited Clearview, Fairview, and Pleasant View schools in Lancaster County. I know we learned much, for I had always attended a public school.

Last week the teachers of Lancaster, Chester, and Lebanon Counties met at Centerville School for a teachers' class. This was really interesting. We had some really difficult arithmetic problems to do.

Some of the children walk to school but the rest come with a station wagon. Our driver at the start was Esther Dixon, but she had an accident in November and is to take it easy for three months. Mrs. Emery is our present driver.

The other morning her car wouldn't start right away, so I arrived at the school late. I told her the children would probably start, and sure enough, they were singing and had finished the opening exercises. The singing sounded so nice; I hadn't realized how much nicer singing sounds from a distance.

Wishing everybody a prosperous year.

- Thelma King

* * *

Bible Teaching and Heavenly Citizenship

- By Ezra Kanagy



Feb. 22—Washington's birthday. He is named the "father of our country". I do wonder what he'd say of his country if he could see it today.

But then, maybe we as Christians should not get too much stirred up about this country and the war it is fighting. Our citizenship isn't here—it's in a country whose kingdom will last forever. And we don't want to do anything that will cause us to lose our citizenship in that kingdom.

We do not become citizens of this eternal kingdom by natural birth, as is the case among the nations of this earth. We are born aliens and must receive our citizenship papers (the New Birth) to be recognized as a citizen. The dictionary gives this definition of citizen: A person who owes allegiance to a government and who is entitled to protection from it.

I think we can take a lesson of the world we live in. Each country takes great pains and goes to great expense to have its people become good citizens—through their schooling, colleges, universities, etc. I have been told the Communists start teaching their doctrine in Kindergarten or before. Where the women work in factories, their babies are placed in nursing homes and the mothers can see them or have them only over weekends. The rest of the time they are under Communistic influence. As the children grow up and go through school, much stress is placed on teaching the party doctrine along with basic education—reading, writing, and arithmetic.

Truly, it is as we read in Luke 16:8, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." A commentary explains it thus, "Children of light—the sons of the light—are they who are illuminated by heavenly wisdom; they, however, use this wisdom to far less purpose in the pursuit of heavenly things than the men of this world use their natural shrewdness in earthly pursuits."

I wonder if we use as much of our time and money in teaching our children to be citizens of that eternal kingdom as the world does in teaching its children. We should, if we consider the Bible as a subject to be diligently taught from the time they are babies until they are through school and beyond—teaching them more and more as they grow older, and drilling them in the deeper spiritual insights of God's Word.

Now I realize there are differences of opinion among our people concerning the teaching of Bible in our schools, and there are good reasons for the differences.

As I stated in the November, 1967 Bulletin, I would hesitate to send my children to newly-organized schools and have them taught in Bible principles with Scriptures explained unless we knew the teacher was sound in doctrine and his teaching would not conflict with the teaching of the parents and the church.

The reason for that statement is this: When we started our own schools in 1952, I suppose there were only ten per cent as many Amish schools in the country as there are now. We didn't have the advantage of going to see how schools are operated in other communities.

About the only difference then between our Amish schools and the public schools was that ours was a one-room school with an inexperienced school board and inexperienced teachers (We had five different ones the first year for our two schools!) We had practically the same books as the public schools and it took several years to get things organized and running smoothly. Then as time went on, our song books were replaced with spiritual song books, German was introduced and taught, and an effort was made to improve our schools.

Now I can just picture what chaos we would have had if someone would have bulldozed Bible teaching in before we were on our feet, especially in view of the fact that some were against Bible teaching in our schools. (Dare I say the Amish are against Bible teaching, or would that be a black mark for a people who are considered by the world as Christians?)

I did not mean to discourage these communities where they have Bible teaching, but I felt the Bible is too sacred a book to quarrel about where it should be taught. I rather feel it is better not to teach it in our schools than to fight to have it taught.

You know, the Bible is a mysterious Book. We can't force it onto anyone who doesn't want it, and those who are cool toward it don't get very much out of it. But if we come to see our fallen state without a Saviour and realize what our lot in eternity can be if we receive Christ as our Saviour—ah! then the Bible is a Book of

books and we will not want to be one day without it.

If we as a community are true Christians and are interested in our citizenship in heaven, might it be that the Bible will automatically find its place in our teaching curriculum? And if it isn't there, could that be a reflection on what we are most interested in?

I sincerely believe we have some "Christopher Docks" among our experienced teachers who would be qualified (You know, I'd rather have a qualified teacher that isn't certified, than a certified teacher that isn't qualified) to teach the plainer subjects of the Bible. The deeper spiritual subjects should be left to the bishops, ministers, and parents.

In closing, I'm not against Bible teaching in Christian schools and communities—but I am against Bible teaching in school if it causes controversy and bickering in the community.

- Belleville, Penna.

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BUNDYSBURG PRIVATE SCHOOL
MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
February 22, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's name.

I am in the seventh grade and go to Bundysburg Private School. There are thirty-four pupils in our school. Miss Emma Miller of Hartville; Ohio is our teacher (and a good one).

Tonight is German spelling night for us seventh and eighth graders, so I had better get busy. Six weeks tests are in progress now, too, so that means more hard studying. We are planning a German singing here at our place soon, in which the pupils will participate.

Our subjects are as follows: The first thing in the morning we sing German songs, followed by arithmetic, English, spelling and geography. On Fridays we have German writing and reading, and of course, spelling.

I enjoy the Blackboard Bulletin and have seen that others my age have written.

- Clara L. Miller

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E'er a child has reached to seven,
Teach him all the way to Heaven.
Better still the work will thrive
If he knows it all by five.

* * *

BIBLE QUIZ NO. 14

1. What did the children of Israel eat at their last meal in Egypt?
2. How many loaves were used to feed the five thousand?
3. In whose tomb was Jesus laid after His crucifixion?
4. Who planted the first vineyard?
5. What did Elijah give to Elisha before he was taken to heaven?
6. To whom did Jesus say, "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise"?
7. What were the children of Israel supposed to do with their land every seventh year?
8. Who sold his birthright to his brother?
9. What wife fixed a dummy in her husband's bed?
10. When did Moses stand on holy ground?

burning bush.
8. Essau 9. Michael (David's wife) 10. By the
penitent thief on the cross 7. Let it rest
of Arimathea 4. Noah 5. His mantle 6. The
1. Lamb and bitter herbs 2. Five 3. Joseph

Answers to Questions No. 14:

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP

VIII

Answers on next page

1. coma (kōm'a) a. cistern; b. unconsciousness; c. epileptic fit; d. underwater passage
2. colonel (kur' nel) a. furniture style; b. restaurant; c. military officer; d. circular pillar
3. capitol (kap' e-tel) a. money available; b. city where the state government is; c. building where the government meets
4. bellicose (bel' e-kōs) a. warlike; b. uncivilized; c. intellectual; d. noisy
5. pompous (pom' pes) a. acting overimportant; looking sheepish; c. talking constantly; d. being relaxed
6. therapy (ther' e-pe) a. irregular speech; b. revolving spool; c. X-ray; d. treatment
7. exempt (ig-zempt') a. liable to personal tax; b. selected for duty; c. free from an obligation; d. unfit to serve
8. limpid (lim' pid) a. clear; b. stagnant; c. refreshing; d. chilly
9. depreciate (di-prē' shē-āt) a. to renovate; b. to become less in value; c. to be ungrateful; d. to destroy
10. sabotage (sab' e-tāzh) a. cover completely; b. list alphabetically; c. erect; d. destroy

Board of Education-Friend or Foe?

- Isaac R. Horst

In the present conflict between the public school boards and the parochial schools, many things are brought to light. Obviously some skeletons are dragged out of closets. Many of these things tend to put the board of education in a bad light. However, in spite of the fact that they are sometimes not too cooperative, we still have much to be thankful for concerning their attitudes.

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP

ANSWERS VIII

1. coma: b. unconsciousness; as, The victim of the accident passed into a coma before reaching the hospital. Greek koma, "deep sleep".
2. colonel: c. a military officer; as, The colonel in the Mexican Army led his troops across the Rio Grande River.
3. capitol: c. a building where the government meets; as, The state representatives will meet at one o'clock in the capitol. Latin caput, "head".
4. bellicose: a. warlike; as, Red China is considered to be a bellicose nation. Latin bellum, "war".
5. pompous: a. acting overimportant; as, Holding his head high and his chest puffed out, the French President walked pompously out of the meeting.
6. therapy: d. treatment; as, The doctor said it would take months of therapy before the man would walk again. Greek therapeia, "to take care of".
7. exempt: c. free from an obligation; as, The boy was declared exempt from military service because he was needed at home on the farm.
8. limpid: clear; as, The limpid waters of the pool disclosed the large rocks on the bottom. Latin limpidus, "clear".
9. depreciate: b. to become less in value; as, Usually the older something becomes the more it depreciates. Latin de, "down", and pretium, "price".
10. sabotage: d. destroy; as, The Communists plan to sabotage many of America's military bases. French saboter, "to damage".

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We of the teaching staff of parochial schools in the Elmira area feel we should be careful of our criticism of the board of education. We feel obligated to follow the recommended course of studies as closely as we can without infringing on our faith and doctrine. It might surprise some people to learn what type of teaching the board recommends in some subjects.

To illustrate, do you know what the course of studies suggests regarding homework? The following quotation is taken from the Ontario Department of Education's approved course of studies for Grades 1-6:

"These children are at a period when vital energies are largely consumed in physical development, and consequently they must have time for rest and recreation. The school has no excuse for infringing upon the right of the children to sufficient time for sleep and play and the right of the home to direct their activities outside of school hours. There can be no doubt that both of these rights are seriously encroached upon by the prescription of homework, ill-chosen in character and excessive in quantity. For pupils in grades 1-6 there is ample time during the school day to engage in the necessary activities satisfactorily without burdening them with additional school work to be done at home."

What is recommended as social studies for the primary grades? Quote:

"The course aims to develop in the pupils desirable social attitudes. Consideration for others, willingness to accept responsibility and to work with others in order to get things done; attitudes of helpfulness and loyalty to friends, home, school, and community should be major outcomes of the course if it is properly conducted.

"Stories showing good family relationships that present patterns of desirable social behavior such as kindness, consideration for others, helpfulness, loyalty, etc.

"Such stories as, the baby Moses, the infant Jesus, Miriam and Moses, the infant Samuel, told from time to time throughout the year." End of quote.

Last, but not least, what about that controversial subject, science? I believe when we were young it was called nature study. Is there any subject taught in schools in which the marvelous works of God can be more clearly brought to light? There is really no reason why we

should associate science with the theory of evolution, space travel, or prehistoric monsters. In fact, up to Grade 6, nothing is mentioned in the course of studies which would suggest the theory of evolution.

"The purpose of the (science) course is to initiate the children into the romance and wonder of science and to enhance their natural desire to get to know the world around them.

"The birds and insects of the air, the living animals of the field and wood, the trees and flowers and shrubs, the water and the earth—these are his raw materials for experience and activity. The sky above, the field and forest, the garden and park, the running stream and the pond are all alike full of interesting things that will attract and hold the child's eye, arouse his wonder, stimulate his inquiries, and give opportunities for discovery. Care must be taken, however, to develop in the children a right attitude towards living plants and animals. The gradual disappearance of many species of wild plants and animals may be checked, in part at least, by engendering in the children a sympathetic interest in all creatures, great and small!" End of quote.

The obvious question which now arises in the minds of some is:

"Why need we withdraw from the public school system if the teaching is not misleading?" The answer of course, lies in the fact that even though the course of studies does not recommend false teachings, yet if the teachers choose this type of thing, they will not be discouraged from it. The course of studies leaves a wide variety of study material to choose from. This places the onus on the teacher, and the inspector behind him.

At our recent school meeting we were honored by the presence of two teachers from the Christian Day School at nearby Drayton, sponsored by members of the Dutch Reformed Church. They stressed the importance of placing God at the head and source of all school subjects. When they teach a lesson in science they start at the Bible. I felt we could possibly learn from them.

It is my honest belief that the dedicated teacher who wishes to teach his pupils in the fear and admonition of the Lord, can do so while following the recommended course of studies for Ontario. If, on the other hand, he wishes to teach evolution, there are television programs prepared to help him teach about fossils and dinosaurs.

— Elmira, Ontario

THE GOOD TEACHER

The Lord is my teacher,
I shall not lose the way.

He leadeth me in the lowly path of learning,
He prepareth a lesson for me every day,
He bringeth me to the clear fountain of instruction,
Little by little He showeth me the beauty of truth.

The world is a great book that He hath written,
He turneth the leaves for me slowly;
They are all inscribed with images and letters,
He poureth light on the pictures and the words.

He taketh me by the hand to the hilltop of vision,
And my soul is glad when I perceive his meaning;
In the valley also He walketh beside me,
In the dark places He whispereth to my heart.

Even tho' my lesson be hard it is not hopeless,
For the Lord is patient with the slow scholar;
He will wait awhile for my weakness,
And help me to read the truth through tears.

— Henry Van Dyke

* * *

The Bible



Here is a book you should own.
One should be in every home.
Lay this book out in view—
You see, its contents are true.

But don't just look at it there.
Inside are stories of lions and bears,
Babies, children, women and men.
Lots of things you can't comprehend.
Earnestly this book I recommend.

Burdens you lose, reading therein.
Often wishing to be rid of sin?
Only this book tells the cure.
Knowing Jesus makes us pure.

Dad and Mother, consider this;
Instruct your sons of heavenly bliss.
Very thankful your child can be
In learning the meaning of eternity.
No other book on all the earth
Ever will measure to this Book's worth.

L.Z.M. Ephrata, Penna.

NOTHING MYSTERIOUS

There is nothing mysterious about the educational process. Children who learn to read and think, acquire knowledge. But knowledge is not power unless it is applied to the daily business of living. Brains need exercise, the same as muscles. Discovering and developing the ability to think is always a painful experience, and quite the loneliest trip besides, but it is worth it.

- Selected

* * *

BOWLING GREEN, MO.
February 6, 1968

Dear Readers,

A friendly greeting of Christian love to all.

While sitting here relaxing after another day at school and reading the B. B., I've decided maybe I should try the advice I've so often given my pupils—"Don't say you CAN'T write a letter before even trying!" It's so easily pushed off when one thinks of the many others who are better writers, but I greatly enjoy reading the B. B. and have learned many useful ideas.

Here at Meadow View some days are fairly bright and clear, while others are rather dark and stormy. Twenty out of the twenty-three pupils cared for the mumps since school started last fall plus most of them having the flu this winter which caused a low attendance and requires "working harder" to catch up. I wonder if parents realize how much a teacher appreciates each day their child is sent to school when he is able.

And do they have any idea how much help their visits at school are to both the teacher and pupils? We've had quite a few visitors this term but sad to say, few of the parents.

I can say I also agree with Elmo about checking papers late at night. I have the pupils exchange their papers and most of them are checked in class. If there are any left to be checked or lessons to be prepared, I like to stay at school an hour or two to finish them. Then I can forget about it for a while and relax during the evening at home. (Not all teachers can stay like that though.) After a good night's rest the road to start out on usually looks brighter. So I think that's what I'll do now or the morning might be a foggy one.

Let us be remembered in time of prayer.
"Seven days without prayer makes one weak."

Humbly,
- Martha M. Hershberger

* * *

KIRKWOOD, PENNA.
January 20, 1968

Dear Friends.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." James 1:17.

This is my second letter to the B. B., but the first one landed in our waste basket. It was written two years ago during the big snowstorm. I felt others can write better, so I dropped it for awhile.

We sometimes speak of our "geringe Gaben"—humble talents. A preacher once said this is not correct, for the text above speaks of good and perfect gifts. We have perfect gifts, but we should feel humble (gering).

Are we using the gifts God has given us? I have eyes to see and to read, and hands to write, and a mind to think. Do we take these gifts too much for granted? Once we no longer have them, we appreciate them more.

A seventeen year old boy in our neighborhood lost his eyesight a few years ago. No longer can he see God's beauty, his friends, trees, the sun, flowers, and smiles.

I appreciate so much to read the Bulletin. There are many touching incidents in the line of child training, which often bring tears. I find a lot of patience is needed to get four children off to school each morning, with one to care for at home. There are lunches to pack, clothes to clean, and many other little things to look after.

It is also important to remind them often to be good in school. I can well recall my own mother telling us to be good. I thought at the time it was unnecessary to say it so often, as we tried to be good, though we often failed. Now I can see the reason, as then I didn't realize how many snares Satan has for the dear little lambs.

Yes, we should mix plenty of love with discipline. My mother often used the rod with tears. She said she did not like to do it, but she wanted good little children.

About the teachers burning midnight oil, I appreciated Sarah Beiler's letter in the January issue. She wrote how she gets up early in the morning to catch up with her work. This plan also works for parents. I find I have much more patience with the children in the morning if I have the necessary things done before they arise. Then I have a relaxed feeling all day long. Yes, work goes much better early in the morning than late in the evening.

How thankful we can be to have our own

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schools. Let's not have the half-way kind, as one writer mentioned. I heartily agree, the Santa Claus songs are out of place in our schools. I wonder about Easter eggs and valentines. "And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him." Col. 3:17.

Here is a way I have found to keep my children's clothes hung up. When they changed their school clothes, I had to keep telling them to hang them up, but they always were in a hurry and the clothes ended up on the floor. So one day I took the shirt sleeves, the pants legs, and the dress sleeves and tied them like a shoe

string. The first time they were tied loosely, so as not to cause anger; only to remind them. Very seldom do I find clothes on the floor now. If I do, no words are required—just a few ties by way of a reminder. A room is so much more tidy when the clothes are in place.

Let us pray for our teachers and each other, that we may do the Lord's will. May God bless everyone.

"To err is human; to forgive, divine."
"He who knows God, humbles himself;
He who knows himself—cannot be proud!"
- Mrs. Samuel S. Lapp

* * *

TWO LETTERS FROM TEACHERS WITH SIMILAR NAMES

(1.)

Lancaster County, Penna. — "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer." Psa. 19:14.

This week I have again read and enjoyed the Bulletin. Teaching school has taught me many things. One fact is that love and kindness are far-reaching in their influence. I also appreciate the cooperation and visits of our board members and parents. I feel thankful for the privilege of becoming acquainted with them. Teaching school is a way of making friends that will last a lifetime.

I attended Mill Creek School, a one-room school. It is a public school and is still open with only Amish pupils. My last teacher was my favorite. She had a family of her own and was a friend of and to children. How little did I realize that someday I would go back to school and teach young children. My greatest desire is to lead my life in such a way that they can learn to be honest and sincere young men and women.

My pupils enjoy playing school at recess. It is a real eye-opener to see how they copy their teachers. Some of their points stimulate me to greater efforts; others cause me to blush with shame.

May God guide and bless you all is my humble prayer.

Sincerely,
- Lydia S. Beiler

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(2.)

Lancaster County, Penna. — "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful love."

How little we realized in our school days together at Mill Creek School, that we two girls

would both be teaching. How I wish I could remember and relate more of my school days. The teacher I liked best was the one who maintained order. One thing I remember is that we had to stay in for recess whenever we talked too much in school hours. That is something to work on, for I believe pupils can study better when there is no unnecessary talking.

Mill Creek was a public school so we didn't have an Amish teacher or German classes. Learning German is a privilege we have in parochial schools for which the pupils should be thankful. Even those precious little children in the first and second grades can learn verses in German such as:

"Der Hahn kraeht laut sein Rueckrickue!
Die Kinder aufzuwecken frueh,
Zu lernen in der Morgenstund;
Denn 'Morgenstund hat Gold im Mund'."

Teaching is a wonderful privilege, but of ourselves we are nothing. Do we think from whence our help cometh, and rely on the Lord? Or are we too busy with our many activities in school? Do we show enough reverence in our morning devotions and Bible reading so that our pupils are reverent, too?

What parent cooperation means to a teacher cannot be fully expressed in words. Sometimes it may be difficult for parents to tell or show the teacher her faults. Or for the teacher to tell the parents how their children misbehave. But I believe it is best and the parents and teacher will be able to forget it sooner if both truthfully and frankly confess how it is. I can honestly feel I have wonderful parent cooperation.

May God bless you all. Sincerely,
- Lydia S. Beiler

* * *

The Day We Visited Schools

- By Grades 4-8, Fairview School

We will try to give a review of the enjoyable trip we had Friday, Feb. 23. In the group was our teacher, Barbara D. Miller, and grades 4-8 of our school, 14 in all. We gathered at one place in the morning and started out with three rigs for Sunny View School, where Fannie Lehman is the teacher.

We got there before all the pupils arrived. First they sang a few songs in German. Then we were asked to sing a song. This was followed by reading classes, after which we headed for Breezeway School.

The teacher there, Anna J. Miller, was busy and quite surprised to see us. We watched some arithmetic classes and ate our lunch there. Then we went on to Ashery School where the teacher is Katie Miller. They were still out playing.

After the noon period, this school had seventh and eighth grade German spelling. Then we had a spell down. We won't say which side won, for they might be embarrassed. Then the seventh and eighth grades had an arithmetic match.

After that we played school. The two teachers became eighth graders, and the eighth graders teachers! I hope the teachers enjoyed it as much as we pupils did. Maybe they wished they had not taught us certain punishments, for one of them had to put her nose in a ring on the blackboard.

We sang four songs all together and then headed for home. I believe we all enjoyed the trip very much. However, one seventh grade boy had to miss the trip because he was sick. We all hope we will get visitors like that some day, too. You are welcome.

- Fredericksburg, Ohio

* * *

ELMIRA, ONTARIO
February, 1968

Material that is sound and of good moral is rare in our present day school readers. In my grandfather's reader I found a little lesson which can help us. It is called, "A Lesson in School".

"Our schoolmaster being a man of order, one day he suggested that if we saw a pupil who was not studying, to report to him. I watched a boy whom I didn't like very well and soon he looked up from his studies. Immediately I went

up to the schoolmaster and told him that I had seen Johnny was not studying.

"Alas! With a stern look the master asked me, 'And where were your eyes when you saw Johnny was not studying?' " - Matt. 6:3, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?"

Sometimes in our journey here on earth, we may plan this and that and may forget to add, "If it be the Lord's will." Thus we may fall into a snare ere we know it.

Perhaps if we were able to see into the future, we would do things entirely differently, as we may see in the following poem. At first glance we may not see the moral of the poem, but it has one, worth considering.

Stupidity Street

I saw with open eyes
Singing birds sweet
Sold in the shops
For the people to eat—
Sold in the shops of
Stupidity Street.



I saw in a vision
The worm in the wheat
And in the shops nothing
For people to eat—
Nothing for sale in
Stupidity Street.



(Poem by Ralph Hodgson)

- A Martin

* * *

ROCK RIDGE SCHOOL
FRESNO, OHIO
February 20, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

"The pen is mightier than the sword." How true is this motto? Where did it originate? I don't think it comes from the Bible but the question is, is it true or false? In my opinion it is just as true as if we could find it written in the book of Psalms.

The Corinthians said of Paul that his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible, yet his letters were "weighty and powerful". I think this may still be true of any writer.

There was an account given in the Reader's Digest of a mother who couldn't hold a face-to-face conversation with different folks she met during the day. But when she spoke to the same people on the telephone they talked and talked. In the evening she wanted to talk with her daughter, but uh-huh and huh-ah was about all the

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answer she got. So she went upstairs and dialed their own number on the extension phone. Her daughter picked up the phone in the living room and had a long conversation with her mother. Before they hung up, Mother said, "I didn't know you could talk so much."

"Oh, it's easy if you don't have to look someone in the face," was the daughter's reply.

In writing we don't have to face anyone either, but for me it still is not so easy.

The pen can lead a nation to where the most powerful bomb cannot force it. It is responsible for a lot of love and a lot of hatred.

Talking about mottos being true or false reminds me of an event that took place in C. P. S. where mottoes were chewed over quite often and misapplied. We were in the mess hall eating. Sam Gingerich quoted, "God helps him who helps himself."

Someone else piped up, "There's not a word like that in the Bible." Sam meekly said, "I didn't say there was."

It seems it holds true that anybody interested in his job likes to talk about that line of duty. A farmer likes to talk farming and a carpenter likes to talk building. So I suppose it would be fitting to talk a little about teaching in a letter to the Bulletin.

This is my first year of teaching so you can not expect me to give you many helpful hints, more than to suggest facing every morning with new courage.

Some of you may have noticed that the enrollment of Rock Ridge was not given in the Bulletin. Well, that is not the only thing I didn't get done. The year started with 34 pupils but two have moved out so we have 32 at present. I have some in each of the eight grades.

A beginning teacher,

John G. Troyer

* * *

PLAIN VIEW SCHOOL
CLARK, MISSOURI

February 2, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers;

Greetings of love from an Amish School with twenty-eight pupils and two vocational scholars. There are nine families that go to school here. Our teacher is Miss Anna E. Miller, daughter of Ezra and Edna Miller. Four of her brothers and sisters are here at this school. Plain View is the name of our school. We like this school.

We four girls are in the eighth grade. Our names are Barbara M. Miller, born May 9, 1953,

came from Iowa. Edna M. Stutzman, born July 3, 1953, moved from Anabel to Clark this autumn. Lena C. Gingerich, born Sept. 9, 1953, came from Iowa. Lena E. Borntrager, born Oct. 12, 1953, came from Iowa. There are two boys in our grade, too. Their names are Emanuel J. Borntrager and Jacob J. Gingerich.

We have six subjects. They are arithmetic, English, history, geography, spelling and phonics.

When we have three hundreds in a row in spelling we get a star on the spelling chart.

-In arithmetic when we have three hundreds we get a ribbon; then another three hundreds, we get a flower stamp on the ribbon, and another three hundreds we get a bird stamp, and so on until the ribbon is full.

Every Thursday afternoon we have art or an arithmetic, spelling, geography or writing match. One time we drew a buggy and a horse on construction paper. Then we cut it out and put it on the wall.

Last year each of the pupils at school traced and colored a lot of birds. Then each of us made a bird book for ourselves.

Every Friday we have German from the fourth grade on up. We have German writing, spelling, and reading. The third Friday of every month we spell trapper and the last Friday of every month we have a spell down. The rest of the times we spell headmark. The last Friday Lena E. Borntrager, Barbara M. Stutzman, and Mary E. Miller got the floor.

Barbara M. Miller's sister Miriam is teaching the Pleasant Ridge School. She has 20 pupils every day and 4 vocational scholars. Her aunt, Savilla U. Gingerich, is a teacher in Fortuna, Missouri. She has 20 pupils. Savilla, with three of her scholars, Mary M. Borntrager, Ruby A. Yoder, and Clara R. Borntrager attended church at Savilla's home yesterday.

Mary M. Borntrager, Ruby A. Yoder, and Clara R. Borntrager, of Fortuna, Missouri, Menno A. Miller, and Sarah M. Miller visited school this morning.

When we don't obey the rules the teacher writes our names on the board. And when we are naughty again she puts a mark beside our name. When we have two marks we have to stay in our seats for recess. Let's hope we won't get two marks.

We would be glad if other eighth grade girls would write to the Bulletin, too.

Sincerely yours,

Lena C. Gingerich
Edna M. Stutzman

Lena E. Borntrager
Barbara M. Miller

* * *

BURTON, OHIO
R. R. #2, Box 171
Feb. 12, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

Well, I wonder how this finds all of you out in Blackboard Bulletin Land. I had just sat back in a comfortable reclining chair with my feet in the air when I happened to think of the letter I wanted to get off to the Bulletin.

It all began for me last fall when one school was minus a teacher just four or five weeks before school started. I thought I would give it a try. I have the four upper grades with thirty-four pupils, I surely was innocent of what I was getting into. I suppose all teachers find it that way. Of course I had the usual indigestion for the first week or two, but now I seem to be gaining some extra weight so it must not be too hard on me.

I expect most of you teachers have everything about the way you want it and wouldn't trade jobs with anyone in the world. Of course there are always some minor things to bother you or you might have to buy a new hat. For instance, what are your children doing these days besides standing around and seeing who can yell the loudest? Once I told mine if they wanted to yell, to go outside and do it. You should have heard them. It sounded like they were running away from a bunch of hornets.

There are some things that we (the boys and I) really enjoy and that is a pond, a creek, and



about twenty or thirty acres of brush and woods. The last couple of days at noon some of the boys and I have been going for a walk along the creek. We gathered some bird nests. They seem to

get no end of pleasure from that. When it was muddy and the creek was running they made some boats and had boat races. Boys and creeks fit together like an interlocking puzzle.

We have finished a different song book, and the girls seem to enjoy that at recesses and noons.

I follow the mark system, or rather I try. I have a weakness in being too lenient with the children. I try with the help of a Higher Power to be strict, but sometimes I get lazy and am not as alert as I should be. We don't seem to have much trouble though, either because the pupils are well behaved, or I'm too lenient, probably the latter. But I'm doing something that seems to help. When the pupils get a mark, they have to write a letter to their parents. The letter has to be written correctly and must explain why they received a mark. They then take the letter home and have it signed by their parents. If the parents know every time their child gets a mark, they can be a great help.

Last night we had a P.T.B. Meeting (Parent, Teacher, Board Meeting). We discussed our matters and had a happy time visiting. This I can say with gladness—the parents cooperate very well. That in itself is worth a lot. But they seem to have a contagious disease called "No Time To Visit". I guess other schools have that illness, too. I wish I could find a cure or preventive for it.

We have had a couple of parents visiting that seemed interested in how their children are doing. I think it does the children a lot of good. It's good for the teacher too, after his knees quit knocking together. Sometimes he gets a break and the fire needs tending at the right moment. But all in all, I am glad for parents or any other visitors. We've had some teachers visiting from Indiana, and one ex-student from Canada. Quite a few of the former eighth grade students came back to visit.

Do you have a solution for getting percents through the seventh graders' heads? If so, I would appreciate it if you would have it published in the Blackboard Bulletin.

I have some cute spelling sentences, sometimes. For instance: Cats pray for mice.

Let's have more teachers' letters. Don't push writing off any longer. I didn't. I like to hear of someone else's troubles in teaching—that great brainracking and rewarding duty.

I will close, wishing each and everyone, especially teachers and parents, the helping and guiding hand from above.

- A first year teacher

* * *

BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

Talents Profitably Used

- Mary Beiler

Undoubtedly most of us know the lesson from the Bible of the three servants who were given talents. One was given five, the second two, and the last only one. The first two servants used their talents wisely and received praise from the Lord. What did the third one do? He hid his talent in the earth. Now I could think, "How lazy he was!" But wait a minute. What about myself? Didn't the Lord give talents to us all? What am I doing with those given to me?

How can a teacher get her pupils to do well because they see the need and want to do it right? The pupils should certainly know they are not doing their lessons just for the teacher. We should strive to have the pupils realize that the benefit is their own when they do duties well. Yet there is an even more important reason. The Lord has given us abilities and He expects us to use them for Him.

You may wonder, "Can a child really grasp the meaning of this lesson?" We have tried teaching it at different times during our morning devotions. The parable was first read to them and explained. Next the meaning was brought out, how we are to use the gifts God has given us, including when doing school lessons. Each time it seemed the pupils tried more than they had before. Yes, a child can feel his duty toward God.

If I would have to step into a classroom solely to teach the 3 R's, I would be very much discouraged. How could the children settle down to serious thinking if they had nothing really serious to think about? I am indeed grateful for the privilege we have to teach Christian values in our schools.

In trying to impress upon young minds their responsibility, I felt more keenly my own. But just what is the duty of a teacher? Is it to get every paper checked? Is a teacher really at her best when she spends long night hours checking and preparing lessons? She doesn't feel up to par to present the lessons the next day. Isn't it more important to get the point across to the pupils with a friendly, encouraging expression?

I was heartily agreed with Elmo Stoll's article, "Time to Check Your Checking" in the December issue. Certainly we as teachers should not take advantage of the pupils, as they do need to have their papers graded for them. It helps them and the teacher to know where they stand. Sometimes it is profitable to check a

lesson in class. In this way the teacher's work is lessened, and yet the pupils see where they were wrong.

Yes, teachers are asked to do their best, but I can't do my best when I'm so wrapped up in papers that I lose sight of others around me. A teacher needs some time to forget about teaching and really associate with others. She needs to have those moments when she can learn lessons from others.

I can feel strongly for the teachers who have a struggle to get checking done. There's just something about it which makes us feel we haven't done enough—We need to do more. Where is the line?

- Stuarts Draft, Virginia

* * *

THE CHILD TEACHES YOU

He's greater far, that little child, than you.
The very child you teach, he teaches you.
You teach him to be Christ-like, but have you
forgotten?
He's already far more so than you.

You teach him right from wrong, and yet it's he,
Not you, whose conscience is more clear and
free.

You teach him trust in God, but can't you see
That he forgives in half the time you do?

For you find doubt and reason in your way
While he in simple faith believes what's true.
You teach him to forgive, but don't you know
That he forgives in half the time you do?

And he, when he forgives, at once forgets.
But you? You struggle long with grudge and
debts.

You try to teach him love—you can't, you cry,
"My child, you are the teacher and not I!"

So learn from him, be like him, you who teach.
You must, says Christ, if heaven you would
reach.

"Except ye be converted, and become as little
children,

Ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."
Matt. 18:3

- Selected by a Reader

* * *

Pupils and Potatoes

Did you ever hear of taking a raw potato along to school? That's what the pupils of our school have been doing this last while.

After washing the potato, it is covered well by wrapping in aluminum foil paper, and marked with initials. When the children arrive at school, they lay their potato on top of the stove (sometimes the stove is crowded with potatoes). At recess they are turned over on the opposite side.

The children say that by dinner-time the potato is nice and soft. It is then sliced on the foil. They eat them with salt and butter which each child takes along for himself. Mostly they skin them, but sometimes our children say they eat the peelings and all!

They think this makes a delicious dinner—especially on a cold winter day. In fact those potatoes in school seem to taste even a little better than the ones they get at home. And for mother it's simple to prepare.

—Mrs. J. P., Belleville, Pa.

* — * *

February 16, 1968

Dear Blackboard Bulletin Friends,
Greetings in Jesus' Name.

I am no school teacher, nor a school board member—just a parent, so why should I write? As we look over the directory of schools, we see the names of almost 300 teachers. Surely, there should be no lack of material.

But wait! We have already had much good material by teachers, directed to the parents. And when we read of teachers who desire and pray for help and wisdom in their work, let us do our part to aid them. For example, keeping the air in the schoolhouse clear of prejudice.

I talked with a board member the other day. He felt himself unqualified for the task, and said it would be good for us to take a short course in education so we would know what to expect of our teachers. Yes, our teachers need help, our board members a "degree" in education, and our parents wisdom in their home disciplining. But this all flows from God. Let us ask in good faith, and it shall be given us.

It is my heart's desire to lend a hand to the advancement of our parochial schools, with purse, voice, and pen. May God give the increase. Let us keep uppermost in our minds

that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

"Better guide well when young than reclaim them when old,

For the voice of true wisdom is calling,
'To rescue the fallen is good, but 'tis best
To prevent other people from falling.'

Better close up the source of temptation and
crime,

Than deliver from dungeon or galley;
Better put up a strong fence 'round the top
of the cliff

Than an ambulance down in the valley."

(By John Malins; Full text of this excellent poem
is in The Challenge of the Child
\$3.50, from Pathway.)

It does not seem long (though it is twelve years) that the Canadian Whistle was first printed by the pupils and teacher of the Aylmer School. It was touching to me to read the articles and other original material gathered by the pupils.

Then we heard of a teachers' circle letter making its rounds among interested teachers, the outcome of which in time became the Blackboard Bulletin. Now we have just finished reading No. 6 (the January issue) of the eleventh volume—with the Holy Bible on its front cover, a variety of good material following, and a poem of humility and thankfulness on the back cover.

On February 1, teacher George R. Martin and I visited schools. We set out first for Red Hill Parochial School and arrived there a few minutes late for the morning devotions. We were welcomed by teacher James Bauman. While George's eyes were soon fixed on the books and pupils' work, my mind was reminiscing. I will tell you why. This is the school where I learned my 1, 2, 3's and the ABC's thirty-eight years ago.

We then had a good talk with James at recess. Bidding farewell, we turned our steed toward Beechville School where Amos Sherk greeted us at the door and welcomed us in. I also attended this school for 1 1/2 years as a child. This school is built at the edge of a forest, where there is a creek flowing. An occasional hike was planned by the teacher for Friday afternoons—nature study to broaden the teaching of science.

Amos had the pupils sit together for singing. Even though the best singers were absent that day, they gave us some nice music. Discipline was good, with no whispering. The upper grades were writing a story on "My First Day of School".

When dinner time came, the books were placed quietly into desks, and each row marched out respectfully for lunch. After a short chat with the teacher, we left and had dinner with the good Samaritan, Anson Hoover.

After a good meal and a friendly talk, we started out once more. Having covered several miles of road, we turned in at Yatton School where Lavina M. Martin is the teacher. Here we were again privileged to sit in with a school of busy bees.

Here, also, my companion once more walked the aisles to see the progress of the children, all the while collecting new ideas to take along home. As I'm not a teacher, I didn't venture too far. My eyes soon caught sight of music dictation books at the side wall. Nancy Weber, my niece, is the singing school teacher here and comes once a week. She teaches some of the old familiar songs which I was taught, and have myself taught in our parochial schools and previously to our young people.

The school was dismissed at 3:45—a few hearty songs, a prayer, and an orderly dismissal. While George had some questions to ask about the school, I made a short call at Sidney M. Martin's across the street. He was a hospital patient lately, so was glad for company.

We did not visit as many schools as we could have if someone with a car would have taken us. But we returned home safe, and satisfied with each parochial school we saw.

As these letters in the Bulletin are read, they are searched for advice and teaching hints. I feel the subject has already been well covered, and when a teacher bumps up against some unsuspected problem the best he can do is ask further advice from someone who is experienced.

One thing I can say—if handling school children is in any respect similar to handling and shoeing colts, which I think may be so, it is necessary for the teacher to create a good working environment. (Editor's note: The writer is a blacksmith. And a singer!) I find in my case it works wonders to raise my voice in spiritual song. The rhythm seems to soothe the colts, while the words soothe me. Thus I give myself to the task, joyously and pliable, yet still firm, knowing well that the rod of correction will be needed at times. But this only after the innocent creature does not respond to gentleness.

This is only speaking from a governing standpoint, and does not touch the field of knowledge as far as the letter is concerned. But keeping dark clouds of ill humor out of the classroom is necessary, too, in our search for wisdom and knowledge.

To the furtherance of this paper, I wish God-speed. May the message it brings be borne from shore to shore. I remain an earnest and prayerful member in the cause of parochial schools.

- Onias F. Weber

Crows, Cranes, and Checking

(Continued from last month)

- By Mary Ann Beachy



School should be a happy place. Teachers may join the children in play and help them choose new games. In this way they can also be taught that fair play is always satisfying.

One game my pupils like to play is Crows and Cranes. In one of our meetings, I tried to explain how to play it, but I may have failed to do so correctly. The whole school can play this game.

Two pupils choose sides. There are three bases—one in the middle, and one at each end. The teams meet at the base in the middle and place their feet close to the base. Either the teacher or a pupil who was not chosen, then takes a flat piece of metal or wood on which the words Crows and Cranes have been written on opposite sides. He throws this object into the air, catches it, and lets it rest in his hand. He calls out the name that is turned up.

If he calls Crows, the crows run for their own base and the other side tries to catch them. Should they tag any, those pupils are then on

their side. This is kept up until all the players are on one side.

Another way to create interest and to help the teacher is to let the pupils keep the school-house clean, the boys as well as the girls. It is surprising how well they like it, and they can do a good job. The boys can wash the outside windows while the girls help on the inside. The lower grades can dust erasers, assort stars, and return checked papers. The boys that are otherwise idle can clean the entrance room, wash off the blackboards, or gather English papers.

Now, about this checking business, I don't quite understand why we should throw the pupils' papers in the stove, after they have worked so hard to do them. I think that would be expensive fuel! My pupils would ask for them if they were not handed back, and I'm afraid they would soon lose respect for me and would no longer try so hard to do good work.

I often write comments or compliments on their checked papers and have often been rewarded by better work. The papers I check personally are the spelling and English papers, and I'm always eager to sit down and check

them—after I've done some work at home, and eaten a good meal.

We check arithmetic in class by exchanging papers. Then we take the scores. Geography and history are checked in class, also. The spelling words I can check by walking along the row of desks while pronouncing the words for another grade. A teacher likes to be on time without rushing through. We all feel best when we can be alert and busy throughout the day, and be on time as nearly as possible.

I can't understand where love for teaching comes in, if we so dislike checking papers, for that is where we see the progress. We have to be careful when we look for easier ways to teach or check. It may be laziness, and not an honest search for a better method. We don't have to teach, if we dislike checking!

One of our eighth grade boys, John Henry Hershberger, has been transferred to Green Ridge school. His parents bought a farm there and have moved. We weren't too happy to lose him, but the one eighth grade boy at Green Ridge probably gave him a welcome.

- Baltic, Ohio

* * *

Why Do We Want an Education ?

- By James D. Hershberger

"I don't like school," proudly asserts young Sammy before scampering out to play ball.

"Why does he say that?" ponders the perplexed teacher. "Don't I explain the assignments clearly, interestingly, and with enthusiasm? Do I teach only the book and dry facts or do I put myself into the lesson?" Or maybe Sammy has as his image of manliness being out of school, never realizing the importance of education in our daily lives.

From another quarter come the questions, "Why do we have to study this dry old English? These nouns, pronouns, verbs, and adjectives don't amount to a hill of beans. Why do we have to study history? All it talks about is wars and dates. Why study science? It teaches evolution and the distance to the moon. I never want to go to the moon."

These are questions and comments that may make a tired teacher despair. The teacher considers the problem, "Why do we want an education?"

Why Math?

Math is a good solid subject. Life's vocation may be mean and common but math will

still be a necessary companion and a dependable friend. In today's complexities we need an understanding of numbers and daily mathematical problems to manage efficiently. If we believe that God wants us to handle His money and goods efficiently and to His glory, then we will strive to gain this knowledge and His guidance.

Why History?

The first thought may be of the many wars discussed in the texts. But don't we read of many wars in the Bible? Of course we are not advocates of war, but we do need to face reality. We can't pretend there were no wars, but we need to look at them to see the horror, greed, selfishness, bigotry, failure, and tragedy of war and the effect this had on the shaping of cultures, nations, religions, and history. Many of today's quarreling nations stem back to wars and feuds in ancient times.

The second item that has played an important role in history is religion. Just a glance at the religions of the past and the effects they have had on the shaping of the world gives us ample proof that religion is a most important factor in

the shaping of history.

A third reason for needing a fairly intelligent knowledge of history is the fact that history repeats itself. It seems that up through the ages nations have been born, grown until they reached the high point or "golden age", and then declined and fell.

To summarize the benefit of history, we might say that it is to better see and understand why people live and act as they do. Why the Middle East crisis? Ancient feuds, greed, opposing religions. Why poverty in many Catholic countries? The people are heavily taxed by the church. Why millions starving in India? Poor



THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS

I'd like to see the Bible placed
Where the Bible used to be,
Upon the top of the teacher's desk
For every child to see;
I'd like to hear the teacher say,
As my teacher used to do:
"Before we work or play, dear ones,
I want to read to you."

I'd like to see the teacher stand
And before the class explain,
And lift with reverent care the Book
That makes God's purpose plain.
And ere the youngsters went to work
I'd like to hear her voice
Repeat those words of truth and faith
That make one's soul rejoice.

I'd like to see her face light up
At each resplendent word,
And watch the children's souls shine out
At the message they had heard;
I'd like to see the sweet content
Fill the dear room, each nook,
And know that joy had come to each
When teacher reads the Book.

Yes, I'd like to see the Bible placed
Where the Bible used to be;
I'd like to hear it read aloud
In the schoolrooms of the free.
I want my children taught to know
God's matchless gift of love;
The Book of books is wisdom's gate
To that bright school above.

- Selected by P.B.S.

* * *

management, ignorance, in that a large percent of the grain and food is contaminated and destroyed by rats simply because it is unlawful to kill animals. Why communism? Many people faced with poor conditions, corrupt governments, discontent, and poverty look to communism with its alluring promises of plenty and equality.

Since we study history we are impressed by the importance of understanding people and circumstances. For we are absolutely helpless in solving a problem or helping a person until we fully understand him and his problem. Therefore if we do understand why conditions are as they are, it is very obvious that there is only one solution to the world problem. The world needs the gospel!

Why English?

Why English, or any language for that matter?

"W-a-a-h," cries the baby when he is uncomfortable. This is his means of expression. Here is the secret of the purpose of language—expression. But we must admit that the baby's cry is not very specific. An ordinary person may not know what the baby wants. The mother is likely to know his every whim and desire for she is close and understands. In expressing ourselves, we, however face the problem of conveying ideas to people who don't know us as intimately as a mother does her child. To convey our ideas so that another may grasp our thoughts so fully as to feel as we feel, to see through our eyes and hear with our ears, is the goal of expression. This magic is language.

Unless you are a natural born writer (and few people are) you need to obtain a basic understanding of sentence construction and the function of words, to express yourself as a writer or speaker.

Why Science?

"...avoiding...oppositions of science falsely so called..." I Timothy 5:20. The Bible clearly warns us against false science which is misleading and likely to cause us to err concerning the faith. Or in other words, to false reasoning instead of faith.

There is hardly any way in which God reveals Himself more fully than through His wonderful works of nature, a branch of science. This is why the study of nature is so interesting, so meaningful.

Folks may say, "Oh, yes, nature is interesting, but I don't have time to observe nature.

There are so many things I have to do." Are we too busy to listen to God speaking to us through nature?

I feel that the learning of science is a very inspiring and rewarding study. How we feel the greatness of God while viewing the stars at night! Just think of the God who created the vastness of the universe and still has an unspeakable love for a little speck such as you and I. God has created many different animals and birds, a Master Craftsman who forms with a sensitive touch the delicate finery of a dew-sprinkled rose.

Why Bible?

I have been painfully made aware that some of our schools have been denied the privilege of teaching the Bible. Why do we have our own schools? What is more important than to obtain a better knowledge of the Bible, and a closer walk with God? How can we do this without studying the Bible and keeping this as our center throughout the school day?

Why did the Bible translators sacrifice their lives so that everyone could read and study the Bible in his own language? Did they die in vain?

The Christians let out a mighty roar when the Supreme Court banned the Lord's Prayer from the public schools. They cried, "What is this country coming to?" But what is happening in our own schools? Are teachers being denied the right to share and teach from the Word of God?

A school with which I am acquainted has a plan for Bible study which I greatly admire. The ministers of the church take turns choosing scriptural texts and composing lessons, chapter by chapter, for the school. For the last lesson the minister personally comes to school, conducts the class, and discusses all previous lessons and any questions that may have arisen. Then the next minister takes his turn. This seems to work very well and there is a close relationship between the ministers and teacher. A second thing these ministers do which is very much appreciated by teachers and pupils is taking turns conducting devotions every Monday morning. This really helps to make the Bible and a closer walk with God a daily subject and a foremost desire. How can we leave out of our school the study of the Word of God, the goal of our life, the book of books, the subject of all subjects?

Why Education?

This article covers only a few of our subjects, but I believe the ones the most often questioned by parents and pupils alike. I feel the pupils who cause the greatest problem and concern for me are generally the ones who pretend to see no benefit in school and whose parents do not seem to see the need of an education. We, as teachers, must see the benefit of education if we are to dedicate ourselves to our work.

Then too, there is a danger in valuing education too highly. We need very little or no general education to become a most devoted Christian. But I seem to be able to grasp a fuller view of God as I learn more about Him and His majestic wonders.

In evaluating education, let us consider the following questions: Just when in my life can education start to harm me and why? Would you sell the education you have? For how much? How much does the ability to read and write mean to you?

We must face education as a means and not as an end in itself. I feel education is a tool and the way we use this tool makes the difference. Let us use it to the honor and glory of God.

- Stuarts Draft, Virginia

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BLACKBOARD

BULLETIN



What was expected of teachers in public schools
a hundred years ago—

The Responsibility Of The Teacher

(From the book, Good School-keeping, 1849, by
David P. Page)

The education of the heart is too much neglected in all our schools. It has often been remarked that "knowledge is power", and as truly that "knowledge without principle to regulate it may make a man a powerful villain!"

It is all-important that our youth should early receive such moral training as shall make it safe to give them knowledge. Very much of this work must devolve upon the teacher; or rather, when he undertakes to teach, he assumes the responsibility of doing this work.

The precept of the teacher may do much toward teaching the child his duty to God, to himself, and to his fellow beings. But it is not mainly by precept that this is to be done. Sermons are but little heeded in the school room; and unless the teacher has some other method of reaching the feelings and the conscience, he may despair of being successful in moral training.

The teacher should be well versed in human nature. He should know the power of conscience and the means of reaching it. He should himself have deep principle. His example in every thing before his school should be pure, flowing out from the purity of his soul. He should ever manifest the tenderest regard to the law of right and of love. He should never violate his own sense of justice, nor outrage that of his pupils.

Such a man teaches by his example. He is a "living epistle, known and read of all." He teaches as he goes in and out before the school as words can never teach.

"The more frequently we use our conscience,"

says Dr. Wayland, "in judging between actions as right or wrong, the more easily shall we learn to judge correctly concerning them. He who before every action will deliberately ask himself, 'Is this right or wrong?' will seldom mistake what is his duty. And children may do this as well as grown persons."

Let the teacher appeal as often as may be to the pupil's conscience. In a thousand ways can this be done, and it is a duty the faithful teacher owes to his scholars.

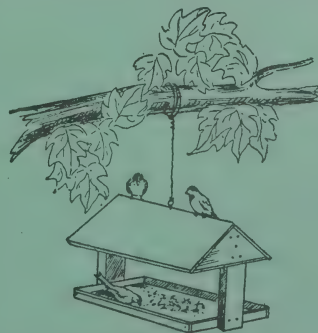
By such methods of cultivating the conscience as the sincere teacher may devise, and by his own pure example, what may he not accomplish? If he loves the truth and ever speaks the truth; if he is ever frank and sincere; if he shows that he has a tender conscience in all things and that he always refers to it for its approval in all his acts—what an influence does he exert upon the impressible minds under his guidance!

Responsibility in this matter cannot be avoided. The teacher by his example does teach, for good or for evil, whether he wants to or not. Indifference will not excuse him. If his example be pernicious, if he in-

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dulges in outbreaks of passion, if the blasphemous oath pollutes his tongue or obscene words poison his breath,—what a blighting influence is his for all coming time!

With all the attachment which young pupils will cherish even toward a bad teacher, and with all the confidence they will repose in him, who can describe the mischief which he can accomplish in one short term? The school is no place for a man without principle; I repeat, The school is no place for a man without principle.

Let such a man seek a livelihood anywhere else; or failing to gain it by other means, let starvation seize the body and send the soul back to its Maker as it is, rather than he should incur the fearful guilt of poisoning youthful minds and dragging them down to his own pitiable level. If there can be one sin greater than another, on which heaven frowns with more awful displeasure, it is that of leading the young into error and vice.

Let then the teacher study well his motives when he enters this profession, and so let him meet his responsibility in this matter as to secure the approval of his own conscience and his God.

The teacher is to some extent responsible for the religious training of the young.

We live in a Christian land. It is our glory, if not our boast, that we have descended from an ancestry that feared God and revered His Word. If we are so much indebted to the Christian religion for what we are, and so much dependent upon its life-giving truths for what we hope to be—how important it is that all our youth should be nurtured under its influences!

The teacher must teach a reverence for the Supreme Being, a reverence for His Holy Word, for the influences of His Spirit, for the character and teachings of the Saviour, and for the momentous concerns of eternity.

He can teach the evil of sin in the sight of God and the awful consequences of it upon the individual. He can teach the duty of repentance and the privilege of forgiveness. He can teach our duty to worship God, to obey His laws, to seek the guidance of His Spirit and the salvation by His Son. He can illustrate the blessedness of the divine life, the beauty of holiness and the joyful hope of heaven;—and to all this no reasonable man will be found to object so long as it is done in a truly Christian spirit.

If not in express words, most certainly his life and example should teach this. Man is a religious being. The religious principle should be early cultivated. It should be safely and carefully cultivated; and, as this cultivation is

too often entirely neglected by parents, unless it is attempted by the teacher, in many cases it will never be affected at all.

While the teacher has no right to lord it over the private conscience of any one, he is inexcusable if, believing the great truths of the Bible, he puts them away as if they concerned him not. They should command his faith and govern his conduct, and their claims upon the young should not be disowned.

At any rate, the teacher should be careful that his teaching and example do not prejudice the youthful mind against these truths. It is a hazardous thing for a man to be skeptical by himself, even when he locks his opinions up in the secrecy of his bosom; how great then is the responsibility of teaching the young to look lightly upon the only book that holds out to us the faith of immortality, and opens to us the hope of heaven!

Let the teacher well consider this matter and take heed that his teaching shall never lead one child of earth away from his heavenly Father, or from the rest of the righteous in the home of the blest.

— Submitted by a Reader

* * *

PHONICS AT NIGHT. Paul, a second-grade pupil in an Amish school, was well indoctrinated in phonics. One evening he called from the upstairs bedroom, "Mom, I can't sleep. Peter is snoring in long e."

* * *

THANK YOU TO TEACHERS WITH TIPS

Thank you, teachers who have already mailed in your teachers' tips. The number of replies has been fair, but the quality and quantity of the material you have sent is very gratifying. Also, I appreciated the many letters which wished me well. Many wondered when this project would be finished. That is a hard question, but at least not during this school year.

Many of you have been too busy to send in your tips. There is still time. But please, no more "brain teasers." I already have about six versions.

This project is not to take the place of the "teachers' tips" in the B. B., but rather to gather ideas into one convenient form. So keep on sending them to the B. B., too.

— Daniel L. Stutzman
R. 1, Ostrander, Ontario

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FROM THE

EDITOR'S DESK:

Writers - Please have your material for the May issue in to the editor by April 25. There will be no Bulletin during June and July, so we hate to see material come in late in May. Thank you.

Editorial;

Of What Value Are Grades?

One young teacher in this issue expresses dissatisfaction with hairline grading by numbers. How dare a teacher label one pupil 82% and another 83%, he asks.

His question is really, "How accurate are our methods to measure a pupil's knowledge so as to decide whether or not he shall pass?"

Measuring a pupil's progress is at best little more than comparing one child's rate with another's. If our testing is to have any value, this fact must be kept in mind. It is indeed foolish to say, "Now any of you pupils who make an average of 70 or above will pass, and anyone who has 69 or below must do the year's work over again."

Also, a pupil's grades are at all times subject to a teacher's judgment. If her judgment is poor, or her knowledge of a pupil's work is incomplete, the grades may be little more than guessing. I know of a lad who received all A's from one teacher, and when the new teacher the following year placed B's and C's on his first report card, he was really discouraged.

And any of us who have ever taught are likely to admit that a pupil's conduct has a way of influencing his grades! The well-behaved child is more likely to get an A on his report than the one who is always in mischief, even though both children do equally good work.

If we can't trust grades, of what value are they then? They are of considerable value but we must be careful not to attach too great an importance to them. We must keep in mind that any grading system we use has its limitations.

When we place a thermometer in hot water, we can measure the temperature to the nearest degree. If we place a watermelon on a scale, we can weigh it to the nearest pound. When we want to know how far it is to Middletown, we

can measure it in miles.

But measuring a child's knowledge is something else. First of all, we have no measuring device that is accurate. The tests and daily work we give may be easy, or they may be difficult. Second, the child's answers are subject to our interpretation, and no concrete terms have yet been developed for the purpose of analyzing exactly what a child knows. We can't fasten a helmet to his head, turn a knob and press a button, and then watch the dial flash, "This child's brain contains 17 units of knowledge whereas it should contain 21 for a child in his grade."

The grading and testing we do can be very helpful in telling us how a child is progressing. These things will help a teacher decide what is best for a particular child—whether he is learning as he should, and where he is having difficulty.

I think most of our schools still use a numbering system of percentages to compute grades and compare them. This is probably as fair a way as any, and is especially suited to the grading of arithmetic or other assignments where a clear verdict of correct or incorrect is easy to establish.

We have no quarrel with such a system if used with care and understanding. Our intention is only to state its limitations, and to remind the teachers that they are the ones that must make the decision whether a child is capable of doing the next year's work; the decision is not automatically made in black and white by what is written in the grade book.

- J. S.

* * *

Toward Better School Libraries

In last month's issue mention was made of the scarcity of good upbuilding children's books for our school libraries. May we now pass on

two suggestions that have been handed to us?

Number one is that a half-dozen schools pool their library books, and keep them in circulation from one school to the next. Changing the books every six months or so would certainly give a fresh look to a stale library shelf; changing more frequently would be even better.

This kind of set-up would take some effort, but I think it would be worth it. The Amish schools in one Ohio county are working together to obtain and distribute textbooks, and this should be an easier task.

How could it be done? Perhaps one board member of each participating school could be appointed to a purchasing committee. This committee could see that the books were kept in circulation, also.

Such a plan would make possible a wider range of books in our school libraries at less cost. A sister from Pennsylvania made the suggestion, and we promised her it would be mentioned in the Bulletin. There is only one catch, and that is the scarcity of good books to buy—or perhaps it is merely not knowing where or which books to buy. For this we need Plan No. 2.

Plan No. 2 is what we suggested last month—having a list of suitable library books for school boards to consult. Right now before the schools dismiss for the summer would be a good time to get such a list started. If every teacher would take a few minutes to check through her school library, there is no reason we shouldn't be able to get up a list without too much trouble.

The books our children read will influence their character. We should encourage them to read the kind of material that will make them better persons, that will challenge them to do right; this will mean well-filled library shelves of carefully-chosen books, both at school and at home.

So, please, teachers, cooperate. Send your recommendations to The Blackboard Bulletin. Study the points below and give us all the information you can. (You need not list the Pathway books, as we know about them.) You may want to use index cards, one to each book. We hope to hear from you.

Name of book _____
Author _____
Publisher's name and address: (This is important) _____
No. of pages _____ Price, if known \$ _____
Age level _____ Type of story _____
Comments: _____

*

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*

Thy Will Be Done

- A Teacher

This morning I started off to school eagerly, determined in my own weakness to make this a happier week in school than we had last week. I asked God to help me in my duties and in being a better example, so that no trouble would arise.

We had so many misbehavior marks on the board last week that I was very much ashamed of them. How nice to start over now. Let's see if we can't keep those marks off!!

We started in just grand. Papers were well prepared and everyone finished on time..."My, this is fine! I guess a teacher's life is sometimes pleasant after all." Those were my thoughts, again centered too much on my self. Then, bang! up comes No. 1. "Teacher, someone has talked naughty again." (Questioning) "Did you hear him? Did he say it to you? Were you doing something to pester him? What did he say? Well, I'll have to talk with him." (Dismissed)

Oh, dear, why must that spoil my day? I had to punish for that very same thing last week. This was a different pupil but I had talked to the whole class. After talking alone with the "guilty one", it proved to be true. I thanked him when he finally confessed it. As this was a first time for him I let him by with one mark, which means no play time one noon hour, plus telling his parents when he came home. Tears? Yes, quite a few and he seemed to be sorry when I again tried to tell him of the outcome of such habits, so I am hoping that will take care of it.

Before the day was over another problem came up. Again we tried to find out who was involved. No luck so far, but we're hoping to get something by morning. May God take over is my plea. He has always helped find a solution, and I trust He will again if we can give ourselves up to His will.

After school I asked myself, "Why did this happen the very first day of the week?" An inner voice began to speak at about that time and seemed to say quite clearly, "Did you ask God for His will?" In shame I bowed my head and cried out, "Dear Lord, not my will but Thine be done. Send what You will, and let me accept it as Your plan. Then please guide me and give me wisdom to deal with whatever comes, in a way that would be pleasing to You."

With the promise of God's help and the cooperation of the parents, I will try not to worry about the morrow, but have the lesson I learned

today forever in my heart; THY WILL BE DONE.

- Ohio

* * *

A NOTE FROM KNOB VIEW

Greetings in the holy Saviour's name:—We are two eighth grade girls who are interested in writing to the Blackboard Bulletin about Knob View School, where Jonas Nisley teaches his fourth term.

There are also three boys in our grade. Their names are Mose Miller, John Nisley, and Abe Raber.

Amanda N. Yoder was born June 27, 1953, and Katie Ann Yoder was born January 25, 1954, We have lived in Ohio all our lives.

The first period of the day we recite arithmetic. The second period we have reading except for the seventh and eighth graders. We have history one day and geography the next. The sixth grade have reading one day, history the second day, and geography the third day.

When it's time for noon we sing a song before we eat. After the noon period we have spelling classes. The last period of the day we have English classes.

If there is time we sing English songs every Wednesday. Thursday afternoons we have art. The last period every Friday we have German reading and also learn things by heart, such as the first Psalm, the 23rd Psalm, Matthew 5, etc.

In history we have been studying about when Andrew Johnson was president. Our geography lesson just now is about India. About three-fourths of the people of India are farmers living in many thousands of scattered villages.

We are learning to work percentage problems three different ways in arithmetic.

A few things we play in school at recess and noon are jumping rope, electric, seven-up, andy-over, and stink base.

We are looking forward to seeing letters from other seventh and eighth grade girls, too.

Amanda and Katie Ann Yoder
R. 1, Baltic, Ohio 43804

* * *

PLAIN-VIEW SCHOOL
CLARK, MISSOURI

Dear Teachers and all Bulletin Readers,

First a friendly greeting of love to all in Jesus' name.

What a nice day! At recess the children were

playing Dog and Deer in the snow. How rosy-cheeked they were when they came in to resume their lessons.

This is my fourth term of teaching. I must say I have enjoyed it very much. Of course, there are days that are very trying, but perhaps if every day were perfect we would forget to turn to God for help. I know I have learned a lot since I began teaching, but there is still a lot to learn.

Visitors, especially parents, are always welcome here at Plain View. We've had quite a few visitors, but not many parents.

Some parents may think, "What's the use of visiting school? When I'm there, my children will of course behave." And it's true, they will. But what the parents can observe the other pupils doing is probably what their own children will do when they are not there.

It is also important for the parents and teacher to discuss the children's progress frequently. I'm very thankful for the fine cooperation I have had from parents.

I appreciated the advice on having older pupils help with checking. This gives a teacher more time for other work. The children seem to enjoy it, and I think the experience is educational.

I believe it is best when everything is thoroughly checked. Many pupils wish to see their own mistakes. I check in class whenever possible.

I have read in the Bulletin that many pupils like to play school at recess time. My five second-grade girls do that too. It is amusing to listen and watch. I have noticed, too, that they imitate their own teacher. It seems good to see that they all prefer being the teacher rather than pupils. I must ask myself, "Am I setting a good example for them?"

Is singing important? To my way of thinking, it is. We sing in English the first three days of the week, and on Thursday and Friday we sing in German. I wish we could improve our singing some more.

Only a month of school left! Can we realize it? Have I done my best to teach the children what is worthwhile? Time surely flies in the classroom.

The questions arise, "How do we get the children to understand what they read?" and "How can we get them to read and speak louder?" Mine have improved very much but I still think they could improve more.

I feel the teacher should let the pupils know that she makes mistakes too. I find it is sometimes necessary to apologize.

We have been getting the Blackboard Bulletin for three years. I wouldn't want to be without it. Recently we've been receiving the Ambassador of Peace too, and also find that is a very interesting little paper.

Maybe I'd better quit and let the more experienced teachers write; but it takes both readers and writers to make a paper.

A rather amusing incident happened recently. One of our little second grade girls was absent. When I asked her sister if she was sick, the answer was, "Yes, I think so." The next day I asked the little girl about it and she said, "I wasn't sick. I just got up too late!" I think it is very important to send the children to school whenever possible.

Let's turn to God for daily guidance.

Yours for a successful term,

- Anna Miller

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BURTON, OHIO 44021
R. 2, Box 222A
March 23, 1968

Springtime greetings from Meadow Glow School, to all B. B. readers and staff, in our Saviour's blessed name.

Our pupils were asked to list what they were thankful for. A sixth grader wrote, "I am thankful for my kind parents, brothers, and sister, and for our comfortable home, food and beds. I am thankful my daddy doesn't sit in beer joints and drink as some men do."

Many others turned in nice papers on this subject. Some mentioned how grateful they are for the Bible and for God. Using their talents in so many different ways in school reminds us of the words, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

At the beginning of our school term we discussed what our policy should be regarding the speaking of English. The parents quite wholeheartedly agreed the pupils should try to speak English while on the school grounds.

So a chart was made and stars given to each one who spends a day in school without once speaking Dutch. Small prizes were to be given to those with all A's on the chart at the end of a six or eight week period.

By the time the second chart was full, we had so many competing with A's that we had to make a trip to the store for prizes. Several pupils made perfect scores throughout and won special prizes.

The results seem rewarding. Better spelling sentences are being made, and most of our

pupils can communicate quite readily in English. The pupils who practice the English language in their everyday play in school will eventually understand their work and instructions in the textbooks better and easier.

During my nearly four terms of teaching school I have noticed that the pupils who can't express themselves in the English language also have a hard time grasping the directions how to do their work, and in understanding what they read.

Now this is not meant as any reflection on schools who would rather not have rules of this kind. It is only to share with others what seems to help in our school.

It is nice to know two languages, providing we know the definitions of the words we've learned and can use them in sentences. If this ruling in school would influence our young folks to use the English in later years (and drop the "Dutch") we certainly would go cautiously with this. However, the language taught us from our mother's lap seems to prevail at home and in after-school years.

Sobering thoughts always enter teachers' minds as the end of a school year nears. Have I offered the slow learners enough help? Or have I assisted some other more forward ones too much, thus depriving the less fortunate ones of valuable encouragement? Were the punishments given in the right attitude to show true Christian love? Did I favor someone unintentionally? May God, who is no respecter of persons, keep us teachers from showing partiality.

Let this mind be in you, which was in Christ Jesus.

In humble service,

- Levi L. Hershberger

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APPLE CREEK, OHIO
March 26, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in our Saviour's name.

I certainly think it would be worthwhile work to teach. I enjoy visiting schools. It is especially a pleasure to hear them sing.

At present there are no school-age children here at my home. We had five of them until March 1 when Felty Masts moved to Bowling Green, Missouri. So now I don't hear much school news unless I go visit schools.

Since so many of my cousins are teaching, I often think about it, too.

- Miss Lovina J. Miller

Should A Slow Child Be Passed Or Failed?

- By Amos M. Sherk

Teachers! Our school term is again nearing completion. (I can hear some of you saying, "That is evident. Resort to a topic more soothing to our nerves.") But just hold on a second. Was the end of the term not our goal in September? Why the frayed nerves? Surely the end of the term is not unwelcome because you are not ready for summer yet.

A little investigation shows us where the problem lies. It is not so much finishing this year, as it is beginning the next. We all have our certain someones who lack what they need for tackling the following grade. What about them? Should they be passed or failed?

My personal opinion concerning this matter of passing and failing is that the greater part of our concern should be "dumped down the drain". What is our purpose in having schools, anyway? Surely it is not merely to set up a comparison between pupils. I dare say the teacher is non-existent who would claim such extraordinary powers as to say one child deserves 82% while another deserves 83%. Still, aren't we caught doing this very thing?

I have sincerely pondered the pros and cons of a more generalized grading system, such as letter grading. Certainly, a teacher who decides to "fail" a pupil should not do so merely on the basis of his exam grade—the matter should receive careful consideration from all points and angles.

The child who attends school for a year learns many things in that time. His test grades might seem hopeless yet the truth remains—that child has probably picked up all he could digest. Did he not accomplish all that his God-given talents allowed? Is as much required from the child with one talent as from the child with ten?

In the parable of the talents, the reason the unfaithful servant was reproved was not because he had been given only one talent but because he had been slothful. If we are convinced a pupil is like that servant, then perhaps we have the right to "fail" him. By having to repeat the grade he may learn a lesson of the folly of idleness. There are many circumstances that enter into our final decision.

Let us take these things into consideration before making any rash moves during the final stages of the year's work. If a child did his best, it is his right to be allowed to proceed

further at his own speed. It is certainly a gross miscarriage of justice to force him to repeat work which he has already done once.

I know it seems like a lot of extra work to have a few pupils who must be allowed to advance at their own speed—who are in one grade for one subject and with another grade for the next subject. But that is what we teachers are here for—to give each pupil all he can readily digest.

So, the next time we are preparing to "fail" a child, let us first diligently prove all angles—whether it is justice and impartiality and we truly seek the best for the child. Or whether perhaps prejudice or poor family relations may enter in. As teachers the verdict is ours. May the Lord bless our decision.

Wishing all of you the grace and goodness which the Lord so gladly presents to those who are worthy of it, I shall close.

Only a teacher,

- Linwood, Ontario

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WHAT DO CHILDREN THINK OF US?

- Elton S. Miller

This being my first year of teaching, I have learned a lot indeed. I still have much to learn, for that matter. The one thing that has impressed me is this: We are all an example to someone else.

Children form an opinion of us grown-ups. They look up to someone older for a pattern or example to follow.

How do children form their opinions? They form it from our actions and words, but actions speak by far the loudest. If they see us do something that is wrong, they will innocently think they may do it too. Or if it is something they know is wrong, they will consider us a bad person until they see us do something better or what is right.

Let us think twice before we do something, whether or not we are in the presence of children. For we are always in the presence of God.

I have heard the boys and girls in the lower grades talk to each other about their fathers and mothers or about other people. Sometimes a person is really surprised by what they say, and even more surprised when he realizes it is true.

- Topeka, Indiana

Must We Do The Story Problems , Too?

The scene is a typical Amish Parochial School. Arithmetic classes are in session. The teacher is at the board explaining percentage problems. This is new to the sixth graders, and they seem to think the problems are somewhat difficult, especially finding the answers to the nearest cent.

The teacher is speaking: "Now, do you think you understand the work? O.K., we'll assign page 258 for tomorrow. Do the whole page, and work carefully. If you run into any difficulty, I'll help you. Are there any questions?"

One hand goes up. "Do we start with number 6?"

With some difficulty the teacher quenches the impulse that arises within herself, and answers with just a tinge of impatience in her voice. "Why no. We start with number one. Do the reading problems, too."

Again the hand is raised. "But, do we work those the same as we did the ones on the board?"

"We did work number one on the board for you, but you must read the rest and try to think them out. Some of them ask for the discount, while others ask for the net price. You must read them and see if you can distinguish the difference."

This scene and similar scenes have been repeated over and over again, and are probably found in other classrooms, too. But would pupils who were never allowed to skip thought problems ask such questions?

Any teacher can without too much difficulty teach her pupils to add, subtract, multiply, and divide: but is it going to do the pupils any good if they don't learn when to use these fundamentals of arithmetic? I think too often we neglect thought problems in the first and second grades, thinking that they will be able to learn those later on when they can understand them easier. Time spent with the lower grades working those pages of reading problems is time well spent, in my opinion.

Rather than just reading the problems to them, then giving them a good hint, and letting them guess "add" or "subtract", make the problems realistic. For example, "Johnny, you have 2 pencils on your desk here. Now I'm going to give you one more. Do you add or subtract to find how many you have now?" Or, "Susie, suppose you had 3 cookies in your lunch. If you eat some, do we add or subtract to find how many you have left?"

I find the reading problems in the fourth

grade probably the hardest for the pupils to understand. They start with 2 and 3 step problems, and must distinguish between multiplying and dividing problems. Teach your pupils to think, rather than guess. In the first half of the year, we had the pupils explain the problems in class the day they were assigned. Now since they're further advanced in thought problems, I assign the pages, and encourage them to do their best and ask for no help. We want to see how many can think out all these problems. Then the next day in class, they read the problems, take turns explaining each step, and give their answers.

If someone does not have all the problems, he or she reads the problems that were hard, and then we reason them out. Here again we might say, "Now suppose you had \$10.00, and went to the store; etc." This method is time consuming, but well worth the time. If a pupil can get all the thought problems in the fourth grade, he will have very little trouble in the following grades.

I know some of the problems look very simple to us teachers, but let's not discourage our pupils further by saying, "Why, those problems are simple! I can work them in my head!" We must see the problems through children's eyes.

I encourage my pupils to use the three-minute method for thought problems. Two minutes to think them out, and one minute to work them.

- by a teacher, Ohio

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PEEK AROUND THE CORNER

(Editor: Here is a game your pupils might enjoy playing outdoors, now that the weather is warmer. Thanks to the contributor, Eleanor Hostetler, Deer Grove, Illinois).

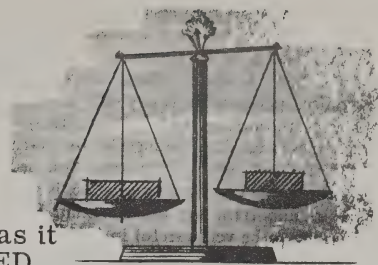
One pupil is "it". He goes to the opposite side of the school house from where the other children are and yells, "O.K." The person who is "it" must then keep walking all the time while the others come along behind, peeking around the corner to see if "it" has already rounded the next corner. The person who is "it" keeps looking back as well as forward as he walks, and calls out the name of each person he sees until all have been caught. Each one as he is caught drops out of the game.

* * *

The Real Public School

- By an 11-year-old girl who attends

This letter by a school girl is being printed exactly as it was received, with the original spelling and wording. ED.



Dear Readers,

I am writing so that you can get the real view of public schools.

There are good points, but too many points the Amish don't approve of. Some good points are that we have some very good teachers. Some well-meaning teachers read the Bible Story Book since reading the regular Bible is not permitted.

Our Christmas program was good last year. Some good Christian-like songs were sung and some of the Testament was read. Most teachers have silent meditation in opening exercises and prayers or meditation before lunch. These good points we are thankful for.

But some of the things that aren't too good for the Amish children are the gymnasiums, the art, the music, the movies and television. Flag-saluting is also not approved of by us.

Gymnasiums are included twice a week in our school. Tumbling, summersaulting, ect, are a part. Once a girl refused to do summersaulting and was sent back to her homeroom, disgraced in the eyes of the gym teacher. But sometimes we are excused.

In music class square dancing was done. Unchristian-like songs are sung and sometimes are very romantic and silly. A first grader was taught a song that went something like this:

"I am a pretty little Dutch girl

As pretty as pretty can be.

And all the boys in my hometown

Are crazy over me!"

It's sad that a eager-to-learn first grader is taught such rubbish as this when good Christian songs could take the place of these.

Movies and television are watched a few times a week. Including some on war that are frightful to see. The learning of good songs, poems, German, ect. could take the place of these.

Home work is freely given. How can a child be expected to do his or her full share of chores if they have homework consisting the time of one to two hours?

Art is sometimes just splashes of paint on a large peice of paper or odd shaped peices of

colored paper on a larger peice of paper. This is called modern art. But sometimes decent things are made.

Flag-saluting is expected of the pupils every morning.

How the Amish children who go to such schools as this and their parents hope for a parochial school in the near years! Will you pray for us and the other people who want to establish another school better suited for our beliefs?

- A scholar who hopes to go to an Amish school in the years ahead.

P.S. I enjoy the Blackboard Bulletin very much.

(To the Editor: I am _____, age 11. Please do not print my name in the B.B. if you find it worthwhile publishing.)

* * *

YOU TELL ON YOURSELF

Author Unknown

You tell on yourself by the friends you seek,
By the very manner in which you speak,
By the way you employ your leisure time,
By the use you make of each dollar and dime.

You tell what you are by the things you wear,
The spirit in which your burdens you bear,
By the kind of things at which you laugh,
By the songs you sing—just a paragraph.

You tell what you are by the way you walk,
By the things of which you delight to talk,
By the manner in which you bear defeat,
By so simple a thing as the way you eat.

By the books you choose from the well-filled shelf;
In these ways and more you tell on yourself.
So there's really no particle of sense
In an effort to keep up a false pretense.

- Submitted by Sara Yoder, Guthrie, Ky.

* * *

Wall Alphabet Sets

WITH NUMERALS

- By Christian G. Esh

We have again made a supply of German and English wall alphabet sets for parochial schools. It is hard to keep up with orders and we are sorry that some schools had to wait so long. There is much time and work involved in turning out these sets and we usually just make them in late winter. My wife Malinda and my niece, Emma Esh do the tracing with stencils and pencil. I do the painting by hand with a Wendell stripping tool.

In 1966 we made twenty sets with a polyethylene-coated material called concoroply. But that did not stay a clear white as had been guaranteed. The company that made it has backed the guarantee and folded. Some of the material they sold us was of inferior quality, and had been made by the bosses when the employees were on strike. We have considered making adjustments where some sections of letters have turned almost brown, but it is almost impossible to be fair to all, for the twenty sets are scattered from Maryland to Wisconsin. After much thought and discussion we decided the fairest way is to cut the price of the sets we have now made, because most of our customers were school boards who usually come back for more.

There was a suggestion from Geauga County that we use a material with a baked-on enamel finish, but this chips and cracks too easily and is far too expensive. (Thanks for the suggestion just the same.) After much searching and experimenting we decided to use a vynal-coated pressed hard-board called wek-ply. This is pure white and after two years exposure seems

to stay that way. It is made and guaranteed by the Meade Paper Co., Lynchburg, Va.

To help cut costs we made all sets the same with numbers included. This takes wall space of two feet high and twenty-four feet long: twenty feet for the letters and four feet for the numbers.

Each set is put up in a package of the six sections 1"x2'x4' and weighs thirty lbs. They are not mailable, but so far we have been able to send them with directors, teachers or interested friends going the direction we needed to send them.

We have run into considerable trouble when school time approached and people started rushing in at the last minute for a set of letters. We have tried to hold sets for folks who said they might want one; then we sell out and someone is disappointed. Because of labor and expense involved we only make so many at once, and usually no more for a year.

The annual Pennsylvania directors' meeting is at our neighbor's home this spring and we would probably be able to send them to most states from there. Or we will hold them until the teacher's meeting in the summer if they are paid. We expect to send them there free of extra charge. The price is \$18.00 a set.

* * *

Christian G. Esh
R. 1, Gordonville, Penna. 17529

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GOD IS

NOWHERE



A hard stern man upon a sickbed lay,
More and more feeble with each passing day;
No hallowing stream of heavenly peace was
there,
No ray of love divine—no breath of prayer.

Kind Christian friends on holiest mission
bent,
Came bright and hopeful—sad and anxious went;
Harder and sterner still the atheist grew,
The flinty heart no answering softness knew.

Angry at last at each persistent call,
With firm refusal he denied them all;
The Saviour's sacred name he would not hear;
His loving words could find no listening ear.

"Wife, fetch the blackboard, and a bit of chalk!
One way remains to stop this senseless talk;
I will write something which is truth indeed,
And have it placed where everyone may read."

The thin, weak hand that scarce the chalk could
hold,
Wrote, "God is nowhere," very large and bold;
The fearful sentence met his waking sight
In wretched mockery, by day and night.

Time crept along—hour after hour passed o'er,
While the death angel still his touch forbore;
Lower and lower burned the flickering flame,
And slower yet the fitful pulses came.

Then happier change repaid the anxious view
And hope so long denied, sprang forth anew;
Through every vein a fuller current flowed,
And heaven once more the gift of life bestowed.

Soon the fond father sought his banished child,
Who oft with prattle sweet, his heart beguiled;
Charmed to come back, she told her little news
And showed her "nice new gown and pretty shoes."

"And that's not all—the tones grew eager now—
For I can read—my aunty taught me how!"
"Nonsense, my dear?" the father quick re-
plied,
"You cannot read, of that I'm satisfied."

"Yes, father dear! Oh yes! I truly can,
For aunty taught me"—and the child began
To look around perchance to find some way
Of proving what her words had failed to say.

The father smiled and pointing to the wall
Said: "Well read that, if you can read at all;"
She hesitated—and the father spoke—
"I told you so—I knew it was a joke."

But still she strove—her deep and earnest
eyes
Fixed on the board,—and soon in glad sur-
prise,
Exclaimed, "I know it now! Oh yes, I see.
'God-is-now-here'—the last word puzzled me!"

The conscience-stricken man, in mute amaze,
Covered his face to hide his startled gaze,
While, from the rocky fount, untouched for
years,
Burst forth a flood of pure and holy tears.

"My God! My child—and has my darling learned
What I with death so near, denied and spurned?
Father, forgive and fill with love divine,
That life thy mercy spared,—now wholly Thine!"

* * *

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP

IX

Answers on next page

1. posse (pos' ē)—A. flower; B. squad; C. plunge; D. search
2. scheme (skēm)—A. kerchief; B. bureau; C. plot; D. pagan
3. frantic (fran' tik)—A. wild; B. hurried; C. noisy; D. dangerous
4. lucid (lōō' sid)—A. immoral; B. clear; C. true; D. oblique
5. gangling (gang' ling)—A. awkwardly tall and lanky; B. easily climbed; C. causing death; D. hanging
6. wan (won)—A. gloomy; B. healthy; C. mischievous; D. victorious
7. stoop (stoop)—A. uneducated person; B. death-like state; C. unconsciousness; D. small porch
8. aggregate (ag' rə-gāt)—A. material; B. precious stone; C. tropical fruit; D. total
9. libel (li' bəl)—A. likely; B. slander; C. false written statement; D. a spoken untruth
10. goblet (gob' lit)—A. a game resembling chess; B. a male turkey; C. a portable shield; D. a drinking glass

SPEAKING ENGLISH AT PLAYTIME

- By a Board Member

I would like to relate our experience with this matter of asking the children to speak English at noon and recesses. Two years ago we hired a new teacher and she asked the pupils to speak English all the time. We board members went along with this.

At that time one of our old ministers donated his time to bring some of the pupils to school. About the second month of school he talked to me about this. He said that one afternoon when he came after the pupils, the first graders were out playing. He said those little ones could talk English so easily already, he was afraid when they would be through school it would be one step easier to factory jobs, etc. And he does not think factory work is upbuilding to the church. His suggestion was that we might per-

haps change the rule to speaking English perhaps one week per month, or something like that, rather than all the time. There is a deacon from the neighboring church who is sending his children to our school, and he feels the same way.

To give my opinion about this—it is much easier for me as a board member to operate our school with the approval of our ministers, rather than according to my own ideas.

- Indiana

* * *

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley

of the shadow of death

I will fear no evil:

for thou art with me;

thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me

in the presence of mine enemies:

thou anointest my head with oil;

my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

all the days of my life:

and I will dwell in the house of the Lord
for ever.

IF THE CHRIST WHO DIED

If the Christ who died had stopped at the cross
His work had been incomplete;

If the Christ who was buried had stayed in the
tomb

He had only known defeat;

But the way of the cross never stops at the cross

And the way of the tomb leads on

To victorious grace in the heavenly place

Where our risen Lord has gone.

- Selected by a Reader

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP ANSWERS

1. posse: B. squad; as, A posse of ranchers was formed to search for the cattle thieves.
2. scheme: C. plot; as, The woman's scheme was to steal from the company by forging checks. Greek schema, "a plan".
3. frantic: A. wild; as, After discovering that the child was missing, the mother made a frantic search through the house.
4. lucid: B. clear; as, The book on birds gave a lucid account of a robin building her nest. Latin lucere, "to shine".
5. gangling: A. awkwardly tall and lanky; as, The gangling country boy tripped over his own feet.
6. wan: A. gloomy; as, The little girl had a wan expression on her face, when she was told there would be no vacation. Old English wann, "dark, gloomy".
7. stoop: D. small porch; as, The front stoop of the house was made of cement and had an iron railing around it.
8. aggregate: D. total; as, The aggregate of the collected canned goods for relief was 392 quarts. Latin gregare, "to collect".
9. libel: C. a false written statement; as, The newspaper was sued for libel because of what it wrote about the mayor.
10. goblet: D. a drinking glass; as, The ruby-shaded goblets filled with wine graced the banquet table. Celtic gobel, "a drinking cup".

* * *

Finish the verse—

1. Little children, keep yourselves _____.
2. Let not the sun go down upon _____.
3. The Lord is my shepherd, _____.
4. For where your treasure is, there will _____.
5. If ye love me keep _____.
6. Ye cannot serve God and _____.
7. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called _____.
8. Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, _____.
9. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit _____.
10. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, _____.

10. and pursue it
 of God 8. to him it is sin 9. before a fall
 commands 6. mammon 7. the children
 3. I shall not want 4. your heart be also 5. my
 1. from idols 2. your wrath, Eph. 4:26

Answers to Quiz No. 16.

* * *

God did make us all different, as the first grader said: "Just so big, and I grew the rest of the way." If we are torchbearers, we give him light; if we show understanding, we help him to grow in love; if we have an outlook of hope, we fill him with courage. How much a child grows depends on how much we build.



BEAUTY

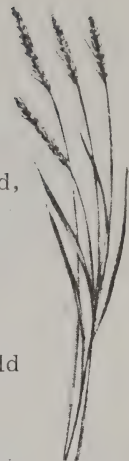
There is beauty in the forest
 When the trees are green and fair;
 There is beauty in the meadow
 When wild flowers scent the air.
 There is beauty in the sunlight
 And the soft blue beams above.
 Oh, the world is full of beauty
 When the heart is full of love.

—Author Unknown.

PARENTAL

DELINQUENCY

They walked through the wheat field,
 mother and dad.
 And with them came trudging their
 own little lad.
 Their progress was slow, for the
 grain had grown tall
 And the night was so dark they could
 scarce see at all.



When the mother was tempted to stop
 in despair
 The daddy would whisper, "We soon
 will be there."
 Then tighter he clasped her dear
 hand in his own
 And they pressed their way on, as
 though they were alone.

At length, Mother questioned, "How's
 Sonny? Is he
 Having trouble? It's so dark I can't
 see."
 Dad's heart shrank within him and
 fear gripped him too,
 "Why, Mother, I thought he was
 walking with you!"

"No I do not have him! I don't under-
 stand—
 I thought he was there holding your
 other hand."
 Then frantic and anxious they turned
 their way back.
 But they were unable to follow their
 track.
 They wandered till morning in the
 tall waving grain,
 To find the dear lad, but their
 search was in vain.

Oh, Mother and dad, in this great
 field of life,
 As you press your way forward as
 husband and wife.
 When children have come to bless
 your family band,
 They need both to guide them—so
 each take a hand!

— Mrs. Ray Merrill

WHAT WOULD HE SAY?

If He should come today,
And find my hands so full
Of future plans, however fair,
In which my Saviour has no share,
What would He say?

If He should come today,
And find my love so cold,
My faith so very weak and dim,
I had not even looked for Him,
What would He say?

If He should come today,
And find I had not told,
One soul about my Heavenly Friend,
Whose blessings all my way attend,
What would He say?

If He should come today,
Would I be glad—quite glad?
Remembering He had died for all,
And none, through me, had heard His call,
What would He say?

- By Grace E. Troy

* * * * *

OAK RIDGE SCHOOL
SUGARCREEK, OHIO

Dear Readers,

Greetings to you all in our Lord's name. Reading an article is more interesting than writing one, but I will try to do my share in writing for this worthwhile little newspaper.

We have a nice new schoolhouse, located about one-fourth mile north of Road 75, turning off at Jonathan Millers. Along one side of the road that runs past the school is a big woods, and on the other side a valley of farms. The little town of Barrs Mills can be seen in the distance—a pretty view.

At present thirty-one pupils fill the desks. One sixth grade girl had the mishap of breaking her leg, but is able to attend again with crutches. Also, a sixth grade boy had surgery and was placed in a cast. He won't be able to finish the term.

As I read the teachers' articles, the meaning is easily grasped, for we have the same experiences. During my experience in teaching, the parents and board members have been of much help. And, of course, without the help of God we wouldn't get very far.

Very few of the parents have visited us, al-

though at Christmas there was a good attendance. And on our last day of School—Picnic Day—(which will soon be here!), I expect them present again.

Best wishes to you all.

Sincerely,

- Nora Yoder

* * *

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT

An old schoolmaster said one day to a clergyman, who came to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Christian instruction word for word."

"But do they understand it? That is the question," said the clergyman.

The schoolmaster bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, Honor thy father and mother, and he was asked to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, his face covered with blushes, said almost in a whisper, "Yesterday I showed some strange man over the mountain, and the sharp stones cut my feet. The man saw they were bleeding and gave me some money to buy shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes, either, and I thought I could go barefooted better than she could."

- Selected

* * *

LAGRANGE, INDIANA 46761
March 9, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' holy name.

I think teaching school has been a good experience for me. Hardly a day passes but something new is learned. My own shortcomings keep reminding me, though, that I am far from the teacher I would like to be.

My first three years of teaching were spent at Little Acorn. In the fall I stepped into a newly-constructed building which really wasn't quite finished on opening day. I had thirty-seven pupils from grades one to eight at the beginning. There are only thirty pupils now, as one family moved shortly after school was in session, and two pupils have completed their school days.

We also have vocational classes here, taught in the basement by Anna Marie Miller. She started with nine pupils, but will have only two left by spring.

Recently I had the privilege of visiting schools in Geauga County. Alma Graber, Ada Miller,

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

(teacher of Hawpatch School), sister Verna and I started for Ohio early Saturday morning. After our arrival we spent the rest of the day visiting relatives. On Sunday we attended church at Mose Bylers in South Troy church where I had been at home once. Monday and Tuesday were spent visiting schools.

Our first school was Troy Parochial taught by Amanda Hershberger and Monroe Schmucker. After recess Amanda left her work and joined us for the day. Our second stop was at Nash Road where Wilma Glick teaches. Wilma also joined us for the rest of the day. The afternoon was spent at Parkman Parochial and Hosmer Road School.

The following day we made stops at Meadow Glow, Valley View, Fox Run and the Nauvoo School. Two of these schools are being taught by my uncles, Clarence Miller and Enos Schrock.

I believe the time was well spent and enjoyed by all, and as always many interesting facts could be collected along the way.

A few schools had surprisingly few visitors this year. I think it would be better if more parents would take the time to visit school. This encourages the pupils and the teacher.

Not all the parents in our school have taken time to come, but I am hoping they can find time before the spring work begins. Come visit our school!

Sincerely,
- Katie Schrock

* * *

GRABILL, INDIANA
March 15, 1968

Dear Readers,

I would like to help fill a page of the B. B. with news of our school.

The name of our school is Amish Parochial School No. 1. It is a two-story building with grades 6, 7, 8, consisting of 41 students, on the top floor. John Zehr is our teacher. Grades 3, 4, 5, with 47 students are in the basement. Mary Ann Eicher is their teacher.

At the beginning of the year we made a spelling chart to put on the bulletin board. If we get a hundred in spelling on a weekly test we have a choice of a green, red, gold, or silver star. If we get a hundred on a six-week or semester test we have the privilege of getting a blue star. Otherwise no blue stars are permitted. Our chart is getting to be very colorful now.

In history the sixth graders were studying about illuminated manuscripts which the monks used to make. While they were studying about

them, they each made one. One row made one using the first Psalm. The other row made one using the twenty-third Psalm. Each student had a different verse.

A few weeks ago our teacher finished reading the book At The Crossroads. Quietly laying it aside, he told us to make book reports on it. Frowns appeared on some faces, some heads became itchy, but in spite of it all we each had a report to hand in the next day. Following is a report on the book.

Title: At The Crossroads

Author: Minnie E. Ludwig

Summary

Born to Christian parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Ludlaw, were a son Charles and a daughter, Elizabeth. They were reared in a fine Christian way in hopes that they would give their hearts to the Lord.

Charles fell under the influence of sinful companions and was soon led astray. Leaving his dearest girl, Vienna Harvey, and his wonderful home he left for Chicago one midnight at the age of 19. There he met and married Judith Delver, a very attractive yet sinful girl. After a few years a dear little son named Stephen was born. Judith always referred to her son as the "kid" and paid no attention to him until she was on her deathbed. Reaping the wages of sin, Judith took ill and died, leaving a grieved husband and a motherless child.

Charles was soon happily converted and in hopes of going home to his dear parents in Elm Point. Then he was struck by an automobile one evening, leaving Stephen a poor homeless orphan boy to make his own way through life. He soon took charge of an old shack in a narrow alley. He met a boy, nicknamed Freckles, and soon followed his pattern in life, selling newspapers. Stephen often grieved alone over Freckles, whose mother was dead and whose father was a drunkard, without fully realizing his own situation.

After many lonely years in the old shack Stephen was given better care in the fine Christian home of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester.

One evening many years later, Stephen opened his suitcase to look once more at his father's treasures. A letter fell out, yellow with age, written by his own father, Charles. This letter was the key to a new life for he found his grandparents through it.

A few years after his arrival at his grandparents' home, they sent him to school where he met a Christian girl, Joy Louisa Williams. In the meantime Grace, a cousin to Stephen, was

engaged to David, who turned out to be Freckles. A double wedding was planned. There was a happy reunion at the wedding when Stephen and Freckles found each other at last, after having given up all hopes of ever seeing each other again.

- An eighth grade student,
Sarah Mae Eicher

* * *

NAPPANEE, INDIANA
R.R. # 3, Box 299
March 22, 1968

Dear Bulletin Friends,
Greetings in Jesus' name.

I have read the B. B. for several years and have often thought about writing, but just didn't know what I could write about that would be of any value to the readers. Elmo Stoll's "Check Your Checking" prompted me to write on how I felt when I was a pupil and my teacher didn't get all the papers graded.

From grades 1-8 I attended a public school, and there our papers were always graded and handed back. My favorite teacher often held a discussion period after handing back our papers. If we didn't understand why we had a certain answer wrong, we would raise our hand and tell the teacher which one or ones we wanted explained. He would then show us on the blackboard or tell us what the answers should be. I feel this was of great value to me; I know I

learned a lot by this method.

When I was in the ninth grade my teacher didn't always have time to grade all the papers. This was very disappointing to me. Sometimes I had to search long and hard for the answer, or had a very difficult time trying to figure out a certain problem. Of course, I was anxious to get my paper back to see if the answers were correct or not. It was very disappointing to me if I never found out. Not all the pupils may feel this way, but I know I did. Maybe you teachers could get some of the pupils to write a letter for the B. B., giving their opinion on this.

I can hear some of you teachers say, "But where would I find time to hold a discussion period after I return the papers?" I know that many of you teachers are overloaded, but would you really need to be? Surely, if you request it, someone would be willing to lend a helping hand, either at home or in school. I know we always enjoyed helping the teacher grade papers.

I taught school one year, but I'm married now and have three little ones of my own to care for. Therefore I feel my place is in the home.

Here is a hint for you teachers that have a problem with pupils not keeping their papers neat. Every once in a while take writing grades from history, English, spelling, or arithmetic papers.

I know I made many mistakes when I taught school! Yes, teachers are only human.

Sincerely,

- Mrs. Lester Helmuth
(formerly Esther L. Hochstetler)

* * *

Christians and Their Children

- By Menno Simons

(From the tract, "True Christian Faith", 1541)

If now I seek the praises of the Lord with all my heart, and if I love the salvation of my neighbors, many of whom I have never seen, how much more should I have at heart the salvation of my dear children whom God has given me; who are out of my loins, and are my natural flesh and blood; so that the mighty Lord may be praised by them and be eternally honored in them.

Yes, I am sure, and what I write I write from a certain testimony of my own conscience before Almighty God before whom I stand. All

properly believing parents are thus minded toward their children, that they would a hundred times rather see them jailed in a deep, dark dungeon for the sake of the Lord and His testimony than sitting with the deceiving priests in their idol church or with drunken dolts in taverns, or in company of scorners who despise the name of the Lord and hate His holy Word.

A hundred times rather would they see them, for the sake of the truth of the Lord, bound hands and feet and dragged before lords and princes, than to see them marry rich persons who fear not God, neither walk in the ways of the Lord, and so be feted in dances, song, and play, with pomp and splendor, with pipe and

THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

drum, with lutes and cymbals. A hundred times rather would they see them scourged from head to foot for the sake of the glory and holy name of the Lord than to see them adorn themselves with silks, velvets, gold, silver, costly trimmed and tailored clothes, and the like vanity and pomp. Yes, a hundred times rather would they see them exiled, burning at the stake, drowning or attached to a wheel, for righteousness' sake, than to see them live apart from God in all luxury and carnal pleasures, or be emperors and kings and therefore sent to condemnation.

Woe to all who are not so minded concerning their children. For if I so love their flesh that I overlook their sins, if I do not punish the transgressions of the young with a rod and the older with the tongue, if I do not teach them the ways of the Lord, if I do not set them an unblameable example, if I do not direct them at all times to Christ and His Word, ordinances, commands, and example, and if I do not seek their salvation with all my heart and soul, then I will not escape my punishment. For in the day of the Lord their souls and blood, damnation and death, will be laid at my door as a blind and silent watchman.

Christian temperament teaches plainly that all Christian parents should be as sharp, pungent salt, a shining light, and an unblamable, faithful teacher, each in his own home. The high priest Eli was held responsible because he had not reproved his children enough.

If I see my neighbor's ox or ass go astray, I must bring him back to the owner or keep him safe, as Moses teaches. If now it becomes me thus to do with another man's brute beast, how much more should I be concerned for the souls of my children who are so readily misled, and wander so easily from the right way by their

willful flesh in which no good dwells.

If I see my neighbor's ox or ass fallen in a pit, or under the weight of a burden, I do not leave until the beast is helped. How much more should I be solicitous for my children whom I see before me, lying beneath the burden of their sins by reason of the poisonous serpent's nature, knowing that unless they are earnestly reproved and instructed in grace, they will fall into the hellish abyss of eternal death.

Once more, if I see my neighbor's house on fire and his goods perishing, it is reasonable that I should exert myself to put out the fire and as far as possible to bring the goods under cover. But it is much more reasonable that I extinguish the fire of base desires in my child with the water of the divine Word, and reserve the heavenly goods as far as I am able.

The Holy Scriptures teach that God purifies the heart by faith, that faith cometh by hearing, and justification by faith. Therefore let everyone take heed, if he truly loves his children, that he acquaint them rightly with the Word of the Lord as soon as they have ears to hear and hearts to understand; that he direct them in the way of truth, and zealously watch over all their doings, that they may from youth learn to know the Lord their God, fear, love, honor, thank, and serve Him, lest the inborn nature of sin rule in them or become dominant to the everlasting shame of their poor souls.

(Here Menno quotes Deut. 6:6-9; 11:21; Ex. 13:14; and Josh. 4:5-7)

Behold, worthy reader, thus the literal Israel was obliged to teach the children from youth and to acquaint them with all the blessings and miracles of the Lord which had happened to them and their fathers, so that they might fear, love, and serve the Lord all their days, and so receive the blessings, and escape the curse, which was contained in the Law.

In like manner we must also do, if we rightly confess Christ, believe His Word, and with our children desire to obtain the worthy and pleasant land, and eternally to inherit it in grace, the things which He has promised His children. Therefore, let us not neglect it, but observe it well, teach our children rightly in the Word, and point out His righteous judgments—awful judgment—so that they may learn to fear the Lord with all their heart and turn from evil.

Let us also keep before them God's unfathomably great mercy, love, and the services of His grace, so that they may love Him for it and walk in His statutes. Let us imprint on their hearts Jesus Christ, our only and eternal Saviour, with His Holy Spirit, Word, and example,

HE IS RISEN

Christ is risen, is risen indeed
On earth again His friends to greet,
Seen by women—how gladly they go,
With joy indeed their Master they know;
He walked and talked and sat at meat,
To Thomas He showed His hands and feet.
He blessed, taught, prayed oft alone
And then ascended to the great white throne.
"The righteous shall stand at the Saviour's
right hand."

— Mrs. Eli J. D. Miller

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so that they may rightly know Him and follow in His footsteps. And let us set them an example in all wisdom, righteousness, and truth, with a pious and virtuous life, so that they may through the careful admonition and unblameable example of their pious parents be instructed in the kingdom of God, and furnished to all manner of good works.

...Behold, worthy readers, thus it behooves true Christians to teach, to admonish, to reprove, and to chasten their children; to set them an example in all righteousness, to rear them in the fear of the Lord, and to care for their poor souls lest through their negligence they depart from the true path, die in their sins, and so perish at last in their unbelief.

The Lord testifies concerning Abraham saying, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord to do justice and judgment. Gen. 18:17-19.

The good Tobit taught his son and said, My son, obey thy father, serve the Lord in truth and be upright; keep His commandments, and teach thy children to do likewise, that they give alms, fear God always, and love Him and trust Him with all their heart. And when they attain the age of maturity and have not the power of continence (but him that has it, him I would advise with Paul to use it unto the Lord) do not let them keep company with those outside of Christ and His church, be they noble, rich, or handsome, as do the proud, avaricious, and unchaste of this world; but let them keep company with those who fear the Lord, love, seek, honor, and follow, thank and serve Him with the whole heart, be they noble or common, rich or poor, beautiful or plain, for they are holy and children of saints, and therefore it should and must be done in the Lord. ...

But alas, how few they are who take this to heart and sincerely seek the salvation of their children! If they can but provide for them worldly and temporal things, then their desires are gratified. The priests' ordinances and the churches' services are their only faith, hope, and the foundation of their salvation. They neither know nor seek any other....

Therefore, all who fear the Lord, love your children with divine love; seek their salvation with all your hearts even as Abraham, Tobit, and the Maccabean mother did. If they transgress, reprove them sharply. If they err, ex-

hort them paternally. If they are childish, bear them patiently. If they are of teachable age, instruct them in a Christian fashion. Dedicate them to the Lord from their youth; watch over their souls as long as they are under your care, lest you lose also your own salvation on their account. Pray without ceasing, ... that the Lord may grant them His grace, that they may resist the devil; subdue their inborn, sinful nature by the Spirit and help of the Lord; and walk from their youth before God and His church in all righteousness, truth, and wisdom, in a firm and sure faith, in unfeigned love and living hope, in an honorable and holy life, unblameable and without offense, in all the fruits of faith unto life eternal. Amen.

- From THE COMPLETE WRITINGS OF
MENNO SIMONS

translated by Leonard Verduin

* * *

BELLEVILLE, PENNA. 17004
March 23, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name.

At last I have seated myself to write, something which I have longed to do all winter. I enjoy reading the teachers' letters, and find them educational.

When I read "The Empty Seat" by Mrs. David B. Peachey in the last issue, it certainly reminded me of my grandfather who passed on recently. He was always busy and able to do his work until one Wednesday; after that he was no longer himself. It seemed something came over him, and he couldn't do his work anymore. This continued until March 3, Sunday, when he passed away.

His work is done. He's gone to a better home—no eye has ever seen, no ear has ever heard, a place not made with hands where we all wish to meet.

I had a substitute to teach for me two days after his death. The day before the funeral I went to the school to bring my pupils in to take a last view of him. It seemed we were all filled with a deep and serious feeling.

The morning after the funeral I returned to school as usual, but with an unusual feeling. It was soon time to read the Bible, followed by our other devotions. The most difficult was to sing. How could I sing? I passed the songbooks out as usual, but only one song was sung that morning and the singing was weak in volume. Were the pupils' thoughts the same as mine, or was

it because I did not sing? But the singing has gradually improved since then, and now is back to where it was, I think.

One Friday we had an exciting match, using last names in the following way. The boys were lined up on one side, the girls on the other, and the best speller was at the blackboard. The first one on one side started the game by saying a last name, and the one in front on the other side then had to say another name that started with the final letter in the first name. For example, the names might have followed each other in this way: Peachey (Y) Yoder (R) Renno (O), etc.

The speller at the blackboard wrote each name as it was pronounced. The pupils could then see which names had already been used, and could also see how to spell unfamiliar or difficult names. It was surprising what a selection of names turned up.

About checking papers, I like mine all checked and handed back as soon as possible. I don't do this all by myself, though. I give the upper

grades the easier ones to check, and I also check in class as much as possible.

I agree that the pupils see their own mistakes better if they check their own papers. They catch on how to check in a short time, and enjoy it. I have no trouble finding someone to check papers for me. I find it is very seldom they try to cheat in checking. If they see you're trusting them, they'll try harder to be worthy of that trust. But I still like to keep an eye on things.

The time is here when we can begin to think of the end of the term. Are we ready? In some ways I can freely say, yes. In other ways I don't feel that way. Did I get as much planted in those little hearts as the parents expected? I hope they can have patience with me in my weakness.

We need visitors too!

In closing, I wish you all the richest blessings from above.

- L. Y.

* * *

TRUE FRIENDS ARE LIKE DIAMONDS

- By an Amish Minister

Jenny Toth was a little girl whose habits had gained for her a bad reputation. She had been known to steal articles from her friends and playmates. Finally, through careful leading, she started attending church and Sunday School with Betty Miller, a classmate in school. Things seemed to go better then, and the two girls spent many happy hours together.

One day Betty took two dollars for lunch money. But at noon she could not find the money. Although she looked through every place she could think of, Betty just could not find her two dollars. At last in desperation her thoughts centered on Jenny. Had she stolen it? She was probably back to her old tricks again.

When a few minutes later Betty met smiling Jenny, she blurted out, "I would quit acting so friendly if I were you!"

How the words stung Jenny's heart! Her eyes filled with tears; she walked sadly away. What had caused this sudden outburst from Betty when everything was at last going along so smoothly?

All afternoon Betty thought about her lost money. She was determined to tell the principal just what she thought had taken place. But first she would need permission from her study hall teacher. Several times she was ready to

ask the teacher for permission, but each time she decided to wait just a little longer. At last she raised her hand and walked up to Mrs. Jones' desk.

"May I go see the principal?" she asked.

"Is it important?" asked her teacher.

"Why yes, it is," stammered Betty. "I just have to see him."

"All right," said Mrs. Jones.

Betty walked down the hall to Mr. Smith's office. "Come in, Betty," he said.

As she seated herself on the chair opposite his desk, Betty poured out her story of the lost money. She expected Mr. Smith would ask her if she had any idea what happened to it.

Instead he at once said, "Oh, could that be the two dollars Jenny found on the floor of the girls' locker room?" He reached into his desk and brought out two dollar bills, and handed them to Betty. She thanked him and walked back to her seat in the study hall.

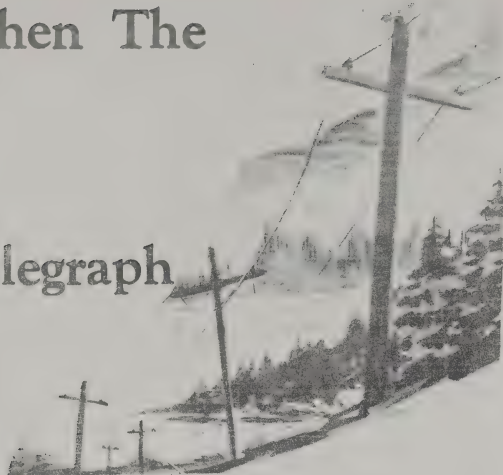
That evening after school Betty walked up to her old friend Jenny and said, "I want to tell you how sorry I am, Jenny, for the way I acted to you today. Won't you please forgive me?"

Two happy girls walked home from school together that evening, laughing and talking as before.

* * *

When The

Telegraph



Came To School

When I attended school, writing notes during classtime was strictly prohibited. If anyone was caught, he usually received some punishment. Or perhaps the note, if it was a good one, was read aloud to the whole school.

Then some of the big boys thought of a clever idea. They brought two small pulleys and some string along to school. During the noon hour they fastened the pulleys along the wall, one at each end of the school. Then they threaded the string through the pulleys to make an endless belt, which ran alongside one row of desks. On this string notes were attached with paper clips and the string was pulled until the note was even with the desk of the person to whom it was addressed. His name was on the outside, and he merely pulled the note off the line, read it, and sent back his reply.

This was a fascinating contrivance, but we knew what would happen if someone were to try sending a note during school time. We younger ones wondered if the boys would be brave enough to try it.

But we were due for a surprise. The teacher thought the system very clever and commended the boys for being able to devise something so wonderful. Notes were passed back and forth in broad daylight with the teacher's approval. But those of us who didn't happen to live along the "telegraph line" were out of luck, and we still had to get along without writing notes.

I don't remember anyone saying anything about how unfair this was, but I know some of the pupils thought so. If it was wrong to write notes when we were supposed to be studying, how could it be right to send them along this improvised telegraph line?

No, I didn't ask the teacher, and I'm glad I

didn't. But after thirty-five years I still remember it. And now I wonder, am I doing things that my children don't understand, things that don't look right to them? Of course, we can go too far in comparing one thing with another, even if there is some similarity. But if we are guilty of doing things that are obviously inconsistent, we can be sure the children will notice.

- D. W.

* * *

TROY PAROCHIAL SCHOOL
Burton, Ohio 44021
March 11, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

First and always a greeting in Jesus' name.
The clock of Time is ticking on, and soon
before we know it,
That last school day comes right along,
and still no B. B. letter writ'.

With the calling of crows, blackbirds, and robins, the rushing of the creek, snow and ice melting, and sap drip-dripping in the buckets, we feel that spring must be just around the corner. How we do welcome her with all her beauty and freshness.

We have also enjoyed winter with sledding, snowballing, and the building of an ice and snow house. The latter took about a week and while the younger boys sawed out and carried over large slabs of frozen snow, we tried to erect four walls and a roof. This was far from perfect but it was fun helping them and by Friday P.M. our project was completed. It was nice and cozy inside and seemed quite windproof. Anyway the children looked forward to playing in this the next week. However, by "next week" we changed our plans as by Monday morning the snow house was flat. A warm spell over the weekend brought a quick end to it.

We all got our fresh air and exercise that week and tried to take a lesson from our melted house. Many things in life do not go as we plan for the great Planner above has a better way.

Now, "what can we do's," were heard again. Someone suggested that they make small boats, then when spring comes we'd have boat races down in the creek. This little creek is often dry but usually during the spring there are a few weeks when the water will flow rapidly through. The boats are ready and we're waiting for warmer weather.

One of these days we want to go to the woods

and gather nuts for the Frisky Squirrel we have in a cage in the basement. Kind neighbors brought him over; they discovered a fox squirrel in a piece of the tree they were sawing. We put him into the cage we had made for (the late) Tommy Chipmunk earlier in the fall. Another kind neighbor made a wheel for Frisky so he is enjoying himself and getting his exercise by running in the wheel. We feed him nuts and corn and he will come and get the nuts from our fingers.

We've had many welcome visitors at school this winter. Maybe not as many as some states get, but many for Geauga Co., I believe. We appreciate these even if they make us nervous at times. I try to take Rachel Petersheim's advice and just remember how many times bigger I am than those butterflies that are fluttering in my stomach! As one teacher once said when reminded of that remark; "Those Lancaster Teachers are lucky if they only have butterflies coming to visit them. Our visitors are much larger than butterflies."

Another teacher told the parents, "Visitors

make me nervous, but come anyway. It's good for us all!" I think that is so true. It does something for a child to know his parents think enough of him to take time out and visit school once a year. It shows the teacher that they want to help, and I hope it helps the parents understand a little about some of the happenings in school.

I wonder if there is anyone who makes more mistakes than a teacher; but thanks to our Heavenly Father, children have forgiving hearts.

Yes, our days have not all been sunny. Far from it, but we always try to forget the unpleasant days, but remember the lessons they taught us. We feel so thankful to our cooperative parents who have helped us as we go hand in hand, hoping to reach that Heavenly Land.

When you kneel at close of day, don't forget for us to pray,

We will humbly do the same, giving thanks in Jesus name.

A Co-worker,
Amanda N. Hershberger

* * *

A Gift For The Teacher

- By Elmo Stoll

Mr. Kline, the teacher, was certain something unusual was going on, but he pretended not to notice. There was little doubt in his mind that a plot was afoot. He had learned to recognize the suspicious signs—children standing around in small groups, whispers, glances, and sudden silence when he happened unexpectedly upon the scene.

One stormy, winter day in late January four of Mr. Kline's pupils, girls, were huddled in one corner of the school basement. The basement was a good place to whisper in safety. Mr. Kline could not possibly hear them from his desk.

"Are you sure it will come in time?" the girls worried in excited whispers.

"It has to come, and that's all there is to it," declared Frieda firmly. "It can't take more than two weeks and we allowed plenty of time." Frieda tried to sound sure of herself because it was so important that she was right. She had been responsible for a large part of the planning.

"Aw," said Kate, "let's not worry..."

"Shh.hh," broke in Frieda nervously, putting her finger on her mouth, "not so loudly."

"...let's not worry ourselves sick," continued Kate in a more subdued tone of voice. "We

still have four days. If worst comes to worst, we can always worry then."

"That's good advice," agreed Milly, the youngest of the girls. "There is no use of crossing the bridge before we get there. Let's go play and forget about it."

"But what shall we play?" asked Kate, looking at the other girls and then glancing out of the window. "I know one thing, you can't coax me outside in this kind of weather." She pretended to shiver although the basement was uncomfortably warm.

"Let's go ask the teacher if we may practice our new songs," suggested Frieda. The rest agreed, and the four of them raced upstairs. At the top of the stairs, Milly slowed down.

"I really should work on my arithmetic," she admitted, "but I don't feel like it."

"And I should finish my art assignment," Frieda put in. "But I don't feel like it either."

"I'll do your art if you do my arithmetic," Milly laughed. Art for her was fun, not work. "And I'll be glad to trade."

"I'd be glad to trade, too," Frieda said, since she was a whiz in arithmetic but had trouble making even the simplest drawings.

"Okay, it's a deal," Milly said. She knew it

was not though, because Mr. Kline was listening. Even if he had not been, they could not have fooled him; Milly's artwork would never pass for Frieda's, and Frieda's arithmetic bore no similarity to Milly's.

Upon the mention of an art assignment, Kate asked, "When must we have our art finished?"

None of the pupils knew for sure, so they decided to ask their teacher.

"I want all the papers handed in by Friday morning," Mr. Kline said, when they asked him. "I want to put them on the bulletin board during the noon hour Friday."

Friday. Some of the pupils looked at each other with a knowing expression. Friday was the day for something more important than the deadline for art. Friday was the day.

Thursday morning there were excited whippers outside the school greeting each pupil as he arrived. "It came yesterday. It came yesterday."

No one asked, "What came yesterday?" They all knew. It. Why say more?

"Is it nice?"

"I didn't see it yet."

"When will they bring it to school?"

"Frieda says not until Friday morning."

"That's tomorrow. Does it look like the picture in the catalog?"

"Shh...hh... Don't talk about it inside. The teacher will hear..."

It had been hard for the pupils to decide what to order as a gift for such an important event. The teacher's birthday came only once a year. Several thought they should get him a book because Mr. Kline liked to read, but they couldn't agree on which book to buy him.

Glenn Stoltzfus, who was in the third grade, thought The Adventures of Bobby Coon would be a good book, but the older pupils had laughed so hard he decided to let them make the rest of the suggestions. Someone else said a dictionary would be nice, and a Bible was also mentioned, but the catalog listed four dictionaries and a whole page of Bibles. That was hard to decide, too.

Finally everyone had agreed on a calendar and pen-set combination. The picture showed a six-inch stand with a calendar on one end. On the other end was a small globe made into a pen holder. A set of four pens was included, each pen a different color: red, green, blue, and black.

Friday, the day of the teacher's birthday, dawned clear and cold. The children planned to wait until noon to present their gift. They would wait until after the noon hour, and then when the

teacher rang the bell they would all stand beside their seats and sing, "Happy Birthday". Next Dorothy and Emma, two first graders, would bring the package from the basement and give it to the teacher. It would be a real treat to watch him unwrap it. Milly was especially excited because she had made a small greeting card, and all the pupils had signed their names inside it.

The pupils were so excited at noon that very few went outside to play for fear they would miss something. They stayed inside watching Mr. Kline put their art work on the bulletin board.

The first picture the teacher put up was Milly's. She had painted five snowmen lined up

I OFTEN WONDER WHY

"When the book of life is opened
And I stand before the Son,
On the final day of reckoning
Will my name be found thereon?"

Yes, will my name be found thereon?
Sometimes as through this life I pass
I often wonder why
It was not me He took that day
Up to Him in the sky.
Twenty-five years have passed
And I am that remaining lass
Of twins that to my parents were given.
But one was to show the way to heaven.

Why was it He left me behind?
I often wonder why;
I know He had a reason,
And I must not doubt and sigh.
Can't we work for Him a season
Without a murmur or a tear
And only trust and feel Him near?

God wants me on this earthly ball,
For what I do not know
But trusting in Him (lest I fall)
I'm sure He'll someday show.

Of twenty-two pupils I am in charge
In this earthly school;
This number isn't very large
But one thing I do know—
Without God's help I would
Have nothing to show.

- By the teacher of Winterbourne School
West Montrose, Ontario

* * *

in a neat row. It looked like Father and Mother Snowman and three children, one boy and two girls. The girls were twins and stood side by side with smiling faces, but the naughty boy was sticking out a long orange tongue and making an ugly face at his sisters.

It was very cleverly done, and all the children gasped in wonder, admiring the picture with a series of 'oohs' and 'ahs'. Milly covered her eyes with her hands and pretended to be terribly ashamed of it. "Ugh," she said, "it's not one bit good."

"Yes, it is," the others chorused. "You can really paint."

"No, I can't paint well," Milly groaned. "My picture is just a mess."

With each picture that went up, it was nearly the same. If the picture was well done and the children made a fuss over it, the one who drew it would say, "Ugh, that one's not nice", and all the rest would insist ten-fold more that it was beautiful.

"You can really draw."

"No, I can't. You can."

"Oh, but you're an artist. Is that picture ever good!"

"No, I'm not an artist, I can't draw anything!"

"My picture looks terrible."

"No, mine does; yours looks nice."

Mr. Kline paid no attention to the noise around him, but quietly kept at his work. He made no comment to the children's conversation, but that did not mean that he had not heard. His mouth was in a straight line and he was thinking—thinking very hard.

The children were not watching the pictures all the time. The clock ticking on the wall received its share of attention, too. 12:30...12:45...12:50... It was getting close now; the room was almost tense. Finally the teacher opened his desk drawer and taking out the bell, gave it several good shakes.

Almost instantly the children were at their seats, eyes shining and eager faces aglow. Doris was the one who could start songs without getting all mixed up and quivery, so she had been given that job. She stood watching Frieda; at a nod from her the song was off and the roomful of happy voices blended in. "Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear teacher, Happy birthday to you."

Before the song ended, Dorothy and Emma slipped away to get the present in the basement.

"Thank you," Mr. Kline said heartily as the singing died down. "You really know how to surprise a person, don't you? How did you know it was my birthday today?"

Then the two girls came giggling forward, Dorothy carrying the package, and Emma the greeting card. They plopped them bashfully on the teacher's desk and turned quickly and half-ran back to their waiting seats.

"Now what's this?" the teacher asked, his eyes dancing. "What does this mean?"

"Open it, open it," they whispered.

Mr. Kline turned to the package first. It was neatly wrapped and tied with a ribbon. "How could anyone undo a package so slowly?" the pupils wondered impatiently.

Some of the shorter pupils were standing on their tiptoes in their eagerness to see the gift and hear what the teacher would say. Finally the last layer of wrapping paper was off and there lay the shiny mahogany-colored gift. It was even nicer than the picture. Surely the teacher would love it.

"Ugh," said the teacher. "Did you think this is a pretty color? Why didn't you choose blue. You knew I like blue."

The class dropped back into their seats. What a cruel disappointment. It was hard to believe.

Now the teacher was looking at the pens. "Ugh," he said. "How short and stubby these pens are. Who likes to write with such pens?"

The children shivered in their seats in mute misery. Then Mr. Kline reached for the greeting.

Milly held her breath. "Please like this," she almost prayed. The teacher looked at the neat picture on the cover of the card. "Ugh," he said, "who made that funny picture?"

Milly just stared at her desk. Two large tears glistened in her eyes and then rolled down her cheeks. Furiously she dabbed at her eyes. The room became deathly still with a silence that nearly choked them. After all their planning—now this.

For the first time since opening the gift, Mr. Kline looked up from his desk. He nearly cried at the misery reflected in the watery eyes looking dumbly into his. A wave of regret swept over him. He swallowed. Then in a voice so tender the children could scarcely grasp the change, he began, "Children, there is a lesson I want you to learn today. If you learn it, this short misunderstanding will have been worthwhile. How did you feel when I pretended not to like your gift? It was terrible, wasn't it? It hurt me too, but I think this way you won't forget what I want to tell you next."

Most of the pupils relaxed as they listened to Mr. Kline. They still weren't sure what they had done wrong, but at least their teacher wasn't

so stern anymore. They listened as Mr. Kline continued:

"We are all different, you know that. Johnny isn't like Edwin, and Milly isn't like Kate. None of you are the same as anyone else. I'm glad it is that way. It wouldn't be much fun if you were all just alike.

"Some of you can sing real well. Some can write better than others. Some can draw well. Some of you think spelling is easy while others like arithmetic better. All of you can do at least one thing extra well." Mr. Kline paused to get his breath.

"I wish we could look at it like this," he went on. "When God made us, he gave us gifts, just like you gave me a gift today. He gave us gifts because He wanted to make us happy, and God hoped we would like the special gift He picked out for each of us. When God made Doris, He said, 'They need someone down there who is able to lead songs when everyone else gets nervous', so He gave Doris that gift. When He made Milly He thought, 'They need someone who can draw well to make beautiful greeting cards,' so God gave Milly that gift.

"Now think back," Mr. Kline directed, wetting his lips slowly. "Think back and remember how you felt when you gave me that splendid

birthday present and I opened it and said, 'Ugh! You can still remember that, can't you?'"

Remember? Of course they remembered. All the pupils sat still as still, drinking in every word. No one moved.

"Do you know why I did that?" Mr. Kline asked. "When I was putting your art pictures up on display, some of you who have the gift of making beautiful pictures kept saying, 'Ugh, I can't draw well at all'. Without realizing it, you were really saying, 'Ugh, I don't like the gift God gave me.'"

Mr. Kline toyed with the greeting card he held in one hand. He opened it and looked at the list of the pupils' names inside. He smiled as he looked up at the pupils again and said, "When your work is praised, wouldn't it be better to modestly reply, 'Yes, I've always found it easy to draw, but there are other things I can't do as well as you.' A gift is certainly nothing to be ashamed of, nor is it anything to be proud of. If we admit that someone else has given us a good gift, we're not bragging on ourselves, are we? At least I hope you won't think I am bragging on myself..." Here Mr. Kline cleared his throat and pushed his chair back from the desk a bit. "I hope you won't think I'm bragging when I tell you, all of you, that I think the gift you gave me is just wonderful and that I like it splendidly. Thank you very much, boys and girls, thank you."

* * *

THE BEST JOB

- Laura Z. Martin

Some girls work in factories,
They make money by the day.
They sew, work, laugh, and never
Sit up late with lessons. Nay!

Cleaning, dusting, and cooking
Is a girl's work in a home;
Others work from house to house,
Meeting people as they roam.

Some girls like to babysit,
Doing the work of a kindly nurse,
Quieting little Johnny's crying
Or caring for infants after birth.

But the best of all jobs, I think,
Is in a classroom to be found,
A noisy, busy schoolroom
When it's raining all around.

- Ephrata, Penna.

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THE BLACKBOARD BULLETIN

MAY
VOLUME 11
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1968

Good-by, Desk at School

Good-by, little desk at school, good-by,
We're off to the fields and the open sky.
The bells of the brooks, the woodland bells
Are ringing us out to the vales and dells,
To meadow-ways fair, and to hilltops cool,
Good-by, little desk at school.

Good-by, little desk at school, good-by,
We've other brave lessons and tasks to try,
But we shall come back in the fall, you know,
As glad to come as we are to go,
With ever a laugh and never a sigh—
Good-by, little desk, good-by.

— Selected

* * *

TEACHERS' MEETING TO BE IN DAVIESS

The annual teachers' meeting is planned to be held this summer in Daviess County, Indiana, Thursday and Friday, August 8 and 9. (D.V.)

These meetings in the past have been a help in creating more interest in teaching. Here the teachers discuss with each other their problems and encourage one another. It may well be that these meetings have prevented a more serious teacher shortage in our schools.

We agree with the plan of the Aylmer group at the meeting last year. The entire second day would be best spent in the community in discussions rather than going to a park or picnic site.

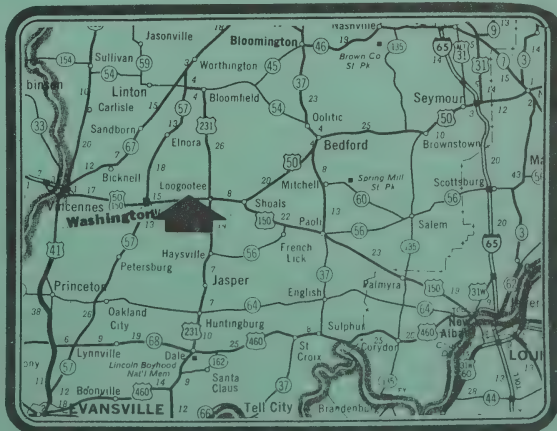
Visiting parks may be time well spent—to see the wonderful works of God, and observing the ways of our forefathers,—but such tours take up so much of the two-day meeting. Spring Mill State Park is only fifty miles east of here. It has a reconstructed village and nice scenery, including caves. Any teachers wishing to visit such places could do so before or after the meeting.

The first forenoon, as usual, will be spent in getting acquainted. We suggest to arrive early. Lunch will be served at 11:30 D.S.T.

The afternoon of the first day will be taken

up with the usual program of introductions and short talks by ministers and school board members. There may also be a report on the Indiana School Agreement to give those from other states an opportunity to tell us if we have gone too far. "Where no counsel is, the people fall: but in the multitude of counsellors there is safety." Proverbs 11:14.

The second day will be devoted to the teach-



Arrow indicates site.

ers, though parents and board members are welcome to be present. If time will allow, a tour of the four parochial schools in our community will be made.

Each year teachers learn more about good texts and workbooks. We suggest some favorite books be brought along to allow other teachers to look through them. We hope Pathway will have a sample of their new seventh and eighth grade readers ready by then to show us.

Teachers are also asked to bring along any helps, ideas, notebooks, and similar material for a display table such as was had last year.

We ask each one to remember those who are expected to make the plans for this meeting, and to pray for them that it may be to the honor and glory of God.

With world conditions as they are, it makes us wonder if perhaps we cannot meet in this planned way. We must again say, only by the will of God we shall meet.

There is Greyhound bus service to Loogootee, Montgomery, and Washington, but no bus stations are open at night. We will gladly meet you if you let us know when you expect to arrive. Montgomery would be the nearest station.

There is also passenger train service to Washington from Cincinnati and St. Louis.

Those coming by car will find the Amish community beginning about two miles north of Highway 50 and 150 between Loogootee and Montgomery. No definite place has yet been planned for the meeting.

Write your plans and requests for information not later than July 20 to either of the following:

Jerome Raber
R. 1, Montgomery, Indiana 47558

Abraham Graber
R. 2, Box 92
Loogootee, Indiana 47753

* * *

WANTED:

A teacher to teach the Bunker Hill Parochial School. Inquire at Dan M. Miller, R. 5, Box 40, Millersburg, Ohio 44654.

* * *

WANTED:

Two teachers for the 1968-69 school term, one for the East Parochial School and one for West Parochial, in Penn Valley, Pennsylvania. Boarding arranged at teachers' convenience. Apply to

Willis H. Nolt
R. 3, Kutztown, Penna. 19530

* * *

ANNOUNCEMENT:

The annual Directors' Meeting is to be held at the home of Christ. K. Stoltzfus, two miles southeast of Intercourse, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, on June 7, 1968 at 12:30 P. M. The address is R. 1, Paradise, Penna. Anybody interested in the parochial school movement is welcome.

* * *

KINZER, PENNSYLVANIA
APRIL 18, 1968

Greetings of Christian love to all Bulletin readers:—I have long had an urge to write, but this is my first try. I like to read the letters of other writers and see their names included, though I may hesitate to sign mine after I'm through.

I'm a parent and do not think I have any special talent. But by reading the last Bulletin I have different thoughts—almost everyone has a talent; some just have greater than others.

The letters from the two teachers with the same name I read with interest, as both have taught our youngest boys. But which letter was the Stony Hill teacher and which was from Pine Crest? The boys and I couldn't figure that out. At one time both had thirty-six pupils, but since we moved from Stony Hill section to near Gap, the Pine Crest Lydia has four more scholars than the other Lydia; it takes only two boys to make the difference!

What I do miss since moving is the neighborhood children, especially the willing helpers of Stony Hill. They meant so much when I substituted a few days last fall, (though not with any great ability). I met an older teacher at that time who said, "We are all substitutes." Even though that brought us into the same bracket, I still felt "small" compared to the experienced ones.

A few weeks ago we attended the teacher and parents singing at the Amos Fisher home. Many of the teachers were missing. A school director asked, "Where are all the old reliables tonight?" One reliable who was there had a ready answer for each one not there. We saw quite a few new faces and learned a few new songs.

I wish all you teachers the grace of God in your responsibilities. Just a mother with eight married children and eight single, with many, many blessings to be thankful for.

— Savilla Beiler

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EDITORIAL

POINTERS TO BEGINNERS

"I am considering teaching next fall. What suggestions would you have for a beginning teacher—how to get some education?

This question came in the mail almost too late to catch this issue. I would suggest this as a topic for you experienced teachers to write about for the August issue. Perhaps you can help this girl, and the many others like her who will be stepping into the schoolrooms as teachers for the first time next fall.

She also wrote, "I want to study a good deal this summer from my old school books, and from the book The Challenge of the Child. I've been wondering what the tests were like that were given to the Indiana teachers this past year. Could I pass them? If not, would I make a teacher? What would be the most important to study?

Personally, I think this young lady has the right idea. It is not too early to start thinking about the fall term. This summer will be an opportunity for her to brush up and review her old school work (something we all need to do now and then) and to oil up the machinery.

A teacher should know her subject thoroughly. A lot can be learned only when the time comes, but there is also much that can be gotten ready ahead of time. I think each beginning teacher knows what subjects she is likely to be weak in, and this is where she should concentrate her studying.

Most of us know that the best way in the world to learn is to read, read, and read—but it should be well chosen reading. Be selective.

True, it's not how much you know that makes you a good teacher—it's how much you succeed in teaching the children. This is an important fact to remember. Some of our best primary grade teachers are poor students themselves, but they make a marvelous success of teaching the children.

Knowledge helps. Sure it does. But there are other things such as patience, tact, a way with children, enthusiasm, and management
May, 1968

that count an awful lot.

A teacher that sets a good Christian example and inspires her children to do right—that is what is really important!

So a hearty welcome to all beginning teachers. September will be here before you know it. Now would be a good time to get ready.

- J. S.

* * *

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK:

So far only five or six teachers have sent in lists of books which they think are suited for school libraries. We would like to make another plea at this time. If the response is good, we would like to gather up the results and make a duplicated list for use by teachers and school boards. Perhaps the list can be made ready in time for the Teachers' Meeting in Indiana, Aug. 8 and 9.

Please take a few minutes to check your library shelves for worthwhile books you think other schools might be interested in. Copy the list, including publisher's name, price, and your comments, and send this in to the Bulletin editor soon. Thank you.

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We are hoping to have the seventh and eighth grade Pathway readers ready before the teachers' meeting in August. However, we know enough about the publishing business by this time not to make any rash promises.

Further information and prices will be announced in the summer Pathway Newsletter. Instructions for ordering will be included also.

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Writers—to you a big thank you. This issue is one of the better ones this year, and we appreciate everyone who wrote for it. Please do not forget the Bulletin this summer. It is usually easy to find material for the May issue, but difficult to find much for August and September. Please come to our help. July 25 is the August issue deadline.

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Would you like samples of this issue to pass out to your friends and neighbors this summer?

Extra copies are being printed for that purpose. Just write and tell us how many copies you can use, or send us addresses and we will mail them.

Oh yes, we might mention that bound volumes of back issues of the Bulletin are available. Volumes 8 and 9 are bound together in a stiff black cloth binding, priced at \$5.00. (The binding costs us over \$2.00 each.) Volumes 10 and 11 (in one book) will be ready this summer sometime, probably at the same price.

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All subscribers, please note! Since January 1 all expiration notices are being handled by billing and invoicing. Please pay no attention to the numbers on your address stencil, as we are discontinuing the use of them. You will be notified by first class mail when your renewal is due. This is true not only of the Bulletin, but of all three of the Pathway papers. We hope in this way to give you better service.

* * *

The Last Day of School

(Taken from a copybook about seventy-five years old.)

We now must bid farewell to school
And scenes of pleasure dear,
To teacher, friends, and scholars all
And shed the parting tear.
But shall we never meet again
To count our blessings o'er
In this bright home of happiness—
Ah, some will meet no more.

The world before us seems full dark
And many a danger near,
And each may pass through many a storm
Unknown while sheltered here;
And now to every comrade dear,
To all here loved so well,
To every dear familiar face
We each must bid farewell.

We oft have cheered, each other told,
And made each other sweet;
We oft have pulled sweet friendship's flowers
To scatter at our feet.
Then when our pleasures here are o'er
And scenes that we did love,
May we mount up on seraph wings
And meet in heaven above.

- Submitted by Enos A. Miller
R. 1, Baltic, Ohio 43804

* * *

A VISIT TO FRIENDSHIP SCHOOL

- By Mary Ellen Gingerich

Dear Readers:

Christian greetings from Southeastern Iowa.

Would you be interested to go with me this morning on a visit to Friendship School? It is within easy walking distance, only a mile from our place, but I think we will drive. There is plenty of room for our horse, either at the hitch-rack or in the barn, for you see, the school is just across the corner from where we have our Sunday School in summer or German school in winter.

Well, here we are, and the horse is securely tied (I hope) in the barn. We make our way across the road. Oh, it looks like we are in plenty of time. There come some children yet from the east and also from the north.

But when we open the door, it sounds as if all of the 32 children are already inside! The teacher, J. Paul Yoder, greets us. We ask if he thinks he can manage some extra scholars today, and he answers, "It just depends how well they behave."

Nine o'clock arrives and with it comes the ringing of the bell. The children take their seats. The teacher says, "We will sing this morning," and he hands out copies of Life Songs. Oh, yes, the visitors must have a book, too.

Now, does anyone have a selection? "Verna, I think it's your turn to choose," says the teacher.

No. 322, "We Praise Thee, O God," and then across the page to "Rock of Ages". Any more? More hands fly up. "Happy Day", "Fairest Lord Jesus", "Beulah Land", and "Oh, Worship the Lord" are sung. Yes, the visitors help, but not very loud for then those sweet childish voices would not be heard so plainly.

The first grade girls have the privilege of gathering up the books, and placing them on the teacher's desk. As they are doing so, we are thinking, "What a contrast to such songs as 'Blow the Man Down', or 'Froggie Would A-wooing Go', which we were required to sing when we went to school!"

And now studying begins. The first class is English for an upper grade, a class which was missed the day before. Then comes the first grade reading class. Those four little boys and girls are quite enthusiastic about their stories and can rattle them off without too much difficulty. Meanwhile, pupils ask for help with stubborn problems or hard lessons. More reading classes are held and all at once—"You

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may put your things away for recess now, and remember to pick up all your waste paper."

In spite of the cloudy chilly day, some little girls put on scarves and coats and go out to swing. Boys grab balls and race to the ball diamond. Others are content to stay inside and exercise their arms and legs a bit by jumping rope. Still others are asking the teacher for help with some of their work. The fifteen minutes go by in a hurry and again the bell rings, bringing the children back to their seats.

And now we have social studies. Now just what could that be, we wonder. They must be teaching new studies in school since we old-timers attended. First comes the fourth grade class. They have a bit of commotion until they are settled around the table. You see, this class consists of five girls and one lone boy. The girls all crowd to one side of the table. Finally they get settled, and the lesson begins.

The subject seems to be about Los Angeles. One girl doesn't know where it is, so they go to the front of the room and locate it on the map. They finally find it way out west in California, close to the Pacific Ocean. By this time we have come to the conclusion that social studies must be what we called geography thirty years ago.

Other classes follow, and soon the teacher says, "You may put your things away for the noon hour." Where did the forenoon go? The pupils file out, from the smallest to the largest, and return with dinner pails to take their seats again. Again childish voices lift in a short hymn of praise and thanks. After the Amen, dinner pails fly open and out comes a mixed aroma of sandwiches, cookies, and bananas to greet our nostrils. That reminds us. We might better go home for dinner, for we did not bring our lunch.

The teacher follows us to the door and remarks, "Well now, they are not such a bad set, are they?" We agree. "Of course," he says, "problems do arise, for children are children." I know, for I was young too, once. And thus we go on our homeward way, feeling the forenoon was well spent.

Kalona, Iowa

WHY A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION?

Why should there be a difference of opinion about explaining the Bible in school? In Deuteronomy 6, verses 4 to 7, we are told when to teach our children. "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might. And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Were these words for the Israelites alone? If not, does it mean to teach our children everywhere except in school?

If parents and teachers have learned their lessons as well as we expect the school children to, then why not be able to at least repeat what the ministers and trusted elders spoke in church, acknowledged by two or three witnesses as being the true Word? That Word of Life which God promised would not return to Him void. (Isaiah 55:11).

If children ask a question, surely they deserve a truthful answer. The world sees to it that they get plenty of fables and untruths and lukewarm meanings.

- By a Reader

* * *

MIDDLEFIELD, OHIO
BUNDYSBURG SCHOOL
APRIL 5, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' precious name. He is the same yesterday, today, and tomorrow and His grace is sufficient for all our needs.

The boys and girls have been enjoying the pleasant spring weather outdoors. It is good to see them playing outside again. I enjoy watching them play, and also enjoyed helping them several times. I believe we teachers can give our pupils many lessons in good or poor sportsmanship, whether we join in their games or not.

This year has seemed much shorter than some. I am very thankful for the fine cooperation of the parents and board members. It has helped to make the year much more pleasant.

The walls of our school have a number of pictures of sugarhouses, both inside and outside

Who were the Anabaptists? They were the true fruit of the Reformation—men and women who wished to restore their Church to the purity of the New Testament. Pathway's newest book contains twelve stories (251 pages) based on actual Anabaptist history. Read THE DRUMMER'S WIFE. Only \$3.75.

views. The pupils drew them after several trips to watch maple syrup being made. On these pleasant trips everyone's sweet tooth was satisfied, for our hosts provided sap and syrup for tasting.

School is rapidly drawing to a close, with only a few busy weeks left before summer dismissal. There are many things I might have done better could I have seen my mistakes and shortcomings before they happened.

I started the year with thirty-four pupils, but four moved to Pennsylvania last week. I was sorry to see them leave.

The pupils have been having singings twice a month since January. It has helped many who were shy about starting songs in school. The singing of some of the pupils has greatly improved.

Most of our visitors in school this year have been pre-school children, or visitors from out-of-state. I think it helps the students when the parents visit school, and it also helps the teacher. Especially if parents make comments about their visit—whether they approve or disapprove of the methods used by the teacher.

Wishing all of you God's blessings.

- Emma J. Miller

* * *

LOVEVILLE, MARYLAND
APRIL 1, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

I am sending my greetings across the miles at last. I find the other letters in the Bulletin helping me along. Some give me encouragement and some you might call "whippings". These we all need at times so we will try harder to do our part.

This has been my second year of teaching the three lower grades at Loveville Mennonite School. I am looking forward to the third year. This term I had twenty-eight pupils, of which ten are beginners. I have found it somewhat easier the second term, and I think it might be still easier as the years go on. Of course, no two years are alike. The picture changes greatly as one grade leaves and a new group of ten to fourteen beginners steps in.

I am very thankful for such a nice group of children. I have had some valued experiences in learning to discipline them. One morning I took a third grade girl by the arm and held it tightly as I talked sternly to her for a wrong she had done. She seemed angry for awhile and complained about me to others. When we were

singing she looked sulky and did not help.

I then took time between songs to say a few words about the beautiful spring day, and how it made one feel like singing. This brought smiles to all the faces, and helped greatly in the next song. At lunch time I took the pupils to the woods and after we had eaten we went for a walk. By this time the girl I had punished was sitting by my side. When we started on the walk, she slipped her hand into mine and chatted all along. She was a picture of happiness.

Why, oh why, do we as teachers and parents so often try to spare the child by not punishing when needed? By so doing we keep the child unhappy, and we ourselves have much trouble. May the Lord help us all to punish in a Christian way, with love and not in anger.

I cannot express myself very well, but wish to thank the parents of the community for all they have done in helping to make teaching more pleasant. How greatly the parents' cooperation is valued! (But perhaps the same is true the other way around. My prayer is that we as teachers can cooperate with the parents, too.)

I think I may say this, "Anyone who has not taught for a term does not know what a big responsibility it is." Neither can such a person see the many little pleasures,—the joy of seeing a child improve in either lessons or behaviour, and many other incidents. Do you agree, teachers?

Now a word for the ones who expect to start teaching next September. Don't expect to have all smooth walking, but enjoy the pleasant days while you have them. Call upon the Lord for help—the load is too heavy to carry alone.

We would miss the lesser joys in life if the skies were always blue.

- Mary M. Stauffer

* * *

DOVER, DELAWARE
APRIL, 1968

Dear Friends,

First, a greeting to all in the name of our Lord.

It is encouraging to read the messages from so many people in the Bulletin. If the same ones wrote every time, it would not be nearly so refreshing as to see the many different letters and the thoughts of those who are concerned,—the earnest teachers and the pupils, too. Someone suggested, "Why doesn't the Bulletin have a special page for pupils?"

I believe there are many more who could

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give us some good ideas and encouraging words, which all teachers need as well as the rest of us who are not teachers but are interested. For instance, when I went to school in Lancaster County thirty-five years ago, there was quite a large class of seventh and eighth graders, at least large for a one room school. Because of our teacher's zeal to promote better writing of stories and other articles, the class became fairly good at that. The years have slipped by, but all those pupils are still living as far as I know, and possibly many of them are readers of the Bulletin. So far I believe only one other has written; if I'm wrong, correct me. Think of all the experience and help locked in there! How about it, you former Weavertowners?

Maybe the poet, Edgar Guest, had such work in mind when he wrote this poem:

Time and Manna

"Too busy," he said, and the chance slipped by.
 "Too busy! Perhaps when more time have I."
 But from now till the hour he is called away.
 He will never come to a longer day.

Time, like the manna of which Moses told,
 "An omer a day for each to hold."
 But who saved it more at the dawn to claim
 Found it spoiled when the morning came.

Oh, busy man, you will never see
 The day when stronger than now you'll be.
 And the time you've saved, when you could
 have toiled,
 You will find, like the manna of old, has
 spoiled!"

It appears our private schools are becoming more and more necessary. How I wish our own children could have gone to such a school every year instead of only the two last grades. A young girl once said that they (the pupils) acquired a love of musical instruments while in public school, especially record players. I feel that is just one more of the evils that crept in unawares. Truly, the enemy was busy while we slept. What a need to teach the right way at all times, and to work together.

Recently a dear sister passed away, leaving behind a large family. I had to think if our love, our sympathy and zeal, would stay as warm for one another as at such times, what a different church we would have! But let us "not grow weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Written in appreciation to all who help make this paper what it is. To God be the honor for it all.

Sincerely,

- Mrs. Joe Byler

* * *

AMISH SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

Bowling Green, Missouri 63334

Dear Readers,

Friendly greetings to you all. I have at last decided to write for the Blackboard Bulletin, after having read so many interesting and helpful letters from other teachers. I do enjoy reading their letters very much.

A friend of mine from Canada, Mary Stoll, has subscribed to the three magazines, Family Life, Blackboard Bulletin, and Ambassador of Peace, for me. I thank her for her kindness as I have always enjoyed good reading matter since I was a child, and have read many books. This is a great help to a deaf person.

First of all I should maybe write that I was a non-Amish girl when I came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Miller and their family of five children, ages 3 to 10.

The Millers have two deaf children. The oldest son Ezra is ten years old and a daughter Rhoda is seven years old. They were both born deaf, and their father is also deaf. They learn easily, which makes teaching easier for me.

I first became interested in the Amish people at the age of fourteen. I went to the library and read different books. But I never saw any real Old Order Amish until the year of 1961.

Then to my surprise, as we were having classes one day our principal came to the door of our room with an Amish couple and a little boy. This little boy was then only three years old.

They were Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Miller, who had come to visit the State School for the Deaf at Fulton, Missouri, which I was attending at that time. The Millers were interested in enrolling their deaf son, Ezra, in the school when he became older. That was their reason for visiting the school.

I was happy to see the first Amish people I had ever met in my life. From then on I became more and more interested in the Amish. I attended the Missouri State School for the Deaf fourteen years. Then my parents wanted me to go to Gallaudet College for the Deaf in Washing-

ton, D.C.

I left the Deaf School and entered college in the year of 1965, which was the year the Millers enrolled their son Ezra at the Deaf School. For two years I attended college.

It happened that my mother taught at the Deaf School and Ezra was one of her pupils in his first year of school. I was home during Easter vacation and helped my mother with her pupils' records and teaching at the School for a few days. She, of course, had Ezra's records, and this is how I got the address of the Millers.

After I had decided for sure that I wanted to become Amish, I wrote my first letter to Mrs. Miller—in the fall of 1966. Mrs. Miller answered my questions and gave me more information about their religion and church.

About the same time I also became interested in teaching their deaf children. After they accepted me as a teacher for their children, they also offered me a home with them, which I accepted. But I had some difficult problems with my parents when I told them I wanted to become Amish. My parents live at Fulton, Missouri, which is about sixty miles from Bowling Green.

On June 11, 1967, I came with my father to the Millers' home. I was twenty years old at that time. I stayed at the Millers' all summer and helped them, while Mrs. Miller sewed some Amish clothes for me. I was very happy when I had my plain clothes on.

On July 9, 1967 I went to the Amish church for the first time. I thought, "It is so much different from the worldly churches!" I enjoy to go, but it is one hard problem for me because I can't understand what the ministers preach. But Mrs. Miller tries to explain to me what they preach about.

In the fall the ministers came to the Millers' home every two weeks to read the Articles to me and to explain religious matters. On Dec. 10, 1967 I was baptized by Bishop Jacob J. Miller.

The Millers built a room for me. Half of it is my bedroom and the other half is the school-room. We have four school desks and a small blackboard.

On September 4, 1967 we had our first day of school. I have three pupils and one beginning pupil who is five. We begin every morning at 8:30 with a prayer. Then the pupils copy the news from the blackboard for good handwriting. Next they do their workbooks. At 10:00 A.M. we have recess for half an hour.

Then they do the word cards, matching them with picture cards. This is important for deaf

children, because they have to go by sight to learn the meaning of words. Later they write or print the words without the pictures. This is the way they learn their spelling.

Almost all deaf children enjoy matching pictures or colors. Lipreading is harder for me to teach because I can't hear them say the words. Most deaf children prefer sign language, because they understand it better.

Dinner is at 12:00, and back to school at 1:30. Then they do their arithmetic workbooks. Sometimes I give each of them a reading book of the Rod and Staff Bible Nurture series, grade 1.

Deaf children are slower in learning to read as they need to learn the words first. It's also important for them to learn the nouns, verbs, and adjectives.

At 3:00 P.M. school closes for the day. Since the deaf cannot sing before they leave the school, I give them either a picture to color or we play a little game. Because I am a new teacher, I need to learn how to prepare things better than I did this year. I also learned much from the children.

I would like to teach more Amish deaf children, instead of having them go to the State School for the Deaf. There they have difficult problems with the worldly students.

All in all, I enjoy teaching. It is a good experience for me. God has richly blessed us and we feel sincerely thankful to Him. Let us be remembered in the time of prayer.

- Miss Mary Spitze and Mrs. Eli J. Miller

* * *

HALFWAY, MISSOURI 65663

R. R. # 2

APRIL 22, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings of love in the name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, who died on the cross that we might have life everlasting.

The school year is coming to a close again for a few months vacation. The children enjoy going to school, but always look forward to summer vacation.

We as parents have a big part in making the school term a happy and successful one. We, as well as the teachers, have a serious responsibility. The parents' attitude toward the teacher has a great deal to do with the pupil-teacher relationship. We need to take great care in helping our children keep respect for their teachers. But if we don't show respect our-

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selves, how can we expect our children to do so? Realizing the teachers have many problems and trials, we should cooperate to make their loads easier.

If we discuss the teachers' faults and shortcomings in front of the children, or take the children's part for low grades or "marks", then we are not doing our part in keeping that respect. If the pupils respect their teacher, they will want to obey rules, and not "have" to. Our teachers need our earnest prayers and support as they endeavor to do the job expected of them. We should send our little ones off to school with a prayer that God will give them obedient hearts, as well as a prayer for their safe keeping.

How very fortunate we are to live under a government that still allows us to operate our own schools! Just recently when we passed a large city school where many little boys, about the age of our own school boys, were playing in a large dirty school ground, I was made to think how wonderful and kind our Heavenly Father is to provide a way that our little ones need not be in such an environment. Of course, we do not know if it will always be so, but we do know we should be very thankful for such opportunities, and ask Him to be with and in our schools.

We have a new 2-room school house here in our community with over fifty pupils. Next term there will be 15 first graders, the Lord willing. We have our own girls as teachers, and may have three teachers next term instead of two. So many first and second graders require a lot of individual attention.

We enjoy reading the B. B. and other Pathway papers. Our family had the privilege to visit the Print Shop late last summer.

Wishing you all the grace of God.

Sincerely,

Mrs. John Blosser

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ASH GROVE SCHOOL
CLARK, MISSOURI
APRIL 22, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of Christian love.

With much encouragement from parents and friends, I will write a few lines to the Bulletin. I always tried to convince myself by thinking, "Let the more experienced teachers write." But then I would be reminded of the saying, "Use what talent you have. The forests would be mighty dull if only the birds sang that can sing best."

The April issue of the Bulletin was especially May, 1968

interesting. The article on "Must We do the Story Problems, Too?" was very helpful to me, as story problems are one of the greatest difficulties in our school.

If the children learn to speak English well, they will understand the problems better. In our school we do not permit them to speak German except when it is necessary to explain something to the younger ones. But it is rather amusing sometimes to hear them get German words mixed in with their English. For instance, the other day when I rang the bell I heard one little boy say to a little girl, "Oh, you're a boss cup!" One little girl in making a sentence with her spelling words came up with this, "I'm a hard looker."

Recently I had them write ten sentences each about their likes and dislikes at school. I also wrote my likes and dislikes and then read them aloud to the whole school. It was surprising how much our ideas varied concerning school. One wrote, "I don't like to see those rules hanging up there." And another mentioned, "I like your method of teaching."

We have had a number of visitors during the last term, including some of the parents. This is much appreciated, and encourages both the teacher and the pupils.

We will have only one more week of school—it seems impossible! I often ask myself, "Did they learn anything worthwhile? Did I use as much effort as I should have, to teach them?" This is my third term of teaching, and at the end of every term as I look back over my mistakes and shortcomings, I have to think, "Certainly I'll try and do better next term!"

We are having ideal spring weather, and there is a scent of lilacs in the air. The pupils are anxiously looking forward to a nice picnic day, the 26th. I am hoping most of the parents will attend.

"Life is like a mirror,
Reflecting what you do;
If you face it smiling
It will smile right back at you."

In Christian love, I remain,

- Katie Petersheim

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Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove,
That's the sort of little child
Everyone will love.

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He who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows, Is one who plows and plows but never sows.

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TIDINGS AND TIPS FROM RONKS

- By Lydia F. Beiler

April 23, 1968—Another school term is nearing completion. What did we accomplish? Is there any other job as pushed and rushed as teaching. I wonder? At least it is so for a teacher with eight grades. I have been busy from the beginning of the term until now, and am anticipating four full weeks ahead yet. There are surely no idle moments (unless we make some by throwing unchecked papers in the waste can!)

I suppose I'm one of those old-fashioned teachers who thinks all her papers must be checked. Very few papers go into our waste can unchecked, and I feel rather lost not to do most of it myself. However, we do occasionally check in class, or the pupils exchange papers and correct them at their seats. Both methods are a big help, but I seldom return the papers to the pupils without double checking. I find checking much easier after they have had the "once over"; the main reason for rechecking is because children (and the teacher, too) do make mistakes or misunderstand the answers at times. Also, I like to fully know what a child is weak in.

Occasionally a class will work for the answers on certain problem pages in arithmetic, but that is where I check thoroughly. Everything has to be worked out and proved. Am I too fussy, I wonder?

Sometimes I think I am, but I just can't feel right to break away from a thorough check-up of all work. I could say Amen to Mary Ann Beachey's and Mrs. Lester Helmuth's letters, as well as others on this subject. However, those who wrote from the other viewpoint also brought out good points and ideas. But it has not changed my grading system.

Even the first grade soon catch on and are anxious to have their work checked. Up to the blackboard they march, correcting their mistakes, and they won't leave their post until I O.K. their work. But in spite of all I have said, my school is still far from perfect, especially the one at the head—the teacher. Oh, for more grace to be the teacher I long to be. But we have the privilege to keep on striving.

"Every day is a fresh beginning,

Every morn is the world made new.

You who are weary of sorrow and
sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you."

"Be patient with everyone, but above all with

yourself. Do not be disturbed because of your imperfections, and always rise up bravely from a fall. There is no better progress in life than to be continually beginning afresh, and never feel that we have done enough." (Selected)

Talking about the first grade—do the rest of you also have similar names in a class? This year in my class of six first grade girls, there are four Barbaras, two with the first name of Beiler and two with Fisher. But luckily they all have different middle names, so that is what we go by.

Our school has been blessed with many visitors, both from our home state and from out of state. There are occasional tourists, who are not too unwelcome if they come in a respectful manner (most of them do). I have yet to hear any of them condemn our schools or our methods, but they often admit that the small country schools are still the best.

Just recently a very respectable young couple stopped and watched a few classes. We then sang a few songs for them. When they left they said, "This has been the highlight of our trip."

Other tourist visitors were a Congressman from Rhode Island and a principal of a New Jersey high school. His was one of the schools where riots broke out after Martin King's death. So they closed the school for awhile, and he was on vacation.

I should not forget to mention the much-appreciated visit of the Maryland group. We have learned to know them real well, through helping each other. Come again.

"And thus our term is coming to an end,

O Lord, do thou Thy blessings send

On all who trust in Thee."

- Ronks, Penna.

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WOLCOTTVILLE, INDIANA
APRIL 23, 1968

Dear Readers,

After reading the article about public schools that was written by an eleven-year-old school girl for the April Bulletin, I got an urge to write. We also live in a community where there is no private school and have two children attending public school. It is not my wish that they should attend such a school.

While public schools do have good points to consider and to be grateful for, there are many things that I strongly oppose. For instance, bringing home reading material that speaks of things being on this earth so many million years ago.

It seems evident that the master minds behind the world's public school system are not the true servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, for He once said, "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad" (Matt. 12:30). I fear the public school system is an anti-Christian power and influence which is being used more and more by Satan for carrying on his propaganda, and for the teaching of evolution.

It is with dismay and sad regret that we hear of some of our plain people who do not show an eagerness and concern to educate our own children.

Perhaps if we had better conduct and discipline and less boldness in some of our own schools, we would be a better light to those who do not think parochial schools are a good cause.

Let us consider our forefathers' way of having school, where the Bible was the main subject taught, along with the three R's. Lately a well-meaning minister mentioned in his sermon that there is a paper out called The Blackboard Bulletin, and he is afraid too many people read it instead of reading the Bible. This could very easily happen, but it was a shock to me as I am for promoting the Bulletin and think it should be read by all sincere Christians. Of course, the Bible should come first, for it is the Book of Life. It is my opinion that the Bulletin should be read as a supplement, not a substitute.

May God bless you.

- Ora N. Miller

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A YEAR AT EIGHT SQUARE

- By Mrs. Enos S. Troyer

Greetings of Christian love to all readers. I am not a school teacher, nor a pupil, but the mother of a seventh grade boy.

We are almost at the end of our first year of parochial school at Eight Square.

How thankful we are for the privilege of having our own school. We are also deeply thankful for our Christian teacher. We do appreciate her effort and patience as she labored so faithfully with our children.

Each time I visited our school I was impressed at the ability of one teacher teaching

thirty pupils from grades one to eight in an interesting and orderly way.

Yes, there have been problems, but we were able to "iron" them out among ourselves, with God's help, and to my knowledge there are no ill feelings.

As colder weather approached us last fall, some of the mothers suggested taking hot lunches to school for the teacher and pupils. I enjoyed doing this, and the children seemed to appreciate it.

I felt well paid for my effort, after hearing many times, "Thank you. It was really good."

Each semester the teacher assigned a special project for the six upper grades. The pupils could choose their project. Many useful articles were made such as book shelves, a salt box, bird houses, a braided rug, a child's table and two little benches. Several girls chose sewing while others did baking. At our last parent-teacher's meeting these articles were on display. According to this exhibit, we will have carpenters, painters, artists, bakers and seamstresses in the future generation.

Everybody was glad for spring time. Softball is keeping the upper grades on the jump, during recess and noon. The little ones enjoy the swings and teeter-totter.

As I see a child "flying" through the air on a swing, I think of a poem that I learned in my first years of school.

"How do you like to go up in the air
Up in the sky so blue ?

Oh, I do think tis the pleasantest thing
That ever a child can do."

As the grass became green, it was decided to clean yard. On April 9th a number of pupils stayed at the schoolhouse and started raking. Others hurried home and helped with the chores. Soon after 5 o'clock the parents started coming to help. It was hard work as this yard probably had never been raked before. The children had worked hard, so while the parents and teacher finished up, they enjoyed a game of softball.

Everybody was hungry by this time, and some of the men had a bed of coals ready for a wiener roast. Mothers had brought potato salad, ice cream and doughnuts. The evening was perfect. We ate our supper out in the open, under the moon and stars, beside a "campfire".

After everything was cleaned up and put away, we gathered in the school house for an hour of hymn singing.

Truly it was an enjoyable evening. Thanks be to our Heavenly Father for such a privilege.

- R. 1, Box 218, Goshen, Indiana

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Closing Day at Sunnyside

- Laura Z. Martin

S ince my pupils and I have met,
U seful and busy the hours have fled,
N ow comes the closing of the year,
N ow I think of the happy days here,
Y et with a serious and sober thought of fear.
S ouls of children, innocent and pure—
I s there a way to make them sure ?
D oes the horizon of their life contain
E aster's triumph over sin and pain?

S chool holds a strong fascination for me,
C hurch of the future it seems to be.
H appy boys and girls, so carefree are they;
O h, if they'll only choose the right way,
O n it to stay through trouble and strife
L est their souls be lost in the struggle of life.

- Ephrata, Penna. R. 3

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WEST BRANDYWINE SCHOOL
HONEYBROOK, PENNA.
APRIL 18, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings in Jesus' name to all.

In this newly-built schoolhouse, you'll find fifty-nine lively children and two teachers. There are twenty-five pupils in the basement in grades three, four, five and six, with Savilla Kauffman as teacher. This leaves thirty-four pupils in grades one, two, seven and eight on the main floor.

This spring weather is nice for ball playing. The little boys have a game by themselves, and the older boys and girls on another diamond.

The past winter the children have enjoyed ice skating. There is a creek in the meadow behind the schoolhouse.

Several weeks ago Savilla and I visited two schools. We took the eighth graders along. It was an enjoyable afternoon.

On April 19 a teachers' class, supper and singing is planned at Hollow School where Lydia Fisher teaches. On April 26 there is to be one in Lebanon County.

It's hard to believe the school term is so nearly ended. I hope the children and parents have enjoyed this school term as much as I have. In thinking back, I wish I would have tried harder many times. I can say I had a very willing group of children, in more ways than one. This surely was a big help to me.

Wishing you all an enjoyable summer.

BIBLE TEACHING IN OUR SCHOOLS

- Glen E. Beachy

After giving many good reasons for teaching Bible in our schools, a Bulletin writer in the March issue, page 194, says he is against Bible teaching in school if it causes controversy and bickering in the community.

But it seems to me that teaching and learning the will of God, the Bible, cannot be the root of the trouble. Perhaps no teacher seems to be available who is qualified and sound in doctrine. If so, concerned parents may well voice their objection, not against Bible teaching, but against false teaching. This could be mistaken for bickering.

On the other hand, parents may be so used to education-minus-the-Truth—school without Bible teaching—that any change is looked upon with suspicion. In the booklet, "Who Shall Educate Our Children?", (page 6) we read that when this country was founded, all education was parochial school education, church-operated, and of course the Bible was the main textbook. Today public education is intended to be entirely free of religious content. This trend has been so gradual and so thorough that many do not recognize it.

Students of forty years ago generally agree education was all right then. Students of fifteen years ago say, "I would be well satisfied if my children got the quality of education I got." Today's public school student will obviously feel the same fifteen years from now. This would contribute to bickering or controversy.

Yes, it is our sacred responsibility to teach Bible truths to our children, and I see nothing wrong with our ministers or bishops teaching our schools, as they are to be sound in doctrine and apt to teach, (2 Tim. 3:2 and 2 Tim. 2:2; 3:24) hence safe to teach the touchy subjects of the Bible. There should also be others within the church safe to teach these subjects. If not, the question is overdue—how did they get into the church?

If the Bible does not occupy a prominent position in our school curriculum, there would remain little reason or excuse for our own schools. At best our schools can only supplement the parents' and the church's spiritual teaching. As Christians we don't separate the spiritual from the temporal. "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Col. 3:17.

- Kalona, Iowa

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AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT AT SCHOOL

Burton, Ohio—"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." Song of Solomon 2:11, 12.

I attended a centralized school for eight years—this school had eight grades and a high school. When I started school at age six, I could not speak English and understood very little. Each morning the whole school would assemble in the large high school room and the Superintendent would read a chapter from the Bible and then lead in the Lord's Prayer while the whole school recited it with him. This was after we had sung several songs together.

One morning there was a guest speaker. I do not remember who he was. He read from the Bible, and the Superintendent said this morning he would lead in prayer alone and the school should remain silent.

But I did not understand this, and in my quavering little girl's voice I tried to help him. I could not understand why the rest of the pupils didn't help, too. Afterwards my older sister explained to me, and my cheeks still burn when I think of that mistake and of how embarrassed I felt.

We always went to school in a horse-drawn "kid hack". We lived four miles from school, and it was not unusual to be on the road two hours nights and mornings, when the frost went out of the ground and the horses sank in mud to their knees.

One hack driver we all loved was my uncle Jonas. He would sometimes put one of the boys in the driver's seat, and sit back with us. He was fat and jolly, and would sometimes drill us on what we knew—the Presidents, states, capitals, etc.

I am a middle-aged mother of seven, and a grandmother of twenty-two. Had there been an opportunity to teach school when I was a girl, I would surely have tried it, as that was what I longed to do.

- Mrs. John J. Miller

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SOUTH CLINTON SCHOOL (No.1)
CASHTON, WISCONSIN

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings to you all in our Saviour's name.

I think teaching school would be quite a worthwhile experience. I am a vocational student. There are three other vocational pupils in this

May, 1968

school—Mary Kempf, William Borntrager, and Elizabeth Hershberger. Menno Schmucker is the teacher for both the vocational pupils and the other school pupils.

We vocational pupils keep a diary and attend classes one-half day a week. We then help the teacher do things such as checking papers and answering hands.

My father made 115 gallons of maple syrup this year. We used plastic pipe and plastic spiles, and connected the pipe to the tank below the hill. Then we pumped it up the hill into ten gallon cans. It was fun to go along and fill the cans. One day the teacher let the pupils come over to see the syrup being boiled down. Father gave them each a little taste of maple syrup.

- Susan Gingerich

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STONES ARE

FOR STEPPING ON

- By Fannie Mae Mast

The school term is swiftly coming to a close. Has this year been a stepping stone toward better schools and the shaping of our lives, or has it been a stumbling block? Probably it has been one or the other.

But what is a stepping stone? There are many challenges in a teacher's day that can be turned into stepping stones. Gaining a child's confidence, or increasing his interest in learning, for example. A lesson well learned can also be a step ahead.

In previous issues of the Bulletin mention has been made concerning love. Love is the most useful armor in the Christian's life. But love can be shown and used in so many different ways that much care and wisdom are needed to understand what is best. Giving a child his wants and wishes, patting him on the back when he has done well, or using the rod of correction can all be indications of love. But which is the best in each case?

Anything that causes us to falter, or the people surrounding us to falter, is a stumbling block. One block that often looms up in our paths is called "Teacher's Rut". We ask others to do their best and nag if the child's interest is lacking, but are we teachers doing all we can to make school more interesting? A routine can be overdone. Giving assignments, checking, and reciting are important, but we need plenty of spice to season these daily chores.

Yes, sometimes we teachers need a good shaking to help us realize we're not as near up front as we thought. The stones given us for

stepping on have become stumbling blocks in our path.

So often we point one finger out, and those other three are directed straight at ourselves. So there's work to be done. Pray for me.

- R. 1, Box 172B, Arthur, Illinois

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VOCABULARY WORKSHOP

- Answers on next page

Review . .

1. dinghy (dīng' ē)—A. muddle; B. dull; C. row-boat; D. pulley
2. tyrant (tī' rənt)—A. president; B. cruel master; C. dictator; D. marshal
3. aggregate (ag' rə-gāt)—A. tropical fruit; B. total; C. material; D. precious stone
4. cherub (cher' əb)—A. rascal; B. insect; C. orphan; D. angel
5. effervesce (ef-ər-ves')—A. steam; B. comprehend; C. bubble; D. enlighten
6. emporium (em-por' ē-um)—A. pharmacy; B. general store; C. fish hatchery; D. ranger station
7. mundane (mun'dān)—A. financial; B. spacious; C. frigid; D. earthy
8. relinquish (ri 'ing' kwish)—A. to reduce; B. to separate in intervals; C. to fasten a second time; D. to surrender
9. armistice (ar' mis-tis)—A. ridge; B. dismissal; C. truce; D. arm badge
10. lurid (loor' id)—A. vivid; B. detailed; C. tempting; D. defective

PARADISE, PENNSYLVANIA
APRIL 22, 1968

Dear Friends,

After reading the Bulletin again, something tells me I should write; but I would sooner read than write. We are having nice weather but a little dry. The trees are in bloom, and birds are singing and building. The mocking bird has come back.

The birds seem to keep their own way of singing and building their nests, as long as I can remember, and perhaps since the beginning. But now we come back to us humans. I see a big difference in my time, and I am only 56 years old. So we must be drifting. Maybe each of us could ask, "Why?" and concentrate on it.

But the B.B. is maybe more for school news. We visited seven schools this term, I think. I enjoyed this very much, and feel it was time

well spent. There were very few schools visited in which I didn't have to wipe tears. For when I see what interest the teachers have and how hard the pupils try, it is touching. The beginners have to be taught what it is to go to school. And we know that children differ in learning ability.

We also noticed how many little jobs a teacher has in school hours, and how many times she must look at the clock as if the day was not long enough for all they have on hand. Not everybody makes a teacher, but I feel it is a wonderful experience for those who can, and it should be of great value in their life. Thanks to all teachers.

Our last child was through school last year. We had children going to school for twenty-seven years—to parochial schools all but two years, I think. We have had some experience. Not everything is smooth, or without problems. But if the problems can be solved, it isn't too bad.

We have thirteen children, and find it doesn't always go as we would like to see it in our home. But we still have to keep on trying. So we also find this in schools, for there are more children and they are from maybe eight or twelve different families.

In our area the teachers are quite young and may not have had the experience in handling children that we parents have had. So we can understand why problems arise. When problems do come, let's give the teachers this consideration, "Would things be better if I was teaching?"

The teachers are hired by the board of directors for the parents. The directors have a responsibility, too, to see that the privileges given us by our government are not abused. As a director for fifteen years, I have learned a lot, and feel it is very important to work together as a group. Of course, we don't all think alike. But we should be willing to give ourselves up and work together.

I don't feel worthy of being a director. My term expires this year, and I feel others should also get some experience.

Coming back to the teachers of our schools, I feel it very important that each parent should visit his school. Also, the other church members. It is our duty as parents to visit school at least once a year or more, for this is a good way to show our appreciation to our teacher.

I have never gone to visit our school that I felt later I shouldn't have gone. Instead, I feel I should have gone oftener.

Let us pray for each other, and not faint by the way.

- Christian S. Miller

The Blackboard Bulletin

IS PRIDE OUR DOWNFALL?

This thought has often been in my mind this last while. Do we truly appreciate and respect our teachers? Do we realize they care for our children most of their waking hours? They get up early in the morning and often work into the night.

Or do we criticize them for every little mistake they make, forgetting we are all human and make mistakes at home with our families, too. If parents and teachers work together, we can often tell each other in a kind-hearted way how something could be done better. But if we feel our children wouldn't do so and so and we take the children's part, we can expect them to be a

problem at school, perhaps leading other children to wrong doing, too.

I have often felt that it is in school just as it is in our church. Do we appreciate and respect our bishops and ministers and teach our children to love them, so that they will want to please them and not make any trouble? Or do we criticize them in front of the children, talking about their mistakes? If we do, we probably forget that we make many, too, and maybe would make even more if we had to be the judge how this or that person should be punished for his sins. One would say it is too strict, and another in jealousy would say, "It's not as strict as you punished our son." Oh, dear parents, what did we promise on our bended knees? Do we not pray for our ministers? If we do, do we not believe God hears our prayers, or why should we be dissatisfied with them?

Do we teach our children that the Good Lord wants us humble, and that we cannot be humble if we wear clothes of worldly styles that are against our church rules? To wear such clothes is just the opposite of what Jesus taught us.

A preacher said once that if we have something as small as a bobby pin, if it is against our regulations, we are ungehorsam (disobedient). If we make stylish clothes and dress our children in such a way while they are on our laps, what respect will they have for us or the church when they grow up and find out we were not supposed to have such things? Is it a wonder we have problems with some of our youth? I know of one young girl who started to join the Amish church, but when she heard the Ordnung—and learned that she wasn't supposed to have what her parents themselves gave her, she left the church. Who then was to blame—the parents or the child?

I recently read the account of two little boys who many years ago were lost fourteen days on the mountains, and starved before they were found. It was heartsearching to read how thousands of people went out to hunt for them.

When our children leave home on Sunday nights, are we "on the search" for them in prayer, or are their souls starving to death, yes, eternal death, which is much worse than starving of hunger. Maybe some of our youth are starving for want of spiritual food. Do we prepare it for them, or are we too busy getting good eats ready for them, or busy making pretty things which will only last a little while? Suppose such things kept us out of heaven!

Do we know where our young folks are? Surely we are concerned that they will not be lost and doomed to hell. Are we helping them

VOCABULARY WORKSHOP ANSWERS:

- From preceding page

1. dinghy: C. a rowboat; as, They rode in the dinghy from the shore to the ocean liner. Hindu dingi, "boat".
2. tyrant: B. cruel master; as, His laws were so abusive that the dictator was considered a tyrant. Greek tyrannos, "master usurper".
3. aggregate: B. total; as, The aggregate of the collected canned goods for the relief sale came to 6,000 quarts. Latin gregare, "to collect".
4. cherub: D. an angel; as, The chubby innocent looking baby needed only wings to give it the appearance of a cherub. Hebrew kerub, "an angelic being".
5. effervesce: C. bubble; as, If you shake a bottle of coke, it will effervesce. Latin ex, "out", fervescere, "to boil".
6. emporium: B. a general store; as, The emporium was stocked with anything from nuts to lawnmowers. Greek, emprion, "market".
7. mundane: D. earthly; as, Some people are so caught up in mundane affairs that they do not have time for spiritual reading. Latin mundus, "world".
8. relinquish: D. to surrender; as, The child hit the dog on its back so it would relinquish its hold on the rope. Latin re "back from", and linquere, "to leave".
9. armistice: C. truce; as, November 11 is celebrated in the U.S. in the honor of the armistice signed at the close of World War I. Latin arma, "weapons", and sistere "to stop".
10. lurid: A. vivid; as, The lurid account of the martyrdom was memorable.

on the narrow road, or are we so proud ourselves that we don't want them humble for fear someone will laugh at them because they are not dressed in as pretty clothes as the others?

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." We learned from experience that if we teach them to bear the cross and to remember how Jesus suffered, they will learn to bear it when someone laughs at them.

Pride is the cause of most of our trouble, and the downfall of our youth. I wonder if the root is not in the parents' hearts. Pride causes children to mock others, and makes them bold and discontented.

Do we believe we will get to heaven if we teach our children the way to hell? Why not wake up and teach our children the humble way, the way Jesus taught us. For it is shocking what we see and hear of some of our youths; we feel thankful, though, for those who try to do what is right. God is willing to help, but we must do our part.

"Alles aus Liebe und guter Meinung,"—from Lancaster County parents who are deeply concerned for the young and innocent souls starving with pride.

— Gordonville, Penna.

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HOLLOW SCHOOL
GORDONVILLE, PENNA.
APRIL 23, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings in our precious Saviour's name.

We are four seventh and eighth grade girls from Hollow School where Lydia Fisher is our teacher. There are only two eighth graders, and seven seventh graders (five boys and two girls). Altogether there are thirty-nine pupils.

We start a day of school by devotions and singing three or more songs. Then we have arithmetic. After recess the first and second grade have reading, and the third to eighth grades have spelling. After noon we have history two days and geography two days. On Mondays we have English. After the last recess the first, second, and third grade have reading, and from the second to the eighth grade have German. From the fourth grade up we spell and write German.

Our school is just new this year because of a fire last year. It didn't burn down, but it was badly damaged and was torn down. A new one was built. The books were mostly water damaged. This happened in April, and we went to a

school close by that wasn't being used until the end of the term.

During noons and recesses we play ball, or if it is cold or rainy, we sew.

Would the girls from Baltic, Ohio who wrote in the last B.B. please write to us?

We will close with best wishes.

— Katie King, Sarah Smucker,
Fannie and Ruth Beiler

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PLEASANT VIEW SCHOOL
AMHERST, WISCONSIN 54406
APRIL 22, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love from an Amish school. There are ten families sending their children to our school, with forty-one pupils. Henry Miller is our teacher.

We four girls are in the seventh and eighth grades. Our names and birthdates are: Lydia C. Borntreger, born Jan. 19, 1953, from Clark Missouri; Mary Sue Miller, born July 7, 1953, from Ligonier, Ind.; Mary Ellen Lehman, born Feb. 8, 1954, from Middlebury, Ind.; and Lizzie P. Borntreger, born Sept. 19, 1954, from Clark, Missouri. The first two girls are in the eighth grade and the last two in the seventh.

We have five subjects: arithmetic, English, reading, geography, and spelling. Every other Thursday we have art, and every six weeks we draw pictures free hand to put on the wall. We are not allowed to trace, although we may look at a picture.

Every two weeks we change duties, such as sweeping, dusting erasers, emptying the pencil sharpener, dusting, being the librarian, passing out song books, hektograph work, washing blackboards, carrying wood and water, checking the desks and playground, and passing the wastebaskets.

Visitors last Monday were Henry Lehman and two of their daughters, Sam Schrock and family.

We have three different ball diamonds. The biggest boys have one, we older girls have one, and then the smaller boys and girls have one.

Lydia is absent today, so she can't help get this letter off.

Sincerely yours,

— Lydia C. Borntreger
— Mary Sue Miller
— Mary Ellen Lehman
— Lizzie P. Borntreger

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LINDEN GROVE SCHOOL
NEW HOLLAND, PENNA.
APRIL 19, 1968

Dear Readers,

Greetings from Linden Grove School. Three of us, Arlene Snyder, Anna Mae Fox, and Elizabeth Nolt, are in the eighth grade. Lizzie Nolt is in the seventh grade.

This is the third year we have parochial school. The first year we had Miriam Martin as teacher. The next year we had Mary Zimmerman, and she is our teacher at present. We all like school and are glad when able to attend.

The lessons we have are as follows: arithmetic, reading, spelling, English, history and geography. Each week we learn a Bible verse to recite in class. We also have a poem or composition we read aloud to the rest of the school.

For our Good Behavior Chart we have bees and stars. If we get a silver star, it means we behaved. If we get a red star we feel the sting of the bee.

We had visitors from Center School on March 21, and from Reidenbach School on March 28. We also went to visit Center School and enjoyed it very much to see how other schools have their rules and regulations.

We can hardly believe school is almost over. Soon we will have a picnic, and school will be OUT! Let's hope the teacher feels she is rewarded for her work in trying to teach us.

We would like to correspond with other pupils our age. Please address letters to Lizzie Nolt, R. 1, New Holland, Penna. c/o Reuben Z. Nolt.

- Arlene Snyder
- Anna Mae Fox
- Elizabeth Nolt
- Lizzie Nolt

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SUMMIT MILLS SCHOOL
MEYERSDALE, PENNA.
APRIL 28, 1968

Dear Readers,

We have often thought of writing for the Bulletin. Sadie is in the eighth grade. Rebecca and Levi Kinsinger are also in that grade. Barbara is in the seventh grade. Others in the same grade are Lydia Brenneman, Bennie Zook, Noah Beachy, and Perry Summy.

Only the seventh and eighth graders go to our school, eight students in all. Even though there aren't many children, we still have fun playing. In winter when it is too cold to play outside we
May, 1968

play marbles, blind man's buff, and put puzzles together and lots of other things.

Our teacher is Cora E. Brenneman. She is the best school teacher we ever had. This is her second term of teaching. She is a very nice and kind teacher. We are thankful that the Lord has given us the privilege to have our own school where we can live His ways better. Our teacher shows us what is right and wrong, and tries to teach us the right way to live for God.

In the morning when the bell rings we go to our seats and Cora reads from the New Testament. Then we say the Lord's Prayer and sing four or more songs in English or German. After singing we have writing, then arithmetic. Then at 10:30 we have the first recess. After recess we have geography except on Thursdays when we have health.

We have dinner at 12:00, and after dinner we have English and spelling. Recess is at 2:00, and then we have reading, except on Wednesdays we have history. On Fridays Cora reads German from the New Testament, and we take turns reading verses from it. After we have read, we write a Bible verse in German on the blackboard and exchange places and translate them. After we have translated them, we read them out loud. Sometimes we have a German spelling bee, too.

Cora assigns our lessons in class. After we have them done we check them, so we don't have any homework. We have spare time to read and things like that. We enjoy reading the B.B.

We walk to school with Rebecca Kinsinger and Bennie Zook. We walk about three miles through mud and snow. Our parents are Andy and Lovina (Hershberger) Zook. There are six children in our family, three boys and three girls.

- By sisters Sadie and Barbara Zook

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A NOTE FROM VALLEY VIEW

Greetings from Valley View Parochial School. We are seven girls ranging from ages 12 to 14. There are three classrooms in our school. Mary Yoder teaches first and second grades. Amelia King teaches third, fourth, and fifth grades. Alvin Stoll (our teacher) teaches sixth, seventh, and eighth grades. There are 67 pupils in our school.

Our subjects are spelling, arithmetic, English, history, geography, reading, health and German.

Our school begins at 8:30 and dismisses at

2:30. Our school term will end on May 17, 1968.

A monthly school newsletter is published by our school, for the parents, named Valley View Echo.

We enjoy reading the Blackboard Bulletin.

-Nancy Renno, Ada Peachey, Erma Peachey, Kathryn Byler, Lillian Byler, Julia Kurtz, and Dorothy Kurtz.

* * *

LAGRANGE, INDIANA 46761
WOODSIDE SCHOOL
April 20, 1968

Dear Bulletin Readers,

Greetings of love in our Saviour's Holy Name.

For several years I have enjoyed reading the "Bulletin", so maybe it's time to make a contribution.

It's very easy to try to excuse myself, and say I don't have a talent for writing as many do. But God did not give us all the same talents. His will for us is that we use the talents He has given us. "And unto one He gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability" Matt. 25:15.

How many of us are guilty of doing as the man with only one talent? Because we have so few talents, we neglect to try to use even the "one" we have. But what happened to the man who didn't use his talent but hid it instead? His

one talent was taken away and given to the man with ten, and his Lord said, "And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," Matt. 25:30.

I am from Jamesport, Missouri and have been teaching here at "Woodside", since Jan. 1. This has been my first teaching experience and I have enjoyed it very much. Parents and pupils can do a lot toward helping a teacher enjoy her work. I certainly appreciate the cooperation we've had so far.

I teach first, second, and fourth grades with 18 pupils, while Carrie Kuhns teaches the upper grades.

Only one more week of school! It hardly seems possible. Time surely flies. It makes you wonder if the children have learned anything that will help them to live a Christian life. Woe to us if we taught them anything that will be a stumbling block to them later on.

I believe most of the children are glad to see vacation coming, but they'll probably be just about as glad to come back again next fall.

A singing was enjoyed at the schoolhouse last night. It was attended by school children, young folks, parents and teachers. To me, time spent in singing is very enjoyable.

In closing I wish the grace of God to all readers.

Sincerely,

Anna Mast

* * *

OUR CHILDREN ARE SINGING AGAIN

- By Mrs. Daniel Beachy

After having read several issues of the Bulletin which were handed to me, I felt inspired to write. Last year I was too heavy-hearted to feel like writing, for we had a non-Amish teacher at our school as required by law.

Yes, there is a big difference this year now that we have our own teachers again. Anyone going through what we did has many examples to think about. There is such a big difference I can't see how any of our people would want anything else but their own school. Not that I want to "put down" anyone else, for I know there are many sincere people in other groups who try to live right, and God loves all those who seek to do His will.

Now that we have our own teachers again, nothing can be spoken by the children that isn't understood by the teacher. It is sad that many things were said in German last year because

the pupils knew the teacher could not understand it, and they thought they could get away with it. It has taken a lot of patience and love to bring the school back to what it was before.

After two weeks with an "English" teacher, you wouldn't have known it was the same school. It had been quiet and orderly before, and even the teacher remarked the first day she arrived that she had never seen such a well-behaved school. One day shortly after the change was made, a parent walked into the school. About three-fourth of the pupils were out of their desks, some roaming around and one was standing on a chair (an unheard of thing before!), and all this during study time. There were feet in the aisles to trip those who passed.

This year's second graders (taught by a certified teacher their first year of school) did not know what capital letters were, and could hardly read. In one sentence of seven words, they did

not know five of the words. This year has been a year of hard work to help them catch up to where they should have been.

Only those who have had the experience can realize what a joyful task it was to clean and get ready for our own teacher this term. How happy we are to look up the road and see the teacher's buggy coming. How different from last year when we would see the lone pony coming with our son. Many times the tears came as I watched and remembered how good it had been to see the teacher's buggy coming for three years before. Yes, we again have much to be thankful for, and hope we can continue with this system which the state has been kind enough to grant to us.

We encourage everyone to stand behind their teachers and to help when it's needed—in supplies, etc. A teacher cannot do a good job with nothing. Many hours our teacher spends at night for the benefit of the children. The light has been burning as late as 11:30, preparing lessons. Never did I realize how much time a teacher spends for the good of the school until we had the privilege of having a teacher board with us for four years. Grant the teacher her small wishes; she deserves them.

One thing I greatly missed last year was singing. Not much time was spent in that ex-

cept what little time was granted each Friday for German teaching. This year the school sings again and you can hear that the children like it. Sometimes they don't want to go to bed without singing. It makes my heart happy; music in school was never dull for me.

Nothing has ever struck me so deeply in singing as when our first scholar when seven years old came home singing the Loblied. That was one of the many rewarding things that have come from having our own school. How much parents miss who don't send their children to one!

Well, the bridge to the school has finally been completed, and we hope to use it next week. It has been out for several terms, which meant wading water or riding the pony across with the teacher, pupils, and buckets (four trips each morning and evening), or when high water came, driving three or four miles around. There have been thrilling moments of falling off into the water, but we hope these are now history.

We are having Iowa winds which quickly dry off the fields. Spring is such a beautiful time, and we see God's wonders blossoming forth.

Wishing everyone God's blessings. Come visit us and our schools.

- Hazleton, Iowa

* * *

HAWKSVILLE NEWS AND VIEWS

-Fannie S. King

How grand! I just finished "reading the thoughts" of my pupils in the five upper classes. And it is remarkable what they contain!

On Tuesday the last period we usually have English. So when the last bell rang, the English books were quickly drawn out of the desks so they could hand in their finished lessons with a smile. But what is teacher saying? "Put those books in your desk again and get out a piece of paper. On the one side write THINGS I APPRECIATE IN SCHOOL and on the other side THINGS THAT SHOULD BE IMPROVED. Now write down whatever your thoughts are!"

"What a stupid request" was the expression on most of their faces. But the way their papers look they must have decided that the request wasn't so stupid after all. Most of them suggested things to improve that we have been working on the whole year and it gives the teacher fresh courage to keep on trying.

May, 1968

As long as the pupils themselves think it necessary to improve on the following then there is still hope of having a sound Christian school: Reading loudly and clearly in class. Not so much whispering and more quietness during school hours ("especially while singing" was mentioned several times). Better friendship between the pupils. Care with the way books are handled, especially those belonging to the school. Try to have all lessons finished on time. Not doing things which later you feel bad about. Doing chores cheerfully and promptly. All try to be honest and true. Listen to the teacher and always obey the rules. Better reading books (this came from the older classes who don't like the unchristian type we have at the present.) More and better story-books. Standing straight in class and in a nice row. Plus some things which the overseers of

the school will attend to, such as fixing desks and buying of new brooms, etc. And most of them want a new baseball and bat! The money from the recent Pathway sale is supposed to go for that. Yes, we have a lot to do to improve on all these things but it means so much when the children also agree that improvement is necessary.

Things they appreciate: dismissing at regular time. When the teacher gives us headmarks. When the teacher asks us to go along to visit schools. When the teacher helps us with our difficult problems. The red encyclopedias "you" brought along (World Book). When the teacher explains our lessons clearly. Introducing the visitors to the pupils. Teaching us new games. That the pupils and teacher try to be neat, courteous, polite, and truthful. That "you" make notes for our lessons (I give them a list of questions of the most important things in their geography, history, and health. These we go over then in class with closed books.) Some even appreciate the rules I use. Most of them seem to think that a teacher's face looks best with a smile, but probably don't realize that they are the reason for teacher's smile!

Now what would teacher's list contain? At the head of things to improve would be: the ability to solve reading problems in arithmetic and more carefulness in solving add, subtract, etc. which they do understand. It's discourag-

BOYS AND GIRLS GOD WANTS

God wants the boys—

The merry boys, the noisy boys,
The sunny boys, the thoughtless boys;
God wants the boys with all their joys
That He as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave He'd have them be,
Fighting for truth and purity.

God wants the boys.

God wants the girls—

Happy-hearted girls, the loving girls,
The best of girls, the worst of girls,
God wants to make the girls His pearls
And so reflect His holy face
And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
That beautiful the world may be
Filled with love and purity.

God wants the girls.

- Selected by a Reader

* * *

ing to both pupils and teacher with the present marks they are getting but WHAT is the remedy for it??

Heading the list of things I appreciate is my group of thirty-five respectful, dutiful, usually cheerful and obedient children I have been privileged to travel with this term. Also the help the parents and board members have given me on this trip.

Recently I made the remark that there are so many things yet that I would have liked to do this term but time just doesn't allow for them all. The quick reply from one of the pupils was, "All the more reason for you to teach again next year". How the teacher from North Side (see Feb. B.B.) manages all those activities is beyond me. Things like that really keep the children bounding to school with smiles. Those little extras!

Maybe it's because I still insist on checking the papers myself that I don't have time to prepare more surprises. I couldn't "just burn some papers," and to be truthful about it, I wouldn't want to. Many a time I write little notes on their papers and they always eagerly scan their papers when handed back to see whether they have done it neatly enough to "have teacher's hand-writing on or not". Sometimes they might not be too happy either with my hand-writing! Once I remember I wrote "If you keep this up, you won't be passing". Other times it might be "Sloppy Sam" or "Shame on you for handing in a paper like this."

Rules are: no red pen marks on papers they hand in. Then when I correct them and find things I should explain again I put a red ring around it and the next day in class it can easily be located.

All schools have a variety of parents and ideas which are just as different as the children they send each day. I have a dozen (parents), so mine is no exception. Some go along with the teacher 100% (or so it seems), some are the half-way type, and the third group find fault no matter what happens. A question recently asked by the latter group: "Why do you use F's on the report cards? Wouldn't a D be close enough to failure that you don't have to use F? They just discourage the pupils!" (Let's hear the opinions of others on this subject.)

"The Empty Seat" story in a recent B. B. caused some serious thinking on this teacher's part. A few days before I read that, one of our first graders dashed out on the road after evening dismissal and ran into a bulk milk truck. I didn't see it happen but ever since the pupils can file out in an orderly fashion! (How often

teacher had begged and pleaded with them before but it just ran off like water from a duck.) And "the seat" is not empty only because God showed mercy on my flock. The little boy missed only a few days of school with a badly sprained foot.

To pass or not to pass is about the biggest billow this captain has encountered while on this year's voyage. I've seen the billow arising for quite some time already and tried to steer clear of it but am afraid we're at the point of smashing headfirst into it. About all I can do anymore is hope it won't dash our ship into pieces. I don't go according to their final marks, which is the reason I already know it will be impossible to avoid it. Only one pupil is involved and if I'd let her move at her own pace she wouldn't be moving at all. Any suggestions?

First and second grade are quite proud of their ABC scrapbooks which were started because of a hint in the B.B. At the present they are trying to find words in their readers to match the pictures.

Fourth grade made animal books. Some have over a hundred different kinds. Soon after they had started, one of the pupils asked whether birds are also animals. I told them to ask Mr. Webster and he said they are. Other things they have learned while making these books is neatness and how to spell names. Their interest in animals has also been increased.

The upper three grades have been collecting used postage stamps the last few months and are eagerly looking forward to the assembling of them in notebooks. Most of them intend to continue with it afterward, too. They claim they hadn't known that postage stamps contain so many interesting facts. (Teacher has quite a collection of them, which were brought along to school one day.) Some say they even have a dollar stamp!

I would rather have Pennsylvania Dutch quizzes with my pupils than to force them to speak English at all times while in school. I feel like one of my former parents from Lebanon County said, "If my children are forced to speak English from the time they enter the school grounds till they leave again in the evening, they will naturally speak English at home in the evening. And I want mine to speak Dutch!" These parents claimed they had already visited among relatives in Lancaster County where even the grown-ups spoke mostly in English (our own people while visiting among each other on a Sunday.)

For the Pennsylvania Dutch quizzes I say a word in English and they repeat it in Dutch.

May, 1968

Even the first grade can help with these! They got about the biggest laugh from the word "candy". Some asked me to repeat the word just before they left in the evening so they would be sure to tell their parents the right word. But most of the parents knew what "gutschy" is! Was a real eye-opener to the parents when I started with these classes. They hadn't realized how "Englishfied" their children were!

We've had a few geography matches, too, which they enjoy. Sides are chosen, then the first one says a geographical name like Boston. The first one on the other side might say Nebraska. Next could be Appalachian Plateau. Always the next word must start with the last letter of the preceding word. Teacher writes the words down so they aren't repeated.

Lower grades also enjoy making words from jumbled letters. They take the words from their readers and jumble the letters (a list of 10-12) then exchange their papers and try to see who can think of the right words first. Example: ehsro horse.

A month or two before Easter I told the school that whoever memorizes "Jesu, Meines Leben's Leben" before Easter would get a quarter. And if they copy it in their notebooks they would also get a seal. Twelve fulfilled the challenge, including three from fourth grade.

I have quite a collection of interesting remarks from this term's teaching. And oh what precious balm they are for those wounds which a teacher sometimes receives! One English class was supposed to write a synonym for liberty. The answer was: marry. Of course their Old Maid teacher didn't agree with that! One friendly letter written to her grandmother was signed: Your Gran niece.

Health question: Causes for indigestion? Answer: Too much in a hurry and did not chew your food correctly or overeating your food.

In writing the parents' names with Mr. and Mrs. a third grader wrote: Mr. father and Mrs. mother.

A fourth grader wanted to know (in spelling): Did he have enough hurry? Another spelling sentence was: Some people have original ideas and others don't.

So now I will let the rest of the B.B. for those who do!

"There is a law that I am learning

That is helping me each day,

That our God sends something better

For each thing He takes away."

— Quarryville, Penna.

* * *

Do not look for wrong or evil,
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back for you.

* * *

ELMIRA, ONTARIO
APRIL 17, 1968

Dear Friends,

Greetings of love in our Saviour's holy name!

What lovely spring weather greets our eyes as we gaze through the window! The world seems bathed in sunshine so rich it just draws our minds upward to our Creator, and makes us realize anew that all things were made by Him.

It is easy to enjoy this delightful weather after having completed the work of filling out the last report card. One could almost shout for joy that the pupils have made the grade again.

I wonder what the pupils' feelings will be when they see their report cards. Some, no doubt, will think, "I didn't realize my marks were that low." Others with a higher percentage may exclaim, "That's higher than I expected!" As the teacher, I would be happy if all could make the latter statement.

As I graded the tests I wondered, "Who feels worse when there is a low mark, the pupil or the teacher?" I don't know how other teachers find it, but I find it hard to give a low, low grade even if I know it is rightfully deserved.

I dislike scolding the pupils. But if I never scolded them, what would happen? I'm afraid I wouldn't be running the place very long.

So often people enquire, "Do you still like your job?" If I tell them I do, they ask, "Do the pupils listen to you, and do they behave themselves?" I have often wondered what answer these people expect.

I think my pupils cooperate very well, but they do need scoldings and punishment every so often, the same as all children. It would be very unnatural if there were twenty-eight children and none ever needed punishment.

When I'm asked, "Do they behave, and how is everything?" my reply is usually, "Everything's fine!" because it is. If it weren't I wouldn't care to tell them all about it anyhow.

Sometimes I wonder, "Do I take my job seriously enough?" Really, it is a very serious thing to be teaching twenty-eight children. They watch their teacher very closely and imitate many of her ways. It may seem rather odd, but children do expect their teacher to be nearly perfect. Therefore, it is very important that

we place a good example before them.

My pupils have learned that I'm not always right, that I make mistakes too. But still they see every move I make. I hope and pray the things that make the greatest impression will be good things and worthwhile.

A new and humble teacher,

- E. F.

* * *

TEACHING OBEDIENCE AND RESPECT

- By a Teacher

An incident happened recently in the school where I teach which has led me to write on obedience and respect. For teaching school is more than merely teaching the subjects—math, history, reading. It includes teaching obedience, respectfulness, honesty, thrift, cleanliness, and orderliness.

You may think you don't have a textbook to teach these morals. The Bible is your textbook. There are many stories in the Bible that teach a lesson on the six morals listed above. The story of Balaam is a good example how important obedience is and shows the dangers of disobedience. The same is true of the taking of Jericho, and many others.

Why is teaching obedience and respect such a hard task in our Amish schools? Is it because some people feel the Bible should be left for the parents to teach?

I feel the parents should not neglect to teach their children to read the Bible, and they should teach them from it. But when it comes to discipline problems that arise, where can a teacher get a better example for the whys and don'ts than from incidents in the Bible?

When it comes down to the point, most of the discipline problems that do arise in a schoolroom are because of neglect in teaching one or more of the six virtues listed.

I appreciated the article in the February issue, "Heavenly Citizenship and Bible Teaching". Yes, obedience and respect can be demanded, but of what value is it if a child obeys and respects merely because he is forced to?

On the other hand, a Christian personality is being formed when a child grows up under the nurture of obedience and respectfulness.

What a contrast!

What do you want for your child—morals demanded or taught?

- Pennsylvania

* * *

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